

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

AND
London Review.

Containing the
Literature, HISTORY, Politics,
Arts, Manners, & Amusements of the Age.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

BY THE

Philological Society of London.

VOL. III. for 1783.



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INTRODUCTION.

WE enter upon a second year, in pursuit of that amusement and instruction, which has distinguished our last year's labours, and which we dare affirm posterity will view as a faithful picture of the times.

WE part from this admired object, like an affectionate parent from his *eldest son*, beginning his career in the world, with virtue for his guide, and a mind stored with those works of genius that are held estimable in every polished nation.

THAT we have outstripped our competitors in the literary race, is obvious to the most superficial Reader. Our Essays are not the productions of earlier pens, new dressed; our Biographical Anecdotes (which have met with universal approbation) are just as they should be, free from adulation, malignity, or envenomed sarcasm, and are allowed to be the faithfullest traits of their numerous originals yet presented to the world.

In this last department we have succeeded so happily, that the multifarious prints in Great-Britain and Ireland have taken the earliest notice of our labours; wherever refined society resides, the beauties of our Miscellany have been most welcome; they have met with that respect, which is at once highly flattering, and the grand spur to future patronage.

OUR Poetical Repository contains such a number of original and highly finished subjects, that no similar work for the year can cope with it; among the rest of our many admirers, the newspaper Editors of this capital have viewed it with enviable eyes, they have transplanted, in the course of the year, nearly the whole of our Parnassian flowers, into their diurnal miscellanies, and but one of those Gentlemen has been kind enough to acknowledge to whom he is indebted for the treasure—we mean the Editor of Lloyd's Evening Post.

THIS last is a branch of literature we have paid the earliest attention to, as the shortest subject of it, when happily executed, is pleasing to most readers, the rising youth in particular.

THIS month we present our Readers with an original Poem, written by the distinguished Author of the Seasons, which we obtained from a respectable correspondent in Ireland, who had it from the ingenious Dr. DE-LA-COUR, who, we understand is the only Poet now living, of the illustrious group that flourished with Pope, Swift, and Addison.

OUR Political and Domestic Occurrences, we may without vanity assert, present an interesting and genuine display of what has passed in the world in the course of the year, worthy preservation, and which will be consulted hereafter with pleasure and instruction.

I. N T R O D U C T I O N.

WE owe many obligations to the Learned and the Ingenious, particularly at our Universities, whose favours have been of the first quality; we humbly solicit their future patronage, and doubt not of convincing them, before we enter upon a third year, in what estimation we hold their offspring, —they shall never meet disrespect from our inattention, nor blush in the page of dulness.

Our Engravings, we are proud to hear, have given much pleasure; the Heads, in particular, are universally admired for being striking likenesses; and for this we return our warmest thanks to those courteous personages, who permitted our ingenious artist to take a copy of the valuable paintings in their possession.

AFTER the universal impression that has been made in favour of our MAGAZINE, it will not appear vanity in us to say, we have surpassed every Work of the kind extant; the variety of our matter, the judgment and accuracy of our compilations, and the beauty, spirit, and genius that mark our original compositions, are a striking test of our superior merit: they have met with the applause of every class of Readers, and upon this secure foundation, we have not a doubt of erecting another edifice, to be the admiration of the lovers of human ingenuity.

WE will sedulously endeavour, in every instance, to deserve that protection from the Public we have hitherto experienced, and we desire to be supported no longer than we appear worthy such conspicuous and unparalleled countenance.

JAN. 1. 1783.

THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.



Drawn by M^r. Miller from the life at Cumberland House Pall mall.

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T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE
AND
LONDON REVIEW

FOR JANUARY, 1783.



ANECDOTES of the Hon. CAPT. JAMES LUTTRELL, Com-
mander of his MAJESTY'S Ship MEDIATOR.

Embellished with a recently engraved and striking LIKENESS.

WHEN extraordinary exertions in war present themselves, we are always happy in furnishing our Readers with such anecdotes of valour that has given birth to such invincible prowess, as they impatiently wish for. This is a debt we owe not only the Public, but the commander himself, whose valour will be the theme of mankind while heroic dignity possesses charms to captivate. The Hon. Capt. James Luttrell is the youngest son of Lord Viscount Carhampton, and brother to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland; he is descended from a long line of ancestry, which the following account will testify. The first of the Luttrells mentioned in the annals of this country, we find among the Norman chiefs, who attended William the Conqueror in his expedition in 1066, and, according to the List of Battle Abbey, was present at the victory of Hastings. Soon after the Conquest, the Luttrells became lords of Hooten-Pagel in Yorkshire; and in the reign of King John, were barons by tenure; in that of Henry III. they inherited the barony of Irnham, in Lincolnshire; together with large possessions in the western counties, from Maurice de Gaunt, one of the most powerful sub-

jects of his time; they paid fines in the same reign for a considerable property in Ireland; and Ralph Luttrell was Lord Chancellor of that kingdom in 1237. In the twenty-third year of Edward the First, 1295, Robert Luttrell, baron of Irnham and of Hooten-Pagel, was summoned by writ, and sat also in the King's council. Sir John Luttrell was a distinguished leader at the battles in France in Edward the Third's time. Sir Hugh Luttrell was in the wars under Henry the Fifth, and counsellor to that prince. Sir John Luttrell was a Knight of the Bath, 1399 (at the institution of the order) as was Sir Hugh Luttrell in the reign of Henry the Seventh. Two branches of this family it is said are still remaining, one at Dunster, in Somersetshire, an honour and castle inherited in the reign of Henry the Fourth, from the Mohuns, Lords of Dunster, and Earls of Somerset, and which came by a sole heiress, about thirty years ago, to Henry Fownes, Esq; who has since taken the name of Luttrell. The other branch is that of the Luttrells of Luttrellstown, in the county of Dublin. In the year 1687, Simon Luttrell of Luttrellstown, was Governor of Dublin, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Dublin, Knight of the

the Shire for the said county, Colonel of a regiment of dragoons, and Privy Counsellor; he died without issue, and his estates devolved to his brother, Henry Luttrell, Knight of the Shire for the county of Carlow, in 1687, Colonel of a regiment of horse, and Brigadier-general, and in 1699 appointed a Major-general in the service of the United Provinces. He married Elizabeth, daughter to Charles Jones, Esq; of the county of Flint, by Elizabeth, daughter to Sir Simon Clarke of Warwickshire, Baronet, and had issue by her two sons, Robert, who died on his travels; and Simon, now Lord Viscount Carhampton. Our present hero was born at Four Oaks in Warwickshire; he entered very early into the service of his

country, and was made a lieutenant in the year 1771, and a master and commander in 1780. At the age of thirteen, he made surveys of the coasts of America in company with the celebrated Mr. De Barres. He served in the last and present parliaments for the borough of Stockbridge in Hampshire. His behaviour at Fort Omoa is too well known to be mentioned here, and his late victory is so circumstantially spoken of in our last magazine, that we shall refer our Readers for information to it. This noble officer is now in the prime of his years, and we sincerely hope he will live long to add fresh laurels to the brow of Britannia, whose success he seems to have so much at heart,

THE COUNTRY CURATE. No. IV.

CONSIDERING the matter at leisure, after all that the 'Squire had advanced, and in opposition to what he, or all the squires and soldiers in this universe of perturbation, could advance to the contrary, I am settled in a contented opinion, that arms must yield their dear-bought honours to the peaceful labours of the gown. Were happiness a thing only to be talked of, not to be felt, I might embrace a different persuasion. Did the notes of military triumph sound from the purest trumpet of fame, I would steal into regimentals to-morrow; but when I reflected that, even after a victory, the conqueror may be as much pained by his conscience, as the vanquished are by their defeat; when I recollect how the memory of Aristotle lives yet, as fresh as that of his pupil, I disrelish the pleasures, I decry the renown, which are purchased by oppression and blood.

Mount, thou lumpish son of the field; with all the bodily activity thou boastest, make for the chase. Break down, in the wagon extravagance of pride, the hedge which the pained hands of the industrious cottager has raised to shelter his little all - and which does defend it from every brute but thee; or carry thy excesses farther—ravish the hopes of his daughter—violate the integrity of his wife—have himself brought before thee as a poacher, when he ventures to complain; and pervert that justice to ruin him, which, when no longer withheld by the mercy of Heaven, shall burn to vengeance against thyself. I will not ask thee, if thou art happy, for the hounds thou court'st, more intelligent than thou, could afford me an answer as consistent.

In the revels of mirth, in the luxuries of appetite, such as thou canst indulge, I will not believe there can be satisfaction becoming humanity to share—till I learn to compare the pleasures of a swine to those which man knew in Paradise.

Go, thou youth, sooner promise, and serve thy hard apprenticeship to the trade of blood. Flutter, like an infant butterfly, a day or two in the warmth of thy spring; and when all thy buzzing brethren are abroad, be thou as restless as thy fellows. Thou must hide thy head for a long winter; and it is many a chance but the cold may nip thy growing wings, and before thou reach another row of flowers, the term of existence expiring, or the disaster of the storm overwhelming, may force thee to drop thy hopes and thy plumage together. Violator of human kind! what are thy joys? Thou canst not be glad, without causing some other eye to weep, cannot be successful but where some other breast endures calamity. The tears of widows and of orphans thy savage heart considers but as dew—to make thy fortunes flourish!

Accursed, for me, be the fortunes which must be watered from so costly a spring. I had a brother who thought otherwise—he now lies as low as thou canst with thine enemy; if he has a grave, it is far from these eyes—nor do I think, if they were over it, but that piety would check the softness into which partial pity might be ready to melt them: and they are not unused to the tender claims of sensibility. For what eulogium could I borrow of truth to sanction my grief? I could say, he was every thing that was affection-
ate

ate in private relation—every thing that was brave—every thing that was generous; but when I should add, that he led on a troop to the slaughter of his brethren, and fighting fell—and urge this as the plea for lamentation, would I have cause to wonder if the voice of nature herself bespoke me in language like this: “The man you bewail, and the person who slew him, were equally children of mine, a grave was opened in war, to be needs filled up with one of the two. It is but just that they which live—should die—by the sword. You are ungrateful to me, your common parent, to mourn that your brother has fallen first. From his side first came the provocation of contest—when the hand which stretched him on the ground shall, in its turn, become lifeless, there are bosoms to sigh for the loss of a relation, to them as dear as your brother to you. Cease, then, to weep for the dead—endeavour, if thou wouldst secure my kindness, and the esteem of thine own heart—endeavour, and be it thy glory to make peace among my surviving children.”

Such views of a military life make me in love with my own profession, and enable me to bear with less repining the oblivious lot assigned me. Nor is it that my strength refuses the office of arms—or that my mind is distrustful of brave achievements. In support of my affections—in defence of my liberties—in protecting weaker worth when injured, I trust I should be found among the forwardest of the brave; but when war is made the necessary occupation of statesmen—the trick of the villainous few to oppress the foolish many—when, like reapers in a field in harvest, men are employed to cut down men for a settled hire, and the master points out their work, disregardful of sense or of nature; then, if ever, is the shield well thrown away, then, if ever, is it not inglorious to be thought a coward. It is not that I have not, but that I have a heart, that I would not be a soldier.

How uncontaminated, on the other hand, is that joy, which, if at all acquired, is acquired by the clergyman in the success of his labours? In the empire of the passions, which is his province, what a noble field for the display of every excellence? Marlborough might knock Frenchmen on the head, and the military tribunes of England might threaten to do as much to my friend Deplorable's parishioners beyond the Atlantic; but never could the former have sodden Gallie brains to the constellence of the grave of roast beef; and it has now long ceased to be an article

of political faith to believe, that ever the latter should be able to execute all the threatenings of those who have threatened. Here, be it observed, that I give utterance to my aforesaid friend Daniel's sentiments. I can discern, amid the gloom which overspreads his mind, one cerulean cloud, darker than the mantle of midnight, which seems to settle, as it were, in his whiskers. This is no other than the condensed vapours of his visionary brain, which has long been big of a scheme, which he took very ill that his friend in Downing-street had not adopted; which neglect too sharpens his humiliating reprehensions a little, when the peculiar month of February comes clothed in its fashionable lacklath. And this scheme is, that instead of dispatching commissioners and generals, and all the other carnal weapons of temporal jurisdiction to America, he, the said Doctor Deplorable, and a band of chosen brethren of the cloth, should have been sent over with all the powers of pacification, and become entitled to all the consequent rewards.

Whether this plan might prove as effectual for conciliating the minds of our brethren, as the efforts of those lay-negotiators, who have been accustomed to go thither for the public service in the beginning of the year, and return for their own ere the end of it, appeared likely to subdue them, I pretend not to determine.—I can only say, that I believe there have been schemes—less plausible—attempted. What I chiefly designed, in remarking this circumstance of my brother's was, that I might deduce a confirmation of what I noticed above, concerning the influence of our profession, from another which he mentioned in allusion thereto. The flock to which he was pastor, were, it seems, when he found them, Pagans to a man. In the space of the first year of his ministry, he made them all Presbyterians. In two months after, he veritably deposes, they were as fondly attached to Prelacy as was ever Gilbert Burnet.—In a week he converted them over again into Anabaptists; and when he left them, which was three days after, they were Methodists every man, woman, and child.

Now, if this be true, and who would doubt Daniel Deplorable, that ever saw his face; for, sure, never poor soul put to the question shewed one more ruseful; could it be doubted but that such a hammer of religion would soon forge the veriest rebel whig into—a custom-house officer.

What

What greater comfort, in instances less conspicuous, may I, or any of my brethren find, from revolving on the unruly passions our ministrations may have soothed into peace—the wanderers from the path of duty our example has reclaimed to virtue! Let the 'squire exhibit his skins and horns, the trophies of the chase. Let the soldier, like an Indian scalper, produce the relics of human ruin—the trophies he in war has won; and let them both talk over the feats and hazardous enterprizes of the well-hunted, or the well-fought day; be ours the more despicable pride, to check the wrath of the unruly, to cheer the sorrows of the desponding breast; to lead hesitating wealth to where misery dwells, and wake from compassion the boon of charity; to make men in love with mankind, and in friendship with his Maker; to seek out the stray which is lost, and point the prodigal to his eternal home; to direct the tearful eye, and the sinking knees, to Him who graciously relieves, as well as pitifully beholds the sorrows of the humble heart—and to leave these our deeds, our only claim to ho-

nour, to be discovered at that period, when praise shall not mar our virtues. Greater pleasures accompany these employments, and more substantial happiness will be their reward.

"I cannot talk otherwise than seriously now; else, would I describe, what at some future period I may, what temporal satisfactions attend the lowly life of a parson; and exemplify these by representing severally the respective state of such in Scotland and Ireland, as well as in this country. At present, let the 'squire hear this, nor grieve me with a jest ill-timed, that whatever opprobrious exceptions may tend to lessen our condition in the eyes of ignorant affluence and silly pride, I am firmly persuaded of the importance and dignity of the rank in which I am placed; and am, moreover, convinced, that if immortal Gabriel were to descend, and act in a human capacity, to dispense the bounties of Heaven among men—that condescending angel would choose to appear, either in the character of a king, or of

A COUNTRY CURATE.

THE LOST DAUGHTER RECOVERED.

A STORY founded on FACT.

(Continued from Vol. II. page 270.)

THE unhappy wanderer went forth at an hour the most hazardous and inconvenient. She knew not a mile of her way, but she took the road which led to the quarter of the country which she wished to traverse. She had not travelled a mile when she reached the top of a broad and extensive down, from which, as the moon shone with uncommon brightness, she commanded a wide and various prospect. A number of roads crossed one another, and poor Janette, ignorant and bewildered, stopped, and looked around her, hesitating which of all the paths to take.

"The world was all before her, where to chuse.

"Her place of rest, and Providence her guide.

She pressed her infant to her heart, and breathed a short prayer to the Guide of the wanderer, and the Father of those who have none to help them.—Her child smiled in her face, and a gleam of unaccustomed joy started from her heart—the happy fruit of the virtuous step she had

taken. The young traveller walked several miles before morning, and took shelter, about six o'clock, in the house of a cottager by the road side, where she got some refreshment for herself and infant, and being very much fatigued, she retired to bed, and took a few hours sleep. It was her purpose to get to a neighbouring village, through which the diligences pass, and where she had hopes of taking a seat, and being conveyed to Switzerland by easy journeys.

De Blaire, who had spent the day abroad, came home at a late hour, and with his common ardour, hurried to the chamber of his Janette. It was empty, cold, and comfortless. He stood petrified with astonishment. After some time he rung the bell with violence, and demanded of every servant where their mistress was; not one of them had seen her for some hours; he ran into every room of the house with frantic rapidity, and on his own dressing table found the letter which the fair fugitive had left for him. It is impossible to describe his agonies on reading her epistle—he stood for some time convulsed—he had neither the power of

speech,

speech, of action, or of thought; but when his faculties returned, he burst into the most ungovernable rage, and without thinking for a moment of the course to be pursued, ordered every servant and man in the neighbourhood to mount and scout the country for the recovery of Janette. The Lady apprehending that he would do this, had intreated of the villager, at whose house she stopped, to keep her concealed; but happily not one of De Blaire's people called at the miserable hut, and they returned the next day mutually to relate their bad success.

De Blaire hastily judging that she must have gone to Paris, set out instantly for that city, determining to recover Janette or die in the pursuit. In the mean time, Janette remained at her low dwelling. She had not parted with De Blaire without agony, and hearing from the poor man, where she was, of the noise and tumult which her departure had made, and the effect it had on the father of her infant, her tenderness was awakened—her resolution failed—and in a contest between love and virtue her strength was subdued, and she grew exceedingly ill. She continued very much disordered for some days, during which time the infant was her only consolation in the intervals of composure, and the name of her beloved De Blaire her only topic in the ravings of affection. By the care and kindness of the cottager and his wife she recovered, and her mind gradually became serene—a happiness which flowed from reflection, and which would always strengthen as it grew. In fine, after living here perfectly concealed for a week, she ventured forth in the evening, attended by the man of the house, who had previously taken a seat for her in one of the coaches, which came through a village at the distance of five miles. No accident happened to her in the course of her journey; she kept up her spirits, and arrived in the city of Geneva.

She was now come to the place of her destination, and without any loss of time, she proceeded to take the measures which she thought conducive to the recovery of her father. Her stock of money was not large, and she had only a small bundle of cloaths; the strictest economy was therefore necessary to manage her little concerns; and with this view, she took a small apartment for a week or two, until she should wait the effect of the advertisements she had published, and the enquiries she had made.

—EUNQF. MAG.

On the third day, she was visited in her room by a woman who lodged in the same house. This person, with most artful address, got into her favour, and by pretending to be very much interested in her welfare, got from her the nature of her condition. Janette was still exquisitely beautiful. The richness and bloom of her countenance had yielded to a melting softness, flowing from melancholy, which, if possible, made it more inviting than before. This new acquaintance, whose name was Lairie, was by birth a Parisian, and by no means very rigid in her notions of virtue. She formed the resolution of trying to seduce the mind of Janette, with this view she incessantly pelted her with attacks, not of a direct kind, but in a stile of insinuation, which she at first could only suspect to be licentious. Above all things she intreated her indulgence to introduce a gentleman, who, she pretended, had seen her at the window, and was captivated with her beauty. This gentleman, she said, was an officer and relation of hers. Finding all intreaties to be vain, she took another course: she had filled this gentleman's brain with praises of the beauty of Janette, and being a man of very free manners, he was readily duped into a scheme to gain Janette. One night he was led by Lairie into her own apartment, and ordered to remain there till she should pave his reception with Janette.

The woman was more than commonly assiduous, and by various stratagems tried to prepare her mind for the scene that was to follow. She asked her what she could possibly get by going in pursuit of her father, when, perhaps, there might be within a hundred yards, a gentleman of youth, generosity, and fortune, ready to pour out his whole soul at her feet. Janette heard all these things with chilling indifference, and all the woman's insinuations were lost. In short, she plainly found that only violence could be successful, and about midnight she took her leave. After waiting for some time, she conducted the gentleman to the door of her apartment, and in a low voice she begged her to open the door, as she had left something which she wanted the unsuspecting Janette, although undressed, and ready to step into bed, unlocked the door, when the gentleman instantly rushed in, and caught her in his arms. Janette screamed, and fell lifeless on the floor.

The gentleman had humanity, and most heartily repented of his rash conduct; when she recovered, she found herself reclining on his arm, and, looking in his face, recollected him instantly—to be no other than the violent and debauched Pierville. —As the blood returned to her face, he also remembered her, and thrunk into the ground with shame and repentance. He was a man by no means to be checked by female modesty, or by moral precept, but the point of honour was active in his mind, and Janette, as the mistress of his friend, was sacred. He hastily begged an apology for his behaviour, and only intimated that she would suffer him to wait on her in the morning, as he had something to communicate respecting poor De Blaire. Poor De Blaire! the word vibrated on the heart of Janette, and more than one-half softened her resentment against Pierville. She dropt a tear, and wished him instantly to leave her. He obeyed, and she shut herself in to give a loose to feelings which may easily be imagined. All thoughts of sleep were chased from her head, and she employed the whole night in reflections of the most uneasy kind. She wished, and she feared to be informed of the situation of De Blaire. Her tenderness was awakened, and the morning found her in a state of doubt and irresolution. She called for the landlord of the house, to whom she paid the rent of her lodgings, telling her, that she should depart in the evening, and desiring above all things that no person whatever, might be permitted to see her, as she had been so scandalously treated by her fellow lodger.

After much hesitation, she determined to go to Berne, where there was some likelihood of hearing of her father, as his relations came originally from that neighbourhood. Having taken this resolution, her mind was easier, and she composed herself to rest. At night, with the greatest precaution, she stole down stairs, and went to the house from which the carriages set out, and took a place for Berne, at which she arrived the next day. Here she made many enquiries all fruitless.—The unfortunate Candaire was in too humble a station to be known; and she in vain took every probable method to discover his retreat.—At length her small purse began to fail her—she saw approaching want, and in the consideration of her poor infant, she began to repent that she had not continued to live with her dear De Blaire—but these were only casual feelings, and they were severely reproached by her returning virtue. The people with whom she lived were industrious and

friendly.—They saw that she was poor and helpless—they knew part of her story, and pitied her.—By their advice she determined to take in needle-work, and endeavour by this means to support herself and child, in order to take the advantage of time, hoping, and still believing, it might give her tidings of her father.

In this way she employed herself for about a month, when one day having occasion to get her scissors sharpened—Gentle Reader! do not despise the trifling circumstance, for even by such trivial occurrences as this, doth Providence work its wonders in the protection of the unhappy.—She enquired where she might have them done—she was directed to the further end of the town, to a mean cottage, where she was told, that a decayed gentleman maintained himself by that poor employment. She went to the place, and found it as described. The old man in taking from her the scissors, did not raise his head; he wore spectacles, and had a pipe in his mouth. His wife sat behind him weaving lace, and a little boy was employed in turning the wheel of the grindstone.—There was an air of neatness and order in the disposition of the utensils, and a cleanliness in the place, which seemed to indicate that the proprietors had seen better days. “This is a poor employment,” says Janette, in a tone of voice the most gentle and soothing,—the man heaved a sigh without raising his head—“I am mistaken,” says Janette, still softening her tone—“if you have been always used to this trade.” He sighed again. “I beg your pardon,” says Janette, “for being so inquisitive—I am not rude—but my heart was subdued on entering your low dwelling, and I know not why I am interested in your story!” While she was speaking these words, there was something which struck his ear with uncommon force, and lifting up his head, and taking off his glasses, their eyes met each other, when—God of heaven!—it was De Candaire, the father of Janette. He caught his daughter as she was falling to the ground; the mother rose and grasped them both in her arms. In this attitude they stood hanging on each others bosoms for some time, until called to recollection by the cries of the infant, who in this dear embrace had been forgot; but it smiled in the face of the old man, as he took it in his arms, and without being told that it belonged to Janette, he lavished on it all the fondness of a grandfather. Gradually they became composed, and Janette in the openness and honesty of her nature, told them her unhappy story. The blood of

the veteran and proud soldier mounted in the face of De Candaire at one passage—at another, the tears trickled down his withered cheeks. Janette concluded her narrative with these words—"I come to you thus polluted, not hoping that I can be pardoned—not wishing that my guilt should be forgotten. I have only the presumption to request that you will give me leave to work for your livelihood—and to cherish your declining life." Her parents mutually snatched her to their hearts, and exclaimed—"We do forgive you, my child, we do forgive you, and you shall never leave us till we die."—Peace was by this means restored to the unfortunate family.

De Blaire some weeks after found them out, but all his offers and efforts to serve them were in vain. He pleaded—urged them to give him the hand of Janette in marriage, as a poor recompence for the injury he had done her. "No," exclaim-

ed De Candaire, "it shall never be said, that the daughter of the gentleman who brandished that sword with honour," pointing to his sword, which hung over the chimney, "submitted to receive her undoer as her husband. You have degraded her from her rank, and made her unfit to accept the hand of any other man—and you must pardon us, if we are too proud to accept of yours."

De Blaire was the most miserable of the whole—he declared, however, that one thing was in his power, which was to settle his whole fortune on his son, and this he did. He then departed, as his presence roused all the sensibility and affections of Janette.

The lost daughter thus recovered, both by virtue and her parents, by degrees resumed her cheerfulness, and found that the only true felicity consisted in the pure feelings of a heart conscious of well-doing,

THE MAN OF THE TOWN. No. VIII.

"EVERY man's observations," said my sweet friend Clarinda, as we were sitting at breakfast this morning, "every man's observations on the manners of life are worth our attention. Look round the world—what various scenes the different degrees of mankind continually rove through—not a glance of the eye, but meets with something to approve or condemn—the pulse is ever alive to pain or pleasure, and, however homely the dress of the rustic's discourse, we will often find a shrewd remark, that shall eclipse the studied rhetoric of a book-worm."—Your system of thinking, my dear Clarinda, is new in the female world. "I believe it is; but since I could distinguish grace from deformity, or right from wrong, I have adhered to it. Your whimsy, as you call it, of rambling through such a city as London, to take a review of men, manners, and things, must be attended with considerable pleasure; and as to your great respect for those writers who have gone the same round before, and your fear of getting into what is called the beaten track, I do not see any danger of that: London is so fertile a soil, that in every fifth part of a century, you perceive no vestige of the satirist that mowed down its vices: new characters and manners appear in every walk, from St. James's to Whitechapel-bars, and every hour is full of the flagitious and the estimable traits of mankind."

My sensible companion was interrupted by the appearance of another visitor. After promising to attend her to the play in the evening, I took my leave. In my way to my lodgings, Miss F—n, our modern Woffington, as Mr. Davies, in his life of Garrick, with great propriety calls her, condescended to turn her magic twinklers on me.—Sterne was not a greater slave to digressions than I am—What would I have given to have been seated beside this charmer's ingenious panegyrist, when the whole artillery of love stood before him, and tempted him to draw the bright similitude! I have sweet Margaret Woffington's picture in my view this minute, no doubt so had he when the magic comparison charmed his vigorous fancy, but as he has given us the contour only, which we must attribute to the hey-day in his blood being tame, and the enthusiastic fits of romantic love, long since lulled to an eternal sleep in the serene lap of venerable reason, it is my turn to tell my rural readers, and the plodding gentlemen of the city, who have yet a liquorish tooth left in their heads, and who have not yet beheld this darling of the comic muse, my opinion.

To begin then, in the language of rustic simplicity, such as Farmer Giles uses to his bewitching Patty.

"O heavens! look there!
"What a shape! what an air!

B 2

A deli-

A delicious thought from an ingenious song-writer next occurs; the reader may smile at the last thought, and call it *flat*.

"Oh! sight still more fatal! look there!
"O'er her tucker what murderers peep!"

Her eyes are not the exact colour of black-eyed Susan's, nor are they

"Burning orbs!"

Nor do they

"Mend the day!"

As Dr. Young somewhere extravagantly expresses himself, but when they meet those of a fine fellow of fashion, if he lolls in a phaeton with a coronet on it, so much the better, they twist his neck just as the Grecian beauty did Alexander's, when he rode in his triumphal car into Babylon, and instantaneously draw from him the few emphatic words of fashionable approbation, "A devilish fine girl 'pon my soul!" In brief, I defy the lovers of womankind to pass this comic charmer in any of the public walks, or view her on the stage, without expressing his passion for her in a slight somewhat like the following,

"Who the devil can 'scape being caught
"In a trap that's thus baited all o'er?"

I was disturbed from these pleasing reveries by my servant, who entered with a letter, of which the following is the contents:

"Dear Coz.

"I begin my letter rather unfashionably, but that will in some measure be a merit in it to you, who are such an oddity in this particular. I have heard you say, more than once, you were fonder of entering a Gothic cathedral than St. Paul's.

"I need not tell you what a favourite you are with my father. There is not a day he does not fill a bumper to you after dinner, and every glass he takes care to fill himself, that he may be certain your health swims on the brim. He often reminds us of your beautiful quotation to my dissipated brother, on the pleasures arising from the company of old men.

"Do not neglect the society of old men: their memories are furnished with many facts which they witnessed, and which make them repositories well worth examining. They resemble old books, that contain excellent matter, though

'badly bound, dusty, and worn out. You see I have a good memory.

"Miss Penrose, from Longest, who has been in this quarter a few days, paid us a visit yesterday.

"I protest to you I know not how it is, but, in my opinion, that Lady's face eclipsed every other at our tea party.

"I have often heard of rural beauties surpassing even Circassia; but, in my eyes, this London face is superlatively charming.

"Her maid has been with a message to me this morning: from her I have gathered, that this beauty is partly artificial, and may be acquired at a small expence.

"I beg you will send me a few of the cosmetics in the estimation of the beau monde, which will much oblige

Your assured friend,

BELINDA."

When I have an office, (however trifling in its nature) to do for a lady, and one whose heart I have every reason to esteem, I never postpone it to the next day, though Nature, in her gayest habit, stood tempting me to talk her flowery round.

Cosmetics I have heard a variety of opinions of, the principal of which condemned them as destructive to the constitution; and the fairest set of features, used to the wear of this fashionable coat of beauty, in a few years, would look as withered as those of a certain old D—in in Bloomsbury Square.

A compliance with my friend's request I held necessary, as I know, from many instances, how difficult a task it would be to laugh my cousin out of her request. So after I had dressed myself, I visited Nando's, to read in some of the papers where these articles were sold. In four papers I found the following number advertised:

Olympian Dew, or, Grecian Bloom Water.

Cypress Hair Powder.

Poudre d'Artois, for finishing the Hair.

Pomade a la Marechal Blanc.

Essence of Pearl, for the Teeth.

Pearl Dentifrice.

The Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the Hair.

The Balm of Lillies.

Lilly Wash Ball.

Liquid Bloom of Roses.

The superlative
changing the Colour of the Hair or
E. Brows.
The Blossom Milk of Circassia.
The Bloom of Circassia.

I was puzzled which of these curious compositions to select: but as Belinda's admiration seemed to arise from the uncommon beauties of her visiter's face, I soon determined which to choose. — When I had the articles packed up, I sat down to answer my friend's letter, whose discretion till this day I had every reason to idolize. I had scarce addrest her when I received a second letter to the following effect.

"I dispatched a letter to you two hours ago—I blush that I have done so! if nature has been bountiful to me, why should I abuse her favours? I know you have chid me, and, perhaps, severely, for my folly: but consider it in no other light, I

beseech you, than the happy impulse of an admiration ill-founded. We have but one cosmetic beauty in our circle; she will soon fly to the sickly region, where health will stand in need of such charms.

"Let me be free from the scoff of rural loveliness, and think the gift of Heaven superior to all the aids of fashion and of art. Blot this impropriety from the tablet of your remembrance, and think as favourably as you have ever done of

Your affectionate

BELINDA."

Aft: such an epistle who could be angry?—I took her address from the parcel, and wrapping it up in a clean paper, directed it with the compliments of Mr. Anonymous to my pretty coffee-house acquaintance, Billy the beau.

THE MAN-MILLINER. No. VIII.

By another Hand.

THAT whimsical goddess, Fashion, displayed unnumbered beauties this month; were we to follow her through the whole of her ornaments, it would exceed the limits of our magazine; such a profusion of new and beautiful decorations never shone in the fashionable circles before. The prolific genius of Mrs. Beauvais, Miss Howel, and the rest of Fashion's pupils, any spectator would suppose at a stand for some time, but new discoveries, captivating embellishments make their appearance every hour. The Queen's birth-day presented a brilliant display of taste and beauty in British manufactures; the princesses took the lead. The Princess Royal was in a white and silver tissue, with a small running figure across in lemon colour silk, which had a very pretty effect; the trimming was unusually rich, and consisted of white crape, beautifully embroidered in gold spots and coloured sprigs, variously ornamented with gold tassels, foil, jewels, spangles, &c. &c. This dress was ornamented with ostrich feather fringe, which looked like a drooping willow; white satin leaves intermixed with frivoleté and feathers, which on the whole formed a beautiful garland. The white satin leaves were spotted with that colour most pleasing to the wearer.

The crapes and gauzes were very much ornamented with straw in different colours: this beautiful invention is now arrived to its highest perfection, but we should be

sorry to see it long in use, as it must hurt the needle-workers in embroidery severely.

The ladies, in general, appeared in white, and the gentleman in brown, and the grave colours approaching to it.

The fashionable ribband-colours, were, Elliott's red hot bullets, the smoke of the Camp of St. Roche, and the Grand Duchesse of Russia's favourite colour, which is a kind of a red brown.

The Princess Augusta wore the same pattern tissue as her sister, but the small running figure across was Burgundy, instead of lemon colour, and though trimmed in quite a different stile from the Princess Royal's, was much admired for its peculiar beauty.

The Prince of Wales was in a cardinal blue velvet, richly embroidered with silver down the seams. His Highness wore his hair in two curls on a side, and as it was not dressed so low, or, in other words, was not so germanized as it has been of late, added very much to the grace of his form, and restored his handsome features to be again the admiration of the ladies.

Her Majesty, as is common on her own birth-day, had nothing remarkable on her dress was a white striped velvet, trimmed with the same colour. The king was dressed in white, with a rose-coloured satin waistcoat.

The Countess of Shelburne's dress was brilliant to a degree, as was Lady Seston's. This last lady never displayed such a happy choice

choice of drefs before, though ſhe has been ever diſtinguiſhed for her exquiliſite taſte and fancy: the ornamental ears of eorn of the trimming, formed, with the other decorations of her apparel, a moſt beautiful *tout enſemble*.

Lady Pembroke was particularly well dreſſed, being in a white ſattin, with a gold ſpot, and *wave* acroſs.

The Counteſs of Hopetoun ſhone ſuperior in the beauty and richneſs of the faces ſhe wore.

Lady Auſtla Campbell appeared in a white taſſity, ornamented with ſeſtoons of artificial flowers.

Lady Aylesford's dreſs was much admired for the embroidery of it, which is ſaid to be of her own work.

The Dowager Lady Aylesford was in the fashionable *Elliott fire* colour, beautifully trimmed.

Lady Elizabeth Henſley appeared in a beautiful roſe-coloured ſattin, with a white petticoat trimmed with gauze, and a painted border intermixed with an elegant foil of the ſame colour, the whole forming an elegant ſimplicity.

A few ladies appeared in *Veſtris-blue*, *cornelite*, and *craupand*, with the laſt new colours, the *corbeau*, and *les Boulets-rouges*.

There was ſcarceſy a lady's head-dreſs in the aſſembly, which was not diſtinguiſhed by a *panache*, though they varied much in the magnitude of the *plume*. So much, Gentlemen, for the drelles at St. James's. And now we will turn, if you pleaſe, to the Public at large.

An undreſs cloak has juſt appeared, of which the following is the beſt deſcription I can give, which you will be ſo kind to attend to, for the benefit of my fair readers in the country, who, I have been informed, have been crying out theſe two months for the appearance of your humble ſervant.

This cloak is very long, and has three or four capes, in general four; like a coachman's *box coat*, the loweſt cape cut to a point in the centre of the back; it has likewiſe lappels like the fashionable ones now worn by the gentlemen.

This cloak, which is getting into univerſal eſtimation, and is daily putting the old *fashion hood* to flight, is called by a variety of names, but thoſe in moſt uſe are, the *Artois*, and the *Macaroni*.

As I have my intelligence, Gentlemen, from the beſt quarter, you may tell your Readers, the amiable and beautiful Ducheſs of Rutland was the firſt that introduced this cloak into this kingdom. If

you will ſuffer me to *pun*, Gentlemen, this ſoul-subduing lady, is one of the admirable few that ſtands in no need of a cloak in public or private. After praife has been, within theſe few days, much better ſung than I can ſing it preſent: Lady Bruffels preſented *poſe* yeſterday morning with a copy of the lines, which have merit ſufficient to entitle them to your reſpect and attention, and which I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe.

STANZAS addreſſed to her GRACE the
DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

Whiſt all the town to found thy praife
conſpire,
Shall I in ſilence from the taſk retire?
Yes, ever ſilent muſt the poet be,
Who wants the Muſes that are worthy thee!

Whene'er I try'd thoſe glowing charms to
paint,
I found my brighteſt colours all too faint;
Yet ſhall this weakneſs well their power
exprefs,
For I could paint them, were their ſplendor
leſs.

Then ſince ^{at} ~~the~~ hard on ev'ry charm to
dwell,
Where ſeparate each, and all combin'd
excel;
Let me the languor of my verſe excuſe,
And vindicate the weakneſs of my Muſe.

To ſing of thee, would ſhew the loſty
pride:
That never took diſcretion for its guide;
When all that ſee thee, praife, the Muſt
muſt fall,
Who finds a rival, and a judge in all.

Nay, that my happier fortune plac'd me
The brighteſt ſtar, that gilds our Britain's
ſphere;
This but confirms my fear, and makes me
ſee
Too much perfection for my Muſe and me.

They who but ſeldom, and at diſtance
view
Thy heav'nly form, admire, and praife it
too;
But we more happy, who behold thee
more,
Speak not, but wonder—praife not, but
adore!

Thus northern poets in harmonious lines,
May praife the ſun where he but ſeldom
ſhines;

But the sad Persian wain'd with nearer
rays
In silent adoration pours his praise!

Let us return to the fashions. The
rautish Mrs North has formed a neck
handkerchief after the upper part of this
cloak, one of which I have seen, and I
will venture to pronounce it the most be-
coming neck dress yet invented. It is
made of sprigged muslin, and the capes
and lapels are bound with a narrow white
ribbon.

Buffonts, trimmed and plain, are in
universal use still in the fashionable circles.
The *caquet* is the most fashionable morning
cap, and French night-caps are as much
wore as ever. Straw, flowers, and gauze,
are wore in every part of dress, particu-
larly in dress caps.—So much for the fa-
shions—which give the *he direct* to Mr.
Burke's economical preaching that we are
a ruined people!

The late Dilettanti asking of the Re-
venge at Hall-Place, and All in the
Wrong at Richmond, have been formed
into a series of caricatures, a few copies of
which have been engraved, and are now
with great avidity circulating among 't's
gens comme il faut!

In the *art of imitation*, thus is employed
the present time:—Sir Joshua is finishing
a grand historic subject, and the Duke of
Rutland's family—Well, on the shipwreck
of Paul on the island of Melita.—Copley,
on the death of Major Pearson.—Roin-
ney, in the planning subjects with his pa-
trist, and now his guest Mr. Hayley
the poet.—Dance, is painting Mrs. Damer,
and the views in Hampshire.—Capt. H.
Colonel C. Major T. the Perdita, Sally
the Small, Dally the Tall, and the Bird
of Paradise, &c. all in painting *their own*
portraits!

The short respite given between the
birth-day and the masquerade-night, put all
the belles to a *nonpl*; to misle the latter
would be *boorish*; indeed; yet there was
hardly time for them to settle their
weighty concerns with the tribe of milli-
ners, friseurs, trimming-makers, and co-
lour-men!

Mrs. Siddons is appointed reading pre-
ceptress to the two younger princesses, by
her Majesty's express command; and Mrs.
Crawford, it is said, has opened a little
school in Kilkenny, where she teaches
children to pronounce their A. B. C. for
sixpence a week, having irrecoverably lost

that glorious continent—the Public favour—
alas! poor little queen!

It is a certain fact, that Mr. Kemble,
who is to astonish and kick up the heels of
all the British actors next winter, is a gen-
tleman of unbounded abilities, he never
o'ersteps the modesty of nature, nor *saws the*
air with his hands, nor is he so ungraceful
to lay the points of his right hand fingers
upon his breast, instead of the palm of the
hand, and all his impassioned speeches
strike the ears of his auditors like distant
thunder in a summer sky; so grand! so
forceful! so sublime! It is said Lord
Temple, who, by-the-bye, plays Othello
very well, has offered this great genius
five hundred pounds for polishing his lord-
ship at all points, in such a manner that
he shall excel Barry. It is said, with cer-
tainty, that his Excellency will present him
with the Order of St. Patrick, now found-
ing, which is the principal reason of his
not appearing here before the winter closes.
Happy Siddons! Happy Kemble!

It was observed of Colonel St. L—r,
that he did not by any means seem *enchanted*
with one of his *minuet partners* on the
birth-night ball.—He was asked indeed by
a friend, what he had done to the Duke
of Manchester, to provoke his Grace to
lay him under such severe penance! If
ever *modesty* appeared amiable in a soldier,
it was during the time the gay Colonel was
walking the minuet with the Lady alluded
to; not even one *amorous glance* escaped
him; his eyes were decently directed to
the ground, and a suffusion of the most
becoming *bashfulness* covered his cheek till
he made the *parting bow*!

A few days ago Mrs. Siddons dined by
invitation with the Duchs of Bedford.
—Whether this singular honour conferred
upon this celebrated actress, by a person
of a rank so exalted, will ingratiate her
with the ladies of her profession, or ex-
pose her to their envy, is a matter that
will bear some discussion.—Upon reading
this intelligence, I have been informed
the following ladies sat down to revise
and prepare for the stage the following
plays. Mr. Yeates, All Bedevill'd, and
the Amorous Old Woman. Miss Young,
the Magnetic Lady, the Revengeful Queen,
and the Unnatural Tragedy. Mrs. Hun-
ter, the Woman kill'd with Kindness.
Mrs. Abington, the Scornful Lady, and
Much-a-do about Nothing. Miss Pope,
Woman's Bewitched. Mrs. Bulkeley,
Nobody and Somebody, and the Magni-
ficent

sicent Lovers. Miss Farren, the New Wonder, and a Mad World my Masters! And the Lady herself, when she returned from Bedford House, sat down to the School for Scandal, the principal character of which she is marked out for, the ladies protesting with one voice she alone shall fill it.

I shall conclude this number, as I did a former one, with a piece of whimsical writing.

Specimen of a New Political and Bon Ton Directory for the Year, 1783.

Names.	Places of Residence.
Earl of Shelburne,	Constitution-Hill.
Mr. Fox, - -	Off-Court.
Mr. Burke, -	Ave-Maria-Lane.
D. of Bedford, -	The Minor-its.
The Chancellor of the Exchequer, -	Rising Sun, Constitu- tion-Row.
Lord J. C—h,	Dupe-Court.
Col. Tarleton,	Petticoat-Lane.
Sir George Saville,	Hart-Street.
D. Hartley, -	Boar's-Head-Alley.
Capt. Asgill,	Air-Street, removed from Execution-Dock.
Archbishop of Can- terbury, -	Grace-Church-Street.
Lord V—y,	Bandy-Leg-Walk.
Sir T. Rumbold,	Fetter-Lane.
Lord Howe,	At the Britannia, Great-George's-Str.
Gov. J—ne,	Bull-and-Mouth, Cross- Street, Barbican.
General Elliot,	St. Saviour's.
Lord D—y,	Goat's-Head-Alley.
Earl Fitzwilliam,	Mincing-Lane.
Club at Brookes's,	Pair-a-dice-Row.
The Poor of the Me- tropolis, -	Back of Corn-Hill.
Smectresses, Man- tua-makers, &c.	Threadneedle-Street.
Citizens of London during the Christi- mas Holidays,	Bolt and Ton-Court, the Poultry, Pud- ding-Lane, and Pye- Corner.
Present Negotiators, Administration,	Piece-Broker's-Alley.
Opposition, -	Well-Close-Square.
	Labour-in-vain-Hill.

THE HIVE. A COLLECTION OF SCRAPS.

Exercet sub sole labor—
—et in medium quesita reponit. VIRG.

EPIGRAMME.

CLITON plein de soucis cherche en
vain le repos;
Son état fait trembler la charmante Isa-
beau
Quel fardeau, dit elle, vous abbât, vous
tourmente?
J'en supporte plus d'un; et suis toujours
contente.

AUTRE.

Cloris est avare, Cloris aime l'argent:
Elle achète son teint; le reste, elle le
vend.

AUTRE.

Damon n'aime que lui; je n'y vois aucun
mâl.
Pouvait il mieux choisir pour être sans
rival?

EPYGRAPH on a Sailor, who died in 1672,
and lies buried in a Church-yard in a
remote Part of the Country, contiguous
to an Ale-house of which he had been
Landlord.

If thou'rt a true, and tipling soul,
As I was all my life,

Past not that * BELL without a bowl
With poor Ben Burnet's wife!

And tell her, if thou lov'st a joke,
That her own faithful dear,
Tho' both his jaws and gibes are broke,
Will not lie lubbard here!

But should she own a stranger mate,
And think no more on me,
Oh leave her to the will of Fate,
But spend not one penny.

And tell my fast, enquiring friends
Ben Burnet is at rest,
Where neither pipe, nor fleas, nor
friends,
His slumbers can molest.

If thou art merry—joy o'er me,
Thy hammock's warmer cast;
If sad—let then thy effort be
To gain a birth at last!

Now, good sweet fellow, get thee gone,
Dry friends we should not part;
But ah! this stone—this cold, cold stone,
Lies heavy on my heart!

* The Sign.

Description of Mr. HATCHETT'S Manufactory in 'Long Acre, London. Embellished with an elegant perspective View of the front of his beautiful House.

SPIRIT and ingenuity are two of the great lines of trade, and from those two spring that powerful opulence, that holds London up to be the admiration and envy of every city in the universe. Perhaps no subject of Britain deserves a larger share of praise than the artist, whose manufactory we are about to give a description of. When we recollect that magnificent carriage made for the Empress of Russia, and that for the Nabob of Arcot, they are striking instances of Mr. Hatchett's taste and genius, and will be remembered by the lovers of mechanical perfection with the highest pleasure.

In reviewing these particulars, we thought we could not pay the ingenious artist a higher compliment, than by giving an elegant engraving of the front of his house in Long-Acre, and a description of his manufactory. The particulars of this extensive building, the gentleman was so kind to favour us with, which we here present to the reader.

The front shop is appropriated to finished carriages, the number in general thirty. From this we are led into an extensive yard, one part for repaired carriages, the other for timber, the number of carriages, one hundred. the wheel-wrights, smiths, sawyers, and labourers in employ in this yard are fifty. From this we are led to the first floor, in the first shop are carriage-makers, to the number of twenty. In the next shop are harness-makers, to the number of thirty. The next shop is for the finishing smiths, to the number of fifteen; this shop is circular, and commands a view from the centre of a number of smith's fires beneath, which has a very good effect by light. The next shop is for the painting of the carriage part only: in this shop twelve painters are constantly employed. In the next shop there is a horizontal machine, which conveys finished carriages up and down. From hence we are led to the second floor. In the first shop the body-makers are employed, to the number of twenty. The next shop is for the trimmers or liners, to the number of six. The next shop is for the preparing and painting the different grounds, the number of men in employ here, eight. The next shop is for the herald painters, the number, six. The next shop is for the high varnishing and japanning, the number of men, six. The next shop is for the gilders, the number, seven. In

EVER. MAG.

short, this very distinguished and extensive manufactory, which stands upon near 2000 feet of ground, and gives bread to 200 men, we thought worthy our attention, and the attention of the Public, full as much as an elaborate and pompous description of an opera house, a gala, a masquerade, or the amusements of a duke, dukes, or heir-apparent.

Anecdotes of Mr. Hatchett.

This excellent artist was born at Cranford, in the county of Middlesex, and served his apprenticeship to Mr. Pett in London. He began business very early in life, we believe about his two-and-twentieth year. His merit did not lie long concealed, for the present Earl Berkeley employed him to make a coach on his coming of age; this was executed with such taste, and there was such an air of novelty through the whole, that it not only secured his Lordship's interest, but recommended him very strongly to many distinguished personages, who patronized him in every circle. He was the first that introduced the tin whiskey, and a short time after this, a three wheeled carriage. His next work, we believe, is the arch-bottom phaeton, which continues to be admired, being now in general use. The first person that introduced him to fortune, was some highly finished fancy carriages, which he sent to the East-Indies; these met with a universal approbation, that a from his hands was held in the highest estimation in India. His merit became so conspicuous now, that there was no to it, in every region where grandeur resided, his performances were talked of, and the Empress of Russia sent an order to him to make her a coach after his own taste and genius; how he executed this, the universal applause it has met with, both here and in Petersburg, is a striking testimony of for this, he received 1500 guineas. He made a state car for the Empress of Russia, when Governor of St. Petersburg, which was so well approved of in that he was, on the return of the fleet, employed to make a state coach for the Nabob of Arcot; to give a description of this magnificent piece of art, would exceed our limits, the overflow of his manufactory for a month was incredible, and every one appeared so highly delighted, that it became

came a subject for some time: for this he received 4500 guineas. To enumerate the most distinguished carriages made for the first personages in Europe since that, would be tedious; the highest finished were two for the Duke de Chartres, and two for the Prince de Conti. A short time after this, he was appointed coach-maker to his present Majesty of England, and to the Duke of Gloucester; and the next year the Empress of Russia and the Gray Duke conferred the same honour on him.

For the Grand Duke he is now making a phaeton with silver pannels, which we believe is near finished.

This artist is the first that introduced flowers in mother of pearl on the bodies of carriages, the first he did was for the Empress of Russia; and he was also the first that introduced the high varnish, now in such general estimation. If we remember right, Mr. Foote took notice of this invention in the second act of his comedy of the Cozeners.

The minute Manner in which our Engraving is executed, should not admit the whole of the Inscription over the Entrance to this Gentleman's Manufactory, which, for the satisfaction of Strangers, we shall add to this Account, it runs thus:

ENGLISH ARMS.

RUSSIAN ARMS.

TO HIS

TO HER

MAJESTY,

HATCHEL T. IMPERIAL MAJESTY,

AND HIS

EMPERESS of all the RUSSIAS,

ROYAL HIGHNESS

AND THE

THE

GRAND DUKE.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

ANECDOTES of SIR STEPHEN FOX and his Descendants.

(Continued from Page 409.)

SIR Stephen was elected to the first parliament called by King Charles II. for the city of Salisbury, which he also represented in the parliament called by King James II. in 1685. In 1678-9, the city of Westminster chose him one of their representatives, as also in 1695, the seventh year of King William III. He was a strenuous assertor of the integrity of the Earl of Clarendon, and voted against his impeachment, though he was in a manner commanded by the king to act a contrary part, which is more particularly specified in the histories of England, wrote by Dr. Echard and Mr. Rapin. His son, Mr. Charles Fox, deceasing, who had been elected in 1698, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1708, 1710, and 1713, to serve for the city of Salisbury in parliament, among the circumstances of his affliction, he thought himself deprived of the satisfaction he long had, in serving in his own person, or his son's, for that city, at a time when our divisions were at a great height; and he was unanimously chosen, upon a vacancy

by the death of his said son, to sit in the last parliament called by Queen Anne, whom he had the honour, by her Majesty's particular desire, to lead, going in procession, to her coronation, April 23. 1702. By his first lady he had seven sons, all of whom died young, except the second, Mr. Charles Fox, and three daughters, one of whom died unmarried, one became the wife of John, Lord Cornwallis, from whom the present family of that name is descended; the other married the Earl of Northampton, and from her are derived the present race of the Comptons.

Mr. Charles Fox appears to have been a person of very extraordinary merit and capacity, he was in various great employments to the end of his life. He served in parliament for Eye in Suffolk, and for Calne in Wiltshire, and for the city of Salisbury. Before he was twenty-one years of age, he was constituted with Nicholas Johnson, Esq; joint-paymaster-general of the forces, viz. on Dec. 26. 1679, and on April 16. 1682, sole paymaster, being

being then but twenty-three years of age, yet his abilities were so conspicuous, that he was esteemed able to discharge the business requisite thereunto. He held the place of paymaster-general of the forces, in the reigns of King Charles II. King James II. and Queen Anne; and in the reign of King William III. he was vice-treasurer, receiver-general, and paymaster of the revenues in Ireland, and was likewise treasurer to Catherine queen-dowager of England. In 1679, he married Elizabeth-Carr Trollop, only daughter and heir of Sir William Trollop of Cadewick, bart. in the county of Lincoln; by Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Sir Robert Carr of Slesford, in the same county, chancellor of the exchequer, and of the privy-council to King Charles II. This gentleman died at Bath of a complication of disorders, at nearly the age of sixty, and it is related, that while he was there in a lingering condition, Sir Stephen who had gone down to see him, and that for the first time, with Miss Hope, the lady whom he afterwards married, and was to much struck with her, that he danced with her every night;—a friend observed to him, that he was very sorry to see poor Mr. Charles Fox in ~~so~~ bad away:—"Ay, poor lord," said Sir Stephen, "he is very bad indeed, however, he has youth on his side!"

Sir Stephen danced all night, and Mr. Charles Fox expired the next morning. He had the comfort and happiness to the conclusion of his life, not to be afflicted with any of the infirmities of old age, which could make him the least burthensome, either to himself, his friends, or his servants. It must be owned wisdom does not bestow the same happiness to every one that findeth her, but distributes to them their portion in a very different measure, with more reason than we are able to discern. Her bounty to him was, as if she emptied both her hands, and held back nothing from him. He had the blessing of her right hand in the length of his days, and he had those of her left hand in his riches and preferments.

In the year 1703, at the advanced age of seventy-six, Sir Stephen married Miss Hope, a most beautiful young lady, who made him the best of wives, and he is said to have often declared, that the latter part of his days, after his second marriage, was much the happiest of his whole life. Sir Stephen had two sons by this lady; Stephen, the late Earl of Ilchester, and Henry, created Lord Holland; also two daughters, one of which died young, the

other was married to the Hon. Edward Digby, second son of Lord Digby, from whom are descended the present family of Digby. Having built a house at Chiffwick in Middlesex, he chiefly resided there till his death, which happened without any approaching warning of sickness in the 89th year of his age in the year 1716. Stephen, the late Earl of Ilchester, after having made the tour of Europe, returned one of the most accomplished men of his time; having taking his seat in parliament for Shaftesbury, commenced a man of business, and was an able speaker, and strenuous supporter of Sir Robert Walpole, under whom, if we mistake not, he was for some time, secretary of the treasury; in a few years after he married Miss Strangways Horner, then extremely young, daughter of Thomas Horner, Esq; of Wells in Somersetshire, by Miss Strangways, one of the co-heiresses of Thomas Strangways, Esq; of Melburie Park in Dorsetshire, and in whom at length the whole of his great estate centered. The family of the Strangways are of high antiquity and lustre, and had been settled in their mansion-house in the county of Dorset, for several hundred years, taking the lead as the first family, and maintaining the utmost dignity, hospitality, and popularity. The accession of so splendid a fortune to his own ample patrimony, aided by his abilities and conduct in parliament, soon elevated him to the peerage, and in the year 1741, he was created Lord Ilchester, Baron Strangways, and not long after Earl of Ilchester; from this time he seems to have given up all public business, and resided chiefly in the country, enjoying *otum cum dignitate*, although he was one of the joint controllers of the army accounts, an office he held to the day of his death. His Lordship had issue, three sons and six daughters. Henry Thomas, the present Earl, after his travels, went as we understand into the army, which he quitted upon his marrying Miss Grady, an Irish lady, daughter of a most respectful gentleman, of a very ancient family in that kingdom. This lady has been remarkable for her great beauty, affability, and good conduct, easy, natural, elegant, and dignified, she seems to have been born for the high situation in which her merit has placed her.

The Hon. Stephen Digby Fox Strangways, the next brother, is a major in the army, and was taken prisoner at the memorable Plains of Saratoga, where he served under General Burgoyne. He bears the

character of a very gallant officer. The Hon. Charles Strangways, the third brother, is, we understand, at present a student of Christ Church, Oxford.

The Right Hon. Lady Susan Sarah Louisa married to William O'Brien, Esq. This gentleman (well known in the polite world as a man of genius, and a most worthy and respectable citizen) is descended from one of those very ancient Irish families, who pique themselves upon being styled Milkfeans, and who forfeited a considerable property by their attachment to the cause of King James II. at the Revolution, and his more immediate ancestors bore commissions in the Irish brigades in France, with great reputation. Mr. O'Brien must have had a very early as well as a very liberal education, beside; being gifted with the *ingenium praeceox*, for at the age of seventeen, the time of life when most young people are still bending under the shackles of the schools, he threw off all restraints, and made himself known to the world by his talents and accomplishments, which added to his elegant deportment and unimpeachable manners, very soon connected him with the first people in the kingdom, by whom he was as much esteemed and admired. In the year 1764, he married the Lady who is the subject of our memoirs, and at that time she was one of the great ornaments of the court, and as such was selected by his Majesty on his wedding to be one of the bride maids to the Queen. In the same year, Mr. O'Brien having obtained a very considerable grant of lands from the crown in the province of New-York in North-America, his lady and he embarked for the Continent, in order to make settlements upon their newly acquired property; soon after his Majesty was graciously pleased to confer upon him some patent places of very high rank and consequence in the colonies, where he remained some years in the execution of them, highly esteemed and respected by all ranks of people. Lady Susan became very deservedly a great favourite in America, and made herself particularly noticed and admired by her courage and perseverance, in undertaking several very extraordinary expeditions through the Indian nations in the interior parts of North America. There is an elegant engraving of the Falls of Niagara, taken from a drawing made on the spot by an officer of the artillery, dedicated to her Ladyship by him, in ac-

knowledge of her great merit, in facing so many difficulties and dangers to have a sight of that stupendous work of nature. Of this Lady I shall only further say, that she is every way a sister worthy of Lady Harriot Acland, who found in General Burgoyne*, an historian equal to the recording such exalted merit and virtue! but we cannot help observing, how remarkably singular it is, that there should be two sisters in the same family, of such high rank and breeding, whose affections for their husbands should have led them to encounter all the dangers and fatigues they must necessarily have met with in the savage wilds of North America, rare instances of conjugal attachment in these licentious times, and highly worthy of imitation.

Mr. O'Brien and his Lady have been returned to England some years, we believe ever since the breaking out of the troubles on the Continent, and, if we are not misinformed, they are among the number of those who have been considerable sufferers by the failure of our arms.

The Right Hon. Lady Harriot Christian, married to John Dyke Acland, Esq; this gentleman was only son to Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart. one of the most respectable, opulent and powerful men in the west of England; with a very good fortune, which he inherited in right of his mother, independent of his father, it is no wonder that he was impatient of controul, and determined, even after his marriage, to indulge his inclination, and go into the army, although he had a seat in parliament, and was possessed of abilities and inclination to serve his country in a legislative capacity, his military ardour got the better of all other considerations, he obtained a commission and went to America. There he behaved with a degree of spirit that did honour to his name and country, and after having been dangerously wounded in two or three places, was among the number of our heroes so unfortunately doomed to surrender at Saratoga. After the very full, elegant and authentic account that General Burgoyne has given of Lady Harriot's sufferings and conduct upon that occasion, and which is in every body's hand, it only remains for us to express our highest admiration, esteem, and respect for a character so amiable and praise-worthy.

Mr. Acland, not many months after his arrival in England, found his wounds,

* Vide General Burgoyne's Account of his Expedition from Canada.

which had been ill-treated in America, breaking out afresh, and by the order of physicians went down to Bath, where he died in a short time after.

Lady Harriot was so much affected by his death, that her living was for some time very problematical, and though her youth assisted her in getting through the violence of her affliction, we understand she has never yet gone into any society but that of her relations. She lives at her jointure estate, Pixton Park, near Tiverton, Devonshire, and seems entirely devoted to the education of her only son and two daughters.

Right Hon. Lady Lucy married to the Hon. Stephen Digby. This gentleman is third brother to Lord Digby, and vice-chamberlain to the Queen. He was in the army, but quitted it upon marrying. It is supposed that he is a great favourite of both their Majesties.

Right Hon. Lady Frances married to Sir Valentine Richard Quin, bart. Of this gentleman, we can only learn that he is heir to a considerable estate in Ireland, and was lately advanced to the dignity of a baronet of Great Britain. We shall take the first opportunity to give the anecdotes of the other branches of the family.

CHARACTER of A. PHILIPS as a Pastoral Writer.

• —Pro sollicitis non tacitus reis. HOR.

The injur'd to defend. POPE. °

IT is commonly the fate of those authors who are so unfortunate, as to attract the censure of men of great satirical talents, to have themselves and their works consigned to promiscuous oblivion by the hasty decisions of a prejudiced public: often without the slight privilege of a verul: or, if a partial be granted their readers sit not down with that becoming candour, which, considered as critics, or as gentlemen, every author has an undoubted right to expect from them, they peruse with an intention to condemn, they catch with eagerness at every fault, and remain insensible to every beauty. Those few who see for themselves, and refuse to float along with the current of popular partiality, venture not openly to enter the controversial lists in defence of the author, whose cause they secretly espouse.

No person can be a more rapturous admirer of that inimitable satire, the Dunciad, than the Writer of this small Essay; he thinks also, that most of the objects of it deservedly smirched under the satirical lash, yet he at the same time confesses, that he has always considered the insertion of poor Ambrose Philips with concern, and that he thinks Mr. Pope has, in many of his writings, treated him with a severity, which could arise only from personal malevolence. The Author of this paper does not, however (as vindicators commonly do) esteem himself bound to extenuate every fault, and to exhibit only the flattering side of the picture, he means to delineate a character of him equally candid and correct; but he begs his readers

to observe, that his remarks are confined to Philips solely as a pastoral writer, to speak of his writings in general, would be too diffuse an undertaking; in most of his smaller pieces, he unfortunately made choice of a measure, which was of itself sufficient to give them an air of puerility, which, however, has been censured with a degree of severity at least adequate to the defect.

As a pastoral poet he had a considerable share of merit, and some imperfections: he seems always to pay a strict attention to simplicity and characteristic sentiment, which he often pursues with success, but in his invariable adherence to these indispensable requisites of pastoral poetry, he sometimes degenerates into vulgarism, and copies nature without even concealing her defects. The general plans of his pastorals, I shall forbear to canvass, that species of poetry affords but little scope for invention in that particular, a pipe, a goblet, or a crook, are usually assigned as rewards to the rural victor, and the cruelty of some obdurate nymph, or a monody on the untimely death of some unfortunate swain, are subjects commonly made use of by pastoral writers of every age and every language. His descriptions are often picturesque and beautiful: though he seldom presents his readers with a complete simile, he abounds with metaphors and allusions, conceived with fertility of imagination and propriety; his epithets are frequently figurative and descriptive, but sometimes crude and unpoetical. In the general style of his versification, he affects an air of extreme negligence, "Affecting to

to be unaffected." I am the more inclined to this opinion, as his lines are commonly so wrought, that, notwithstanding they offend the polished ear with their harshness, a slight transposition of the words, can often reduce them to the agreeable harmony of correct composition: To this I might add, his injudicious choice of antiquated terms, which not a little contributes to that ruggedness and obscurity, which too commonly disfigures his versification. Theocritus appears to be his model in the conception of his sentiments, Spenser in the expression of them; the phrases of the latter he pursues with a slavish tenacity, forgetting that words then perhaps in general use, are by length of time rendered unintelligible and absurd, which is the more to be lamented, as whenever he deviates from that adherence, and adopts phrases and epithets of his own, he scarce ever fails of giving complete satisfaction to the candid reader. Upon the whole, I may venture to pronounce it as my opinion, that Philips was an author whose genius was infinitely superior to his judgment, which opinion may, perhaps, not only be applicable to

him as to his pastorals, but also as to his writings in general; through the whole of his pastorals, there reigns a kind of classic neatness, which, notwithstanding the invidious construction that has been put upon it, must afford pleasure and satisfaction to the unprejudiced critic. As to those ironical arguments made use of by Mr. Pope, in the fortieth number of the Guardian, it would be a needless amplification of my plan to refute them, since every impartial reader possess of a common share of penetration, at the same time that he confesses the acuteness and poignancy of the wit, must also confess that the charges are often founded on a weak and narrow basis, and even where they are admissible in point of truth, they are in general frivolous, and unworthy of the candid and unbiassed critic. Had Philips lived in an age, when poetical genius had been less common, he would have received a larger portion of commendation; but I protest I can perceive no reason, because the planets shine with a superior lustre, that the lesser stars should pass altogether unnoticed.

T. P.

Description of the cities of London and Westminster, and the Boroughwick of Southwark. Continued from page 419.

SOUTHWARK, joined to the city by London-bridge, contains six parishes, and for its extent, number of people, trade, wealth, hospitals, alms-houses, and charity-schools, &c. is inferior to few cities in England. It is mentioned in history, in the year 1053, and was a distinct corporation, governed by its own bailiff, till 1327, when a grant was made of it to the city of London, whose mayor was to be its bailiff, and to govern it by his deputy. Some time after this, the inhabitants recovered their former privileges; but in the reign of Edward VI. the crown granted it to the city of London for 647l. 2s. 1d. and, in consideration of a farther sum of five hundred marks paid to the crown by the city, it was annexed to the said city; and by virtue of the said grant, continues subject to its lord-mayor, who has under him a steward and bailiff; and it is governed by one of its twenty-six aldermen, by the name of Bridge-without.

The military government is by the lieutenant of the county, and eleven deputy-lieutenants, who have under them a

regiment of six companies of 150 men each.

It is divided into two parts, viz. the Borough liberty, and the clink or manor of Southwark. The first belongs to the jurisdiction of the lord-mayor of London, who by his steward holds a court of record every Monday at St. Margaret's-Hill, for all debts, damages, and trespasses, within his limits; to which court belong three attorneys, who are admitted by his steward. There are also three court-leets held in the borough, for its three manors, viz. the great liberty, the guild-hall, and the king's manor, wherein, besides the other business usual at such courts, are chosen the constables, ale-conners, and flesh-tasters. The Clink is under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester, who, besides a court-leet, keeps a court of record (on the bank-side, near St. Saviour's church) by his steward and bailiff, for pleas of debt, damages, and trespasses. There is a comptrol for the imprisonment of offenders in the bailiwick, and another for the Clink liberty. Besides these, there is the Marshalsea prison, which is the

the county goal for felons, and the admiralty goal for pirates. Here is a court, which was first erected for the trial of causes between the king's domestic or menial servants, of which the knight-marshal is president, and his steward judge; to whom belong four counsellors and six attorneys; and the court is held every Friday by him, or his deputy for debt, damages, and trespasses, in causes for ten miles round Whitehall, excepting London. Here is also in St. George's-fields a new Bridewell, the Magdalen, the Circus, and the King's-Bench prison; the rules of which are of a considerable extent, and the allowance somewhat better than that of the common prisons; for which reasons many debtors remove themselves hither by *habas corpus*. It is properly a place of confinement in all cases triable in the King's-Bench Court. Here was formerly that called Suffolk-house, a palace built by the Duke of Suffolk, in the reign of Henry VIII. where was afterwards a mint for the coinage of money, which consists of several streets, whose inhabitants claimed a privilege of protection from arrests for debt, which has since been suppressed by the legislature.

The bishops of Winchester had formerly a palace here, with a park (the same that is now called Southwark-park) which is since converted into warehouses and tenements, held by lease from the bishops of that see. Antiently here were no less than eighteen houses on the bank-side, licensed by the bishops of Winchester under certain regulations confirmed by parliament, to keep whores, who were, therefore, commonly called Winchester geese. Here are two hospitals, viz. St. Thomas's, and Guy's, the noblest endowment of the kind perhaps in England. Dr. Gibson mentions a very particular grant here of St. Mary-Overy's church to the churchwardens for ever, with the tithes to provide two chaplains at their pleasure, who are neither presented nor inducted; wherein it differs from all other churches in England.

Westminster, which has many years been the seat of our monarchs, of our law-tribunals, and of the high court of parliament, has a magnificent abbey; a hall the most spacious in Europe, if not in the world, without one pillar to support it; an illustrious school, which has produced men of the greatest learning, and the highest rank, both in church and state; a fine stone bridge, noble squares, and fine streets of grand buildings, many of them resembling palaces. In 1541, Hen-

ry VIII. upon the surrender of William Benson, the last abbot, made it a see of a bishop, with a dean and twelve prebendaries, and appointed the whole county of Middlesex (except Fulham, belonging to the bishopric of London) for its diocese. By this means Westminster became a city, as all towns do upon their becoming the sees of bishops; and, according to Lord Chief Justice Coke, nothing else is required to make them such; but Westminster never had more than one bishop, viz. Thomas Thurlaby, and it was soon after dissolved by Edward VI. therefore could no longer properly be called a city, though by the public complaisance it has retained that title ever since; therefore in acts of parliament it is styled the city or borough of Westminster.

As for the government of Westminster, it was before the Reformation subject, both in spirituals and temporals, to its lordly abbots; but by act of parliament, the 27th of Queen Elizabeth, it is now governed by a high-steward, an officer of great state and dignity, and one of the prime nobility, chosen by the dean and chapter for life; an under-steward, who likewise holds that honourable office for life; a high-bailiff named by the dean and chapter, and confirmed by the high-steward, for three years; it has also sixteen burgesses and as many assistants, and a high-constable, chosen by the burgesses at the court-leet, which is held by the high-steward or his deputy. Out of the sixteen burgesses are chosen two chief burgesses, viz. one for each of the two precincts. The dean and chapter are invested with an ecclesiastical and civil jurisdiction, within the liberties of Westminster, St. Martin's le Grand, and some towns in Essex, exempted both from the jurisdiction of the bishop of London, and the archbishop of Canterbury, and from the sentence of the commissary, in the case of probate of wills, &c. there is no appeal, but to the king in his high court of chancery. The abbey is a truly venerable pile of building, in the Gothic taste, where most of our monarchs have been crowned and buried. It was founded before the year 850, but the present fabric was erected by Henry III. It is 489 feet in length, and 66 in breadth at the west end; but the cross aisle is 189 feet broad, and the height of the middle roof 92 feet. At the east end is the chapel of Henry VII. which is so curiously wrought, that Leland calls it the miracle of the world. The screen or fence is entirely brass, and within are the figures of Henry VII. and his

his queen, of brass, gilt; but the magnificent monuments in the abbey are so numerous, that it would require a volume to describe them.

In the parish of St. Martin, is an old building, called St. James's-house, to which the court removed upon the burning of Whitehall in 1697; and it has continued to be the residence of our kings ever since. It is an irregular building, of a mean appearance from without, but it contains many beautiful and magnificent apartments. The chapel of the palace is a royal peculiar, exempted from all episcopal jurisdiction. The service is like that in cathedrals; and there is a dean, a lord almoner, a sub-dean, forty-eight chaplains, twelve gentlemen of the chapel, two organists, ten children, a serjeant, a yeoman, a groom of the vestry, and a bell-ringer. When this palace was built, it abutted on the south-west, upon an uncultivated swampy tract of ground, which the king inclosed and converted into a park, called from the palace St. James's Park; he also laid it out into walks, and collected the water into one body. It was afterwards much enlarged and improved by Charles II. who planted it with lime trees, and formed a beautiful villa, near half a mile in length, called the Mall, from its being adapted to a play at bowls so called. He also formed the water into a canal 100 feet broad, and 2,800 feet long, and furnished the park with a decoy, and other ponds for water-fowl, which have been filled up, and the park greatly improved.

This park, which is near a mile and a half in circumference, and surrounded with magnificent structures, is constantly open, and used as a thoroughfare by all sorts of people. At the east end is a

spacious parade, for the exercise of the horse and foot-guards, and a fine stone building called the Horse-guards, with the Admiralty and Treasury. On the west side of St. James's Park, fronting the Mall and Grand Canal, stands the Queen's Palace. It was originally known by the name of Arlington-house, but being purchased by the late Duke of Buckingham's father, who rebuilt it in 1703, from the ground, with brick and stone, it was called Buckingham House till the year 1762, when his present Majesty bought it, and it began to be called the Queen's Palace, from the particular pleasure the Queen expressed in the retirement of this house. It is in every respect a fine building, and not only commands a prospect of St. James's Park in front, but has a park lately much enlarged, and a canal belonging to itself behind it, together with a good garden, and a fine terrace, from whence, as well as from the apartments, there is a prospect of the adjacent country. It has a spacious court-yard, inclosed with iron rails, fronting St. James's Park, with offices at each side, separated from the Mansion-house by two wings of bending piazzas, and arched galleries, elevated on pillars of the Tuscan, Doric, and Ionic orders. Each front of this house has two ranges of pilasters, of the Corinthian and Tuscan orders.

A new library has lately been added to this palace, filled with the best authors in various languages. Here is also a fine collection of prints; and the whole structure is adorned with a great variety of pictures by the most eminent masters. Among them are the famous cartoons by Raphael, removed from Hampton Court.

(To be continued.)

TO the EDITORS of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

WHILST the multitude are complaining of the scarcity of money, the increase of taxation, the decay of trade, or in few words the badness of the times, I cannot help reflecting on what a contradictory set of beings we are, for, as a proof of the poverty and dejection of the higher class of people, the Haymarket and Covent-Garden Theatres have been improved; the Royal Circus erected, and the building of a place for general entertainment is much talked of; and as for those of the very lowest class, they are in

such a starving condition, that whoever pleases to observe it, may, the beginning and closing of every week, see the ale-houses crowded with them; however, notwithstanding all this, few are willing to set the example for reformation, though we all are copious enough about how it should be done, as well as in pointing out the cause of this complaint, the poor attributing it to the luxury of the rich, and the rich to the idleness of the poor; as for myself, to speak from personal feelings, I must say, that a principal cause of this

cont-

complaint, is the attachment to conviviality, from it's leading to all kinds of inordinacy, and the more so, as it is what young men in general rush hastily into, either because it appears man-like, or through the fallacious idea of benefiting themselves in business; hence failures are frequently more immediately owing to this attachment than any other; and these thoughts lead me to say, however abrupt it appears, as well as risking the censure of many, that a convivial buffoon, or humourist (as he is called) through his flattering powers, ought to be avoided as a pest; because, viewing him in a moral, as well as in a civil light, nothing ever so fiered, or any one, though ever so respectable, is exempt from his ridicule; and here I cannot help noting, how much the publication of convivial articles tend to increase this attachment, and which it would not discredit even high authority to oppose, such as H. Howard's, G. A. Stevens's, and among more modern faragoes, the Convivial Songster, and one O'Brien's Lufatum, of which last, it is hard to say,

whether the author ought more to be laughed at, for endeavouring in a kind of preface, to establish conviviality on a rational basis, or blamed for furnishing the votaries to convivial mirth with subjects to keep it alive, since, whatever pleasure it may give for a time, there are few but will at length say, as was lately said by one of the persons above named (G. A. Stevens) who has retired, sick of such folly, "I now wonder what people can find to laugh at."

I have now only to say, that, whoever observes how seldom brewers, distillers, or retailers of liquors, have of late appeared in the lists of bankrupts, though of the last, the number is so very high, it must be evident, that whatever other business is at a stand, theirs is in a continual and gainful motion, which could not be but for the attachment I have spoken of, and which, from being the bane of so many, must be a principal cause of national complaint, and consequently ought to be discountenanced as much as possible.

O.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A Few years since I was a member of a Society of literati, who amused themselves in unravelling mathematical problems, which were occasionally scattered up and down the different magazines and other periodical publications. Since that period, I have been in the military line, but am now returned to my native place. Although I am no longer in actual service, I cannot help thinking it a duty I owe my king and country, to contribute my mite of information, and to do all the good that is in my power: from this motive, I have preferred your channel of communicating the following machines, to the solution of your ingenious correspondents, flattering myself that they may be found of more benefit to society than many others, whose existence is perfectly useless or chimerical. I have therefore arranged them in the following order,

Inventions for the Land Service.

1. A single gun barrel so contrived, as by one loading to fire in regular succession, twelve, or more cartridge shot, so as to mark out the initial, or other letters of a man's name, with the balls, on a target, place in an opposite direction to

the muzzle of the piece, to move and fire by the aid only of machinery.

2. To place a battery of similar guns (musquet bore) to fire in regular succession by platoons, grand divisions, or subdivisions, twelve or more rounds each, that when loaded to move by machinery.

3. To fix a battery of twenty or more barrels, of a larger calibre than can prime, load, and fire thirty or more rounds of cartridges in regular succession, by which 600 shot may be discharged in half an hour, or indeed in much less time, the whole to work without the interposition of any manual application whatever.

For the Sea Service.

4. A cartridge shot resembling a *chevaux de frise* with barbed arms, which on its discharge from a piece of ordnance, will expand its various branches, in such a manner as to entangle them in the sails, rigging, &c. of the enemy's ships of war; and where the case is desperate, to be primed and charged with combustibles. The use of this porcupine shot is evident, as it will prevent the enemy's ships from tacking, flying, or pursuing.

D

5. An

5. An hour-glass so constructed, as to expend its sand from one to twelve hours; and when the highest glass is exhausted, to turn of itself, for the space of many weeks or months by mere machinery,

6. A loom to weave fishing nets of any sized mesh, from one inch to any larger dimensions, in a method perfectly easy and expeditious.

TO the EDITORS of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE theatrical cognoscenti will, I hope, pardon my freedom with the stage, in presuming through the medium of the European Magazine, to point out too common an error, or want of due attention in the player, whereby the real appearances and proceedings of nature in certain scenes of tragedy, either suffer gross imposition, or are totally subverted from impropriety of representation. With the more superficial and inattentive spectator, the fault indeed passes unnoticed, but by those who view every act and transition of a play with a more intrusted and accurate eye of observation, it is easily detected, it is obvious.

What I would be understood to mean is, a want of sufficient, nay almost intire neglect of regard to the succession of the different soft, loose, flexible, tense, rigid, or unpliant states of the several parts and joints of the human body, immediately, soon, or a more distant time after it has become a dead corpse.

It is well known to most people, that the body retains a flexibility or power of being bent in the greatest variety of ways, that the joints and every part were capable of being placed in when alive, for a considerable time after the insignia of life have ceased to be distinguishable. Hardness, inflexibility, and stiffness of the muscles, by which the body vitally performs all locomotive power and animal motion, come on by insensible degrees, and do not take absolute possession of the body for several hours, perhaps a day, or even a longer time after the last breath of life, generally, and almost constantly, till the body is become quite cold. The precise time in which the body loses all warmth after death, cannot indeed with certainty be determined and limited. This circumstance may depend on the quick or slow manner of death, the temperature of the external air, and, perhaps, on the strength or weakness of the habit and circulation, previous to the moments of a natural, unnatural, or sudden death. But although no period of time, for the above reasons, can be absolutely and clearly ascertained,

no one of the smallest observation, in my opinion, can suppose that the body becomes cold and stiff in three or four hours after death, in the ordinary temperature of air, as we generally are to believe common events of tragedy allude to. It will therefore, I think, be allowed, that the body of the tragedian, having imitatively died, been run through, or murdered on the stage, but a few hours, nay, perhaps minutes before, in the due course of time, it is found ant-conveyed away, that the body, I say, under such circumstances, being apparently so carried off, that every part, and every limb seem perfectly tense and stiff, every muscle as rigid as possible, is an erroneous impropriety and mistake, a violation to just imitations of nature. Oh *imitatores et imitatrix nature*, may well be exclaimed. The body in such short period of time, cannot have lost its warmth (on the loss of which rigidity principally depends) perhaps, but a small degree of it; therefore, instead of the audience being presented with an appearance of statue-like rigidity, and inflexibility of the body, it should possess every mark of looseness and flexibility by motion, that is inherent in a person affected with a fit of fainting, or in a swoon. The body should seem to be with difficulty prevented from falling through the arms of those who bear it off; so very unmanageable is a recent corpse to carry, or fix in any particular attitude without firm support. Although the body is often seen convulsively extended in the agonies of death, yet the extension is not permanently fixed, but the powers that act to such effect are destroyed, and cease their agency the moment vital sensibility is lost, and the dead corporeal system is then left in the usual soft and flexible state.

If, however, on the contrary, from the historic relation of a tragedy, the body is to impress an idea of its having remained on the fatal spot so long after death, as naturally to enforce a conclusion, that it must have become cold, and consequently hardened and stiff; or if tragic representation apposes to our view an object of distress,

distress, dying through inclemency of weather, in a freezing intensity of cold, whereby the body acquires extreme stiffness, then the performer or player will very properly adhere to the prevailing fashion: he has the law and guidance of nature to direct him, firmly to keep himself in the position and attitude he dies in, and suffer himself to be borne off the stage, in strict resemblance of a muscularly rigid, firm, and unpliant corpse. Indeed the natural rigidity and firmness of a muscle in this frozen state, and also in most other conditions or circumstances,

when absolute coldness has pervaded the dead body some time, is surprisingly great; for if an attempt be made suddenly to extend or bend a limb, the muscles will be lacerated before they yield to the force.— I have only further to observe, that the bodies of those who are killed by lightning, or electricity, retain muscular softness and articular flexibility, longer than after natural, or all kinds of accidental death besides, that have drawn the attention of observant men.

London, Jan. 4. 1783.

D.

The following Letter was written by RICHARD, Earl of CAMBRIDGE, to King HENRY V. after his Attainder; and before his Execution.

• Cotton MS. Vespasian, E. xiv. fol. 39.

MY most dredfulle and sovereyne
lege lord lyke to yowre hynesse to
wete touchyng the purpose collyageyns
yowr hie estat havynge ye Earle of Marche
by his awne assent and by ye assent of my-
self wher of y most me repene of ol words
thyng and by the accorde of the Lord
Scrop and Sir Thomas Grey to have hadde
ye for sayd Erle into the lond of Walys
wythout even yowre lycence takyng upon
hymn ye sovereynte of zys lond zys you-
eyr maius persone wych yey callyn kyng
Richard hadde nawch been alyve as that
y wot wel yat he nys not alyve for ye
wych poynt i putte me holy in zowre grace
and as for ye forme of a proclamacyonn
wych schulde hadde bene cryde in ye erle
name as he heyre to ye crowne of Yng-
land ageyns zow my lege lord calde by
aun tieu name Harry of Lancastre usurper
of Yngland to ye entent to hadde made ye
more poeple to hadde drawne to hym and
fro zow of ye wych crye Scrop knew not
of by me but Grey did. havynge wyth the
Erle a baner of the armes of Yngland
havynge also the crowne of Spayne on a
palet wych my lege lord is one of zowre
weddis for ye wych offence y putte me
holy in zowre grace and as for the purpose
takyn by Unfreyle and Wederyngtoun
for ye brvnyng in yat persone wych yey
namyd King Richard and Harry Percy

oute of Scotland wyth a power of Scottys
and yeyve power togeders semynge to
yeyme able to geve zou a batayle of ze
wych entent Sir Thomas Grey wyth of
and i also but nauth Scrop as by me of ya
wych knowynge i submite me holy into
zowre grace and as for ye takynge of zowre
castelles in Walys Davy Howell made me
be host so yere were affreyng in ye north
of ye wych poynt i putte me holy in zowre
grace and as touchyng ye Erle of Marche
and Lusy his man yey sendyn me both yat
ye erle was nauth schreven of a gret whylle
but at all his confessions putte hym in
penaunce to clayme yat yey callyddyn hys
rych yat woo be yat tyme yat every i
knew heny thing yat ever to hym longyd.

[nearly two lines erased.]

of ye wych poyntes and articles here be for
writyn and of all odry wych arne nauth in
mynde but trewly as oft as heny to myn
mynde fallyn i schal dewly and trwly cer-
tify zow yer of besekyng to zow my lege
lord for hys love yat salfyrd passyoun on ye
good friday so have zee compassyoun on
me zowre lege man and yf any of yes per-
sones whos names arne contenyd in zys
bylle woldyn contrary ye substance of yat
i have wretyn at zys tyme i schalle be redy
wyth the mayth of God to make hyt good
as zee myn lege lord wyllle award me.

On the REFINEMENT of the ANTIENTS compared with that of the MODERNS.

THE numerous monuments of art and
science, which time has handed down
to posterity, have given rise to much con-
troversy respecting the degree of perfec-
tion, each has attained to, in ancient and

modern times. Some, in the eagerness
of their admiration for Greek and Ro-
man literature, have been led to measure
the refinement of the Ancients by their
compositions, and have supposed, that as

D a

posterity

posterity have in few instances gone beyond their writings, so they have added but little to their civilization; while others, equally well acquainted with classical beauties, but warmer advocates of modern customs and opinions, have conceived their ideas of good-breeding, to have been extremely imperfect. Before we examine the question, let us endeavour to state briefly their degree of acquaintance with the arts and sciences, and then see how far the refinement of their manners kept pace with it. Morals, jurisprudence, and geometry, were well understood, and relished among them, at the same time, it must be allowed, that of politics, or the sciences of government, and natural philosophy, they had either none, or an extremely imperfect idea. With respect to the arts, that in particular of writing, whether in poetry, or history, seems to have been imitated by the Moderns, with a servility but too expressive of its superiority. The admirable treatise of Cicero *de Oratore*, is alone sufficient to shew, that public speaking was held in the highest estimation, and the noble strains of his eloquence, that it was cultivated with the greatest success. It yet remains undecided, whether their paintings were not greatly superior to those of the Moderns; if we may credit the accounts of their historians, they surpassed them in genius as well as effect.

The architecture of two thousand years ago, is the architecture of the present hour, and where this differs most from the standard of Greece, it is there most essentially imperfect. In the discovery then, as well as the cultivation of the fine arts, if we except music, the superiority is undoubtedly due to the Ancients. But those which have added to the conveniences and comforts of life, without subtracting from its elegance, it is scarcely necessary to put in competition with their imperfect substitutes among the Ancients, whose very palaces were without neatness, and whose luxury was without elegance. Let us now say a word or two respecting the refinement of their manners. I am apt to imagine that the term *barbarous*, so liberally bestowed by the Romans upon almost every nation upon earth, was in some degrees applicable to themselves. Many of their laws were dictated by the extreme rigour. In the civil relation of father and son, they allowed a power now warranted by the laws of God and nature, and the tenderest ties of consanguinity were every moment liable to be torn asunder, by the unnatural cruelty of a

stern parent. Their public spectacles were the effusions of the grossest inhumanity, and though sometimes reprobated by their writers, and oftener repressed by their emperors, prevailed a long and shameful monument of the depravity of their manners. It is not to be expected, that among a people, whose genius not only led them to tolerate, but even to glory in such savage exhibitions, that the arts of conversation could have made any great progress among them; though the general excellence of their writings, might seem to discredit the supposition, were we not furnished by their best authors, with many striking proofs, that their ideas of what we call politeness and good-breeding were extremely imperfect. If we attempt to account for this want of refinement, we ought, perhaps, to regard the neglect of their women as a principal reason. I would not be here thought to insinuate, that their inattention was even a shadow of the selfish indifference of savage nations; very far from it; but as their connections with the fair sex were entirely of the domestic sort, their attentions were so too, and their private visits and convivial entertainments, however distinguished by grandeur and expensive luxury, were seldom or never heightened by the addition of female accomplishments.

In almost all their writings, serious as well as gay, vanity seems to be a predominant feature. Pliny, the younger, is perhaps, above all authors fertile in instances of it; but the great merit of their productions is, in general, amply sufficient to atone for a quality, in some measure inseparable from genius, and only unpardonable when existing without real pretensions to it. It would be needless to quote indecent passages as a proof of this assertion, they present themselves by thousands, and have been too often cited to raise surprise or indignation. I shall rest the argument on one or two instances, where the want of refined feeling and sentiment, seems to descend even to meanness and insult. If we look into Pliny's Letter to Romanus Firmus, book 1st, we shall find this expression made use of by him to his friend, to whom he had presented a sum of money, in order to qualify him for entering into the equestrian order: he says, speaking of the obligation conferred, "*Ut dignitate, a me datâ quam modestissime ut a me datâ, utar.*" "Enjoy this honour with the modesty that becomes one who received it from me." In this manner did Pliny, the most elegant writer, and the most accomplished

man of his time, expresses himself, and thought it no violation of decency to advise his friend to enjoy the gift with moderation, not so much for the sake of his own reputation, but lest his understanding, as the giver of it, should be impeached by a subsequent misuse of his kindness. Martial, whose obscenities are innumerable, and whose brutal jests and coarse raileries spare neither male nor female deformity, condescends, in the 77th Epigram of the 5th book, to tell Crana, a man in needy circumstances, that as Mithridates had, by the frequent use of poison, rendered his constitution inaccessible to its noxious effects, so he, by being used to coarse and scanty meals, had provided against the possibility of starving. The illiberal method of conducting their entertainments, is a proof, still more forcible, of their want of refinement, at which times it was customary to make a distinction in the food as well as the quality of their guests. The master of the feast, constantly reserved for himself, and those he honoured with his particular attachment, the nicest dishes, and the most delicious wines; the next in degree received an inferior sort of both, and the freedmen of

the entertainer and his guests, were served with the worst.

This is so frequently mentioned by their poets, as to leave no doubt of its having been the uniform practice, at an age when the Romans had brought their empire to its greatest extent and grandeur, and their civilization to the highest pitch of luxurious excess. It is therefore much to the honour of Pliny, that in his letter to Avitus, book 2d, he reprobates this custom with the warmth it deserved, and it is the more surprising, as from the celebrity of his station as a magistrate, and his immense wealth, he might be supposed to have felt the influence of fashion and opinion, in common with the nobility of Rome. Upon the whole, if the Moderns cannot boast of having much improved the fine arts since the time of the Ancients, they have added greatly to the refinement, and more to the conveniences of society; and the art of printing alone, by diffusing learning and useful inventions over the world, has along with them diffused blessings, of which, in former ages, whole generations have lived and died in total ignorance.

Gray's Inn.

E. K.

THE CONGRESS OF CYTHERA.

IN the eighteenth century, the most beautiful countries in the world were deprived of their primary divinity the God of Love. Poets, no longer inspired by him, ceased their enraptured lays; lovers breathed out their sighs, which sprang from habit, and their mistresses became a prey to littleness; youth and beauty fell into an alarming lethargy. Europe was in amazement at this sudden revolution, and various were the opinions of nations and individuals. Some supposed the son of Venus had embarked for some distant region, in order to reduce to obedience his rebellious subjects; others, that he was vanquished by Morpheus, and that he slumbered in the corner of a theatre, the opera-house, or in the *academia della musica*. Those of a speculative turn, insisted that he had retired into some lonely solitude with another Psyche; and that intoxicated with nectar, he was inflamed with its fires, and by falling among his flames was dangerously wounded.

Alas! how erroneous are the judgments of us jarring mortals!

The truth was, an affair of the last importance detained him in the isle of Cythera. A chaos of discordant sentiments

had arisen among his favourite subjects, and nothing less than an appeal to his tribunal could restore their wonted harmony. The God assembled his council to take into immediate consideration the cognizable heresies which had already gone forth, and before he announced on what depended the felicity of mortals, he was determined to hear the allegations of each complainant.

To this end, the Deity seated on his glowing throne, addressed the auditory with inexpressible grace and energy; and making a sign, the Goddess Pleasure rose, and opened the pending suit to congress, in the following speech:

"All-powerful Love, has his numerous subjects dispersed through every country under the vast canopy of heaven; but he has been ever partial to the illustrious votaries of Europe, and her neighbouring isles. Asia is degenerated, and her systems established on sacrilegious principles, America, a prey to domestic feuds and savage manners, and both produce those riches which are the eternal sources of every disorder that reigns in the Cytherean realm. Africa, formerly the seat and temple of gallantry, is now become the receptacle

receptacle of ferocity, ignorance, and horror. O! happy times, when the world flourished under the eagles of imperial Rome! Love had then but one empire, one language, one worship—and was the God of nations. At present, the art of Love essentially differs in every country, in conformity to their government, manners, customs, and their laws. Some follow the penchants of their hearts; others feign a respect for the pernicious acquiescence to public opinions, and at the same time contrband their brutal appetites with the delicate impulse of a genuine passion. In a word, every mortal had in a manner erected a schism upon his own crude, vicious and fallacious reasonings; and, therefore, this council was assembled to take this matter into serious deliberation."

This oration was received with the greatest applause, and every one was ready to give his sentiments on so important a subject. After a most profound discussion of the point by every member in congress assembled, the Goddess of Pleasure rose a second time, and proposed that leave be given to receive certain ambassadresses to represent those nations which differed most in their doctrines and discipline.

The motion was seconded by her inseparable companion the Goddess of Fortune; and it passed *nem. con.*

A debate now took place, and after many learned and ingenious arguments, it appeared to the council, that those nations were England, France, and Italy.

Upon this, the Smiles and the Sports were commissioned to announce to mortals the gracious condescension of the Cytherean God. The most nimble among them flew to Paris, where he had frequently been a guest to the *petit-soupers*, and where mystery and pleasure are seldom found, although invited under a thousand forms and fantasies. The second bent her flight to England, and with difficulty found her way to the capital amid its fogs and exhalations; and the third, of a more beautiful form and texture, was destined for the delicious country and climate of Italy.

The arrival and mission known, England, France, and Italy, were in a flume; and every woman who had the least pretensions to beauty and address, solicited the suffrages of her friends and the public at large. After a spirited canvass, Lady Prude was nominated for England, as she was universally admired for her superior skill in doing the honours of her table, in displaying a fine arm, and a wait command

over her form, in creating a blush perfectly *a-propos*, by applying the smelling bottle with an inimitable grace, by a languishing look, or by fainting away in the arms of her lover, or by talking scandal in the fashionable language of a high bred woman of quality.

In France, the Countess of Coquette triumphed over her competitors. This Lady excelled in the happy art of saying a thousand brilliant nothings, which were set off with the adventurous possession of a lovely form and animated countenance. One of her most eminent qualities, was the manner of calling the attention of the women, with whom she associated, to the facility of her conquests, when the lover of the day affected the *ton* of being somewhat mysterious.

In Italy, the Marchioness of Stately obtained the preference over the celebrated Corilla Olympica, whose rage for the *Ethion*, half French and half Italian, precluded her from this honourable distinction. Her rival was passionately fond of decorum, talked sentiment and Platonism, and at the same time shewed herself perfect mistress of that species of coquetry, which keeps the passions interestingly alive.

Those three ambassadresses set out on one and the same day; and the desire of acquiring an immortal honour, with all their charms, and inspired them with a confidence that displayed their inventive powers of address and persuasion. The public prints announced the departure of Lady Prude, in the rounded period of the salacious Herald. At Paris, the absence of the Countess Coquette made little or no sensation, as her place was soon filled by others. In Italy, however, the press groaned under the enormous sonnets, which are produced by a mob of gentlemen, who write with ease: while Tuscany resounded with the most brilliant Concerti.

Since the arrival of Venus to her favourite isle, nothing had exceeded the preparations which were making for this celebrated congress. At length the three ambassadresses arrived at Cythera. The sun arose with new lustre, the most delicious perfumes filled the air, the tranquil sea rolled her silver waves along the shores covered with flowers and odoriferous herbs, while the feathered choristers hailed the rising day. Every thing conspired to fill the soul with the sweetest sensations, and invite it to partake of its most delicious pleasures. The doors of the temple were flung open, and the ambassadresses were introduced.

introduced as soon as the God of Love was seated on his golden throne. The Countess of Coquette drew the eyes of the assembly by the splendor of her dress. She wore a robe of silver tulle, and as she mounted the steps of the pavilion, she displayed a foot and leg more beautiful than had ever been seen in France since the days of Gabrielle d'Estrees. She was accompanied thither by several adorers; she leaned on one, smiled upon another, spoke to a third, and threw a killing look upon a fourth. The Countess, and her suite, contemplated for a moment the inhabitants, and notwithstanding their pretensions, and having the privilege of being born at Cythera, their dress, air, mien, were a little *gauche* and provincial.

Lady Prude followed in blue and silver, neatly fitted to her shape, with a flounced apron of tiffany and silver; and the Marchioness Stately was dressed *à la Venitienne*, which gave her a look of dignity, elegance, and ease, as captivated every beholder. She was also accompanied by four *Cythereas*.

As soon as these three personages appeared in the temple, the loves and graces presented them to the God, who received them with distinction and cordiality. They were conducted to three separate sofas, while their ears were delighted with the harmony of the sweetest sounds, and their eyes with the masterly representations of Alexander, Mark Anthony, and Soliman at the feet of their respective beauties, enjoying the raptures of the most passionate lovers. Raphael, Titian, Corregio were surpassed, since love had guided the pencil of the artist.

The music had no sooner ceased, than the Goddess of Pleasure stood up, and addressing the ambassadresses to the following purport: That different nations might make war upon each other, and dispute sword in hand their respective claims of pride, tyranny, and ambition, but that the art of pleading ought to reign in every country throughout the universe: that Love triumphed over the most powerful of the deities, and forced them to acknowledge his sovereign power and extensive empire: that Love would willingly fill the world with concord and felicity: that the choice which their countrymen had made induced her to hope, that the congress would be terminated to the happiness of millions, and particularly the people whom they represented.

This discourse excited in the three ambassadresses emotions similar to the three goddesses who contended for the prize of beauty. To avoid all appearance of par-

tiality in matters of precedency, relative to the lady who was first to open her embassy, the Goddess of Pleasure wrote their names on three devices, and threw them in a vase, and a little Cupid was to draw them out. The first was that of Lady Prude; the second, the Countess; and consequently the third and last, was the Marchioness Stately. Her Ladyship proud of this distinction, rose from her seat, and thus addressed the God:

"Far from adopting the maxims of my countrymen, I here present myself to implore thy speedy justice. It is therefore in quality of a suppliant that I appear in this august assembly. Supreme Divinity! thou who extendest thy mighty power to the remotest regions, deign to listen to my complaints, and remedy the insupportable evils of thy adorers. With us Hymen holds an iron sceptre; for the instant we submit to his laws, that instant we are abandoned by tenderness and love, attention and society. If gallantry be the true thermometer of a nation's politeness, I know not what title I can give to ours. We pass the greatest part of the year in the country with our husbands, cold, insensible, and so phlegmatic, that they put us in mind of the punishment invented by the tyrant Mezentius. London, for the greatest part of thy female votaries present no objects but what are dull, inanimate and stupid. At the tea-table our imperious lords expect our attendance; they have scarce breakfasted than they propose parties of pleasure, frequently under the mask of business, and leave us to the superintendence of our kitchens. At dinner our despots return, and the cloth is scarcely removed before we retire. The table is then covered with bottles, they talk politics, drink toasts, and think they do us great honour in getting fuddled in each naming his lady. The opera, which in other countries is the theatre of pleasures, is here the exchange, where the news of the day is argued and profoundly canvassed. To what use are the riches of the East, and the empire of the sea, if we cannot enjoy them in peace and satisfaction. To what use would another Jason bring us the golden fleece, if a second Theseus robs us of treasures still more precious—our liberty, our equality, and our love? what are we without passion? Stupid animals, conducted through life by one single instinct, Thou knowest, God of Cythera, that without thee, without the blessings thou dispensest to thy worshippers, the arts languish, the soul is lost to all relish of enjoyment, and barbarous customs

customs prevail and triumph. The most gallant among our satraps, sworn enemies to taste, gravely tell us, that we owe the liberty of our country to the severity of our manners, and they insist that they should be unworthy the name of Englishmen, if they were surprized in any act of weakness. Our young nobility travel; those who are tainted with foreign manners, become the objects of the keenest railery, and by necessity compelled to plunge again into the waters of British prejudice."

Here her Ladyship made a pause, took up her smelling bottle, and after two or three piteous sighs, she continued:

"Another matter of grievous complaint is, that one of the finest and most extensive parts of our capital, which was once the residence of virtuous women, is now inhabited by women whose profession is to profane thy sacred mysteries. These Circes, are not contented to rob us of our lovers, but also of our husbands. These gentlemen, with apparent gravity, drink deeply of the cup of forbidden pleasures, abjure thy worship, and sing the mad organs of licentious ravings. The poets are also our mortal enemies, for they trace pleasure not such as she really is, but always under the exterior of a shameless woman. Their seductive colouring ebriates, and libertinism reigns triumphant. Nothing is more common than to see those abandoned females mix in our so-

ciety, and often dictate with the tone of legislators. London abounds with her Robinsons, her Arncliffe's, her Grosvenors, her Ligoniers, and her Worleys. And this infected metropolis has all the vices of Rome and Athens, without possessing any of their virtues. Our golden age was in the reign of Charles the Second. In this delightful period women were powerful at court, and arbitresses in their houses, they worshipped thy altars, and the nation was supremely happy. At present our Charlotte Hayes's have erected temples of riot and debauchery, even in the face of royalty; and like Pallas amid the din and tumult of the field, covered with the immortal shield, they march with intrepidity upon the precipice of ruin and perdition."

"Among the catalogue of disorders practised by our husbands, their strangeness from nature is not the least. Those men who have discovered, and taught to other nations the anatomy of the soul, those men who have determined the boundaries of the heavens, the laws of the universe; yet these very great philosophers, have never yet dreamt that love is necessary to our experience! O! God of Love, have pity on our wretched fate; deign once more to re-establish thy temple among us, then, and not till then, can we name Great Britain the Fortunate Island."

(To be continued.)

SPECULATIONS on WISDOM and RECTITUDE, continued from Vol. II, p. 432.

IN wisdom, as in other attainments, the farther we advance, the more facility we find, but it has one advantage, which no other possesses; the more we acquire, the less we presume on our acquisitions; we keep them in silence, like treasures hoarded up for the day of need, and of which the possessor is careful to make no needless and ostentatious parade.

Wisdom consists in the right perception of things. This secures us from most of the injuries of fortune, they fall heavily on the unenlightened part of mankind. By teaching us the secret of true felicity, which dwells but little in externals, wisdom obviates that digression of mind which constitutes adversity, and directs us not to seek for solid and lasting satisfaction in any thing, that is not in some measure dependent on ourselves.

Wisdom confers on the human mind the most substantial happiness it can en-

joy; the consciousness and conviction of acting with rectitude.

Fortune in general, even in the vulgar acceptance of the word, is compelled to submit herself to wisdom, and to favour those whom she has taken under her protection. When fools prosper, it is through mistake; for which reason, perhaps, fortune is represented blind; in order to show that it is the business of wisdom to conduct her.

The proudest favourites of fortune pay homage to wisdom; were it only to excite a belief they are honoured with her countenance; and they to whom she has been least profuse of her gifts, are often the most willing to boast of her liberality.

The chief employment of wisdom, is to dispel those clouds of prejudice, wherein false notions are perpetually involving her.

(To be continued.)

THE
L O N D O N' R E V I E W,
A N D
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L.

Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

The Seasons. By James Thomson. A new Edition. Adorned with a Set of Engravings, from original Designs. To which is prefixed, An Essay on the Plan and Character of the Poem. By J. Aikin. Continued from Vol. II. Page 442.

WE have given a brief analysis of this Essay on Thomson's Seasons, which suffers by the most accurate and faithful abridgement. It is but justice to its author to declare, that in our opinion, the accuracy of his delineation, the elegance of his composition, and the justness, in general, of his taste, entitle him to no inconsiderable degree of approbation and praise.

Among the various remarks contained in Mr. Aikin's Essay on the Seasons, there is only one which we do not think just, and this the author makes with modesty, and with some hesitation. "The objects," says he, "with which the Poem on the Seasons is chiefly conversant, are those presented by the land of nature, not the products of human art; and when man himself is introduced as a part of the groupe, it would seem that in conformity to the rest, he ought to be represented in such a state only, as the simplest forms of society, and most unconstrained situations in it exhibit. From the principle of congruity, he alleges, a critic might be induced to reject some of those digressive ornaments, with which the poem on the Seasons abound, though intrinsically beautiful, and doubtless contributing to the elevation and variety of the piece; his judgment in this respect would be a good deal influenced by the manner of their introduction. In some instances this is easy and natural, in others abrupt and artful; as an example of the former kind, he mentions the Review of Characters in the English; and as an example of the latter, the Review of Characters in the Grecian and Roman History. Were this observation well founded, the cele-

brated Poem on the Seasons would be reduced to half its size, and stripped of more than half of its most engaging beauties; for such are those digressive ornaments, which, in Mr. Aikin's opinion, a critic might be induced to reject. The principles of natural and moral philosophy; the sublime views opened to the enlightened mind by astronomy; the origin and progress of government and civilization; historical sketches; review of the characters most famous in antient and modern history, &c.

Although nature may justly be contra-distinguished from art, yet art itself is natural to man; nor are the noblest exertions of art, any thing else than a sagacious application of the powers of nature, who is to be overcome, only by being humoured and obeyed. The Poet, therefore, whose object is evidently to exhibit, in all the charms of poetry, a philosophical picture of nature, deviates not from his subject, but adheres to it in the closest manner, when he represents his own species in their most polished, as well as in their rudest form. The most savage tribes are not without certain arts or inventions, and are perpetually proceeding from one degree of knowledge and refinement to another. Societies, like the individuals of which they are composed, arrive at their full maturity by a slow and imperceptible progression, and sink, like them, at last into old age and total dissolution. In every period of time, we shall find on the face of the earth examples of society, in all the different stages of a gradual civilization; nor ought we to deem one stage in this process more natural than another. As infancy, though

more simple, is not more natural than manhood; so, in the progress of society, a state of barbarism is not more natural or necessary, than a state of improvement in science and art. Ought then the Poet of Nature,—“whose eye in a phrensy rolling—darts from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,” in quest of those fair or majestic forms, which most may serve to soothe the soul with the perception of beauty, or rouse and chasten * it with images of grandeur or terror, to exclude from his work,—the Power of Philosophic Melancholy—

- “ Whose near approach, the sudden start—
“ ing tear,
- “ The glowing cheek, the mild dejected
“ air ;
- “ The softened feature, and the beating
“ heart
- “ Pierced deep with many a virtuous
“ pang, declare
- “ O’er all the soul his sacred influence
“ breathes !
- “ Inflames imagination ; thro’ the breast
- “ Infuses every tenderness ; and far
- “ Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling
“ thought.”

It is perpetually our Poet’s manner to introduce on all occasions human life and manners. Man appears in almost every scene, and bestows on it an animation and interest. This conduct of the Poet Mr. Aikin remarks and approves. It was certainly proper, and extremely natural in a man of so exquisite sensibility as Thomson, to describe the manner in which the various scenes he represents would naturally affect a human spectator. But why should his spectators be always of the rustic class; why not shew the sentiments and reflections that might naturally be excited in contemplative and enlightened minds? why not give vent to the enlarged conceptions and generous effusions of his own amiable and cultivated soul? Why, says Mr. Aikin, because “The Poem is professedly of the rural cast, and because topics of philosophy break in upon that unity of character, which every work of art should support.” We will venture to contradict this gentleman’s assertion, “that the Poem in question is professedly of a rural cast.” The subject of a work may be rural, and the work itself philosophical. The various materials that compose the subject of Buffon’s Natural History, for example, are of the rural kind;

yet is that work one of the most ingenious and metaphysical of this or of any age. The objects that engage Thomson’s attention, in his Poem on the Seasons, are for the most part, though not all of them, of the rural cast; but he views them with the eye of a philosopher; he contemplates them in the different characters of an astronomer, a naturalist, and a moralist—

- “ Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
“ As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
“ Crowd fast into his mind’s creative eye,
“ As fast the correspondent passions rise,
“ As varied and as high. Devotion rais’d
“ To rapture and divine astonishment,
“ The love of nature unconfin’d, and,
“ Chief of human race.”—

The Seasons ought not certainly to be considered in the light of a pastoral, an Idyllium or Bucolic. There was, therefore, no necessity of never introducing Man but in the character of a shepherd. Thomson was a philosopher himself, and lived in a philosophical age. When he determined to take a wide range throughout the whole earth, and even to expatiate freely through the fiery frame,
“ World beyond world in infinite extent,
“ Profusely scattered o’er the blue im-

Was he to make this excursion in the person of a shepherd? No, certainly, that would not only have debased and impoverished his Poem, but would have been an affectation utterly below to him a genius, and a greater departure from simplicity, and from nature, than that with which he is charged. He was neither a shepherd himself, nor did he address his Poem to shepherds:—human nature appeared interesting to him in all forms and situations. He has accordingly dignified and enlivened his work with numerous pictures of human life and characters:—the “sad Barbarian roving, mixed with herds of prey,” and the “man of philosophic eye and inspecting sage;” together with a great variety of different characters in different situations, which fill up the interval between these extremes.

The plan of a Philosophical Poem on the Seasons, is so unbounded and comprehensive, that no picture in itself beautiful or sublime, ought justly to be considered as an impertinent digression, if it is not introduced abruptly, or in such a

manner as to interrupt too suddenly, or destroy that tone of mind, that tenor of emotion or affection, which may be justly supposed to have been inspired by the preceding narration or description. If this shall be allowed to be a just rule in criticism, the Review of illustrious Characters in the Grecian and Roman History, which is objected to by Mr. Arkin, ought certainly to pass without censure. As a contrast to the rigours of winter, the Poet describes—

“A rural, shelter’d, solitary scene,
“Where ruddy fire, and beaming tapers
“join
“To cheer the gloom.—

In making this contrast, there is nothing unnatural; for contrariety is, at least in the imagination, a bond of association or connection; but in such a sheltered solitary scene, what occupation more natural to a man of education (for we have already shewn, that other characters may be fitly introduced in this Poem than rustics) than

“—Studious there to sit,
“And hold high converse with the mighty
“dear.”

—There is nothing more natural or more pleasing to an ingenious mind, than to rise from particular to general and abstracted ideas. But in this agreeable process, the brightest minds are often too precipitate, they hastily extend their limited views over the whole variety of nature: and, therefore, when they descend from their general laws to particular facts and instances, are frequently at a loss to reconcile them to each other. The truth of this observation is not unfrequently exemplified in the conduct of critics, who having fixed in their imaginations, certain precise and metaphysical ideas concerning the standard of taste, unity of design, and other such topics; would have every performance cut and squared, in such a manner to their ideal models, as to leave no room for the noblest exertions of genius and flights of fancy. Let it always be remembered, however, that authors existed before critics, and poems before the arts of poetry. It was not Aristotle that prescribed rules to Homer, but Homer was the foundation of the critical rules of Aristotle. If the perusal of any work is found to afford entertainment and delight, and if, notwithstanding this, it is found dissonant in some particulars, from certain established laws of criticism, what we are to conclude? That

those laws have been too hastily framed, and are of too limited and partial a nature. That in every work of art, there ought necessarily to be a certain idea or object, is a truth which will not be disputed; but this unity of design admits of more freedom, and greater latitude than certain critics are willing to allow. In their ideas of a poem, they seem to make a tacit comparison between the work of the poet and that of the architect; to confound the operations of the imagination with the fabrications of the mechanic; and to suppose that as much neatness, nicety, and exactness is requisite in the former as in the latter; but similes are all of them in certain respects different in their objects. A poem is certainly a very different thing from an edifice, and may more fitly be compared to a tour, a race, a flight, sailing, or in general to a course of progression from one place to another. It is considered under this view by Pope, who in his introduction to the Essay on Man, thus addresses Lord Bolingbroke:

“Together let us beat this ample field,
“Try what the open, what the covert
“yield.”

Thus too Virgil concludes the second book of his *Georgics*:

“Sed nos immensum spatiis consecimus
“æquor,
“Et jam tempus equum fumantia sal-
“vere colla.”

These are very happy metaphors, and the most proper that we know for expressing the nature of poetry. A traveller may on many occasions step aside from his way to survey different objects, or to pass a few days in some delightful villa with an old friend, without losing sight of his general route, or forgetting that he is going a journey. In like manner a poet is not confined strictly to one, but takes the liberty of expatiating freely on many collateral subjects, still returning however to his main argument. As the rapid speed of fiery couriers cannot be suddenly checked the moment they reach the goal; so the poet's fire carries him beyond the bounds prescribed by a cold and narrow criticism, a great way into some adjacent field. It is obvious, that even Homer is not over attentive to unity of design: in the progress of the *Iliad*, he exceeds the first proposition of his subject; for the anger of Achilles, which caused the death of Hector, is not the same with that which produced so many ills to the Greeks; but the strong con-

nection between these two movements, and the natural curiosity which we have to see Achilles in action, carry us on in the most agreeable manner; nor do we perceive in the subject any want of unity of design. The inference we mean to draw from these observations is, that the manifold digressions with which Thomson's Seasons abounds, which are naturally introduced, consonant to that tone of mind to which they are addressed, and always delightful, cannot be condemned, either by the example of the best poets, or by the rules of just criticism, which are themselves originally drawn from such poems as are found by experience to yield the highest satisfaction to the reader.

It is now a long time since an ingenious foreigner, an Italian, foretold, that the name of Thomson would one day be as famous and dear in England as those of her most celebrated poets. This prediction is daily verifying. Every reader of congenial feelings to the Author, every

lover of nature, speaks of the Poem on the Seasons with rapture: the majestic works of the Great Creator, fill his soul with pleasing dread; the beneficence and kind art that appear throughout the whole, melt his kindred soul into sympathy and love; like the poet who guides his imagination in an excursion through the wide circuit of nature, he feels—

"Inspiration, from her hermit seat
 "By mortal seldom found, and fancy
 "dares
 "From her fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd
 "glance
 "Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal a
 "look
 "Creative of the Poet, every power
 "Exalting to an extasy of soul—
 "Deep-rous'd he feels
 "A sacred terror, a severe delight."

(To be continued.)

Philosophical Dissertations. By James Balfour, Esq; of Pilsrig. 12mo. Cadell, London; Balfour, Edinburgh.

THIS Author is a Professor in the College of Edinburgh, an Elder of the Kirk, and a Justice of the Peace. To discharge the duties arising from these three offices, he seems to have written three books; and it is possibly a matter to him both of surprise and astonishment, that the world has made such a profound secret of it. But, if he had seriously attended to the humble poverty of the matter, the slovenliness of the manner, the ungrammatical impurity, and the provincial barbarism of the expression, his wonder would cease, that as soon as they are written,

Oblivion drags them to her lonely cell,
 Where brave King Arthur and his nobles
 dwell.

The first attempt of this Author was to attack David Hume. His efforts, if they were not promising, were strange; and from the first rays of darkness which he poured around him, the philosophic eye might have predicted that total obscurity, which has now taken place.

This Author affects to be a defender of the faith; we respect religion and it's advocates, but we can never place zeal for opinions, especially when it proceeds from envy at superior worth, from four passions, and from a suspicious heart, in the rank

of Christian and moral virtues. We cannot help too observing, that zeal for the high points of Calvinism, which distinguishes Scotland from all countries upon the globe, is the most malignant and pernicious madness that ever took possession of the human mind.

By declaiming against morality when compared with faith, and by making God the author of sin, this writer openly undermines the foundations both of piety and virtue. He pretends to enter on the sublime metaphysical speculations concerning liberty and necessity; but he does not, in the smallest degree, understand the subject. To untie this gordian-knot has been the effort of the strongest and boldest minds in their youth. As this Author, at the age nearly of seventy-nine, has been refusing youthful employments, we recommend it to him to advance in his studies, and to betake himself as soon as possible to the horn-book, the hobby-horse, the whistle, and the go-cart.

As a specimen of the manner of this writer, we shall select the following passage from what he has written about Liberty and Necessity.

"I do not mean to enter much further into this intricate dispute, than to examine a short argument advanced in support of the doctrine of Necessity, by a very ingenious writer of the present age, in his

Sketches of the History of Mankind. An argument, however, which seems to contain the substance of what can be said upon the subject.

That acute author reasons in the following manner.

'The external action,' says he, 'is determined by the will; the will is determined by desire; and desire by what is agreeable or disagreeable. Here is a chain of causes and effects, not one link of which is arbitrary, or under command of the agent.'

In this argument, there appears to be a manifest confusion of ideas. A chain of causes and effects, where then is the cause?

'Every link of the chain must be an effect, produced by the instrumentality of the preceding link: and the proper efficient cause must be at the head of the chain; but what that is we are not told.'

'Notwithstanding this necessary concatenation, it is supposed there is an agent capable of command; and if we could discover who this agent was, we could be at no loss to find out liberty.'

'But, without making any further observations of this sort, I shall confine myself to one proposition, which appears to be most material in the present question. It is supposed in the argument, that the will is necessarily determined by desire.'

'To prove this, our author assumes the following proposition: 'A man cannot will but according to his desire. Yet, though this may be true, we can never from it infer the point in question, viz. that the will is necessarily and irresistibly determined by desire. It is certainly not a self-evident proposition. That, when a man wills, or acts according to desire, he does so necessarily, and could not have done otherwise. And if it is not a self-evident proposition, let us consider how our author proves it. He says it is difficult to imagine a thinking being that has affections and passions, and a desirable end in view, which he can easily accomplish, and yet can fly off, or remain at rest, without any cause, motive, or reason to sway it. Although we should suppose this a matter of difficult conception, it may be not the less true upon that account, as there are many things undoubtedly true, which are yet not easily comprehended by our limited faculties.'

'However, as the decision of the point in question depends chiefly upon a just idea of the nature of the connection betwixt desire and action, that connection will deserve a particular examination.

"In order to carry on our reasoning with the greater precision, it will be proper to inquire into the origin of our ideas of liberty and necessity. And it will evidently appear that these opposite ideas arise from the different nature of cause and effect.

"The idea of necessity is suggested to us in the production of an effect by a proper cause. The effect must necessarily exist, and cannot give resistance to the power which produced it. But no idea of this kind can arise from the action of the cause; that must be free, otherwise the supposed cause could only be an instrument acted upon by a proper cause, to which we must necessarily be led at last; for it is a first and self-evident principle, that nothing can begin to exist without a cause. This is an eternal and immutable truth. It is vain, therefore, for the Necessitarians to endeavour to obscure it, by supposing an infinite chain of what they improperly call causes and effects, and then losing this chain in the boundless extent of eternity. For, as there must be a proper efficient cause at the head of the chain, it cannot possibly be infinite and eternal.

"There are many instances of a succession of objects connected together, and which are often compared to a chain, consisting, as it is sometimes said, of an infinite number of links. It may, therefore, appear not an improper digression, to consider this matter in a general way, as it comprehends different cases, particularly that of the generations of men.

"In pursuing this imaginary chain, we are not allowed to ascend to the top of it, because that is hid in eternity, as the series of links is supposed infinite. But this usurpation of a Divine prerogative is easily detected, as the supposed chain carries the most certain and evident characters of its temporary duration.

"It must be allowed, that every link of the chain once existed, and this existence was temporary, and, consequently, had a beginning. If, therefore, every link of the chain was of a temporary nature, the chain itself could not possibly be eternal. For the idea we form of a chain arises from the connection of its several links; now, it is altogether absurd to affirm, that things of a temporary nature can, from the single circumstance of their being connected together, produce something that is eternal.

"Eternity is the grandest object that can be presented to the mind of man, and is, indeed, altogether incomprehensible; but we

we can easily conceive a connection of successive objects, and, therefore, such connection has not the least resemblance of eternity.

"In a matter so perfectly clear, any further reasoning may appear superfluous; we shall, however, suppose, that in one link of our imaginary chain was eternal; the supposition itself is manifestly absurd; for what is eternal is totally dissimilar to what is temporary, and is, indeed, removed at an infinite distance from it.

"Nothing, therefore, can be more evident, than that, in the chain supposed, there must be a first link.

"To apply this truth to the generations of men above-mentioned, there must have been, originally, at least one pair; and any more than one pair may appear superfluous, as that was sufficient, in a short period of time, to people the whole globe.

"There must, indeed, have been this difference betwixt the first link of this chain, and the subsequent links, that the first pair must have been created (for I can use no other term consistently with common sense) in a state of maturity, as they could have no parents to support them in a helpless state of infancy.

"The preceding observations will likewise enable us to explain our author's chain of what he improperly calls causes and effects; for they are all equally instruments, or means, and no more; and the connection betwixt them is rendered necessary by the power of that efficient cause, which we must at last discover when we have arrived at the first link of the chain; and this is the agent, the idea of which our author cannot avoid, which acts not only upon the first link, but all the subsequent links of this chain, and is the cause of that necessity in the effect, which cannot be applied to the agent itself.

"For it is the influence, or power of the agent, exerting itself in the production of an effect, which is the cause of that necessity, which we discover in the existence of an effect; but, as there is nothing which acts upon an efficient cause as such, the only source of our idea of necessity is removed, and its action must be free.

"If we therefore give a proper attention to the origin of our ideas of liberty and necessity, we shall find no difficulty in explaining the connection betwixt desire, the will, and exertion of active

"Such connection may be natural, or what Cicero, in reasoning upon this subject, calls casual, but cannot be necessary.

"Desire may influence or engage the will to comply with its solicitation, but cannot necessarily determine it. So that, when we do comply with the influence of desire, we are conscious of a power that could have resisted it.

"The power of acting is never considered as seated in desire, a passive quality of the heart, but is one of the great faculties of the soul. In virtue of this faculty, we check, moderate, and govern all our passions and desires; These are the obedient subjects of this faculty, and not its masters; they may engage, but cannot command. This important faculty is the agent which our author is obliged to suppose has the right to command.

"This account given of liberty is confirmed by every view we can take of human nature.

"Upon the supposition that we have a power either to resist or comply with our particular desires, the characters of men are ascertained and distinguished. If we comply with every low, improper, or irregular desire which may be excited in our breasts, the character must be mean, vicious, and irrational. Whereas, if, resisting such desires, we shall comply only with such as lead us to the noblest objects, the character will then be manly, virtuous, and rational. And that there is such a diversity of characters among men, is known from universal experience.

"On the other hand, if we shall suppose that men are under the absolute dominion of desires, and motives which they have no power to resist, they could have no character at all, but would be the sport of irregular, and often contradictory impulses. In this case, our ideas and our language must all be reversed. We cannot say we have done any thing good or bad, but were employed as instruments by some powerful cause to produce these effects. Nay, it will appear hardly possible to keep so strong a guard against the influence of common sense, as, instead of saying such a person had done a great or virtuous action, to say, that he was employed merely as an instrument for that purpose, by some proper, but unknown cause, to which all the merit of the action is to be ascribed.

"Thus the whole language of history must undergo a total change; in which case history would become unintelligible,
by

by substituting, in place of human actions and characters, such as could be only applicable to some obscure and unknown beings, who made such use of the human mind as a musician does of his musical instruments.

"This imaginary notion of absolute necessity, spreads confusion and contradiction through all our faculties. It represents the mind as purely passive, and necessarily determined by the motive. Yet, as the motive is but a quality, or affection of the mind, what is done by means of a quality the mind is possessed of, may, with strict propriety, be applied to the mind itself. And thus we are involved in this contradictory conclusion, that the mind is, at the same time, active, and purely passive.

"One should think it very obvious to perceive, that the mind acts independently of any necessary influence of motives, by considering the case of two contrary motives in every respect equivalent; a case, however rare, yet, as it is possible, is a just foundation of argument. And, in this case, the mind, naturally desirous in action, will make an election without being determined by a propelling motive.

"But let us carry our views higher to the Supreme Creator. Although he always acts upon the best reasons, yet his actions are nevertheless free, as proceeding altogether from himself. To suppose it otherwise, would be giving less freedom to the Deity than to such dependent creatures as we are. For God sees immediately what is fittest and best, and acts accordingly without any hesitation; whereas we doubt, and deliberate, and suspend action till we have examined its tendency, and the object we mean to pursue, the value of which we often also mistake. Consequently, we are less dispassionately influenced by reasons and motives than the Deity; yet, surely, it would be absurd, if not impious, to affirm, that, for that reason, creatures who are dependent upon the Deity for the exercise of their active powers, are more free than God himself. One should think that the whole of this dispute should be brought to an easy and determinate issue, by giving a proper attention to the manifest difference which there is betwixt the influence of a motive, and the effect of the exertion of active power.

"Let us consider this distinction in reference to the Deity. God said, Let there be light, and there was light. The necessity of the existence of light was the unavoidable consequence of the exertion of

Omnipotence. That there was a good reason, or just motive for such exertion, cannot be doubted; but then, though there was a necessary connection betwixt such exertion and its effect, yet there could not be the same connection betwixt the exertion and the motive; such connection might be real, but it could not be necessary, otherwise Omnipotence would be but a passive effect, and we must still be left to inquire into that more than Omnipotent cause which produced it.

"The confusion of our ideas, and our endless disputes with regard to this important article, seem to arise from our imperfect knowledge of the human mind."

ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

The most remarkable circumstance about this Author, is a fact which is very humiliating to his country. The celebrated Mr. David Hume was a candidate for the Moral Philosophy Class in the University of Edinburgh, along with Mr. James Balfour of Fife. Fanaticism was then very prevalent in Scotland. It was objected to Mr. Hume, that he had a liberal way of thinking; but his opponent having no such fault, the patrons of the University did not fail to promote him. A man of the greatest learning and genius, of the most exemplary virtue, and of the most amiable manners, was pitted against a rival, who, in all these qualities, was infinitely inferior to him. The University of Edinburgh felt a disgrace, which it will never recover. Hume in defeat, was more glorious than his successful antagonist; and while they are mentioned in connection, the latter must necessarily be exhibited in a light that is most supremely ridiculous.

If we are rightly informed Mr. James Balfour was brought up to the law. About the year 1731, he was called to the Scottish bar, but his abilities did not recommend him to any practice; and the demerit of fanaticism is no source of popularity in a court of justice. Mr. Balfour, however, having a vote for a member of parliament, and not being precluded from an attention to his private interest by his spiritual occupations, he obtained an appointment to the sheriff-deputehip of the first county in Scotland. In this department, he could not discover any deep knowledge in jurisprudence, for that he did not possess; but he was very patient, laborious, and dull.

As Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, he was still, if possible, less meritorious. He could

not reflect himself, and the transcriptions from printed books, which composed his lectures, were ill chosen, and without either usefulness or propriety.

Ashamed, probably, of the figure which he made, he engaged in some transaction, in consequence of which he resigned the province of Moral Philosophy to the celebrated Dr. Adam Ferguson, and was appointed to the Professorship of the Law of Nature and Nations in the same University. This professorship was more difficult than the former; and a new shame and obloquy pursued him. These, however, he endured for years; and the pro-

fits of the place were, no doubt, a compensation to him for the injury which he did to the University. But at length, he came under an engagement to give up this chair for a sum of money; and what completes the ridicule of the business, the purchaser will have the honour of succeeding, not only to his place, but to his merits.

In his retirement Mr. Balfour has drawn up the performance which we have ventured to criticize. It is a faithful picture of his mind, and confirms the unenvied obscurity of his life.

A View of the Last Judgment. By John Smith, one of the Ministers of Campbellton. 8vo. Robinson. 5s. bound.

THIS writer affects to exhibit what is to happen when the poor play of human life is over. The dissolution of the world, the resurrection, and the judgment, together with the awful circumstances which attend these events, are the subject of his researches.

He describes with great minuteness the peculiarities which are to precede the last judgment. He then enumerates the forms of proceeding, which shall be followed in the last judgment. The next object of his care is to give a view of the blessed. An exhibition of the wicked succeeds; and the whole concludes with some pious reflections.

How the Author arrived at his knowledge we know not. Yet true it is, that he describes the last judgment with the same precision as if he had seen it. Does he boast of the second sight? Or has a new prophet arisen in the land?

Persons of a gay humour will be diverted with this absurd performance; and devout Christians, if they are not tainted with religious madness, will pity the mistaken piety of the Author.

The following extract will afford a sufficient specimen of this performance.

"A awful moment! Time ends: Eternity, 'eternity, the date of gods,' begins! The Sun, arrested in his course by the Angel's voice, stands still, as once above Gibeon; and grows dark, as erst above Calvary. Astonished Nature is instantly seized with the pangs of death; and, convulsing to her very centre, feels those agonies which shall bring her to immediate dissolution.

"But who can conceive, who can describe the terrors of the scene? Sinai, with all its earthquakes, and thunders

and lightnings, and blackness of darkness, and tempests, can scarce give us even a faint idea of it. Rivers of sulphur run in those channels which the waters have deserted. The streams are turned into pitch, and the dust into brassstone. Irresistible torrents of fire burst from every hill. Flaming cataracts gush from every rock. A thousand burning mountains, to which all the terrors of *Ætna* were but a painted shadow, pour forth in rapid floods, and desolate the world.—Every island is fled away; and the mountains are not found.—Yonder the raging sea boils, as in an oven. The ocean consists now of liquid fire. That resitant which once said to it, Hitherto shalt thou come and no further, is now taken away, and its proud waves are no longer stayed by banks of sand or shelving shores. In swollen billows they rise, and threaten not only the earth, but even the skies with destruction.—Hark! how loud the roaring of these waves! but it is drowned by the louder shrieks of the people. See! the perplexity of individuals! See! the distress of whole nations! Their hearts utterly fail them for fear. Now they wish they had never been born; and anon, with greater fervency, that they could but die. This way and that, in myriads, they attempt to fly. They cry, in vain, for a place of refuge. Both earth and hell deny it.

"Nor are these terrors confined to the land and the sea only. Nature every where else, is struggling with her final doom, and ready to expire under the same tremendous convulsions. The air, kindled by the avenging breath of the Almighty, plays off all its various engines of comets, meteors, lightnings, and thunders. Balls of fire run through it; and falling

falling orbs, in wild confusion, rush against each other. There, forked lightnings burst from clouds; and here, the heavens rend with thunders. All the elements, in a general uproar, break loose one upon another, and melt with fervent heat; while the powers of heaven are shaken, and its expanded curtain, like a scroll of parchment shrivelled by the flames, is rolled in folds together, and thrown aside as an old useless garment. The props, which hitherto supported the universe, totter on their basis. Every instant they threaten to fall down, and to hurl the once grand and beautiful fabric of the world, to the same dark chaos in which it was at first buried, ere the Spirit had yet moved upon the face of the waters, or "Confusion heard the voice of God."

"But we only lessen these terrors by attempting to describe them. Human language and human conception are altogether unequal to the labour. To what, then, shall we liken them, or with what comparison shall we compare them? Our thoughts fly from one end of creation to the other in search of some apt images to represent them, and return home disappointed and worried, without finding any thing in all the range of the universe that may be compared with them. If it be so terrible to see only one great and populous city involved in one consuming blaze, what must it be to see a whole world burning, and millions shrinking in its flames? flames in which there is no perishing, and from the terrors of which there is, for them, no escaping! If the destruction of Sodom and Jerusalem, and other dreadful scenes of that nature, fill us with terror when we only read of them, what shall it be to behold the world in one general conflagration?—the heavens on fire; the earth, and all the works that are therein, burning! If only the distant thoughts of this sight make us already tremble, how shall we endure to see the reality? Where shall we stand, when all the warring elements are let loose; when earthquakes shake the globe within, and flames cover it without; when thunders rend, with their incessant peals, the skies; and lightnings, fold on fold, flash down from all the lowering clouds? What den can hide us from the bolts of an Almighty Hand? What rock can shield us from the arrows of Jehovah's quiver? How shall our mountain stand, when the everlasting hills shall melt; or what ark shall save us from a deluge of liquid fire? Can we, unconcerned, behold ten thousand streams of burning sulphur sweep every thing before

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them? Can we, unmoved, hear their terrific roarings contending with the ocean's shrinking waters? If we could, yet these are but the beginnings of sorrows, and can no more compare with that scene which is to succeed, than any other thing can do with this. No; that 'wrack of matter and that crash of worlds,' which, after a few more of Nature's expiring groans, will follow, are amongst those things unspeakable, of which it were in vain to attempt the describing, until we shall behold them.

"In that awful day, O Saviour! thou hast bidden thy people to lift up their heads amidst all the terrors of a dissolving world, and to rejoice, because their redemption draweth nigh. Grant, O grant, that such joy in that day may be ours, and it sufficeeth. Then, come fire, come tempest, come death, come judgment; none of these things can dismay us, if thou dost but smile upon us, O Redeemer!

"Imagine, then, the world reduced to this state, and such of its inhabitants as are still living, convulsed with terror and amazement, 'twixt upper, nether, and surrounding flames,' when the clangor of the last trumpet is heard, summoning all the nations of the dead to arise and come to judgment! How loud, how universal, was that alarm! Compared with it, all the thunders of heaven uniting in their last peal, were but a whisper, feeble as the voice of the grasshopper. All the living, though far disjoined as pole from pole, have heard it; and, in the twinkling of an eye, are changed! All the millions of the dead have also heard it, and obey. All nature has heard it; and the sea and the grave deliver up their charge. Every element restores every particle of the dead which it had in its possession. The chambers of death open every where their graves to enlarge their prisoners. Every bone, as in the Prophet's vision, flies to meet its bone; and every atom, gathered by the angels, finds its fellow. The frame, in all its members, is complete: not an atom of a limb is wanting.—At the same instant, the conscious soul repairs to her now immortal mate, from that place where, withering or fearing this re-union, she spent her widowed period: whether hovering o'er earth, or coasting along her final state and her eternal mansion; or whether, as is most likely, she has been distant as the throne of God, or remote as hell's centre.

"—Where now are you who thought it an incredible thing that God should raise the dead? See! the long promised day,

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and

and long expected also, though not by you, at length is come! See whole nations rising at once from the silent tomb, to attend the great assize, which men and angels must attend; and to receive from the Supreme Tribunal their final sentence! For, the day is come: The day of vengeance and of recompence is come, the day of terrors and

of triumphs; and all your poor dark hopes of being annihilated, are vanquished before its brightness. Put on therefore, your bodies; gather up your scattered parts; collect your thoughts; prepare your accounts; for the Judge is nigh, even at the door.—Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet him!”

Hints for Improvement in the Art of Reading. By J. Walker, Author of *Elements of Elocution, Rhyming and Pronouncing Dictionary*, &c. 2s. Cadell.

IT is somewhat singular that those who have had an University education are, generally speaking, very indifferent readers, and still worse declaimers in their vernacular language. One of the principal reasons for this defect in a public education is, the almost total neglect of English exercises, and the monotony which is suffered to creep through every class of our unreformed grammar schools. This shameful negligence and ignorance accompany them to college, where indeed they find Poetry Professors, frequently eminent for their learning, but wretched orators, notwithstanding the scholastic maxim, *nascentur poeta, fit orator*. We, therefore, perfectly agree with the Author of these Hints, that “the art of reading with justness, energy, and ease, consists chiefly in adopting as much as possible the words of an Author for our own, and pronouncing them as if they were conceived expressly for the present purpose; from which position it will necessarily follow, that those readers are the best who approach the nearest to the best extemporary speakers.

It must not, however, be concluded, that those who read as they speak must necessarily read well: if when we speak our own words we speak well, we have in our possession a good model for reading well; but if we happen not to speak well, it will be in vain to tell us we must read as we speak; if we speak ill we must read ill: good reading, therefore, is not so much a picture of what speaking is, as of what it ought to be.

As, therefore, reading and speaking well are reduced to the same principles, in treating on one we discuss the other; and there will be little occasion to distinguish the rules that are given for both. The first observation it will be requisite to make is, that a pure, distinct and articulate pronunciation, is the first, and most indispensable requisite of delivery. A distinct, and at the same time articulate pronunciation, is the surest sign of an elaborate education, and the least equivocal

mark of early and habitual politeness. The illiterate, though they may be perfectly unexceptionable with respect to accent, have always a stiffness of articulation that betrays their ignorance of the spelling; and when they attempt to speak words, which they have not heard very frequently pronounced, they fall into errors.”

“Those (says Mr. Walker) who understand the subject, know how difficult it is to reduce it to rules, and will not undervalue any endeavours to promote so desirable a purpose. While we deal in generals we may please the ear, and amuse the imagination; but it is only by descending to particulars, that we can be useful. It is easy to expatiate on the charms of a good pronunciation, and to dwell on the wonders it has performed; but he who conveys real instruction must come to the point, and tell us in what case we are to pronounce in one manner, and in what case in another. Difficult, however, as such a task may appear, the Author has been bold enough to undertake it, and he hopes not entirely without success.”

Some of these practical observations we shall lay before our readers, as a specimen of the style and matter; and we have not a doubt but many of them will have recourse to the work itself, since Mr. Walker’s professional abilities and great experience must give weight to his rules and deductions.

“The grand difference between the metropolis and the province is, that people of education are free from all the vices of the vulgar in London, but the best educated people in the province, if constantly resident there, are sure to be strongly tainted with the distinctive dialect of the county in which they live; and if they do not err grossly in the pronunciation of separate words, are infallibly infected with what is called an accent, which though imperceptible to themselves, is immediately detected by the Londoners.

“Every word should be pronounced articulately and distinctly, without attempting

tempting to revive the sound of consonants in reading, which have been for centuries dead in speaking. The auxiliary verbs shall, would, could, should, are, and have, must never be pronounced shawll, wold, cold, shold, air, and haive, but shal, wood, cood, arr, and have, for as reading is a picture of speaking, a perfect, though beautiful likeness, must be preserved; nor must we wonder at this long catalogue of words irregularly pronounced, for when we consider that they are all auxiliary verbs, which are as irregular in their construction, as pronunciation, we shall be better reconciled to the anomaly.

“ From a want of considering the true object of reading, we find ignorant and formal readers preserve the sound of the participial *ed* in those words where custom has totally rejected it. One distinction, indeed, seems to have obtained between some adjectives and participles, which is, that of pronouncing the *ed* in an additional syllable in the former, and of sinking it into the theme in the latter: thus when learned, cursed, and blessed, are adjectives, they are invariably pronounced in two syllables, but when participles in one; as learn'd, curs'd, blest'd. Poetry, however, uses these adjectives either way. It is worthy notice, however, that when these adjectives are changed into adverbs, by the addition of the termination *ly*, we often find the participial *ed* preserved long and distinct; even in those very words when it was contracted when used adjectively. Thus, though we always hear confess, profess, &c. we constantly hear confessedly, professedly, &c. This rule is not so general, as for sound's sake it ought to be; and prevails chiefly in those words, where the accent is on the last syllable of the original word, for ill-naturedly, ill-favouredly, &c. carry their contraction into the adverb, and are pronounced as if written ill-natur'dly, ill-favour'dly, &c. It is difficult to draw the line between the vulgarity that is ever shortening, and the pedantry that is ever prolonging syllables. Let us weigh sounds in as nice scales as we will, good taste is requisite to know when we may depart from common modes of speaking without the appearance of singularity, and when we may adopt them without the imputation of levity or vulgarity. But whatever has been said with respect to contracting the participial *ed*, it must not be extended to the language of scripture. Good taste would be as much offended at the introduction of contractions into the language of the Bible, as it would be to hear these syllables at length in common conversation.

“ The participial termination *ing* is frequently a cause of embarrassment to readers who have a desire to pronounce correctly. We are told, even by teachers of English, that *ing* in the words singing, bringing, and swinging, must be pronounced with the ringing sound which is heard when the accent is on these letters, in words of one syllable, as, king, sing, and wing, and not as if written without the *g*, as singin, bringin, swingin. Yet our best speakers universally pronounce these words without the *g*. It favours, however, too much of vulgarity to omit it in any words but when the same sound immediately precedes, as in singin, bringin, singin, &c. without saying any thing of the ambiguity it may possibly form by confounding it with the preposition *in*.

“ The adverb *ere* (before) and *er*, the contraction of *ever* (at any time) are always pronounced like the noun *air*: never, also, when contracted into *ne'er*, is an exact rhyme to the former words, and pronounced as if written *nair*. This is the constant method of pronouncing these words on the stage; which, upon the whole, must certainly be acknowledged to be the best test of what is agreeable to the public ear, and consequently the best authority in pronunciation.”

We with the limits of our plan would permit us to follow this sensible and useful Writer on the pauses, emphasis, and inflexions of the voice, on these particulars he has many pertinent and practical remarks, well worthy the attention of those who would wish to acquire a more critical knowledge of a subject, that is essentially necessary to a liberal education.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

This Gentleman was born and liberally educated in this metropolis. Many years since we had the pleasure of having seen the character of Cato supported with such dignity, propriety of action and manly eloquence, that we have often regretted Mr. Walker's having quitted the Theatre of Covent Garden. The chequered and not very fortunate life of our author might prove an excellent practical lesson to thousands; but we cannot think of introducing any anecdotes that might in any manner tend to injure the pride or vanity of an amiable, moral man, who has for a course of near fifty years eminently distinguished himself in a professional line that merits our warmest approbation. When we reflect, indeed, how much this capital is injured by the floods of itinerant and illiterate

rate provincials, Scotch, and Irish, who with astonishing success drive a considerable trade in boarding-schools, academies, and in teaching the pure *accent* and idiom of our language, we are not at a loss to account for the disappointments which will ever be the attendants of real and modest merit. We do not by this mean to inti-

mate that a man of Mr. Walker's known abilities is *entirely* neglected; but we may venture to say, that a Rice, a Sheridan, a Walker, and a few others, have not received that patronage which talents and education ought to expect from a discerning public.

A Sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Rowland Hill, on his laying the first Stone of his Chapel in St. George's Fields, June 24, 1782. Folingby.

THIS discourse is not worthy of any degree of praise. It is full of that fanaticism which is destructive to the interests of society. It is hostile to morality, by inculcating the boundless efficacy of what the Methodists understand by the term grace. It tends to overthrow the duties of good citizens, and the virtues of good men by considering grace as the only and infallible rule of salvation. It is uncharitable in its spirit. In its argument it is vain and unprofitable. In its language it is inelegant; and the person who can read it with pleasure, must be sunk and degraded with an incurable ignorance, and the grossest superstition.

ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

The Rev. Mr. Rowland Hill is second son of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart. of Hawkefworth, in the county of Salop. He has two brothers, the one Richard Hill, Esq; Member of Parliament for the county of Shropshire; the other, as well as himself, is in orders. He has likewise two sisters, the one married to Clement Tudway, Esq; Member of Parliament for Wells, in Somersetshire, the other as yet a single Lady. Our author being designed by inclination or parental judgment for the church, after the necessary preparation was sent to Cambridge University. Having gone through the requisite studies, in due course of time he took orders, and emerged from College solitude about ten years since. He married Miss Mary Tudway, sister of the gentleman of that name before mentioned, a young lady of good family and fortune. The death of Mr. Whitfield made a fair opening for a preacher in his style in favour of Mr. Rowland Hill. Our author had many advantages; the respectability of his rank and circumstances did away all suspicion of his being actuated by interested motives. The giving up well founded hopes of church preferment, and adoption of a necessary restraint of conduct, at a period when ambition and pleasure call for-

cibly, seemed indubitable evidences of a firm conviction of the truth of those doctrines which he promulgated. These advantages were attended with the natural consequences. Mr. Rowland Hill was eagerly followed, through storms and tempests, to the various commons, heaths, and fields, where he preached. His insatuated hearers would walk for miles uncovered, during the severest rain, by the side of his carriage, singing hymns. Nor was the preacher, unaffected by his exertions. He has frequently spoke till he has spit blood, and much injured his constitution by his extraordinary energetic mode of delivery. In copying Mr. Whitfield he has like most copyists imitated his extravagancies and absurdities rather than his excellencies. Mr. Hill has not only adopted the manner, but the singular narration of his original. The following story in support of this remark is related. Speaking of the providential interferences of the Supreme Being, our author is said to have thus illustrated his subject: "In a new built house a carpenter and a labourer were standing on the joists of a floor, the latter with his mouth open, into which the former threw a chew of tobacco, and immediately fell through the joists and broke his leg." This narration we should deem too absurd for belief if we had not heard it related in a public assembly, and without controversy, by a gentleman too elevated to coin so low a tale, and too judicious to be imposed upon by idle stories. We would have it, however, understood as our opinion, that such ridiculous narratives are not the result of defective ability but of choice, and a disposition to engage vulgar attention. We have heard Mr. Hill defend the practice of field preaching, rationally, historically, eloquently, and argumentatively. As a controversial writer he has frequently been engaged against Mr. Wesley. In these productions more alperity and invective is displayed than ingenuity and elegance. The best of these performances that we recollect, was a letter defend

defending the memory of Mr. Whitfield from some suggestions made by Mr. Wesley in his funeral sermon, which Mr. Hill deemed injurious to the character of the deceased. This pamphlet was written in a bold, manly, and spirited style. It is necessary, however, to observe, that tho' this pamphlet was preceded by our author's name, it was said to be the production of the late Mr. Toplady, who being then in a declining state, wished not to be engaged in his own person in a troublesome controversy, but was still ready to lend a helping hand to the good old cause. As the last mentioned gentleman forbade the pomp of a funeral sermon, Mr. Hill committed a pious fraud, and delivered a funeral oration at his burial. In this he displayed

great friendship, affection, and pathetic eloquence. He has since preached in churches for charity, and in other situations for the promotion of his religious sentiments with great advantage. And whether the fear of spreading dissipation from the Royal Circus, or the increase of his followers has prompted him, we know not, but nearly opposite to that building he has begun the erection of the chapel, on laying the foundation stone of which the preceding sermon was preached. It is in an octagon form, and bids fair to be spacious and elegant. If his designs are to render mankind more attentive to the essential duties of religion and virtue than they at present are, and consequently more happy, we wish him every success.

Character of Parties in the British Government. 8vo. Robinson. 1s. 6d.

THE Author of this performance enters very early into the state of parties in England. He goes back even to the Saxon times, and continues his deduction to the present critical situation of affairs. He is not, however, to instructive in ancient periods, as in the era of the troubles which now agitate Europe. At the same time, it is to be acknowledged, that he has read much, and has consulted well informed and judicious authorities.

It does not consist with the limits of our work, to follow him through the Saxon and Norman kings; or, to state what he has observed of Charles I. or of the Prince of Orange; but he appears to us to be interesting, when he descends to the reign of George III.

He reprobates the administration of Lord Bute; and from the date of the domination of that cunning Scot, he arranges the parties of Great Britain into Tories, Republicans, and Whigs. He represents a Tory to be a friend to the King, to Lord Bute, and to the prerogatives of the crown. A Republican he characterises as a violent declaimer against the increasing influence of the crown, and as an uniform opponent of the king's friends, with the view of obtaining their places and pensions. A Whig he represents as a real friend to the privileges of the king, and, at the same time, as a steady supporter of the rights which the Revolution had procured to the English nation.

Into the mouths of each of these parties, the Author puts a speech. By this method, he thinks he may be able to describe the opinions, which the citizens of this country, of every faction, may form at

the interesting moment, when it is to be determined, whether we should have peace or war; whether we should submit to our enemies, or retain our arms, and scorn to survive the fall of our country.

Into the mouth of the Tory, he puts the following sentiments:

"It was the honour of our party to be entrusted with the important office of instructing a S—n in the qualifications and virtues requisite for the government of a great empire. Our first efforts were directed to prevent prejudices in favour of parties: they narrow the views of a Prince; they foster the factions that limit his administration: the Whigs had made the Sovereigns of Britain dependent on Ministers, Ministers on Parliament, and Parliament on the people. K—s, who were foreigners, and recently called to rule, might from prudence submit to such restraints. They would have debased and insulted a native Prince, who was the descendant of Kings. As the nation looked forward to his virtues and accomplishments for glory and prosperity, we advised our S—n to assert his dignity and authority, not by opposing, but by rendering the people dependent on Parliament; Parliament on the ostensible Agent of the Cabinet, and the Cabinet itself on his confidential Minister. No wisdom could foresee the convulsions which Republican and Whig cabals have produced. Implicit obedience was the duty of a K—g's friend; he was not responsible for the schemes of the Cabinet. If it encroached a little on the principles of the constitution, it was to punish a subject who had insulted his S—n; if it punished a Ch—r, it was because

because he had dared to think for himself, and pronounce what was English law and strict justice; if it limited the press, it was to eradicate the discontents of the Whigs in their absurd appeals to the great Charter and Bill of Rights; if it lavished offices, pensions, and pecuniaries, it was to gratify legislators, who were ambitious, avaricious, and vain. "It was not till these salutary means failed, for commanding the unbiassed votes of freemen, that recourse was had to the taxation of America. We here drew but on the increasing wealth of a people, whom our armies and fleets had rescued from French despotism: it surely became not Colonists to scrutinize our secret services: it was not probable they would dare to resist a nation who had humbled all her foes: the Quixotism of Republicans might scheme resistance; rebellion would but confirm dependence. When the Americans complained of the Stamp Act, we repealed it to gratify them in what was necessary, and only taxed a luxury. To permit them to tax themselves, was to increase the number of Parliaments we had to corrupt. When France and Spain gave us the most solemn assurances of their pacific intentions, we could not but in honour believe them; it was necessity that compelled us to arms. If we abandoned the troops at Boston to seek their safety at Halifax, we sent a gallant officer and 30,000 men to crush New-York. Who could foresee, that he would lose the great moment of immortalizing his fame, and saving the British empire! who could foresee, that any jealousy could induce him to abandon an army of his fellow soldiers to a cruel captivity! who could believe that he would prefer riches to glory, or that the voice of the legislator could veil the demerits of the soldier in honourable obscurity—Did these disappointments shake our steady purposes? did not we send another general, related to a family with high parliamentary interest? Who could foresee, that he too would expose another officer and army to captivity among rebels! Did all these misfortunes alter our fidelity to the Cabinet? did we not follow it in good report and in bad report? did not we follow it in plenty, though we could not in want? It was not till the unnatural union of Whigs and the Republicans distracted the Senate and displaced the Minister, that we left both our power and our hopes. This very Minister now frightened us with his conduct: he dared his enemies to investigate his conduct: we too well knew that he could have said—I was but the ambassador

of the Cabinet, I was not allowed to be the free Minister of my country. Had my voice been heard, had my honest remonstrances been listened to, those fatal schemes would never have been adopted which have humbled the arms, narrowed the territory, exhausted the resources, doubled the debt, and levelled the honor of my country."

Into the mouth of the Republic puts the following speech:

"When the schemes of their junto threatened the ruin of their country, the most virtuous citizens saw the necessity of lessening the influence of the King, for its favours were now to be lavished on the enemies of freemen. Many of the Whigs, however, were unhappily devoted to the Revolution establishment, though this was but the name, not the reality of freedom. To render this sacred pledge profitable, as well as honourable, places, offices, and honours, ought to be the rewards which the people confer on their favourites. The oblate Revolution Whigs contended for the privileges of the King: we were true Republicans, and were to fight for the sovereignty of the people. We began with explaining the nature of the Great Charter and Bill of Rights, to the acute and wise electors of Brentford: we next abused L—d B— and the R—l E—y. Did we not even execrate the Scots, as traitors and designing villains? and did not we annually implore the Commons to assert their rights? Our numbers, indeed, were, at first, inconsiderable, but our very enemies recruited them with their ablest orators, and that too in the fatal hour in which war was decreed against the Colonies. It was now that we saw the true interests of our country, and the salvation of the state, depending on the ruin of the Cabinet: it was now that we saw the ruin of the Cabinet alone to be insured by the disgraces of our arms: we, therefore, fostered the American rebellion in the Senate and out of the Senate; we ridiculed and exposed the councils of the King; we clogged the activity of the Legislature. Heaven itself seemed to smile on our schemes! The very generals of our opponents were prudent, and cautious of gaining victories: we warned the nation that every advantage their arms obtained, was ruin and disgrace, and we gloied in the defeats and captivity of our armies. All Europe was struck with our spirited conduct; France, Spain, the very Dutch, and all America, declared in our favour! At last, when our country was on the verge

verge of destruction, the price of all our services was paid. The Whigs, who at first had scorned our schemes, were forced to unite with us against the Cabinet, and joined in voting the American war, which the Tories planned, and we had to successfully fostered, to be ruinous. We rewarded them with a share in the Administration, for we never imagined they could question our right to rule. We had told the Parliament (though we had no credentials) that the belligerent powers were ready to treat with us, for we considered our services as meriting their gratitude. To our friends, the Dutch, we offered to restore every thing; yet the covetousness of this nation could not suppress their fears of an invasion in Flanders. The liberality of our negotiation in France astonished that ambitious power. We offered to yield all the conquests, for which Pitt had toiled and Wolfe had died; concessions in the East, concessions in the West-Indies; all manner of concessions; Minorca, and even Gibraltar (though the last ground on which Britons rival and outline their ancient glory) were to be yielded to Spain. These offers our enemies considered rather as the temporary delirium, than the deliberate sentiments of a nation who still were brave; and instead of admiring our generosity, they evinced in our confusion. With a wisdom unequalled among any free people, we sent a secret ambassador to the rebels. Our liberality, we told them, was too noble to consider their independence as the price of peace: we consulted the wisdom of their connection with their great and good ally: his ancestors had been the steady and uniform abettors of rebellion in Britain, and the known supports of the liberties of mankind. We hoped the Congress, whose first views we had defended, whose schemes we had cherished, whose independence we had avowed, would now reward our services and confidence in their worth. So free did we consider America, that we were ready to abandon the Loyalists, who had absurdly trusted to British faith, valour, and wisdom; and would consign them to the clemency, which the generous soul of their cautious Commander felt for an unfortunate and deserving British prisoner. We scorn (said then High Mightinesses) the submissions of the first nation we ever conquered. The services of years were thus forgotten in a moment, though we had ruined our country to make ourselves great and them free. This was but the harbinger of our misfortunes: we lost the man, whose Roman virtue felt too deeply

for such disgraces to his country. Though a successor, fitted for our schemes, was at hand, the Whigs yielded to the right of the King to name his own minister: we raged: we even threatened to resign! our passions were disregarded, and our resignations accepted. A Whig obtained the Treasury, and, with a firmness never to be forgiven, left us to grow cool at leisure. We had now no refuge but revenge, the West—r Association, and the approbation of our own consciences. Before the Parliament shall meet we will tell the Public, in the most unequivocal language, that the Machiavel of our achievements is possessed of every private and public virtue. His private virtues are contempt of dress, rough frankness, pure actions, superiority to facility of manners and to intrigue. His public virtues are, hatred of the King, and, above all, hatred of his successful rival, and love for America. We will oppose to this fair picture of virtue in human form, our character of the Premier; his private vices of cunning, caution, intrigue, suppleness, dissimulation; his public vices of attempting to preserve the privileges of the King; to make a peace, and above all to keep us out of office. When the Parliament shall meet, we will invoke gods and men to witness the honour, the advantages, and the immortal fame which the nation have derived from our councils, our activity, and our success."

If a Whig should describe his principles with honesty, our Author imagines he would use terms like those which follow:

"It was the honour of our party at the Revolution, to establish the rights equally of the King and of the people. We have always considered the independence of the estates of Parliament as the spirit of the government, and the source of its prosperity. Though the King can do no harm, the Ministers of the King may; we therefore thought the institution of the Junco fatal to freedom. It reduced the Minister to be a machine in office, which a secret, or treasonable, as readily as a wife or patriotic hand might direct. We entertained, however, too just notions of our Sovereign's rights, to question his title to name his own Ministers: the moments we hoped were few, before his wisdom and candour would discover this Tory policy to be inimical to the interests of his Crown, and a deep wound in the affections of a people devoted to the Hanoverian family. Guardians of the constitution, which our fathers had established, we opposed innovations in the rights of election: though enemies to the vices of the man, we blamed the punishment

ment of the Senator. When a Ch——r, and the friend of Lord C——m, because he gave a free opinion on a constitutional question, was dismissed from office, we could not but withdraw all confidence in a Junto, who were adding to their encroachments on the Legislature, a violation of the judicial rights. The change of a Minister could only recall our hopes, not our confidence: we flattered ourselves that, from his acknowledged merits and honour, he would be no less powerful with the Cabinet than he was in the House of Commons. Our opposition to the American contest, sprang not from the spirit of party men: it was dictated by the nature of British liberty; a liberty which as little allows the subject to be taxed without his consent, as to be condemned without the judgment of his Peers. If we foreboded those consequences, which have divided and destroyed the empire, like men we felt for the disgraces of our arms, and were ready to revenge them. We, indeed, recommended conciliatory measures, before mutual injuries and sufferings should confirm national antipathy and hatred: we dreaded the change introducing into the political system of nations, by the rise of a rival power, prepared to be the instrument of France, in wreaking her vengeance on her ancient rival. But when America declared her independence, when her alliance with France was publicly avowed, when we saw the storm gathering, which was to burst on our devoted country; though our indignation rose high at the authors of our calamities, it was still more strongly excited by the ungenerous conduct of the Colonies, in combining with the enemies of Britain to ruin their ancient country. It was not now a question of right, but of power. If America should be independent, and the

dupe of France, we concluded that Britain would be lost. We saw our fleets and armies sent to action; we heard of inactivity and disgrace with honest sorrow. It was not till the counsels of the K—g were inadequate to their own views; it was not till the nation felt their sufferings intolerable, that our whole party united with the Republicans in ejecting the Tory Ministry. Those great exertions which the safety of the state required, could only spring from the people: his M——y gave them the Minister of their choice, and the virtues of L—d R——m assigned him this honourable station. The distresses of the people called for peace, though their spirits never can yield to mean concessions. We wished to recall our ancient allies the Dutch; we negotiated with France; we yielded to the necessities of the times, and acknowledged the independence of America. But because we accepted the confidence of our Sovereign, the Republicans have pronounced us deceitful and infamous: the nation is to be implored to punish our insolence, for daring to think our talents or our public virtues equal to theirs. We pretend not to foresee events, nor to what humilities the calamities of our country may reduce it: we can only promise unremitting ardor in reforming finances, in checking corruption, and in promoting merit. We shall consider it as our duty and our glory rather to perish in defending the territories, the rights, and the honour of Britain, than to survive them."

These extracts will show the abilities of the writer. With regard to composition, we cannot extol him. His language is, indeed, perspicuous; but he never rises into eloquence, nor pleases by urbanity or elegance.

Elements of the Philosophy of History. By the Rev. Mr. Logan, one of the Ministers of Leith, and Member of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh. Continued from Vol. II. p. 376.

AS Mr. Logan applies philosophy to history, he gives the following account of science.

"Science consists in the discovery, the arrangement, and the concatenation of the facts in nature.

"I. The discovery of the facts in nature is a preliminary part of science. The mind is passive in its first perceptions; but the pleasures and the pains to which man is exposed from external impressions, lead him to exercise his active powers. Curiosity awakes, an original instinct in the hu-

man frame, and the spring of our knowledge. The operation of this principle precedes the maturity and even the birth of reason.

"During the roamings of a savage, or the migrations of a barbarous tribe, this principle makes little progress. But when, in the progress of the species, man begins to unfold his nature, elegant desires succeed to necessary cravings; the finer parts of the human frame make their appearance; and curiosity, set agoing, extends to all the objects of nature.

"A.

"A large and liberal knowledge of facts is the foundation of all philosophy. The human mind ascends from particulars to generals, and from parts to a whole.

"The office of true philosophy is not to invent, but to discover; not to create systems, but, by collecting the phenomena in the universe, to interpret nature.

"II. The Discovery of the facts in the material and moral world leads to their arrangement. It is the property of man not only to think, but to think in a certain manner. There is an order in his ideas, and a train in his mind.

"Our first perceptions have no other bond of union but that of contiguity in time and place. This is the order of the senses, and of memory which merely renews the impressions of sense.

"But, when the mind begins to operate upon its own ideas, a higher sense of order arises. Objects enter into the mind as they appear in the universe. To arrange, to classify, to generalize, are employments of philosophy.

"Such arrangements assist the mind in its operations, and forward the interpretation of Nature.

"Account of the Aristotelian arrangements,—of the modern arrangements.

"III. Concatenation of the facts in Nature.

"When we contemplate the phenomena of the universe, we not only find things resembling, which we put into one class; but we perceive also, that these are connected with others. To trace the connection between them, to refer effects to their cause, and particular operations to general laws, is the last and most perfect work of Science.

"This kind of search and investigation is natural to the mind of man. Even the vulgar give their reasons. The boy who, inquisitive into the causes of things, fathoms the well, or traces the stream to its source, discovers the rudiments of that science by which Newton measured the heavens, and Montesquieu made a system of human affairs.

"The first step towards natural philosophy is a history of plants and animals, and a description of the appearances of nature. The man of science succeeds to the natural historian, who classifies plants and animals, and explains the phenomena of nature.

"The first step towards moral philosophy is a collection of aphorisms, maxims, and proverbs, without any connection, but that they are subservient to one end, the conduct of human life. By degrees the phi-

losopher appears, who arranges the duties of man, and traces morals to their foundation.

"Such is the nature of Science.

"To common minds every thing appears particular. A philosopher sees in the great, and observes a whole: The curious collect and describe. The scientific arrange and generalize.

"An ordinary man marks the phenomena of Nature. The philosopher refers them to their class, and traces them to their cause.

"A man of sense makes single observations: A man of science forms general maxims. The one draws particular conclusions; the other infers universal propositions.

"There is a chain," says Homer, "let down from heaven to earth. Mortals catch at a link; but Jove holds in his hand the chain that binds the creation."

This account of Science is equally concise and comprehensive, and merits the attention of an age, so infested with the spirit of theory and system as the present.

He next delineates the first principles in the study of history.

"Physical Causes are those qualities of the climate and soil which work insensibly on the temper: Moral Causes, all those circumstances which serve as motives to the mind.

"The influence of physical causes appears in every part of the history of the earth.

"Illustrations of this position from the different nations of the world, both in ancient and in modern times.

"An operation of physical causes which hath not been attended to by philosophers.

"Moral Causes co-operate with physical, in forming national characters. The form and the spirit of the government, institutions, and laws, diffuse their effects over the subjects of a state. The same sympathy and imitation which gives a similarity of character, manners, and sentiments, to a circle of companions, spreads by a like contagion over nations, which are no more than a collection of individuals. Hence national characters, and the spirit of different governments.

"Physical and moral causes are so connected and combined in their operation, that in tracing the same effect, one person will ascribe it to a physical and another to a moral cause.

"Illustrations of this observation.

"If it be necessary to discriminate objects that are perpetually approaching, and often

often running into one another, I would deliver the following opinion. That the original character of nations arises chiefly from physical causes; and that the subsequent changes are almost entirely owing to moral; that what may be called the natural character of a people, their animal temperament, their sensibility, and imagination, depend on the former; that their moral character, the operations of their mind, their virtues, vices, and national manners, are derived from the latter. Thus, among individuals, natural dispositions govern in youth; education and company direct in riper years. The temper springs from the one: the character is formed by the other.

"II. The arrangements and improvements which take place in human affairs result not from the efforts of individuals, but from a movement of the whole society.

"From want of attention to this principle, history hath often degenerated into the panegyric of single men, and the worship of names. Lawgivers are recorded, but who makes mention of the people? When, moved with curiosity, we enquire into the causes of the singular institutions which prevailed at Sparta, at Athens, or Rome, historians think it sufficient to mention the names of Lycurgus, Solon, or Romulus. They seem to have believed that forms of government were established with as much ease as theories of government were written. Such visionary systems are foreign to human affairs. No constitution is formed by a concert: No government is copied from a plan. Sociability and policy are natural to mankind. In the progress of society, instincts turn into arts, and original principles are converted into actual establishments. When an inequality of possessions takes place, the few that are opulent contend for power, the many defend their rights: from this struggle of parties a form of government is established.

"Illustrations of this observation from ancient and modern states.

"The laws of a nation are derived from the same origin with their government.

"Rising, in this manner, from society, all human improvements appear in their proper place, not as separate and detached articles, but as the various, though regular phenomena of one great system. Poetry, philosophy, the fine arts, national manners and customs, result from the situation and spirit of a people.

"All that legislators, patriots, philosophers, statesmen, and kings can do, is to give a direction to that stream which is for ever flowing.

"It is this that renders history, in its proper form, interesting to all mankind, as its object is not merely to delineate the projects of princes, or the intrigues of statesmen; but to give a picture of society, and represent the character and spirit of nations.

"III. Similar situations produce similar appearances; and, where the state of society is the same, nations will resemble one another.

"The want of attention to this hath filled the world with infinite volun- The most remote resemblances in language, customs, or manners, has suggested the idea of deriving one nation from another.

"Nature directs the use of all the faculties that she hath given; in favourable circumstances every animal unfolds its powers; and man is the same being over the whole world.

"Illustrations both from savage and civilized nations.

"Man is one animal; and, where the same situations occur, human nature is the same.

"Hence the foundation of every thing is in nature; politics is a science; and there is a system in human affairs."

These observations are no less ingenious than just. It is indeed astonishing and disgusting to reflect, what volumes have been written, and how much learned trifling has been employed in tracing the descent of one nation from another, upon the most remote and fanciful resemblances, and deriving from a distant origin, institutions and improvements, of which every society contains the principles in its bosom. Customs and manners, which mark not particular localities, but belong to mankind in general, have been regarded as decisive vouchers on this head. Names, syllables, and even the letters of the alphabet have been followed, as certain guides in this unphilosophical research. The Chinese have been derived from the Egyptians, although they resemble them in nothing, but the use of hieroglyphicks; an invention which has occurred to all nations in the progress of the art of writing. Books have been written to prove, that the ten tribes of Israel were carried to North America, because the natives of the new world watched the approach of the new moon, cleaned

cleaned themselves at stated seasons from their impurities, and were accustomed to take the most sanguinary and dreadful vengeance on their enemies. According to many learned men, both of the last and the present century, the early history of the Greeks and Romans, is translated from the book of Genesis; and Judea is the parable, not only of the learning, but of the mythology and superstition of the Heathens. The celebrated Huet endeavours very gravely to prove, that the story of Abraham entertaining the angels, gave rise to the fable of Baucis and Philemon, and that the divine command to the same patriarch to offer up his son, was the origin of human sacrifices.

Inventions and arts are often, indeed, transferred from one country to another. Still, however, the principles of inven-

tion and art exist in man, and unfold themselves in every favourable situation. The faculties of the mind, as well as the organs of the body, spontaneously turn to their corresponding objects; and the great lines of human nature are to be found in every description of the species. Send a colony of children to an uninhabited island, they will unite in society, they will invent a language, institute a form of government, and without imitation strike out inventions and improvements. Those authors who attribute all the refinements of human nature to the efforts of single men, remind us of Sancho Panca, who thought that a tribute of praise was due to the memory of that man who found out eating and drinking.

[To be continued.]

A Call to the Gentiles; a Poetical Essay. By the Rev. Spencer Madan, M. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. 4to. Doodley.

THIS poem gained Mr. Seaton's prize at Cambridge for the year 1782. It is very pious, but to us it appears not to be an effort of high genius. Out of respect, however, to the prize it has obtained, it is but just that we give a specimen of it, for the amusement of our readers.

"Spirit of prophecy, mysterious guest!
Thou rose-lip'd herald of the coming day,
Parent of light and truth, all hail! thy
pow'r

Was seen, thy early voice, obscure and faint,

Struck the dull organs of this guilty world,
What time, from shapeless chaos newly
form'd,

Creation yet was young! Benignly thou,
(At the dread hour, when Heav'n's eternal King

Smote the triumphant enemy of Eve,
And fix'd him prone in dust) benignly
thou,

Ev'n in the moment of Almighty wrath,
Descending swift upon the seraph-wing
Of inspiration, wast'd by the breath
Of God himself, didst lend thy pitying aid,
Thy guidance to the weak extended arm
Of grov'ling man, who eist in darkness
lay,

Impervious darkness, ignorance and death!—

And you, ye venerable holy Seers!
Isaiah, mighty Prophet! and the rest,
A chosen fellowship of saints! on whom
The hallow'd beam the mystic influence

Of that descending spirit first was pour'd,
Deign to accept the purpose, not the deed,
If in the transport of impatient zeal
The muse, a hasty messenger, invoke
Your awful names thus rudely; and at
once

Speak the big theme that labours in her
Soul!

O rather hear, Immortal Spirits! hear,
And patronize the numbers you inspire:
O sanctify the bold ambitious joy,
(For sure it is ambition, it is joy
Unspeakable!) to trace the copious stream,

Of all-redeeming Mercy to its source;
To mark, in retrospect, its early path,
Through the dark mazes of retiring time,
Till the faint eye perceive the thick'ning
gloom

Arrest its baffled labour; closing all
In awful and impenetrable night!

But ah! the wearied orb abash'd recoils,
And now returning on the downward
stream

Skims the prone surface;—wide and still
more wide

The tide of Mercy spreads its gath'ring
waves;

Still devious, still connected, flowing still,
And still increasing, thro' the vale of
years;

While, ever and anon, the fruitful flood
Calls, in its course, some blessing into
birth,

Some latent truth, some miracle foretold,
Fast rip'ning into life, at thy command,
Thou God of Prophecy! Thou God of
Pow'r!"

Memoir of a Map of Hindoostan; or, the Mogul's Empire: with an Explanation of some Positions in the former System of Indian Geography; and some Illustrations of the present one; and a complete Index of the Names to the Map. By James Rennet, F.R.S. late Major of Engineers, and Surveyor-General in Bengal. Memoir, 5s. Map, 18s. Faden, &c.

THIS useful publication has made its appearance at a time when it cannot fail of being interesting to every one who wishes to be better informed of a country, in which the British nation actually possesses above 150,000 square miles, with a sovereignty over ten millions of inhabitants. And yet, with all this great extent of territory, the Company's servants have, by their intrigues and cupidity, brought on a declining commerce, an empty treasury, with an almost uninterrupted war and devastation. Whilst the theatre of the British wars in Hindoostan was limited to a particular province, little curiosity was excited towards the general geography of the country: but now, that we are engaged either in wars, alliances, or negotiations, with all the principal powers of the empire, and have displayed the British standards from one extreme of it to the other; a map of Hindoostan, such as will explain the local circumstance, of our political connections, and the marches of our armies, cannot but be highly interesting to every person, whose imagination has been struck by the splendour of our victories, or whose attention is roused by the present critical state of our affairs in that quarter of the globe.

The intrinsic value of this work, stood in need of no temporary circumstances to render it highly acceptable to those, who are promoters of geographical illustrations and improvements:—and we cannot perhaps, give our readers a juster idea of the plan and conduct of this valuable performance, than by analysing the Author's introductory observations relative to his map, which is masterly engraved, and decorated with an emblematical frontispiece, that represents Britannia receiving into her protection the sacred books of the Hindoos, presented by the Pundits, or learned Bramins; in allusion to the humane interposition of the British legislature, in favour of the natives of Bengal, in the year 1781. Britannia is supported by a pedestal, on which are engraven the victories, by means of which the British nation obtained, and has hitherto upheld, its influence in India; among which, the two recent ones of Porto Novo and Sholungur, gained by General Clive, are

particularly pointed out by a Spear to his comrade. For our parts, who so admire the design and execution of an eminent artist, we are loath to see it upon so large a scale, for at present it does not show the good effect resulting from one of the best engraved maps we remember ever to have seen.

This map is contained in two large sheets, which may either be joined together for the purpose of bringing the whole into one view, or bound up separately in an Atlas; as may suit the fancy or convenience of the purchaser. The scale is one fifth to an equatorial degree; and as the whole map is a square of more than thirty such degrees, its surface will be found to contain a space larger than all Europe; although the quantity of land bears no proportion to it.

The whole construction is entirely new, as will appear at once, by comparing it with any of the former maps; the most accurate of which, makes the breadth of the *Great India* (or that bounded between the mouths of the Ganges and Indus) near two degrees and a quarter of longitude narrower than it appears on the Major's map; at the same time, that it makes the lower part of the peninsula three quarters of a degree wider. "I have been misled," says the Major, "by means of observations of longitude taken at Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Calcutta, Agra, &c. together with measured lines and surveys extended from the above places, to frame a very good ground work for my map. And, I flatter myself, that the general outline, and principal members of it, are determined with as much precision, as those of most European countries. The sea coasts, in particular, are as correct as can be expected in a map of this scale. In the division of Hindoostan into soubahs, &c. I have followed the mode adopted by the Emperor Abar, as it appears to me to be the most permanent one: for the ideas of the boundaries are not only impressed on the minds of the natives by tradition, but are also ascertained in the Aynch Abar, a register of the highest authority. But for the lower parts of the Decan, and the Peninsula in general, this standard being wanting, I had

had recourse to the best information I could get, which was not, indeed, of the most perfect kind: and, therefore, I directed my attention principally to the state of the modern divisions in those parts, by the impressing a clear idea of which, was the principal aim of the work."

As to the vast extent of India, which, in its various parts have been divided into provinces, till the latter part of the last century, it ought rather to surprise us, that so much geographical matter should be collected during so short a period; especially when so little has been contributed towards it by the natives themselves, as in the present case. Indeed, we must not go much farther back than thirty years, for the matter that forms the basis of the work before us. And it must not be forgotten, that the East India Company have caused a mathematical survey to be made, at their own expence, of a track equal in extent to France and England taken together: besides tracing the outline of near 2000 miles of sea-coast, and a chain of islands in extent 500 miles more.

According to the Major's geographical definition of this country, he says, that by Hindoostan, Europeans, in general, have understood the track lying between the rivers Ganges and Indus, on the east and west; the Thibetian and Tartarian mountains on the north; and the sea on the south. But, strictly speaking, the extent of Hindoostan Proper is much more circumscribed. For, although it has indeed the Indus, and the mountains of Thibet and Tartary for its western and northern boundaries; yet, on the south Indian geographers bound it by the countries of the Deccan; so that the whole peninsula to the south of a line drawn nearly from Balasore to Broach, is not reckoned Hindoostan. On the other hand, the Ganges was improperly applied as an eastern boundary, as it intersects, in its general course, some of the richest provinces of the empire; whilst the Buriam-pooter, which is much nearer the mark, as an eastern boundary, was utterly unknown. The addition of these lands to the geographical definition of Hindoostan, bear, however, a trifling proportion to those taken from it in the peninsula. In this circumscribed state, its extent is about equal to France, Germany, Bohemia, Hungary, Switzerland, Italy, and the Low Countries collectively; and the Peninsula is about equal to the British islands, Spain, and Turkey in Europe.

The natural situation of Bengal is singularly happy, with respect to security from the attacks of foreign enemies. On the north and east it has no warlike neighbours; and has, moreover, a formidable barrier of mountains, rivers, or extensive waters, towards those quarters, should such an enemy start up. On the south is a sea-coast, guarded by shallows and impenetrable woods, and with only one port (and even that of difficult access) in an extent of 300 miles. It is on the west only that an enemy is to be apprehended, and even there the natural barrier is strong, and with its population and resources, aided by the usual proportion of British troops, Bengal might bid defiance to all that part of Hindoostan, which might find itself inclined to become its enemy. Even in case of invasions, the country beyond the Ganges, would be exempt from the ravages of war, and furnish supplies for the general defence. But, with the whole revenue in our possession, the seat of war will probably be left to our own choice.

The Zemindary of Benares, which includes also the Circars of Gazypour and Chunar, constituted a part of the dominions of Oude until the year 1774, when its tribute, or quit-rent, of twenty-four lacs, was transferred to the English.

The Circars, Cicacole, Rajmundry, Ellores, and Condapilly, are in the possession of the English: and occupy the sea-coast from the Chilka Lake on the confines of Cuttack, to the northern bank of the Kistna river; forming, comparatively, a long, narrow slip of country, 350 miles long, and from 30 to 70 wide. The nature of the country is such, as to be easily defensible against an Indian enemy, it having a barrier of mountains and extensive forests open. The Circars, in point of strength, appertain partly to Golconda (or the Deccan) and partly to Orissa; and are held of the Nizam on condition of paying him a regular tribute.

The British possessions in the Carnatic, are confined to the track called the Jaghire, which does not extend much more than forty miles round Madras.

The dimensions of Hyder's territories are, at least, 400 British miles in length from north to south, and in breadth from 290 to 130; he having by much the largest share of the Peninsula.

From this general outline, our readers will be enabled to form a competent idea of Major Rennell's practical improvements of the present geographical state of Hindoostan; and they appear to us to have been

been conducted with infinite labour and ability, aided by many respectable names, whose long residence in India, rendered them peculiarly serviceable to a work of this nature.

ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

Major James Rennell is descended from a very ancient and respectable family in Devonshire; and his ancestors, as far as we can trace, gentlemen of easy fortunes.

The Major received a private education, and his professional line in India has been that of an engineer and surveyor-general in Bengal. His reputation and talents have enrolled his name among the members of the Royal Society; and the work which we have just reviewed, shews him not unworthy of that honour. In fact, the Public are indebted to Major Rennell for much useful information, in which we have traced the man of science, the scholar, and the gentleman.

Elements of Geometry, in which all the material Propositions in the Sixth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Books of Euclid are demonstrated with conciseness and perspicuity. By William Scott. 12mo. Edinburgh. Elliot.

THE Editor of this performance, appears to be a teacher of youth; but it would be an injustice to the public to commend his compilation. It is seldom that teachers are even slightly qualified to explain what they pretend to know; yet they are all ambitious to publish ele-

mentary works; and their view, no doubt, is to put them into the hands of the students who apply to them. Mr. Scott adds to the number of ignorant teachers, and his publications swell the list of useless productions.

Hints for promoting a Plan for more effectually supplying the Public with Seamen and Soldiers, upon a comprehensive, equal, regular, and virtuous System. 8vo. Murray. 1s.

IT is with pleasure that we announce this ingenious performance. The Author is animated with patriotic views; and indulging himself in political speculations, obliges the public with the fruits of his

thoughts and toil. We gladly subscribe to the integrity of his intentions, and to the honourable motives which put him in motion.

A Letter to the Belfast First Company of Volunteers, in the Province of Ulster. By a Member of the British Parliament. 1s. 6d. Debrett.

BEFORE this Letter was printed in England, all the Irish papers announced it Lord Beauchamp's, and, if we mistake not, a number of copies were in the hands of the first characters of the age. Lord Beauchamp need not blush to

own this respectable literary bantling, it will be an honour to his head and his heart, when three-fourths of the political pamphlets, relating to the contest with Ireland, shall be consigned to oblivion.

Advice to Officers of the British Army. 2s. Kearsley.

THIS is one of the most laughable pieces of irony that has appeared since Swift provoked the risible muscles. We can trace many living characters in

this animated performance, and, in bold colouring above the rest, we readily discovered the lean and slipper'd pantaloon of Mars,

S U M M E R.

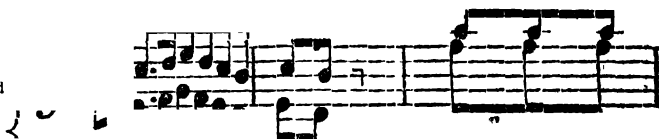
The WORDS by Mr. RILEY,

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. O L I V E.

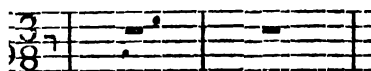
Flauto



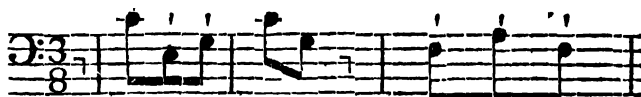
Vio. 1^{mo} and 2^d



Voce



Basso



How sweet is the



morning, how charming and clear, how de - light - ful the



fun's golding ray, How pleasant and green do the meadows ap-

Musical score for 'The lark mounting'. The score includes a vocal line and a flute line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The flute line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line is marked 'Voc.' and the flute line is marked 'Flauto'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals.

pear and how cheer - ful the birds on each spray.

Continuation of the musical score for 'The lark mounting'. The score includes a vocal line and a flute line. The vocal line is marked 'Voc.' and the flute line is marked 'Flauto'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals.


The lark mounting

Final musical notation for 'The lark mounting'. The score includes a vocal line and a flute line. The vocal line is marked 'Voc.' and the flute line is marked 'Flauto'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals.

high with sweet notes fills the air, while the val - leys re-

ec - cho, re - ec - cho, while the val - leys re-

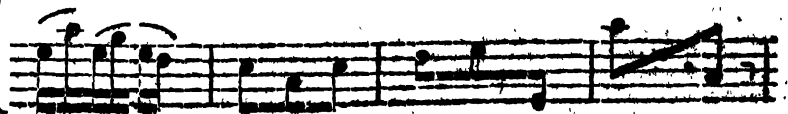
Pizzicato Piano.



ec - cho the strains. The plowman and hind to their la - bour re -



pair, and the shepherd pipes over the plains.





SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the PROCEEDINGS in PARLIAMENT.

(Continued from page 467.)

HOUSE OF LORDS.

DECEMBER 13.

EARL Fitzwilliam addressed the House on the subject of American independence. He observed, that the opinion delivered on the opening of the session by the noble Lord in the blue ribbon, relative to the independence of America, went, as he understood it, to a full and absolute acknowledgment of that independence; similar declarations had been made in the clearest and most explicit terms by his Majesty's Ministers in the other House. But an idea had gone abroad that a great and important difference of sentiment prevailed between the noble Lord in the blue ribbon and others of his Majesty's Ministers, with regard to the independence of America; this supposed difference, he said, was the subject of universal anxiety; to quiet the public mind, therefore, and to satisfy the whole nation, he would, with their Lordships leave, put a question to the noble Lord in the blue ribbon: "Whether the independence of America, as settled by the provisional treaty, said to be concluded, can ever be hereafter a matter of doubt, discussion, or bargain; or whether it is fully and finally established without relation to any future event."

Lord Shelburne in reply observed, that he should never shelter himself under a point of order, or avoid, because he might do so, giving their Lordships, or any individual Lord, the fullest answer to every question that did not interfere with his duty to the King or the public good.

His Lordship spoke of the nature and utility

of the King's prerogative, especially in the important object of public negotiation; and concluded by declaring, with great vehemence, that he had kept, and would for ever keep, the councils of the King sacred and inviolable.

Lord Derby, to the point under consideration, observed, that the question, as stated by his noble friend, was so clear, so explicit, so comprehensive, and at the same time so candid, that he could not conceive what scruple the noble Lord in the blue ribbon could have to answer it in a manner the fullest and most satisfactory.

The Duke of Chandos spoke to the impropriety of pressing the enquiry in the present stage of the business.

The Duke of Manchester reminded the House of the danger and cruelty of embarrassing Ministers, and weakening the hands of government on occasions like the present.

The Duke of Richmond, after adverting to the impropriety of an opposition at the present crisis, said, that the only just and constitutional mode of carrying on an opposition was, when Ministers are not to be trusted, address for their removal, and strain every nerve to make them quit a situation they are unworthy of; but so long as they are suffered to keep their places, let them have the confidence of Parliament, as without that confidence they can do nothing.

This conversation being ended, Lord Grantham moved, after a short exordium,

"That the thanks of this House be given to General Elliott, for the important services he has done to this country by his brave and gallant defence of Gibraltar; and that the same be

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communicated to him by the Lord Chancellor."

"That the thanks of this House be given to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Howe, for the important service he had done to this country, by the relief of the fortresses of Gibraltar, and by his gallant and able manœuvres of the fleet under his command, again'st a superior fleet of the enemy; and that the same be communicated to him by the Lord Chancellor."

"That the thanks of this House be given to Lieutenant-General Boyd, General La Motte, Major-General Greene, Chief Engineer, to Sir Roger Curtis, lately employed in the defence of Gibraltar; and that the Lord Chancellor do communicate the same to them."

"That this House do highly approve of and acknowledge the services of the officers, soldiers, and sailors, lately employed in the defence of Gibraltar; and that General Eliott do signify the same to them, and thank them for their gallant behaviour."

"That this House doth highly approve of and acknowledge the services of the officers, soldiers, and sailors, lately employed in the relief of Gibraltar; and that Lord Viscount Howe do signify the same to them, and thank them for their gallant behaviour."

All ordered *nem. con.*

December 23.

Lord Dudley rose to move, "That the thanks of this House be given to Sir Edward Hughes, Knight of the Bath, for his important services in the East-Indies, on the 17th of February and 12th of April, 1782, and that the Lord Chancellor be required to transmit the same to him."

Lord Walsingham acquainted the House, that he got up to move their Lordships for an address of thanks to Sir Eyre Coote, and at the same time to enter his protest against the too frequent practice of making such motions in that House, as, by their becoming frequent, they would lose much of their value; and he was still more against their being extended beyond the commander in chief. And then moved their Lordships, "That the thanks of the House be given to Lieutenant General Sir Eyre Coote, commander in chief of his Majesty's troops in the East-Indies, for his assiduity and eminent services in that part of his Majesty's dominions; and that the Lord Chancellor be required to transmit him an account of the same."

Lord Shelburne then moved, "That the House be adjourned to Jan. 21."

HOUSE of COMMONS.

DECEMBER 11.

THE order of the day was read for the House to resolve itself into a Committee of Supply, for the purpose of voting the number of seamen for the ensuing year, and a motion made that the Speaker leave Chair.

Mr. Fox rose and said, before he could consent that the Speaker leave the Chair, he must

first say a word or two on the very singular situation of the country. They were that day going to vote a war establishment, without having any previous information whether the war was to be continued, or peace was to be expected. Indeed in his Majesty's speech there was a pretty strong intimation that peace was to stand; it was held out still more strongly in the letter, written by a Right Honourable Gentleman, (whom he was sorry not to see in his place,) to the Lord Mayor of London; more than a fortnight ago; in that letter the Right Honourable Gentleman had assured the public, that the negotiation then carrying on between his Majesty's Ministers, and the Ministers of the powers at war with this country, was brought so near to a point, that by the 5th of December he should be able to say whether we were to have peace, or whether the war was to be continued. It was now the 11th of December, and the promise given in that letter was not fulfilled. Another matter, which called highly for something to be said upon it, previous to the voting a Supply, was the very great and essential difference of construction that had been given the terms of the Provisional Treaty by his Majesty's Ministers who sat in that House of Parliament, and a noble Earl high in office, and others of the cabinet, in another place. It was an undoubted fact, that a large description of gentlemen, who voted in support of the Address to his Majesty on Thursday last, gave their votes in favour of the Address, in consequence of the fair, satisfactory, and clear explanation of the terms of the Provisional Treaty, which had been given by the Right Honourable Gentleman at the head of his Majesty's Exchequer. He had contended in the Address, merely because the right honourable gentleman had declared, in the most explicit manner, that he understood that the recognition of the independence of America was irrevocable and unconditional; how then was he mortified to learn, that a noble Earl had elsewhere said, that the recognition of the independence of America was conditional, that it was offered as the price of peace, but was of no effect whatever, supposing that the present treaty with France was broken off; What could reconcile these strong contradictions, who could remove the doubts, which they could not fail to suggest to the mind of every man, but laying the provisional treaty before that House?

Mr. Secretary Townshend said, it would be the height of madness, pending a treaty of peace, to lay before the public view a matter which was so interwoven with the event of it, that he hoped gentlemen would see the impropriety of their request, and desist from pressing it any further.

Governor Johnstone inveighed very bitterly against Administration, for having dared to conclude a provisional treaty, in which the independence of America was recognized, without first having obtained the consent of Parliament. He contended, the act passed last session did not empower government to do so; it was reserved for the determination of the House,

House, and the servants of the crown, in their conduct on this occasion, had most egregiously transgressed the authority vested in them.

Mr. Eden followed Governor Johnstone in saying it was the duty of Administration to lay before the House such information as would enable them to judge of the properest measures to be concluded upon.

Mr. Burke expatiated very much on the propriety and necessity of the House seeing the provisional treaty without loss of time. There were three several opinions held by great and respectable characters within these walls, concerning America, and all of them had undoubtedly their merits. One set of men were averse to the independence of America; another wished to make that concession the price of peace; and the third contended for unconditional independence. The only means of forming a just idea on the business would be by seeing the provisional treaty ourselves, and then we would be able to judge how far independence was or was not granted to America.

Mr. Chancellor Pitt rose, and spoke for a considerable time with his usual elegance and precision. He divided the matter opposed to Ministry into two points. The one was, a desire that Mr. Secretary Townshend should apologize to the House for his having written to the Lord Mayor, respecting the progress towards a general pacification. And the other point was, that if the Secretary did not confess that he was deceived in the grounds on which that letter was built, he should declare those grounds to the House, that they might judge the matter themselves. Now, Mr. Speaker, said the Chancellor, one answer will serve for both these requisitions.—A compliance would be improper; for in the first place, an apology is a confession of a fault. The Secretary committed no fault. He did his duty; he acted according to his information, and for the purpose of preventing gamblers from deceiving honest men. He wished to put the whole kingdom on a footing, in regard to the intelligence before Administration, so far as it might prudently be revealed. If more could at that time have been disclosed with safety to the welfare of the nation, it undoubtedly would; and therefore the desire, that the particulars of the treaty alluded to in the Secretary's letter, should be made public, is nugatory. The same political reasons which existed then, exist now for secrecy in these particulars. Has not the King said, that no peace shall be concluded without the consultation and the sanction of his Parliament? What then would gentlemen have more? For my own part, I am free to declare, if my creed will be any satisfaction to these curious enquirers, who are so affectionately anxious for the independence of America, that I am simply of opinion, that by the provisional treaty with that country, its independence is absolutely acceded to, and that this accession only waits for the formality of acknowledgment, until a peace with France, be it sooner or later, shall be ratified.

Mr. Powis, Mr. Courtenay, Mr. Sheridan, Lord Surry, and other gentlemen, having lengthened the conversation for some time, the question was put, that the Speaker leave the Chair, which was agreed to, and the House resolved itself into a committee;

Mr. Ord in the Chair.

Mr. Brett then moved, that 110,000 men be granted to his Majesty for the navy, for the ensuing year; he stated the complement voted last year to be only 100,000, but that, from the return of the musters, there appeared there were 105,000 employed; so that gentlemen, he trusted, would not think the number he moved for, at this important crisis, too much.

Capt. John Luttrell expressed his most hearty assent to the present motion. He said the salvation of this country depended on the strength of its navy, and every true patriot should add to its respectability, instead of endeavouring to degrade it in the eyes of the world. He could not help particularly alluding to a declaration made by one in opposition, and he must say, that let his patriotism have been ever so violent on the occasion, he neither consulted judgment nor fact. If we really were as weak as he said, if "we were inferior to our enemies in every quarter of the globe," a lover of his country ought to have been the last to proclaim it to the world.

Mr. Fox denied that he ever said our fleet was inferior to our enemies in every quarter of the globe; but he confessed he had remarked that particular with respect to our home fleet; and now begged to say, that this inferior navy had, by the skilful management of the present First Lord of the Admiralty, been made to serve an extraordinary purpose—a double office; it saved our Baltic fleet, by deterring the Dutch from coming out of their ports, and it afterwards sailed to the relief of Gibraltar. He resolved, before the commencement of the present session, to refuse his assent to the Supplies, on any other terms than the granting independence to America; but as three of his Majesty's Ministers in that House had declared such independence was granted irrevocably, he would take their words, and give a concurrence that otherwise he would not have given.

Lord North rose, and with much humour rallied Mr. Secretary Townshend on the embarrassment, which his having been put to the torture of interrogatory, had occasioned to him. I have an opinion of the wisdom, and of the delicacy and humanity of the Secretary, said his lordship, and am sure, that if he could have put himself in my place, as a Minister, he never would have tormented me by his questions, as he used to do, when I was a member of Administration, and he was a leader of Opposition; but there is nothing comparative to experience for our good conduct in every department in life. To be serious, said his Lordship, this is indeed an awful crisis, the awfulest this country ever yet has known. For my own part, common sense is the only guide I shall consult on this occasion. It is intimated, that it would

be a matter of propriety, that the particulars of the provisional treaty should be laid upon the table. Now common sense tells me, that a compliance with this wish would be the height of impolicy; it would be treason against the State; for surely it is treason in a Ministry, (at the instance of any power by the constitution incompetent to command) to reveal secrets, which a due regard to the welfare of the country, and a just sense of the dignity and vast importance of their station, demands them to conceal. Gentlemen seem eager to know the particulars meant to be included in the general description of the provisional treaty mentioned in the King's speech. The royal speech mentions, that the independency of America is granted, *to take effect whenever a peace with France shall be concluded.*—Can any thing be more plainly repugnant to the idea in this House entertained, in regard to the constitution of the provisional treaty with America?—Good God! can any thing be more astonishing than the supposition, that this provisional treaty means absolute, unconditional independence? Is there not a condition, a qualification, a something, (call it what you may) that shews it is not absolute—that shews it is not irrevocable? It is not to take effect until a peace with France shall be concluded. Then what apprehension can the nation entertain that the acknowledgment, the unconditional acknowledgment of American independence, or indeed its independence at all, shall take place? Is it not a matter eventual on our treaty with France? The matter is so plain, that I cannot persuade myself the sceptics are earnest in their doubts of it. The noble Lord who is now at the head of our affairs, ought to have credit with the country for his communication on the subject. Every other comment, in every other place, shall pass unheeded by me. No reason under heaven warrants my regard to them. Occupied as my mind is, by this sort of reasoning, it is a business of course, that I should contend for the good sense and sound policy of granting the supplies for the continuance of the most vigorous war. It would be madness to relax.—Till our foes lay down their arms, would it not be idiotism in Britain to suspend hers? The preparations for a vigorous war, make the best security of an advantageous, and honourable peace. I hope the House will pardon me, said Lord North, if, while I am now up, I take the opportunity, after speaking to the concerns of my country, to drop one word relating to myself—I say relating to myself; for as a Minister, whatever disrespect or accusation is brought to the door of my colleagues during my Administration, I consider as brought to my own door. The act of one is the act of all. I challenged, in the name of all my colleagues in office, both for them and for myself, an enquiry into our conduct, when the Right Hon. Gentleman seemed to be at the head of Opposition. Should any doubt be entertained of any part of my administration, I do now, as I have over and over again done, challenge the enquiry of keener jealousy, and bitterest malice, into all or any part of it. Like Dio-

medes, my only prayer in the pressure of hostility is—that I may have the eye of day upon me.

Mr. Fox, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Smith, Mr. Hufley, and the Commander in Chief, spoke a few words to explain.

Sir Charles Turner said, he was in hopes that some odd fellow, like himself, would have objected to granting the Supplies, until he should hear that the American war was for ever abolished. No such man having been found, he declared that he would give his negative to all Supply until that should be the case. He would fight against America as the ally of France, but in no other light.

The motion was then put, and agreed to, with the negative of Sir Charles.

DECEMBER 12.

Mr. Ord brought up the Report from the Committee of Supply, containing the vote of 110,000 men for the naval service of the current year, including 25,196 marines; and of the sum of 41. per month per man, amounting in the whole to the sum of 5,720,000l. for the maintenance of the same.

Mr. Hufley said, that feeling the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his place, he wished to take notice of a circumstance in the King's Speech, which insinuated that we should have future loans. He was sorry to see this mentioned in the Speech, and the House pledged in their answer to the same thing; as it was not surely a politic nor a wise measure. They were to be avoided if possible. Perhaps it was impracticable to avoid one year, on account of the immense supplies wanted for the war; but if we should have peace, which, after the debate of the day before, he did not think probable, he wished most earnestly to recommend to his Majesty's Ministers the propriety of using other means for procuring the supplies of the year, than that of a loan.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, in respect to future loans, if the war was to continue, we might naturally look for them; and for the present year at least, whether we had war or peace, such was the state of the unfunded debt, that we must look for a loan, or for something nearly resembling one.

The Report was then read and agreed to.

The Commander in Chief then rose, and said, that he never rose in that House upon any occasion with so little difficulty, and so much pleasure, as he did on that day. The gallant General, who was the subject of all men's praise and reverence, the intrepid and persevering General Elliott had deserved every thing that a grateful and an admiring nation could bestow. He understood that it was his Majesty's intention to grace him with a high and signal mark of his royal favour, as a brilliant reward for his great and meritorious services; yet it was by the mouth of this House that General Elliott could receive the thanks of his country. He would therefore move, "That the thanks of this House be given to General Elliott, for the important services he has rendered to his country."

try in the gallant and successful defence of Gibraltar."

The motion was seconded by Mr. Pitt.

Sir George Howard declared, the motion was not sufficiently expressive on this point, and he therefore wished to add the following words as an illustration of the sense and feelings of the House on this great occasion. He therefore moved, that after the word Gibraltar, there shall be inserted the words "The most valuable and important fortrefs of all the foreign territories belonging to this country."

Lord Fielding seconded the Amendment.

Earl Nugent said, he would not enter into any discussion of the question concerning the importance of Gibraltar; but he was sorry that the Hon. Baronet had made the Amendment, as it might disturb the unanimity with which they would be all happy to pass the vote of thanks to the brave General. It would include a political question, and give rise to discussions which he must lament on such an occasion.

Sir George Howard said, that nothing was farther from his heart than to introduce words which should give rise to a political question; and if it should disturb the unanimity of the House, he would be happy to withdraw it; for he meant only to shew the importance of the gallant General's services.

Mr. Fox said, he most heartily concurred with the Amendment proposed by his honourable friend: it was wise and just, and shewed that he was sincere in his motive for doing so.

Lord Mulgrave said, it was a complicated question, and therefore it was unfair to press it upon the House; there were questions which ought to be agitated separately.

Lord Mahon thought it was very improper to debate upon this side-wind sketch of the matter; it ought to be debated upon a fair notice, and he recommended to the honourable gentleman to withdraw his Amendment.

The Speaker said, the motion was moved and seconded, therefore it could not be withdrawn without the consent of the House.

Lord Surrey hoped gentlemen would not diminish the honour they intended the General, by introducing any motion that would destroy unanimity.

Mr. Fox said, that although he wished the question should receive the sanction of the House, yet he would not press it, if the honourable gentleman who made it wished to withdraw it.

Sir George Howard said, that had he known it would have produced a political debate, he would have been very sorry to have troubled the House with his Amendment. He only thought that it would have heightened the thanks of the House, and that was his only motive.

Several gentlemen having spoken for and against the Amendment; Sir George Howard, with the leave of the House, withdrew his Amendment to the motion; after which the following motion was agreed to, viz.

"That the thanks of this House be given to General Elliott, Lieutenant-General Boyd, General La Motte, Major-General Green, Chief Engineer, to Sir Roger Curtis, and to the officers, soldiers, and sailors, lately employed in the defence of Gibraltar."

And, after some further debate, the following motion was also agreed to, with only the dissenting voice of Governor Johnstone, viz.

"That the thanks of this House be given to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Howe, for the important service he has done to this country, by the late relief of the fortrefs of Gibraltar, and by his gallant and able manœuvres of the fleet under his command, against a superior fleet of the enemy."

DECEMBER 16.

The order of the day for the House resolving itself into a committee on the bill to prevent the sale of ships to our enemies being called for,

Mr. Hussey rose and said, he totally disliked the power granted by the former bill to the Privy Council, to permit the sale of vessels at their discretion; not that he thought they abused the privilege granted them, but because he was of opinion no dispensing power of that sort should be lodged any where.

Mr. Bickel said he saw no good reason why that liberty should be taken away from the Privy Council; the bill gave them no power to grant leave for ships of force; it was confined solely to innocent vessels, such as merchant ones, &c. The prevention of sale of ships of this description to foreigners, he contended, would be a great hardship to the trading part of the nation, and was never, he believed, in the intention of the legislature.

Sir George Yonge said, the act made a distinction between ships of force, and those merely calculated for trade; these must, of course, be a right lodged somewhere, of judging of what vessels are allowable, and what are not so.

Mr. Hussey declared he was now, as he always had been, averse from the merchants of the country in time of war building ships to sell to foreigners. All the shipwrights and others of that profession, that could be possibly procured any where, ought to be employed by government for the public service, not suffered to work for the advantage of the individual, to the detriment of the state at large.

The Lord Advocate desired the clerk to read two resolutions of the House last session, relative to India matters. The one was a recommendation to the Court of Directors, to recall Warren Hastings from the government of Bengal: The other, that the House would early this session take into consideration the policy and administration of that country, so as to settle it on some permanent and solid foundation. The Lord Advocate then said, the affairs of India were of the greatest magnitude and importance to this nation; they had taken up a deal of the attention of the House for these two years past:

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He said, the committees who sat on this business had two objects in view—the one was the punishment of delinquency wherever it should appear; the other was to lay the foundation of such a system of policy in our Asiatic territories, as to prevent the commission of such crimes. He said, during the last session, an enquiry had been set on foot, relative to the conduct of a Member of that House, in his government: That in consequence of that enquiry, a bill of pains and penalties had been brought in, which had been kept alive, notwithstanding the prorogation of Parliament, by an act for that purpose. He then stated to the House its resolution for advising the local Governor Hastings, and that the Court of Directors had come to a similar resolution, but that a General Court of Proprietors, dissatisfied by their determination. How decent, or justifiable this conduct was in the Proprietors, he should not at this time discuss: All that he should do, would be merely to move for all the letters and other papers, which passed between the Court of Directors, and his Majesty's Secretary of State. He said, that though he called for those papers, he should not before the records enter on the business, but he had done it on this idea, that gentlemen might make themselves perfect masters of the subject before it came under deliberation again.

Mr. Secretary Townshend seconded the motion.

Governor Johnstone said, the Court of Proprietors, in refusing their consent to the recall of Governor Hastings, had acted wisely. They knew his great industry, his care, and diligence in all their concerns; he had served them faithfully for many years, and were they to blame, said the Governor, to wish to retain in their service so valuable a man?

Mr. Thomas Pitt intreated the House, that they would not suppose their honour called in question by the decision of the Court of Proprietors, as they had not exceeded the authority vested in them; they were fully competent to the matter, and therefore could not intend any insult in asserting their rights.

Mr. Burke censured, with great severity, the Proprietors, for flying directly in the face of Parliament, on a subject which had been for such a length of time considered, and so fully investigated by them, and the merits of which had been so perfectly known; however, he hoped, when the House came to deliberate on it, they would do it with moderation and with temper, but, at the same time, with firmness.

General Smith urged the necessity of the House entering fully into our Asiatic concerns, and that without loss of time, as the only method left of retrieving our affairs in that quarter.

The question was put and agreed to.

The House resolved itself, agreeable to the order of the day, into a committee, on the bill for the importation of corn, Mr. Byng in the chair.

EUROP. MAG.

The Lord Mayor rose, and expatiated on the sufferings of the poor of this metropolis thro' the scarcity of corn. The price of wheat was excessive, and barley so very high, as to amount to almost a total prohibition of the use of it. He attributed the scarcity of grain to our ports being shut; nor could the present grievance be removed till they were opened. He said he did not imagine the high price of flour was entirely owing to a want of wheat in the country, so much as to those wretches, who, on speculation, had monopolized large quantities of it, to the prejudice of their fellow creatures. But was permission once granted to neutral vessels to bring corn into our ports, the poor would no longer labour under the difficulties they have done for some time past. The motion he would therefore make, is, "That the importation of wheat flour be permitted for a limited time, subject to a low duty."

Mr. Old made an amendment to it, by adding rye flour, and all other kind of grain.

DECEMBER 17.

The Lord Mayor brought in his bill for allowing the importation of foreign corn, in neutral bottoms; and the House, in order to accelerate its progress, thought proper to dispense with their usual forms, and suffered it to be read twice in one day, and made an order for sending it to-morrow to a committee of the whole House.

Lord Mulgrave rose, to move for the thanks of the House to Sir Edward Hughes. His Lordship said, that in a late debate, on a motion of a similar nature, he had collected the sense of the House, how far, and to whom thanks ought to be voted; and he had accordingly worded his motion, as that he hoped it would meet the general concurrence of both sides of the House: He agreed perfectly in opinion with the Hon. Member below him (Mr. Burke) that thanks ought to be voted to him only who held the auspices, or, in other words, to the Commander in Chief. With this principle it was not to be expected that he would move thanks to the gallant officer who was second in command to Sir Edward Hughes. Few men knew that officer's merits so well as he did, from the intimacy that subsisted between them. However, he trusted that it would be thought no inconsistency in him to say, that he would second any other Member who would move for thanks to his gallant friend, Commodore King.

It had been said, on a former day, that thanks ought to be voted only for brilliant actions; he was precisely of that opinion, and he hoped no gentleman, who had considered the gallant manner in which the Admiral had fought against a superior force, would say that the issue was not brilliant. His Lordship concluded by moving, that the thanks of the House be given to Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, K. B. for the important services performed in India by the Squadron under his

command, on the 17th of February, and 12th of April, 1782.

The Marquis of Graham said, that after the very brilliant manner in which the Noble Lord had expiated himself, there remained nothing open for him to do, than to give the motion his most hearty assent.

Governor Jonestown rose next; he was as ready as any man to give due praise to Sir Edward Hughes, but he did not think that the 17th of February and 12th of April were the most brilliant periods of that gallant officer's services; these two days were highly honourable both to himself and his country; but he was nevertheless of opinion, that he served his country more effectually, when he, with a perseverance highly honourable to himself, continued to carry his attacks against the Dutch settlements, till he had made himself master of them, and broke their power in the Carnatic. He then begged to the Noble Lord, whether it would not be better to leave out the mention of the two actions of the 17th of February, and 12th of April, and move the thanks in general, for his meritorious services in India.

Lord Murgrave said, he would readily close with the wish of the Hon. Member, if he thought that by sinking these two glorious actions, he should add to the gallant Admiral's praise. Parliament thanked only for brilliant services. The actions of the 17th of February and 12th of April were brilliant; and therefore these periods were singled out from the rest, not perhaps because they had been really the most useful to the public cause, but because they were the most brilliant.

The question was now put on Lord Murgrave's motion, which was carried unanimously.

Lord Newhaven then moved for thanks to Commodore King, which were voted *nem. con.*

Col. Pennington moved next for thanks to Sir Eyre Coote, for his unremitting perseverance in opposing the difficulties in which his country was involved in India; and for the important services he had rendered his country as the head of the army in the Carnatic.

Mr. Secretary Townshend said, that from official correspondence he could speak in the highest strains of panegyric of that able officer; and therefore it was but natural that he should agree to a motion for thanking him: "But he hoped the votes would stop here; he had not occupied the vote for thanks to Commodore King, because it would be invidious to oppose such a mark of honour to a very deserving officer; but he hoped that in future it would be deemed sufficient to thank only the commander in chief."

The question was put, and passed *nem. con.*

DECEMBER 18.

Mr. Fox rose to make his promised motion relative to the provisional treaty with America. On this subject he said very little more than had already been frequently said upon the same topic;

but he diversified his arguments with a great deal of ingenuity. He remarked, that having called upon such of his Majesty's Ministers as sat in the House of Commons, for an explanation of the meaning and nature of the provisional treaty, they had given a clear and satisfactory answer; and with this he could remain perfectly satisfied, if he had not the best reason to be convinced that no two things upon earth could be more opposite to each other, or differ more, than the explanation given to the same treaty by his Majesty's Ministers in one place, and a Minister of his Majesty in another; for while the former had fairly and roundly declared the treaty with America to be final, conclusive, and irrevocable, the latter as roundly asserted the very contrary. To come to a full elucidation on this subject, it was his wish to see the treaty itself; and as the House would barely deign to have the treaty, the noble Lord need not be alarmed for his confidence; he might produce the articles, and keep his meaning to himself; the House of Commons would put a construction upon them themselves, which could not in future be explained away by any Minister. In a word, all he wished to learn was, what there was really a subsisting treaty with America, which should survive the present negotiations with France, though they should not end in a peace? This being a reasonable curiosity, he expected support in his motion, though he counted none: he did not know whether he might expect the support of the noble Lord in the blue ribbon, who, by a strange mode of reasoning, brought himself to vote with Ministers, because they did not agree with one another. If his motion should be adopted, the House would then be able to judge for themselves, whether the independence was, as he hoped it was, unconditional and irrevocable: at all events, he hoped Ministers would not shelter themselves behind their oaths; but that if they wished him to withdraw his motion, they would make him do it, by convincing him by sound argument, that he ought to withdraw it.—He then moved, "That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, that he will be graciously pleased to order that there be laid before this House, copies of such parts of the provisional treaty with America, as relate to the recognition of the independence of that country."

Lord John Cavendish seconded the motion.

Mr. T. Pitt agreed, he said, with the honourable member who had opened the debate, in almost all his arguments; but he was free to say, that there was not one of them which went to prove, that there was a necessity for producing the provisional treaty on this day, rather than on any future day; and it was because he could not see that necessity, that he was resolved to move the order of the day.—He agreed with the honourable member that either House of Parliament might interfere whenever they pleased, and advise his Majesty; but it was more properly the duty of Parliament to revise treaties, than to make them; and calling for them, when there could be no danger in pub-

lishing

lishing them to the world, either give thanks or pass censure on the Ministers who had concluded them, just as they should be found to deserve either. The honourable gentleman was desirous to see the treaty, to learn if the independence was unconditionally and irrevocably recognized; were not the Americans interested in the treaty? Were not the contents of it known to them? And when the honourable gentleman should know that they had accepted of the treaty, ought he not to be satisfied? He concluded with moving the order of the day.

Lord Mahon rose to second that motion: he said he had listened with astonishment to the honourable member who had made the motion for papers; for he had heard him mis-quote and mis-state what had fallen from a noble Lord in another place. He applied next to the honourable gentleman, to know if his conduct could truly be called candid: he moved for that part only of the treaty which might fix an odium upon Ministers for surrendering the dominion of this country over America, without any condition; because, whatever stipulations there might be in the treaty in favour of England, they could not be produced, under the term, of his motion.

Lord Maitland spoke in favour of Mr. Fox's motion: he stated the good effects that would follow the production of the papers moved for; the true meaning of the provisional treaty would be ascertained; and Parliament having once agreed to put a construction upon it, from which Ministers could never recede, the Ministers of foreign powers might then treat with us with a confidence which they do not at present repose in the persons who have the management of our affairs.

Lord Nugent spoke against the motion for producing the treaty; his Lordship only stated, that for some years back he had seen the necessity of recognizing the independence of America; but those who were now so forward to move for, or at least recommend it, were formerly very backward on that head. He opposed the motion, he said, because it was unprecedented to call for articles of a treaty, pending a negotiation.

Lord North, in a vein of wit and irony, occasionally exposed to ridicule both the mover for the papers, and the Ministers. The honourable wished to see the treaty, only upon the principle that it was final and conclusive; he

must therefore give those leave to vote against him, who believed it not to be conclusive: for this belief he had at least probable grounds:—it was an opinion among casuals, that the opinion of one or two doctors, was enough to make an opinion probable; now, in the construction of the treaty, he had the opinion of two grave doctors, two great Ministers, that the treaty was not conclusive; hence it was fair for him to draw this conclusion, that it was at least doubtful whether it was conclusive or not: now he had the King's Speech, *non est curiarum*, to prove that it was probable the treaty was not conclusive. It had been suggested that there were secret articles in the treaty, which were not known to France; he wished the suggestion was true; but indeed he did not believe it; however, he was comforted by the idea thrown out by the noble Lord (Maitland) that there were stipulations in the treaty in favour of this country; he hoped the noble Lord spoke from good authority, and he flattered himself that he did. His Lordship used a great many other arguments against the motion for the treaty, and said, let us, in the name of God, strengthen the hands of Ministry, and if the nation is then dishonoured by them, in the hour of vengeance they will have no shield to cover their devoted head.

The debate now became general, when Mr. Pitt, General Conway, Mr. Burke, Mr. Sheridan, and several others spoke; and at length the question was put on the first motion for the production of the treaty, when the result appeared,

Against it	—	219
For it	—	46
Majority		173

DECEMBER 20.

Mr. David Huxley moved, that the House be called over on the 22d of January.

The motion was seconded by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was agreed to.

DECEMBER 23.

The House entered upon no public business this day; the short space between the time the Speaker took the Chair, and the summons to attend his Majesty in the House of Peers, was spent in receiving accounts from different public officers, and in transacting private business. After their return, they adjourned to the 21st of January.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DECEMBER 26.

Drury-Lane.

AFTER the tragedy of the Orphan, a new pantomime called the Triumph of Mirth; or Harlequin's Wedding, was presented for the first time. The principal characters in which were:

Harlequin,	Mr. Wright,
Pantaloon,	Mr. Delbini,
Clown, -	Mr. Grimaldi,
Magician,	Mr. Chaplin.
Mirth, -	Miss Fidd,
Columbine,	Miss Collatt.

Harlequin, by his gambols, having offended the Magician, he, by his art, confined him in an urn. Mirth, being thus deprived of her favourite son, betakes herself to solitude; and, while wandering among some ruins, comes to the abode of the Magician, whom she draws from his cavern by her melodious plaints, at which period the piece commences. The Magician, charmed by the powers of her voice, consents to liberate Harlequin, which is immediately accomplished by the urn's breaking from around him. Harlequin being at liberty, the common buffle, buffoonery, incoherent incoherence, hair-breadth 'scapes, &c. take place, with which these kind of entertainments are made up, and which, in the end, generally terminate with the consent of Pantaloon, for the union of Harlequin and Columbine; this being obtained in the Triumph of Mirth, the whole is concluded by the nuptial procession; in which, Ceres, Silenus, Bacchus, Pan, Diana, &c. with their attendants, make a part.

JANUARY 1.

Covent Garden.] A new musical piece, of two acts, said to be written by Mrs. Brook, author of the *Siege of Sinope*, and many other literary pieces, was performed. The characters were as follow:

Mr. Belville, -	Mr. Baillister
Captain Belville,	Mr. Brett,
William, - -	Mrs. Kennedy,
Rufic, - - -	Mr. Davis,
Irishman, - -	Mr. Eagun.
Rosina, - - -	Miss Harper,
Phœbe - - -	Mrs. Mary,
Dorcas, - - -	Miss Pitt.

The story of this little poetical morceau is evidently taken from the episode of Lavinia, in Thomson's autumn, and so well managed, as to produce a very pleasing dramatic effect. The dialogue is simple and natural, and the airs, which are a compilation by Mr. Shields, happily adapted. The performers, to an individual, exerted themselves in their several parts, and succeeded to their utmost wishes, as many of the songs were encored, and the whole went off with very great applause.

JANUARY 6.

Drury-Lane.] Miss Kemble made her appearance in *Alicia*, in Rowe's tragedy of *Jane Shore*.—From the circumstance of her being Mrs. Siddons's sister, the attention of the audience was directed towards her with uncommon indulgence, and merits admitted to which she had scarcely any pretensions. Her voice is very full and commanding, but without the pathetic tones which distinguish her sister. Her action is rather violent, and her deportment by no means graceful; but these defects may be conquered.

JANUARY 7.

Hay-Market.] A new serious opera, called *Cimene*, was produced for the first time, the characters as follow:

Fernando, K. of Spain,	Signor Scovelli.
Cymene, Countess of Gormas, - -	Signora Carnivale.
Rodrigo, a Castilian Prince, - - -	Signor Pacchierotti.
Elvyra, daughter to Fernando - -	Signora Polone.
Duarte, Prince of the Blood, - - -	Signor Battolina.
Armando, Captain of the Guards, - -	Signor Schiavotti.

The fable of this piece is as follows:—Fernando, first king of Spain, appointed the old Diego, a valiant captain, to be tutor to his son. The Count of Gormas, being enraged at such preference, and his resentment to such a pitch as to strike him on the face. Rodrigo, son of him who had been offended, soon reconciled his father, with the death of the aggressor. Cymene, daughter to the Count, although she devoted on Rodrigo, and was betrothed to him, not only prevailed on the king to exile him, under pain of death, but being inconsolable in her grief, promised her hand to any one who should bring her the head of her enemy. There were then in Spain two Moorish kings, who ransacked all the country, and Fernando reduced to take refuge in Seville, the only city now left him, but was already besieged, and almost taken, had no way to save himself. In such distress Rodrigo, with a small number of his friends, arrived voluntarily and seasonably to the relief of his country, routed the enemy's army, and took the two Moorish kings prisoners.

As soon as Rodrigo was found to be the deliverer of Spain, Fernando took him to his royal favour again, and Cimene then reconciled to him, he then was married to her.

The music in the above production is entirely new, and the composition of that illustrious master Signor Bartoni. The overture, particularly in the 1st part, which was executed with infinite ease and ability by Giordani, is inimitable; and the duet in the last act, sung by Pacchierotti and Carnivale, is also exquisitely fine; but several of the airs are defective both in variety and sweetness, and it is peculiar, that with all the advantage of excellent execution, none of them were encored. Signora Carnivale, made her appearance that night for the first time upon an English theatre.

JANUARY 17.

Covent-Garden.] An alteration of Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of the *Scornful Lady*, was performed under the title of the *Capricious Lady*, the characters of which were thus represented:

Lowells,

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

20. Bailiff, A. D. 1067.

The Chief Magistrate, so called by the Normans.

21. Henry Fitz Alwyn, A. D. 1189.
First Lord-Mayor of London.

Mercers, A. D. 1395.

Mayor—2 Aldermen—2 Common-council-men—2 Liverymen

Skinners, A. D. 1325.

Grocers, A. D. 1344.

Vintners, A. D. 1340.

Bacchus, the son of Jupiter and Semele, God of Wine; he planted the first vine in Egypt.

Drapers, A. D. 1438.

Weavers, A. D. 1104.

Penelope at her web. The daughter of Icarus, and wife of Ulysses, a Princess of great chastity, who, during her husband's stay at the siege of Troy, when it was reported he was dead, was addressed by many suitors, and having promised to determine when she had finished a web of cloth, to delay the time, she undid in the night what she had finished in the day, and so amused them till her husband's return, when he slew them.

Fishmongers, A. D. 1537.

Dyers, A. D. 1472.

Iris in her rainbow, the messenger of the Goddess Juno.

Goldsmiths, A. D. 1391.

Armourers, A. D. 1423.

Merchant Taylors, A. D. 1469.

Bakers, A. D. 1307.

Ceres, the Goddess who first taught mankind to plough and sow, and reap and house their corn.

Haberdashers, A. D. 1502.

Butchers, A. D. 1604.

An ox decorated for sacrifice.

Salts, A. D. 1558.

Sadlers, A. D. 1281.

Cordwainers, A. D. 1458.

Crispin and Crispianus—the latter taking leave of the former, he going to the wars, and leaving his brother to follow the business of shoemaking. Supposed sons of King Logrid in Maximinus's time, who, seeking their lives, they were disguised by their mother, and travelling about, at Fecrham in Kent, were apprenticed to Robans, a Shoemaker. They afterwards each of them married a Princess.

Ironmongers, A. D. 1464.

Blacksmiths, A. D. 1577.

The Cyclops at work. They were the sons of Neptune and Amphitrite, and assisted Vulcan in forging Jupiter's thunder-bolts.

Woolmen, A. D. 1511.

Bishop Blaise, the inventor of wool-combing, Musicians.

Apollo, the God of Music, attended by his Pieriades, the ancient Bards, and Doctors of astronomy.

no means the time that this transparency halted son joined. of the audience, two dances were followed by two glees.

Shipwrights, A. D. 1605.

Noah's Ark. The first vessel or ship built by the art of man.

Apothecaries, A. D. 1618.

Esculapius, the son of Apollo, the God of Health. Chiron taught him physic. He was killed by Jupiter for bringing Hippolitus to life. The Serpent and Dog symbolical of the arts of healing and physic.

John Norman, A. D. 1250.

First Mayor that was sworn at Westminster.

Henry Darcey, A. D. 1378.

First Mayor that had a mace borne before him.

Henry Pickard, A. D. 1463.

Entertained at one time four Kings, i. e. Edward III. of England, John of France, David of Scotland, and the King of Cyprus.

John Philpot, A. D. 1378.

Hired a thousand soldiers and took John Mercer, a sea-rover, with all the ships he had before taken from Scarborough, and fifteen Spanish ships, laden with great riches.

William Walworth, A. D. 1381.—Banner with city arms.

By the slaying of Wat Tyler in Smithfield, delivered the kingdom from a dangerous insurrection, and was knighted for it in the field.

Thomas Knowles, A. D. 1400.

New-built Guildhall, re-edified St. Anthony's church, and conveyed water to Ludgate for the use of the prisoners.

Richard Whittington, A. D. 1421.

Three times Mayor; founded the library of Gray's Inn, Whittington-college, and almshouse, and whose executors built Newgate.

Thomas Cook, A. D. 1462.

Knight of the Bath.

John Young, A. D. 1466.

Knight Banneret.

John Shaw, Mayor, A. D. 1501.

First entertained the Aldermen and Citizens in Guildhall.

William Fitzwilliam, A. D. 1506.

For his attachment to Cardinal Wolsey in his fall (who had been the means of his great fortune,) King Henry the Eighth knighted him, and made him a Privy-counsellor. He left the King by will his great ship, with all her tackle, and his George set with diamonds, and Collar of the Garter, at his death, he was Knight of the Garter, Lord Privy Seal, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

John Allen, A. D. 1544.

Gave a rich gold collar to be worn by the Mayor, and 500 marks for a stock of sea-coal.

Thomas Gresham, A. D. 1566.

Built the Royal Exchange, and almshouses for the poor.

THE GRAND PAGEANT.

A triumphal arch. On the left side, on a pedestal, is seen Industry; on the right, Commerce; over which are two symbolical medallions. Through the arch is seen the genius of the city, crowned with a wreath of palm-tree; in one hand a goblet, in the other a branch full

of little twigs, to signify increase and indulgence. On his right hand, the council of the city with a wreath of oak on his head, and the fasces in his hand, as tokens of strength and civil magistracy; on his left, the warlike force of the city, with his helm on, and crowned with laurel, implying strength and conquest: At his feet, Thames, the river god, leaning on his urn.

The personages of this procession were all dressed in the Characters of the times in which they lived, and before each of them a label, a

scroll, or a pageant, was carried, bearing their name, or some allusion of the Poets to their occupation. The figures in transparency were all painted as large as the life, and had a most grand and beautiful effect. The principal exhibited Penelope at her web; Iris encircled in her rainbow; Ceres, Crispin and Crispianus, the Cyclops at work in their caves, Apollo, Æsculapius, and a Triumphal Arch, with an emblematical painting in the center, proper to the subject of the procession.

P O E T R Y.

ODE for the NEW YEAR,

JAN. 1, 1783.

YE nations, hear th' important tale,
Tho' armies press, tho' fleets assail,
Tho' vengeful war's collected stores
At once united Bourbon pours,
Unmov'd amidst th' insulting bands,
Emblem of Britain, Calpe stands!
Th' all-conqu'ring hosts their baffled efforts
mourn,
And tho' the wreath's prepar'd, unwreath'd
the chiefs return.

Ye nations hear! nor fondly deem
Britannia's ancient spirit fled,
Or glooming weeps her setting beam,
Whole fierce meridian rays her rivals dread.
Her genius slept, her genius wakes,
Nor strength deserts her, nor high Heav'n for-
takes.

To Heav'n she bends, and Heav'n alone,
Who all her wants, her weakness knows;
And supplicates th' eternal Throne
To spare her crimes and heal her woes;
Proud man with vengeance still
Pursues, and aggravates even fancied ill;
Far gentler means offended Heav'n employs,
With mercy Heav'n corrects, chastises, not
destroys.

When Hope's last gleam can hardly dare
To pierce the gloom and sooth despair,
When flames th' uplifted bolt on high,
In act to cleave th' offended sky,
Its issuing wrath can Heav'n repress,
And win to virtue by success.

Then Oh! to Heav'n's protecting hand
Be praise, be prayer address'd,
Whose mercy bids a guilty land
Be virtuous and be blest.

So shall the rising year regain
The erring seasons wonted chain,

The rolling months that gird the sphere
Again their wonted liveries wear;
And health breathe fresh in ev'ry gale,
And plenty clothe each smiling vale,
With all the blessings nature yields
To temperate suns from fertile fields,
So shall the proud be taught to bow,
Pale envy's vain contentions cease,
The sea once more its sov'reign know,
And glory gild the wreath of peace.

IDYLLION.

IN spiral volumes see you smoke arise,
Soft through the air then waves in dingy
folds,
It does from yonder mud-built cot proceed,
That humbly peeps betwixt the russet wolds.

Some stunted beeches and some rugged pines,
Partly conceal the little casement clean;
The cocks and hens and pigs run to and fro,
Tidy the place, however poor and mean.

This cot contain'd a Damsel fair and neat,
Full well I trow she carded, spun, and sew'd;
She was belov'd by Edmund of the vale;
The hamlet knows how well he reap'd and
mow'd.

Tall was his person, and his open face
Display'd the feelings of an honest heart;
His clear brown skin bespoke both health and
strength,
And that to alehouse he did ne'er depart.

He brought new fairings from the neighb'ring
town,
A tumbler, knife, and knot of cherry hue;
Tho' small the tokens, yet full well they shew'd
His soul was liberal, and his love was true.

The modest Maid blush'd, smil'd, and gently spoke

A few plain words, both grateful and reserved.

Young Edmund thought she ow'd him some return,

And took a kiss—a kiss he well deserv'd.

Yet not content he must have something more,

With stamm'ling voice at length prefer'd a boon,

That she would be his lawful wedded wife

Without delay, before the next new moon.

Her father said, "Young Edmund loves you well,

"And you love him, and tho' he rents no land,

"Yet worth he has, and worth will always thrive

—"He has your heart, and therefore give your hand.

A U R A.

THE LITTLENES OF HUMAN WISDOM.

Know man! that God has given thee understanding to guide thy behaviour, and not to penetrate into the essence of things which he has created.

VOI TAIRE.

MAN measures earth, the air he weighs,
The spacious sky above surveys,
The planetary sphere
Explores;—views suns, on suns advance,
And worlds, on worlds, thro' heaven's expanse,
That roll in order there.

But how a single *grass* do h grow,
A *cherry* ripen,—*lily* blow,
To him is quite unknown;
Yet full of pride,—temerity,
Nature's grand scheme he would desery, "
So wond'rous learned grown.

By law, his own, destroyeth worlds,
Or new one, into Ether huals;
Pervades with piercing eye
All things in heaven, in air, on earth,
What *cause* gives each *effect* its birth,
Tho' plann'd by the *Mast High*.

But how his feet obey his will,
At his command move, or stand still,
He knows not;—yet would tell,
Such his presumptuous confidence,
The *Almighty's* place of residence,
Where situated *Hell*.

How *God* seeth, affecteth, and commands,
Past, present, future, understands;
Yet ah! he doth not know
Himself,—or how the sense retains,
Of feeling pleasures, tears, or pains,
Or doth exist, and grow.

Go wondrous creature! to be good
First learn! go give the hungry food,
And clothe the naked poor!
Go,—cherish worth,—true merit prize,
Thy country's happiness devise,
These, these, are in thy power.

This done,—of nature's secrets rare,
Take to the full,—thy allotted share,
But what was pre-design'd;
Too vast for thee, by heaven's high will,
Superior to all human skill,
Leave to th' Eternal mind.

To whom creation does belong,
Who made *all right*, and *nothing wrong*,
And over *all* presides;
Governs, directs, the according whole
Of beauty,—order, is the *governor*,
And *all in perfect wisdom* guides.

C L I O.

A SONNET from a MS. in the BRITISH MUSEUM, supposed to be written by SPENCER.

WHEN Venus did descend from heaven above,
To vewe the earth, which long time she had left,
(For since Diana had destroyed hir love,
The wooddes and fields weare of hir sight bereft);
It was hir chaunc on Daymon for to finde,
Whos yealdinge thoughte hir beawtye rare did bynde.

This Daymon was prowde, envious, and trewe,
Faythful to none, butt full of secrett spight;
A servaunte faire vsfite where he did fue,
His tongue he framed to meritte what he might;
Which was with flatterye so fullye charmen,
That none could scape, but was by itt muche haumen.

A glorious minde, which made him hated moſte,
Full of diſsaygne, though he none more baſe then he;

Of Venus favour often would he boſte,
Who was not worthy her fayer eyes to ſee;
But longe he did nott in this triumph dwell,
For Mars his jealousye beganne to swell.

His wrathe was greates, revenge he soone did take,

Of this bouldre gueſte, who ſoughte, like Nero, came;

He methamorphosed was, for Venus sake,
In water, to delaye his burning flame;

A runninge streame, yett never clenſede from yll,

Where vertue ebbes, and miſchiefe ſlowthe ſyll.

A moddy

A moddy lake, a sinke of loathsome taste,
 A pore where snakes their venome morte
 did hide;
 A poyson stronge, to make all goodnes waste
 The depthe of vice, that never could be tried:
 Wher treason swimes, and all decepte dothe
 dwell,
 A water, worse than that which leads to hell!

En jupon court
 Venus vent qu'on aille à Cythère.
 En jupon court
 On doit célébrer le mystère
 De Pâphos. Celui d'Idalie
 La mode a prisé d'Italie.
 Du jupon court,
 Du jupon court.

H O R A C E, O D E IX. L I B. I.

SEE how the hills are cover'd deep with
 snow,
 And naked woods beneath their burthen bow;
 The rivers too retard their wonted course
 So great is stormy winter's frigid force!

Be with my friend, dissolve the cold intense,
 With rousing heat, nor mind a small expence,
 With liberal hand pour round the smiling bowl,
 To drive dull care away, and cheer thy soul.

The rest with prudence to the Gods commit,
 For knowledge makes them act as they thinke
 fit,
 Who when they've silent laid the struggling
 wind,
 Will grow more generous, unreserv'd, and kind.

To-morrow's good or ill avoid to ask;
 T'enjoy the present minute be thy task,
 What fickle fortune give, call perfect gain,
 And live devoid of business, fear, and pain.

Nor thou while youth displays his charms
 despise,
 The potent rays that dart from Cælia's eyes,
 But with a sprightly soul for pleasure prove,
 The rapturous joys that spring from dance,
 and love.

Frequent the field of Mars, the stage and park,
 And let the gentle whisper in the dart.
 Be well observ'd at the prefixed time,
 Nor frame excuses that thou mayst decline.

Now in the corner too, the lurking maid,
 By wanton laughter's easily betray'd,
 And the rich pledge snatch'd from her yielding
 arms,
 The conscious mind of every fear disarms.

C L I O.

G H A N S O N.

EN jupon court
 Vous avez l'air d'une déesse;
 En jupon court
 Pour vous voir l'on court, l'on s'empresse
 Vos pas seront semés de fleurs;
 Vous allez ravir tous les cœurs
 En jupon court,
 En jupon court.

EUROP. MAG.

En jupon court
 De Bacchus-se font les orgies.
 En jupon court
 On a de douces sévères;
 Et l'on vient au but capital,
 Sitôt qu'on donne le signal
 En jupon court,
 En jupon court:

En jupon court
 On dance toujours avec grâce.
 En jupon court
 De Phillis, qu'on suit à la trace,
 On découvre mille beautés
 Sous les mouvemens répétés
 D'un jupon court,
 D'un jupon court.

En jupon court
 On ne peut que charmer et plaire.
 En jupon court
 On étale le Savoir faire
 D'un petit pied mignon qui trotte;
 Et qui semble battre la note
 En jupon court,
 En jupon court.

E P I T A P H

On Miss POOLE of CROYDON,

lately deceased.

PASS not this sacred spot, with heedless
 tread,
 But muse, and learn instruction from the dead.
 Could brilliant genius, dear engaging youth,
 The sweetest manners, and the strictest truth;
 The allost honour, friendship most refin'd,
 Each grace of feature, and each charm of mind;
 Could these, have e'er the darts of death defied,
 Thousands had now worn this POOLE had
 never died.

Learn hence, to prize with caution all below,
 Nor love that earth you must soon leave;
 Tread virtue's paths, towards heaven direct
 your eyes,
 Nor think ought worth your gaze beneath the
 skies.

L. L. O.

K

T.

To Dr. DE LA COUR, in IRELAND,
On his PROSPECT OF POETRY *.

Written by JAMES THOMSON, Author of the
Seasons.

(Never published in England.)

HAIL gently warbling De La Cour, whose
fame,
Spurning Hibernia's solitary coast,
Where small rewards attend the tuneful throng,
Pervades Britannia's well discerning isle;
In spite of all the gloomy-minded tribe
That would eclipse thy merit—shall the muse
High floating o'er the tall Parnassian mount,
With spreading pinions sing thy wondrous
praise,
In strains attun'd to the seraphic lyre.
Sing unappal'd, tho' mighty be the theme!
O! could she in thy own harmonious strain,
Where softest numbers smoothly flowing glide
In trickling cadence; where the milky maze
Devolves in silence; by the harsher sound
Of hoarser periods still unruddled, could
Her lines but like thine own Euphrates flow?
Then might she sing in numbers worthy thee.
But what can language do, when fancy finds
Herself unequal to the lovely task?
Can feeble words thy vivid colours paint,
Or shew the sweets which inexhaustive flow?

Hearken ye woods, and long-resounding
groves,
Listen ye streams soft purling through the
meads,

And hymning hoar'd, all ye tempests roar.
Awake, ye woodlands! sing, ye warbling larks,
In wildly luscious notes! but most of all
Attend ye grateful fair, attend the youth
Who sweetly sings of nature and of you:
From you alone his conscious breast ex-
pects

Its soft rewards, by sordid love of gain
Unbias'd, undebas'd; to meaner minds
Belong such narrow views, his nobler soul
Transported with a gen'rous thirst of fame,
Sublimely rises with expanded wings,
And through the lucid Empyrean soars.
So the young eagle wings its rapid way:
Thro' heav'n's broad azure; sometimes springs
aloft,

Now drops, now cleaves with even-waving
wings

The yielding air, nor least nor mountains stop
Its flight impetuous, gazing at the sun
With irretor'd eye, whilst he pervades
A trackless void; and unexplor'd before.

Long had the curious traveller strove to find
The ruins of aspiring Babylon
In vain—for nought the nicest eye could
trace,
Save one wide waste, undistinguish'd waste:
But you with more than magic art have
rais'd

Semiramis' city from its grave;
You have rever'd the scripture curse, which
said,

Dragons shall here inhabit; in your page
We view the rising spires, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders thro' the verdant maze;
In middle air the pendent gardens hang,
Tremendous celling!—Whilst no solar beam
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom beneath; the
woods

Project above a sleep alluring shade;
The finish'd garden opens to the view
Wide stretching vistas, while the whisp'ring
wind

Dimples along the breezy-ruffled lake.
Now every tree irregular, and boughs
Are prodigal of harmony, the birds
Frequent th' acroft woods, and nature blushes
Athen'd to find herself outdone by art.
These and a thousand beauties, as I sing,
Collecting like the ever-singing bee
From yonder mingled Alderets of flowers
The aromatic sweets; while you great youth,
O'er thy decaying country chief preside;
Be thou her genius call'd, inspire her youth
With noble emulation to arrive
At Helicon's fair foot, which few, alas!
Save ye, have tasted of Hibernian youth.
Thy country, tho' corrupted, brought thee
forth

And deem'd her greatest ornament; and now
Regards thee as her brightest northern star!
Long may you reign as such, and should grim
Time,

With iron teeth, deprive us of our Pope,
Then we'll transplant thy blooming laurels
fresh

From your bleak shore to Albion's happier coast.

Lines written impromptu in a Pocket
Volume of Thomson's Seasons.

ENDEARING bard! 'twas thine in
matchless ore,

The various charms of nature to explore.
Hail sweetest songster! thy amusing tale,
Whether along the hill, or silent dale
Thou sportive ro'f't, still bid'st new beauties
rise,

And scenes delightful greet our wond'ring eyes.
The different Seasons here describ'd appear,
And in thy song revolves the circling year;
In admiration lost we read thy verse,
And bless that genius who could thus rehearse,
Scenes so directly opposite as these,
Yet every scene exact, and form'd to please.
Dearest companion! to the youth who loves,
'To him who thro' the country joyous roves,
Led on by contemplation, charming maid,
And fair philosophy, in truth array'd;
Such, such, enraptur'd to thy song attend,
And in their pockets bear their much-lov'd
friend.

CLIO.

* We shall give this beautiful Poem, with the Author's last corrections, in our next.

MONTHLY

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

January 1.

BEING New Year's Day, was observed at the Court at St. James's as a grand collation. At noon the Ode, (see p. 71.) written by William Whitehead, Esq; Poet-laureat, and set by Mr. Stanley, master of the king's band, was performed in the great Council-chamber, before their Majesties, and the rest of the Royal Family, &c.

Advices have been received by a Danish ship which is arrived at Sheerness, from St. Thomas's, in the West-Indies, and which left that place on the 28th of November last, that a general insurrection had taken place in the French settlement of Guadaloupe, which threatened alarming consequences to the civil government established there. The cause of this rebellion took its rise from the imposition of some new taxes, which the inhabitants refused to submit to, and on the attempt to compel them to compliance, they rose to the amount of 7000 men, and had set the whole civil power of the island at defiance. The garrison, consisting of 4000 men, had been opposed against the multitude, but with so little success, that the Governor had been obliged to send an express to Europe for a reinforcement, or for an order from the French Court to suspend the tax complained of. The same vessel brings the further information, that an English fleet had arrived at St. Lucia just before she failed, but whether it came from America or Europe the Captain does not know.

9. A Chapter of the Bath was held at St. James's, when General Grey, now Sir Charles Grey, was elected and invested with the Ensigns of the said Order.

Capt. Luttrell, of the Royal Navy, who behaved so gallantly in a late engagement with five French ships of force, was at Court, and introduced to his Majesty.

When the two last advices came from Boston, the American army was distressed for arms and powder. Some supplies of cloaths had lately arrived from France, but these were procured on such extravagant terms, that a rank and file stood Congress in as much money as would purchase the uniforms of an English ensign.

Orders to the French merchants for goods to the amount of 300,000*l.* have been refused within the last three months, in consequence of the large arrears due from their transatlantic correspondents, which they are unwilling or unable to pay.

Some dispatches were received from General Elliott, Governor of Gibraltar, which are brought down so low as the 26th of last month, when every thing remained quiet, and they were busily employed in repairing the damages sustained by the last attack on that fortress.

An express arrived at the Admiralty from Sir Richard Pearson, at Portsmouth, with the agreeable news of his being safe arrived at Spit-

head, in the *Arethusa*, of 38 guns, with the *Æolus*, Capt. Collins, of 32, and *Merlin* sloop of 20, Capt. Lumisdale, having under their convoy the fleet from Newfoundland and Lisbon.

Two ships laden with wheat, arrived in the River from Dantzick, samples of which were yesterday brought to the Mansion-house, and are judged to be very fine corn, and full of flour; several more are expected.

Admiralty-Office, Jan. 11, 1783. The king having signified his pleasure to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that the uniform clothing at present worn by the flag officers of his Majesty's fleet shall be altered in the manner mentioned at the foot hereof; and that Commodores, having Captains under them, the first Captain to the Admiral of the fleet, and first Captains to Admirals commanding in chief squadrons of twenty sail of the line or more, shall be distinguished by wearing the same frock uniform as Rear Admirals; their Lordships do hereby give notice thereof to all flag officers, Commodores having Captains under them, and first Captains to the Admirals above-mentioned; and require and direct them to conform strictly thereto.

Such flag officers, however, as are provided with the uniforms in present use, are permitted to wear the same, if they think fit, till the end of the present year.

PH. STEPHENS.

UNIFORMS of the flag-officers of his Majesty's fleet to be hereafter as follows:

FULL DRESS.

Admiral's.—A blue cloth coat, with white cuffs; white waistcoat and breeches; the coat and waistcoat to be embroidered with gold, in pattern and description the same as that worn by Generals of his Majesty's army; three rows of embroidery upon the cuff.

Vice-Admiral's.—Ditto, with embroidery the same as that worn by Lieutenant-Generals; two rows of embroidery on the cuffs.

Rear-Admiral's.—Ditto, with embroidery the same as that worn by Major-Generals; one row of embroidery on the cuff.

Buttons the same pattern as are now in use.

UNDRESS.

Admiral's.—A blue cloth frock, with blue cuff and blue lappels; embroidered button-holes, like those now in use, from the top to the bottom of the lappel, at equal distance, and three on the cuff.

Vice-Admiral's.—Ditto; with button-holes three and three.

Rear-Admiral's.—Ditto; with button-holes two and two.

Plain white waistcoats and breeches.

Buttons the same pattern as are now in use.

14. Letters have been received from Sir Charles Knowles, commanding sea officer at Gibraltar, giving an account that on the 18th

ult. the Spaniards had made a very formidable attack on the *S. Mikhael*, of 74 guns, then at anchor off the New Mole, from their gun and mortar-boats: they threw near 300 shells at her, very few of which, Sir Charles observes, fell farther from her than 60 yards; most of them within ten, and many along-side: one was thrown into her, which went down through the quarter-deck, near the mizen-mast, and burst on the lower gun deck, blowing out a great part of the gun-room, and setting fire to a wad-room, which rendered it so dangerous that it was found necessary to throw all the ship's powder overboard, to prevent her being blown up. The fire was extinguished, and the ship afterwards put into as good a state as possible.

15. The sessions began at the Old Bailey, when 24 prisoners were tried, four of whom were capitally convicted, viz. John Merchant, for assaulting Thomas Delaporte on the highway in Kingland-road, and robbing him of three guineas; John Kelly, for assaulting Edward Adamson in a public-street in the parish of St. Ann, Middlesex, and robbing him of a sixpence, and one farthing; William Phillimore, for stealing six wether sheep, the property of Bright Hemming; and James Smith, for assaulting Agnes Ellis in her shop, and taking thereout a quantity of silk, and silk and cotton handkerchiefs.

16. Twenty-two prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, five of whom were capitally convicted, viz.—Sarah Pope, Anne Randall and Mary Dymocke, for stealing two pieces of printed cotton, value 40s. and upwards, in the dwelling-house of Ruth Roberts, at Poplar; John Harris, for stealing eight silver spoons, the property of Peter Livius, Esq; in his dwelling-house in Duke-street, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone; and Anne Dean, for privately stealing, in the shop of Mr. Capper, in Holborn, 20 yards of muslin, value 5s.

17. Eleven prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz. Dr. Magennis, for the murder of Mr. John Hardy, Hosier, in Newgate-street; and Robert Moore, for stealing a gold watch in the house of John Kiaghorn, at St. Catharine's. The Judge respite the execution of Magennis for a fortnight.

18. Being kept as the anniversary of her Majesty's birth-day, there was a very numerous and splendid appearance of the Nobility, Foreign Ministers, and other persons of distinction, at St. James's, to compliment their Majesties upon the occasion. The guns in the Park and at the Tower, were fired at one o'clock. There was a ball at Court in the evening, and illuminations and other public demonstrations of joy throughout the town.

20. Preliminary Articles of Pacification between his Britannic Majesty and the Most Christian King, the Britannic Majesty and the Most Catholic King, and his Britannic Majesty and the Commissioners of the United States of America, were signed at Versailles, of which the following are a translation:

ARTICLES OF PEACE between his Britannic Majesty and the Most Christian King.

Art. 1. As soon as the Preliminaries shall be signed and ratified, sincere friendship shall be re-established between his Britannic Majesty and his Most Christian Majesty, their kingdom, states, and subjects, by sea and by land, in all parts of the world: orders shall be sent to the armies and squadrons, as well as to the subjects of the two powers, to stop all hostilities, and to live in the most perfect union; and for the execution of this Article, sea-passes shall be given on each side for the ships which shall be dispatched to carry the news of it to the possessions of the said powers.

Art. 2. His Majesty the King of Great Britain shall preserve in full right the island of Newfoundland, and the adjacent islands, in the same manner as the whole was ceded to him by the 13th article of the treaty of Utrecht, save the exceptions which shall be stipulated by the fifth article of the present treaty.

Art. 3. His Most Christian Majesty renounces the right of fishing, which belongs to him by virtue of the said article of the treaty of Utrecht, from Cape Bonaville to Cape St. John, situated on the eastern coast of Newfoundland, in about 50 degrees of north latitude; whereby the French fishery shall commence at the said Cape St. John, shall go round by the north, and, going down the western coast of the island of Newfoundland, shall have for boundary the place called Cape Rayer, situated in 47 degrees 50 minutes latitude.

Art. 4. The French fishermen shall enjoy the fishery assigned them by the foregoing article, as they have a right to enjoy it by virtue of the treaty of Utrecht.

Art. 5. His Britannic Majesty will cede in full right to his Most Christian Majesty the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon.

Art. 6. With regard to the right of fishing in the Gulph of St. Laurence, the French shall continue to enjoy it conformably to the fifth article of the treaty of Paris.

Art. 7. The King of Great Britain shall restore to France the island of St. Lucia, and shall cede and guaranty to her that of Tobago.

Art. 8. The Most Christian King shall restore to Great Britain the islands of Grenada, and the Grenadines, St. Vincent's, Dominica, St. Christopher's, Nevis, and Montserrat; provided that the term of eighteen months be granted to the respective subjects of the Crowns of Great Britain and France, who may have settled in the said islands, and in other places which shall be restored by the definitive treaty, to sell their estates, recover their debts, and to transport their effects, and retire without being restrained on account of their religion, or any other cause whatever, except in cases of debt, or of criminal prosecutions.

Art. 9. The King of Great Britain shall cede and guaranty in full right to his Most Christian Majesty, the river of Senegal, and its dependencies, with the forts of St. Louis, Podor, Galam, Arguin, and Portendjé: his Britannic Majesty

Majesty shall restore likewise the island of Go-

Art. 10. The Most Christian King shall, on his side, guaranty to his Majesty the King of Great Britain, the possession of Fort James, and of the river Gambia.

By articles 11 and 12, the gum trade, and trade of the remaining part of the coast, to remain on the former footing.

Art. 13. The King of Great Britain shall restore to his Most Christian Majesty all the establishments which belonged to him at the commencement of the present war on the coast of Orissa, and in Bengal, with liberty to surround Chandernagor with a ditch for draining the waters; and his Britannic Majesty engages to take such measures as may be in his power, for securing to the subjects of France in that part of India, as also on the coasts of Orissa, Comorand, and Malabar, a safe, free, and independent trade, such as was carried on by the late French East India Company, whether it be carried on by them as individuals, or as a Company.

Art. 14. Pondicherry, as well as Caricall, shall likewise be restored and guarantied to France; and his Britannic Majesty shall procure to serve as a dependency round Pondicherry, the two districts of Valanour and Bahour; and as a dependency round Karikal, the four contiguous Magans.

Art. 15. France shall again enter into possession of Mahé, and of the Comptoir at Surat; and the French shall carry on commerce in this part of India, conformable to the principles laid down in the thirteen articles of this treaty.

By Art. 16, both parties engage to invite their Indian allies to accede to the peace; and, in case of refusal, not to assist them.

Art. 17. The King of Great Britain consents to the abrogation and suppression of all the articles relative to Dunkirk, from the treaty of peace concluded at Utrecht in 1713, inclusively, to this time.

By Art. 18, former treaties of amity to be renewed.

Art. 19. All the countries and territories which may have been or which may be conquered, in any part of the world whatsoever, by the arms of his Britannic Majesty, or by those of his Most Christian Majesty, and which are not included in the present articles, shall be restored without difficulty, and without requiring compensation.

Art. 20. Fixes the time of evacuations of the ceded and restored places, namely, the Islands of St. Pierre, Miquelon, St. Lucia, Goree, Grenada, the Grenadines, St. Vincent, Dominica, St. Christopher's, Nevis, and Montserrat, within three months; Pondicherry, and all other places in the East Indies, within six months after the ratification of the definitive treaty.

By Art. 21, all prisoners are to be released, without ransom, paying the debts they may have contracted.

Art. 22. In order to prevent all causes of complaint and dispute, the vessels and effects which may be taken in the Channel, and in the North Sea, after the space of twelve days to be computed from the ratification of the present preliminary articles, shall be restored on each side.

That the term shall be one month, from the Channel, and the North Sea, as far as the Canary Islands, inclusively, whether in the Ocean or in the Mediterranean. Two months from the said Canary Islands, as far as the Equinoctial Line, or Equator. And lastly, five months in all other parts of the world, without any exception, or any other more particular description of time and place.

Art. 23. The ratifications of the present preliminary articles shall be expedited in good and due form, and exchanged in the space of one month, or sooner if it can be done, to be computed from the day of the signature of the present articles.

ALLEYNE-FITZ-HERBERT. (L.S.)
GRAVIER DE VERGENNES. (L.S.)

ARTICLES OF PEACE between his Britannic Majesty and the Most Catholic King:

Art. 1. As soon as the preliminaries shall be signed and ratified, sincere friendship shall be re-established between his Britannic Majesty and his Catholic Majesty, their kingdoms, states, and subjects, by sea and by land, in all parts of the world. Orders shall be sent to the armies and squadrons, as well as to the subjects of the two powers, to stop all hostilities, and to live in the most perfect union.

Art. 2. His Catholic Majesty shall keep the island of Minorca.

Art. 3. His Britannic Majesty shall cede to his Catholic Majesty East Florida, and his Catholic Majesty shall keep West Florida, provided that the term of eighteen months, to be computed from the time of the ratification of the definitive treaty, shall be granted to the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, who are settled as well in the Island of Minorca as in the two Floridas, to sell their effects, recover their debts, and to transport their effects, as well as their persons, without being restrained on account of their religion, or under any other pretence whatsoever except that of debts and criminal prosecutions. And his Britannic Majesty shall have power to cause all the effects that may belong to him in East Florida, whether articles or others, to be carried away.

Art. 4. His Catholic Majesty shall not for the future suffer the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, or their workmen, to be disturbed or molested, under any pretence whatsoever, in their occupation of cutting, loading, and carrying away logwood, in any district of which the boundaries shall be fixed; and for this purpose they may build without hindrance, and occupy without interruption, the houses and magazines necessary for them, for their families, and for their effects, in a place to be agreed upon either in the definitive treaty, or within six months.

months after the exchange of the ratifications; and his said Catholic Majesty assures to them by this article, the entire enjoyment of what is above stipulated, provided that these stipulations shall not be considered as derogatory in any respect, from the rights of his sovereignty.

Art. 5. His Catholic Majesty shall restore to Great Britain the Islands of Providence and the Bahamas, without exception.

Art. 6. All the countries and territories which may have been or may be conquered in any part of the world whatsoever, by the arms of his Britannic Majesty, or by those of his Catholic Majesty, and which are not included in the present articles, shall be restored, without difficulty, and without requiring compensations.

By Art. 7. Former treaties to be renewed.

Art. 8. Fixes the time of evacuation to three months after the ratification of the definitive treaty.

By Art. 9. All prisoners are to be released, without ransom, paying their debts.

Art. 10. Fixes the time of hostilities ceasing, and is the same as Art. 22 with France.

Art. 11. The ratifications of the present preliminary articles shall be exchanged in the space of one month, to be computed from the day of the signature of the present articles.

ALLEYNE FITZ-HERBERT. (L. S.)
LE COMTE D'ARANDA. (L. S.)

ARTICLES agreed upon, by and between Richard Olvold, Esquire, the commissioner of his Britannic Majesty, for treating of peace with the commissioners of the United States of America, in behalf of his said Majesty, on the one part: and John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, John Hay, and Henry Laurens, four of the commissioners of the said States, for treating of peace with the commissioner of his said Majesty, on their behalf, on the other part; to be inserted in, and to constitute, the treaty of peace, proposed to be concluded between the Crown of Great-Britain and the said United States; but which treaty is not to be concluded until terms of a peace shall be agreed upon between Great-Britain and France, and his Britannic Majesty shall be ready to conclude such treaty accordingly.

Art. 1. His Britannic Majesty acknowledges the said United States, viz. New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode-Island, and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, to be free, sovereign, and independent States; that he treats with them as such; and for himself, his heirs and successors, relinquish all claim to the government, propriety, and territorial rights of the same, and every part thereof: and that all disputes which might arise in future, on the subject of the boundaries of the said United States, may be prevented, it is hereby agreed and de-

clared, that the following are and shall be their boundaries; viz.

Art. 2. From the north west angle of Nova Scotia, viz. that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of Saint Croix River to the highlands, along the said highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river Saint Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the north westernmost head of Connecticut River; thence down along the middle of that river, to the forty-fifth degree of north latitude; from thence, by a line due west on said latitude, until it strikes the river Iroquois or Cataraguy; thence along the middle of said river, into Lake Ontario, through the middle of said lake, until it strikes the communication by water between that lake and Lake Erie; thence along the middle of said communication into Lake Erie; through the middle of said lake, until it arrives at the water communication between that lake and Lake Huron; thence along the middle of said water communication, into the Lake Huron; thence through the middle of said lake, to the water communication between that lake and Lake Superior; thence through Lake Superior northward to the Isles Royal and Pellicpeaux, & the Long Lake; thence through the middle of said Long Lake, and the water communication between it and the Lake of the Woods, to the said Lake of the Woods; thence through the said lake, to the most north-western point thereof, and from thence, on a due west course, to the river Mississippi; thence by a line to be drawn along the middle of the said river Mississippi, until it shall intersect the northernmost part of the thirty-first degree of North latitude;—South, by a line to be drawn due East from the determination of the line last mentioned, in the latitude of thirty-one degrees North of the equator, to the middle of the river Apalachicola, or Catapouchie; thence along the middle thereof, to its junction with the Flint river; then strait to the head of St. Mary's river, and thence down along the middle of St. Mary's river to the Atlantic ocean;—East, by a line to be drawn along the middle of the river St. Croix, from its mouth in the Bay of Fundy to its source, and from its source directly North, to the aforesaid highlands which divide the rivers that fall into the Atlantic ocean from those which fall into the river St. Lawrence, comprehending all islands within twenty leagues of any part of the shores of the United States, and lying between lines to be drawn due East from the points where the aforesaid boundaries between Nova Scotia on the one part, and East Florida on the other, shall respectively touch the Bay of Fundy, and the Atlantic Ocean; excepting such islands as now are, or heretofore have been, within the limits of the said province of Nova Scotia.

Art. 3. It is agreed, That the people of the United States shall continue to enjoy, unmolested, the right to take fish, of every kind, on the Grand Bank, and on all the other banks of Newfoundland;

Newfoundland; also in the Gulph of St. Lawrence, and at all other places in the sea, where the inhabitants of both countries used at any time heretofore to fish; and also, that the inhabitants of the United States shall have liberty to take fish, of every kind, on such part of the coast of Newfoundland as British fishermen shall use (but not to dry or cure the same on that island); and also on the coasts, bays, and creeks, of all other of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America; and that the American fishermen shall have liberty to dry and cure fish in any of the unfettled bays, harbours and creeks, of Nova Scotia, Magdalen islands, and Labrador, so long as the same shall remain unfettled; but so soon as the same, or either of them, shall be fettled, it shall not be lawful for the said fishermen to dry or cure fish at such fettlement, without a previous agreement for that purpose with the inhabitants, proprietors, or possessors of the ground.

Art. 4. It is agreed, That creditors on either side shall meet with no lawful impediment to the recovery of the full value, in sterling money, of all bona fide debts heretofore contracted.

Art. 5. It is agreed, That the Congress shall earnestly recommend it to the legislatures of the respective States, to provide for the restitution of all estates, rights, and properties, which have been confiscated, belonging to real British subjects, and also of the estates, rights, and properties, of persons resident in districts in the possession of his Majesty's arms, and who have not borne arms against the said United States; and that persons of any other description shall have free liberty to go to any part or parts of any of the Thirteen United States, and therein to remain twelve months unmolested in their endeavours to obtain the restitution of such of their estates, rights, and properties, as may have been confiscated; and that Congress shall also earnestly recommend to the several States, a reconsideration and revision of all acts or laws regarding the premises, so as to render the said laws or acts perfectly consistent, not only with justice and equity, but with that spirit of conciliation, which on the return of the blessings of peace should universally prevail; and that Congress shall also earnestly recommend to the several States, that the estates, rights, and properties of such last mentioned persons shall be restored to them, they resending to any persons who may be now in possession the bona fide price (where any has been given) which such persons may have paid on purchasing any of the said lands or properties since the confiscation.

And it is agreed, That all persons who have any interest in confiscated lands, either by debts, marriage settlements, or otherwise, shall meet with no lawful impediment in the prosecution of their just rights.

Art. 6. That there shall be no future confiscations made, nor any prosecutions commenced against any person or persons, for or by reason of the part which he or they may have

taken in the present war; and that no person shall on that account suffer any future loss or damage, either in his person, liberty, or property; and that those who may be in confinement on such charges, at the time of the ratification of the treaty in America, shall be immediately set at liberty, and the prosecutions so commenced be discontinued.

Art. 7. There shall be a firm and perpetual peace between his Britannic Majesty and the said States, and between the subjects of the one and the citizens of the other; wherefore, all hostilities, both by sea and land, shall then immediately cease; all prisoners on both sides shall be set at liberty; and his Britannic Majesty shall, with all convenient speed, and without causing any destruction, or carrying away any negroes, or other property of the American inhabitants, withdraw all his armies, garrisons, and fleets, from the said United States, and from every port, place, and harbour within the same, leaving in all fortifications the American artillery that may be therein; and shall also order and cause all archives, records, deeds, and papers, belonging to any of the said States, or their citizens, which, in the course of the war, may have fallen into the hands of his officers, to be forthwith restored and delivered to the proper States and persons to whom they belong.

Art. 8. The navigation of the Mississippi, from its source to the ocean, shall for ever remain free and open to the subjects of Great Britain, and the citizens of the United States.

Art. 9. In case it should so happen, that any place or territory belonging to Great Britain, or to the United States, should be conquered by the arms of either, from the other, before the arrival of these articles in America, it is agreed, that the same shall be restored without difficulty, and without requiring any compensation.

Done at Paris, the thirtieth day of November, in the year one thousand seven hundred eighty-two.

• • •
 RICHARD OSWALD, (L. S.)
 JOHN ADAMS, (L. S.)
 B. FRANKLIN, (L. S.)
 JOHN JAY, (L. S.)
 HENRY LAURENS, (L. S.)

Witness

Caleb Whiteford,
 Secretary to the British commission.
 W. T. Franklin,
 Secretary to the American commission.

21 Capt. Christie, who commanded the Hannibal, taken by Suffrein's Squadron, landed at Portsmouth. He came home in a Danish East Indiaman from Tranquebar.—He brings account of the arrival at St. Helena, of the Chapman, Resolution, and North, and Hastings East-Indiamen homeward bound; and the disagreeable tidings of the loss of the Earl of Dartmouth East-Indiaman, which, besides a valuable cargo, had near 150,000l. worth of specie and treasure on board, chiefly private property. By the same conveyance, we have the agreeable

agreeable tidings that Sir Eyre Coote had taken the field with six months provisions, and had gained some considerable advantages over Hyder Ally, and the French troops; and that the French fleet, under Mout. de Suffrin, had been so mauled in the last engagement with Sir Edward Hughes, as to be obliged to quit their former station, and go to the Mauritius to wait.

The Christiana Adelaide, a Danish sloop from Tranquebar, has brought advice that Mout. de Suffrin, who had returned to that (Dagish) port, after the engagement with Sir Edward Hughes's fleet, left it again the latter end of June, and was supposed to be going to Columbo, where he expected to receive a reinforcement and supplies. According to the letters by this vessel, the French had not been absolutely refused to visit at Tranquebar; but the Danish East-Indians, which on account of the trade carry out such a quantity of stores, not arriving in time, Mout. de Suffrin became tired of waiting, and sailed from thence.

Extra Ct of a letter from Portsmouth, Jan. 28.

"Yesterday happened one of the greatest scenes of confusion ever remembered in this town; the Highland, or 97th regiment quartered here, were ordered on Sunday to be ready to embark for the East-Indies; the next morning they assembled on the parade, but with a determined resolution not to embark, alleging that their arrears were not paid, and that they were enlisted on the express condition, to serve only three years, or during the American war; and as they considered those conditions were fulfilled, and that they were now intended for the East-India Company's service, where none of their officers were going, they declared they would stand by each other to the last, and would not be compelled to embark, as they believed their officers had bartered them away to that company. The Colonel was not present, but the Lieutenant-Colonel, and the other officers, insisted they should embark, in consequence of which the soldiers surrounded them, violently beat the Lieutenant-Colonel, and several others, who narrowly escaped with wounds and bruises, after which they repaired to the magazine, or storehouse for the regiment, which they broke open, and furnished themselves with several rounds of powder and ball.

"A party of invalids were ordered out, to prevent the Highlanders poisoning themselves of

the parade guard-house, but the Highlanders fired on them, and killed one soldier, and wounded two or three others, which compelled the invalids to retire.

"Sir Tho. Pye, and Sir J. Carter the mayor, took every step in their power to appease them, and on their promising they should not be embarked till further orders were received, they returned to their quarters tolerably well satisfied; and this morning they have been informed their embarkation will not be insisted on."

PROMOTIONS.

The Right Hon. Richard, Lord Viscount Howe, to be first Lord of the Admiralty.

The Countess of Pembroke, to be one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to her Majesty.

Colonels Arthur Tooker Collins, Walter Camithers, and Thomas Marriott, of the mines, to be Majors-General. Gen. Elliott, to be Knight of the Bath. Lieut. Gen. Grey, to be General and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces in North-America.

MARRIAGES.

Captain Macleod, of the royal artillery, to Lady Amelia Kerr. Right Hon. Lord Palmerston, Miss Meade of Fenchurch-street. Lord Viscount Deeshurst, to Miss Pechell.

DEATHS.

Mr. James Franck, many years surgeon to Guy's Hospital.—John Rogerson, aged 102, at Johnstown, in Scotland.—Mr. Webb, surgeon, Pimlico.—Mrs. Frank, aged 109, at Pontefract.—John Roberts, of Fenchurch-street.—Lieut. George Setton, member for Newnham.—Capt. John Fielding, of his Majesty's ship Ganges.—John Van Alsburch, Prince-bishop of Padernborne.—Her Royal Highness Maria, Consort of Prince Anthony of Saxony, aged 19.—John Storr, Esq. Rear-Admiral of the Red.—Mrs. Huntbach, near Woolverhampton, aged 100.—Mr. Cervetto, father to the celebrated violin performer of that name, aged 102.—Mr. Vellum, clock and watch-maker to his Majesty.—Lady Dowager Vere.

[Upon account of the length of the Preliminary Articles of Peace, we are under a necessity of postponing the List of Bankrupts to our next.]

PRICES OF STOCKS.

	Bank Stock.	3 p. Ct. red.	3 p. Ct. cons.	3 p. Ct. Scrip.	4 p. Ct. 1777.	4 p. Ct. Scrip.	Long Ann.	Short Ann.
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T H E European Magazine, AND L O N D O N R E V I E W,

CONTAINING THE
LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE.

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

For F E B R U A R Y, 1783.

Embellished with the following elegant Engravings :

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L O N D O N :

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Bowles's Drawing came to hand, and will appear in our next.

The Review of a Digest of the Doctrine of Bail, by A. Highmore, with Anecdotes of the Author which was put into our Letter-Box at Mr. Sewell's, in Cornhill, we are certain came from the Author himself. Ha, ha, ha, Mr. Highmore, you got into the WRONG BOX this time. This consequential Attorney may be assured, that his Book will have a fair and candid critique in the next European Magazine.

The Story of King Edward the Third is quite stale, and by no means calculated for our Miscellany.

Our Dublin Correspondent, who signs Juvénis, will please to observe, that we seldom take notice of Hunts that do not come post-paid.

The Editor has received the following Letter from a pious advocate of Rowland Hill's which he submits to the perusal of his Readers.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE

SIR

London, Feb 8th 84

I read in Your Magazine of last Month a Story about the Rev^d Rowland Hill which I think is a very great and shameful abuse on that worthy man you mention a notorious lie about the Carpenter— I'll tell you what Sir, if that Gentleman knew of this he would soon vindicate himself with honour you are I believe a person who has no religion in you or no science which I do not know or you else you would fill up the Magazine with a little more truth you Church people has no religion in you and you it out of torn more than religion as for your self you are a dirty fellow to publish to the world such a gross thing—and I tell you to put a little better truth in your Book and I

Remain Your humble Servant— J. M.

P. S. If you would wish to know who I am put it in the General Advertiser and I'll wait upon you. your dirty Rascal

The writer of the above curious Epistle is respectfully informed, that as soon as the Printer had copied it, he immediately dispatched one of his blackest Devils with the same joy to CINCINNATI, where it is apprehended the Author will end his days.

Henry and Eliza came too late for this month.

The Mental Counsellor in our next.

Fidelo will find a plate as soon as possible.

Eliza—Lumley—S. C.—Spendthrift—Indiana—Z.—Rodney—Oriental Scolding—R. S. and a number of other favours are under consideration.

Prospect of Poetry, by Dr. De-la-Cour—Clio—A complete Act of a celebrated Comedy, not yet published—Lord Orrery's Letter—Continental Rambler—French Verses, by Mr. Mater—A Recent Anecdote—Theatrical Portraits, &c. &c. are intended for publication.

Mr. Potter's Plan for supplying London and Westminster with Bread at a reduced Price, came too late for this Month. We are however informed, that more than sixty large Ovens are already built; and that Mr. P. will be able to sell much under the common Price.

This Day was published, Price One Shilling and Six-Pence,

A FREE AND IMPARTIAL EXAMINATION OF THE PRELIMINARY ARTICLES OF PACIFICATION, signed at Paris, on the 20th of January, 1783; by the respective Plenipotentiaries. With a retrospective View of the Rise and various Stages of the War, to the Time of the present Crisis. In which the Treaties of 1674, and Utrecht, with those of Aix-la-Chapelle, are occasionally adverted to. *By a Member of Parliament.* Printed for J. Fielding, in Pater-noster-Row.



Drawn from Life at Philadelphia by Du Simitier.

Published Mar. 1.st 1783. by J. Fiddling Thorpe under No. 1. Seville Cornhill and J. Dobson, Piccadilly.

T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;
F O R F E B R U A R Y , 1783.

*Some ACCOUNT of BENEDICT ARNOLD, BRIGADIER-GENERAL,
in the BRITISH ARMY.

With an elegantly engraved striking Likeness, by DU SIMIER.

WHEN a man is steeped to the lips in guilt, and publicly branded, it may be considered an insult to the amiable part of mankind, to bestow a thought on him; but leave him on the gibbet of infamy, as an example to after ages, of perfidy and ingratitude. Yet, though we have viewed, and still view, the despicable hero of our inemons, in a light the most offensive to human sight, still we hold it highly laudable to preserve the features of so singular a traitor; and those anecdotes of his life, in which we behold the steps that raised him from poverty to those honours that now give a *faint* splendor to his situation. Doctor Franklin says, "Mr. Arnold was born at Norwich, in Connecticut, some time in the year 1736. His father was by profession a shoe-maker and carpenter, but failing in both, he commenced merchant; and in this was equally unfortunate. From this failure, his creditors became clamorous, and they threw him into gaol at Norwich, where he died about the year 1750, leaving the subject of our memoirs entirely destitute of any provision to support him. A short time after his father's death, young Arnold happened to be taken particular notice of by Dr. Lathrop, a gentleman of

estimable life, and considerable property; who, commiserating his forlorn situation, received him into his service, and intrusted him in the business of an apothecary.— With this gentleman he continued for some time after his apprenticeship, and gained the summit of his employer's esteem, inasmuch, that on their separation, the amiable doctor gave him 500l. sterling.

With this sum, and some strong letters of recommendation, he set out for England, where, a short while after his arrival, he settled. Some affirm, they knew him when he engaged in the business of an eminent druggist in Holborn; and others remember him to have kept an apothecary's shop about Shadwell. Be this as it may, he met with so little encouragement, that he commenced dealer in horses, and proved equally unfortunate. To remove the load of anxiety he laboured under, he took leave of England, leaving no one to lament his departure.

He returned to America, opened an apothecary's shop in his native country, and met with great success; if he had been now frugal, he might have lived with ease and respectability; but dissipation led him astray, and he was not waked from his folly, till he had suffered some months

imprisonment for debt. A former biographer says, "After an event like this, it may be concluded, that to restore his credit as a man of business, would be a task of great difficulty, supposing it for a moment practicable at all. The enemies of our hero gave out, that on his release from prison, he insinuated himself into the good graces of a young lady, daughter to the high sheriff of New Haven, and that she became with child by him. The resentment of her father was, in consequence of this, very violent for a short time; but the disgrace of his daughter being in some respect extenuated by marriage, both she and her husband were restored to favour, and Mr. Arnold was received into the family of his father-in-law.

This reconciliation being effected, he was employed by his father-in-law as supercargo to the West Indies, where that gentleman had two or three ships engaged in trade. It was his custom to go to the islands in spring, and return in autumn with molasses, rum, and sugars. In winter he went towards the head of Hudson's River and into Canada with goods, which he exchanged for horses; these generally making the principal part of a Connecticut cargo to the West Indies. In these voyages he became an expert sailor, the only advantage he derived from them; for he seems to have been doomed to be unsuccessful in trade. To whatever cause it was owing, report says, that he would once more have taken up his residence in prison, had not the troubles in America found employment for all his abilities, and prevented his creditors from pursuing him rigorously. Previous to this event, he had become embarrassed in a law-suit, the loss of which, added to the miserable state of his finances, rendered him an object qualified for, and ready to engage in, any schemes of desperation. In the year 1774 he headed a mob, which had been for some time the terror of the loyalists; though it does not appear, that he made use of it in such a manner as to produce any considerable mischiefs: he was, however, on account of his attachment to the American cause, about the same time, appointed a Colonel by the Assembly of the Province. The activity of his disposition had now full scope to exercise its faculties. Each party had appealed to the sword, and blows only were allowed to determine the reclusiveness of party measures, and to ascertain disputed rights. In the beginning of the year 1775, he went with a party and scoured the Lake Champlain,

with great success and effect. These exploits recommended him further to the Congress, by whom he was promoted to the same rank he had received from the Provincial Assembly. His daring and intrepid spirit had pointed him out as a proper person to command a separate detachment, and he was soon afterwards chosen to make an irruption into Canada, with a head of 1200 men. This detachment consisted of two battalions, under Colonel Christopher Green and Colonel Roger Enos, and three companies of rifle-men, making in all thirteen companies. They marched from the head quarters at Cambridge, Sept. 13, and proceeding by long and fatiguing journeys, in which they experienced hardships of various kinds, arrived, on the 13th of November, before Quebec, which they immediately laid down before, and the next day summoned the town to surrender. Two days after, he was encouraged to continue the siege by hearing the success of his friend Montgomery, at Montreal. On the first of December that officer joined him, and they immediately in conjunction raised batteries, and carried on the siege with spirit, depending for success on the weak state of the garrison, and the lukewarmness of the Canadian inhabitants."—Every one remembers the repulse they met with from the British army in Quebec.—Montgomery was killed, Arnold wounded, and the besiegers of his party forced to surrender prisoners of war. "It was in this enterprise that Arnold acquired the whimsical addition to his name; General Carleton, in relating the circumstances of the siege, spoke of him under the title of *one* Arnold, by which appellation he has been since distinguished. Though he was unsuccessful in this attack, he still continued to block up the place; and in March 1776, defeated a party of Canadians, who were marching to relieve it. He also burned part of the suburbs, and in April raised two new batteries against the town. On the third of May, he attempted to burn the shipping, but without effect. This was his last effort. On the 6th he decamped with great precipitation, on the appearance of Commodore Douglas from England, who came very opportunely for the relief of the place.

The Americans this summer, by extraordinary exertions, collected a naval force, and the command of it was given to Mr. Arnold, now a Brigadier-general and an Admiral. His conduct in this situation was equally spirited and brave: he seemed alike qualified for the service, both by

land and sea. Meeting with the fleet commanded by Captain Philips and General Carleton, he engaged it, though with ill-success; and finding he had no chance to escape, he ran his vessel a-ground, but did not desert it until she was on fire, keeping his flag flying to the last. For his gallantry in this affair he was promoted to the rank of a Major-General.

In spring 1777 he was employed in Connecticut, his native colony, against General Tyron, who had made an inroad in that Province, and burnt some of the magazines there. He lost no reputation during this campaign, though his efforts were not attended with any brilliant success. On one occasion, he brought up his men close to the British troops, and received a very heavy fire, which at the same time disordered his forces and killed his horse. On this occasion he shewed the coolness of his temper; for disengaging himself from the dead animal, he cut the girth, and throwing the saddle over his back, retreated with so much deliberation, that his enemies, in whose sight this transaction happened, bore testimony to his merit as a soldier.

The reputation which he had been now some time acquiring, received an ample confirmation this year, in the famous but unfortunate affair at Saratoga, where he commanded under General Gates. On the 19th of September he attacked General Burgoyne, at Freeman's Farm, and fought him with great obstinacy from three o'clock to sun-set. In this engagement he lost 500 men killed, and 1500 wounded. This was only a prelude to a more desperate undertaking. On the 12th of October, when General Burgoyne made a move-

with 1500 men, Arnold, without waiting for orders, marched out and attacked him. Be-

danger of permitting his enemy to approach so near his camp as to use their artillery, Arnold determined on vigorous measures, and carried on his attack with such spirit, that a battalion of Brunswickers gave way, and the English troops were forced back into their camp. At this moment they were followed by Arnold, who saw an opportunity to strike a decisive blow, which he immediately resolved to carry into execution. He gave his directions instantly; but not observing that alacrity in his men to attack the intrenchments as he expected, he turned round, and disdainfully said, *That if they were such gladiators as to hesitate in the moment of vic-*

tory, he himself, at the head of his officers, would carry the intrenchments. This address operated according to his wish. Fired with shame at their want of spirit, they called to be led on. The attack was immediately made on the right of the lines; and those of the German reserve under Colonel Breyman were stormed and carried. At the same moment he attacked that part of the lines where the British light infantry were posted under Lord Balcaras, but was repulsed. In storming the intrenchments he received a wound, which it was some time apprehended would occasion the loss of his leg. It is unnecessary to observe, that a few days afterwards our army surrendered themselves prisoners. The fame of his valour was now spread wherever the knowledge of British or American politics had reached, and both friends and enemies did justice to his merit as a brave man and a gallant officer."

Thus far a former biographer. How he was brought over to the British army by Sir Henry Clinton, is yet a secret; poor Major André fell a martyr in the proceeding, and thousands yet unborn will detect the traitor that led him to his downfall. When we take a review of this officer's life, his low station when taken notice of by the American leaders, their gratitude for his services, his ingratitude for the honours they showered on him in so few years, we cannot help saying with the first writer in the world,

"Do not repent these things; for they are heavier

Than all thy woes can stir; therefore, better take thee

To nothing but despair. A thousand
• knees,

Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,

Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the
Gods

To look that way thou wert."

General Arnold has been in England some time, a situation of all others surely the most disagreeable to a feeling man; for however giddy and inattentive the people of this kingdom may be, they have their hours of reflection, and those hours are winged with contempt and detestation for any character, however exalted by Majesty and his ministers, who could basely desert that cause that was by no means dishonourable, or beneath the dignity of a man to support.

THE COUNTRY CURATE. No. V.

An Englishman's House is his Castle.—

"VERY true, and so it is," said Calstock, in reply to our 'Squire,— "it is his castle; walled, and moated about too, generally, and oftentimes not without a giant within; a giant, who provides his dungeon for distressed damsels, and rattles his malsy fetters over their enthralled paramours. The forlorn wanderer receives but little comfort from the distant light, which twinkles from theilet windows of the inhospitable dome; and hurries away from the growling mastiff, and the surly porter, to lay down, by some friendly hedge, his wearied head, among brutes more gentle. The outcast of another land—the mendicant, who has no other home than where dwells humanity, passes by the far-extended outworks, and from the offensive rails and fortified gates, images to himself, in sad reflection, the unfeeling heart of the stern inhabitant."

So harrangued Christopher; and the 'Squire forbore all reply; contenting himself with a sarcastic observation, that in what had been advanced, he easily recognized—the outcast of another land. Mr. Calstock's cheeks glowed red with a rejoinder; and from Doctor Deplorable's throat, invariably tuned to lamentation, issued forth a sound like the calamitous complaint of the afflicted entrails of a bottled horse. The state of discordant notions might have been realized, did it the Tub, had not the vicar, by the timely interposition of presidential authority, knocked the vassals of contention down into peace. This incident gave rise to the following reflections.

There is, sure, some such thing in the human mind, as is neither instinct nor reason; and yet wears the appearance, and claims the currency of both. Originally, there can be no such thing; but who knows, in the sack our constitution has undergone, but, amid the ruins of our nature, this Corinthian composition may have been casually formed. Jestings apart, if recourse is not had to some theory as wild and extravagant, to what shall we attribute that blind adherence to ridiculous opinions, and partial maxims, which, in common life, affords so much subject of mirth to the pleasant, and of pity to the wise? The bee that has dropt from the fallow's blossom into the pool beneath, sensible of its danger, and, according to

the extent of its powers, discerning of the means of relief, crawls along the low-impending twig, and renews the hum of contentment and the task of industry again—and we admire the instinct of the bee. The boaster of reason climbs the branchy tree, from which he may level death, with sure aim, upon the mouth of the brook; loses his hold, and plunges into the flood—seizes a bough contiguous, and, restored to the bank, vents his passion on the guilty oak, and cuts it down, to prevent its being a temptation to future mishaps—and who does not applaud the reason of the man? Neither, in the one case, is the instinct a proper object of admiration; nor the reason, in the other, of applause; yet, such names, to form a distinction, even the philosopher would give. But under what designation would he rank the fear-faught mariner, who, escaped on the trusty mast from the death of the wave, should still cling to his piny deliverer on land, and refuse to have his fancy avoiced from the beating billow and the roaring surge? He might, without affording cause to doubt his sagacity, conclude, that man is here too far removed from the centre of bliss and perfection; that he is only a secondary planet, liable to the force of a double attraction. Our 'Squire would not hesitate to call him a fool; and would yet himself, in the same breath, exclaim, "An Englishman's house is his castle!"

In times, when a Lord was a title of honour; and love, as of private, was equally the band of political attachment; when, without affection, there could be no subjugation, no power without virtue; in those times alone, if ever such times were, had this liberal savage Boast its beginning. When the exorbitant power of ancient barons was depressed, and a middle order of citizens was formed, as a cement to bind the structure of the state, it might be natural for a man, belonging to this class of subjects, recollecting the immunities, privileges, and powers, so lately monopolized by his lordly superiors, but to the participation of which he himself was now advanced, to exult in his novel enjoyments, and to boast of that security, which he now found as strong in the laws as any provincial tyrant could expect in his fortress, by the rhetorical brag, "My house is my castle." At that period, when

when this expression was, undoubtedly, first adopted, it was allowable and just: but, for the life of me, can I not discern reason why it should be continued in these evil days, when, like the mention of many other goodly things, it only serves for a distressing memorial of what once was true! And yet, sometimes so perversely coexistent is habit, you will find the saying usurp a place in every mouth, from the possessor of a palace of Portland stone, to the inhabitant of a hut in the fens of Lincolnshire. In sober sadness, it is ample time that the universality of this English gallopade should cease; nay, that we should not, by indulging our pride in using it any more at all, persevere, to our detriment, in adding ridiculousness to baseness. I would not wish to be mistaken. Even this desire of reformation I would exert (to use the language of the middle Theologian—the most humane Instructor—whose memory I'd ever wish to cherish in the breast of virtue) to be taken *cum grano salis*. I would not have the abolition to be universal; all for which I earn, is, to have this national compendium within its proper boundaries. Like the mention of all public blessings originated by this country, let it not be too common, and both I and Christopher Cockerell will be satisfied. God forbid, that his Grace of Northumberland, his Grace of Bedford, the Earl of Burlington's mansion's owner, or any of those noble peers who inherit a right, as I suppose, of hiding their virtues from the sight of mankind behind dead walls, by hereditary prescription, that they should be inhibited from telling, what, in their case, is really the truth. Passengers like me may be deceived with the specious appearance of bells and knockers, modern inventions; but I am faithfully informed by Simon Surplice, who has ventured across the outer courts of several such terrific fabrics, that there is no sort of converse allowed within, but by the instrumentality of horns and trumpets. Nor are my sentiments so severe, as to militate against these scarcely-dishonest trespasses of those retailers of terrestrial comfort, who retain the reliques of Paynim story in apt representation; and who, by exhibiting a castle in miniature, as it were, invite the wearied Knight and the loaded Squire to ease and refreshment within. Thus far indulgence may be granted; and the tapster, if captious times make it dangerous to talk of leaving his son heir to the crown, may, with impunity, declare his

ability of rendering him, a thing much more to be envied, heir to the castle.

Again, I would by no means deprive the keeper of Newgate of the liberty of declaring, and that particularly to his prisoners, that his house is his castle; the time was, when he might have assured his captives, too, that it was impregnable. Alas! that General Murray might have asserted as much, and to this hour not been refuted! But he, with as much valour as most men, and Akerman with as much good intention, have both been reduced to prove, the one, that the scurvy of the body can eat into the soul; the other, that the scurvy of the mind can scratch down stone walls, and even set castles on fire. Nor would I stand upon suffering this freedom in a larger extent, if confined to the same order, observe you. The keepers of all your minor culprits, your Matthews at the receipt of customs, your toll-gatherers—you may include the conservers of the liberties of Campvere, if you please, and if the Dutch permit you—the governor of Gibraltar has established a claim it were infamy to doubt: I was thinking whether watchmen and sheriff's-officers should be allowed in the exercise of their present right; upon examination, however, I discover their right is usurped, and, unless it be for affording matter to some of the wits of the time to found a new Pilgrim's Progress on, why it should be any longer enjoyed, I see no cause. Nor, in my farther researches, can I meet with any instances besides, in which this braggadocio may, with any propriety, appear; unless, indeed, in respect of snails and tortoises. Perhaps, in truth, from the latter, if I had not affixed its derivation elsewhere, the source of the saying in question might be found—An Englishman's best boast, is his castles on the sea.

I remember to have been amused, at a time when I was not a parson, with hearing this very proverb, the silliness of which I would gladly expose, exposed to much better purpose at a porter-house in town. To this resort of pure ignorance and mixed levity, paid a person, who, I think, was a fishmonger, I am sure was a common-council-man, more frequent visits than was, I believe, agreeable to his wife. By an everlasting repetition of this heroic rhodomantade, he had brought the most of his fellow-tipplers to a satisfying persuasion, that the House of Bourbon, no, nor all the houses of the world united, could never effluatate any hostile intention against a country so pregnant with castles,

castles. A Scotch pedlar, who, after many painful peregrinations, had at last housed his pack in St. Martin's-le-grand, at the same time took up his tankard and his tale; and having emptied the one, thus poured forth the other: "The door of my father was only held by a latch; the beggar might come in as well as the laird—but the laird had no need to force an entrance for his rent, if admission could have been denied him; and the beggar had not the heart to steal, when all the wants, for which theft could have seized, were better supplied by charity. No corner of the cottage, it is true, could secure him from the bailiff, if the law sent the bailiff to his door; but this, unless it had been in the hands of an Englishman, it would seldom do; for there are not ten men in Scotland who would harbour in a hole for debt. But men there are honest from principle. Boast you of that inoffensiveness which proceeds only from fear—of that safety, which bolts and bars secure. Day, and the field, are the place and time for virtuous integrity; your castles and darkness are privileges which are only courted by rogues and villains. A man as parabolical, I have known. His house, like yours, like who's not? was his castle. Poorly defended, I must own. He could not pay for the light of his window. The collector took the chair he sat on—the table off which he fed—what then? His house was his castle still. He was drawn for the militia—would he quit his castle for the camp? No. Would he pay a man that would? He had not the means. The poor-tax, the land-tax, and the whole posse of taxes, he could not encounter. A man proffered him, half-dying, for a cordial, a drop of French brandy. The exciseman followed it by the smell—came in the rear of the tax-gatherers, and (none but an exciseman, you know, could be so cruel as that) took the bed, on which, all the night before, he had been dreaming on the glorious and unimpaired privileges of Englishmen. What was the harm of all this? Still his

house was his castle. It was not, in a worldly sense, his own though; and the landlord came to conclude the process; but a strange looking figure of a fellow anticipated—even a landlord's haste; and, accosting the good votary of roast-beef, desired him, in few and very civil words, to forsake his habitation, in which he was not longer permitted to dwell, and follow him. Crabbed as his losses had made him, he ought to have suppressed, but, it would appear, he could not, this expeditious replication; "Why, who the devil are you?"—"Even the devil, at your service," answered the accoster, in as testy a humour as the accosted. "I won't stir," said the citizen of Ludgate, my house is my castle."—"Grant it, said the evil Spirit; but I have got (and it was not in the year 1769) a general warrant in my pocket against you, signed Death."

I repeat this anecdote, in illustration of the present point, and allowing for the irritability of the North-Briton, it must be said, that his observations, though like the teeth of a saw, roughly edged, yet still do they answer the purpose, requiring only a little more patience, of clearing a subject knotted with inequalities.

To compromise the matter, lest I should appear to have wholly taken Cassock's part against the 'Squire, I profess myself not against his assuming any other characteristic proverb, as sensible and well applied, in the room of what, I cannot help averring, ought to be exploded, till we at least, return to the possession of those virtues, and of that liberty, which brightened the chain of our forefathers. Let him, or any other man, that will have some especial diagnostic for the glory of Old England, take this for example, "This head that I have is my own." That is as rational, as the other which I wish to become obsolete, and is more than a Scot, you know, dare say, for many reasons. I only suggest one: Does not the hill belong to the cattle that graze upon it?

THE MAN, OF THE TOWN. No. IX.

"OUR good qualities expose us more to hatred to persecution, than all the ill we do." This excellent maxim of the Duke of Rochefoucault, is very strikingly confirmed in a story of my friend Horatio, communicated to me this morning by a worthy young lady, whose soul is the seat of every virtue. Horatio is a

man of very small fortune, which, with parsimony, would be very sufficient for his wants; but this parsimony, or frugality, call it which you will, he is as much a stranger to, as a miser to an act of generosity. Horatio and his friends, (as they call themselves) are continually bickering about his want of prudence, or, as they

term

term it, his ignorance in the art of cutting a splendid figure upon a slender income. To every stricture on his conduct, Horatio has something to say to exculpate himself from their censure; but all will not avail, still they observe him in the light of a superficial reader, that knows more of the title-page than the contents of a book. Horatio, some time ago, took notice of a young lady, whose situation was of the most disagreeable kind imaginable: her father, without one reflection about his family, spent a very good fortune which he got with his wife, in the company of those idiots who have no thought beyond the present hour, and who think the bottle and glass the only felicity worth seeking. Poor Clarissa, and her unfortunate mother were placed in a village in Kent, on a slender pittance from the bounty of her brother, who lives in London. This brother seemed to take the greatest pleasure in contributing to their support, but evil spirits continually whispered in his ear, how burthensome it was—what a tax upon his fortune—how contradicted his pleasures must be by supporting two women; and though one was his mother, and the other his sister, that did not deprive them of hands; they were able to earn their bread, and it was surely in his power to oblige them to do so. Only look about, my dear Sir, says Mrs. Doolittle, see what a number of women, as elegantly bred as your mother and sister, obtain a comfortable livelihood by their industry, at the millinery, upholstery, and a number of other professions. It is true, indeed, they must get up early and work late; but what of that, I dare say, if I was in the same predicament, I could do much more without a murmur. Much more, says Mrs. Affluent, lord ma'am, I know a young woman now, who is the daughter of a reduced baronet, and she is childrens maid to Mrs. Fig, of Leadenhall-street, who was raised, you remember, by her present husband from the kitchen to the parlour, and she tyrannizes over the poor girl (though she knows her to be a baronet's daughter) like a West Indian planter over a negro; and the young woman bears it with the greatest patience, having more sense than to quarrel with her bread and butter. Upon my word, said half a dozen amiable friends, opening at once upon the young gentlemen, you act very wrong, Mr. Bountiful; leave 'em to themselves, and you will soon see what a comfortable provision they will acquire from their industry. By such counsel Clarissa lost her best friend,

EUROP. MAC.

and was turned adrift in the ocean of uncertainty; nor did she know which way to steer when Horatio met with her. He heard her "tale of many sorrows," commiserated, and instantly became her friend. To mention the slightest trait of her hard fortune to his wife, was to secure her an immediate protector: she instantly proved one; did every thing in her power to soften her afflictions, and exerted herself with the aidour of a sister to secure her a competency. The stage presented itself as the first object for the poor fugitive; Clarissa tried her voice, found it much admired, and applied to the managers instantly; Mr. Harris very politely listened to her, and having no opinion of his own, when vocal abilities are in question, he turned to Dr. Arnold, who protested, (if Mr. Harris spoke truth, when he returned to the lady and her friend with the important whisper) that she had charming powers! but he was heartily sorry it was not in his power to engage her, as his company of singers were the best in Europe. Why use such ambiguity? If his company are the best in Europe, why listen to the lady at all? But the manager's curiosity, we suppose, arose from a desire to review the lady, not her merits. Mr. King, whose excellent conduct through life has been the theme of many a muse, acted with his wonted frankness when applied to, informing the gentleman who waited on him, that Mr. Lanley had an army of vocal volunteers, and there was no open for even a chorus singer on Drury-lane stage. What pity this gentleman does not bring some of these candidates forward! His instructions are of that forcible kind, that his pupils one and all protest he is unparalleled in his rapid manner of instructing. But to return to Clarissa. When her family and friends found she had turned her thoughts to the stage, they quite forgot they had ever abused her by their inattention; they instantly perceived in her all the perfections of a child of extraordinary genius, and they, with seeming sincerity, avowed themselves her affectionate friends. Their houses were open to her—hilarity presided at their boards—Clarissa was solicited to sing for the entertainment of their guests, and all were filled with the furor divinus! every note was sweet as the strains of Cecilia, and a universal encore crowned every song. The prospect now began to brighten, and happiness seemed not far off; every morning waked Clarissa to new invitations, and every evening sent her to the bed of repose with pleasure, Clarissa,

M.

though

though schooled in adversity, now felt such felicity at heart, that she never once dreamt of the instability of human happiness—the prospect was now splendid, and the cloud of disappointment seemed so very far off, that she had not a thought that it would ever overshadow her happiness again. But “Envy is a raging madness, that cannot be satisfied with the good of others.” The demons of her own sex took the earliest opportunity of circulating her disappointment at both theatres; every friend that poor Clarissa had was now as quick-sighted as could be, they now saw in her what they could not see before, a want of every requisite for public approbation: “Indeed, my dear madam, says Mrs. Broadbottom, we have been very much in an error, and yet I could see, though I did not mention it, what would happen. Clarissa’s voice will do very well in a small room, and to will my hand-organ, but either upon the stage would appear highly ridiculous! A manager’s disapprobation, my dear, I look upon with the same attention and respect that I have always observed in the condemnation of a new play in the *Morning Chronicle*—‘tis damned in that judicious paper, and I instantly consign it to oblivion.” — “But are you certain, ladies, says Mrs. Worthy, of what you assert? Did Clarissa meet with disapprobation from both the managers?” — “Yes, yes, my

dear, says Mrs. Tattle, I heard it from fifty hands: I paid above ten visits this morning, and ‘tis as much a subject among our friends as the Articles of Peace, or Billy Woodfall’s correspondence with the Speaker of the House of Commons. I told Clarissa, an hour after I heard it, with the kindness of a friend, who had deeper penetration than she, what it would end in; but she smiled at me—sat down—took up a book—dropped a tear upon the leaf—closed it, and went out of the room. I pity the poor girl to be sure; she is one of my relations; I lent her a few guineas, when I saw she had a prospect of settling herself; and shall put them on the bad side of my account book, as I see no channel from which I may expect payment. I suppose the poor girl will go to her new friends Mr. and Mrs. Thoughtless, and there hide the blushes of her disappointment.” Mrs. Tattle was perfectly right; Clarissa flew to Horatio and his wife, and was received with open arms. Her disappointment made not the least alteration in their attention towards her; they still cherish her, and continue to enliven her hours with that courtesy that ennobles human nature, notwithstanding a hundred illiberal whispers, that such humanity in London is not administered for nothing, as it is in every pretty woman’s power to make a splendid return.

THE MAN-MILLINER. No. X.

To the Man-Milliner.

My dear Sir,

I LIVE in that famous city where fashion keeps her court a few months of the year, where knavery rears her offspring with a magnificence unknown to former times; where dissipation is in a perpetual whirl in the chariot of credit and credulity; and where all the ills of Pandora’s box are continually flying round me. After saying thus much, it is needless to tell you I live in Bath. The Man-Milliner is not only a repository of the gew-gaws of fashion, but of flights of wit and genius. Now, said I, taking up the last month’s Magazine this morning, this is right, perfectly entertaining; in every other Mag. we had the list of fashions, as we had the account of stocks, prices of grain, and hops, in some solitary corner of the front leaf, without paying the children of fashion the compliment of introducing their offspring among the superior

subjects of the month. Miss Kitty Gauze and Sukey Catgut are passionate admirers of your collection, they would as soon do without their tea as your dear treat the list of every month, Sukey has an astonishing memory, she has all your squibs from the first number to the last at her fingers’ ends; and she keeps us in a continued laugh every day, while we sit at work, with her remarks on them. Permit me, my dear brother in trade, to cut a figure in your number this month. My information is from the fountain head of fashion, and your female readers will be as well pleased with my account, as with that from Mrs. Beauvais, Miss Howel, or any other lady at the head of the fashions in your capital. To sum up the whole in a few words, the fashions this and the last month are almost the same; the ribbon, entitled Eliott’s red-hot bullets, has given place to the laylock; the iron brown is still wore, buffquets are in the same estimation, and as to the cloak you gave a description of

of in your last, it is still the rage. Straw! straw! straw! every thing is ornamented with straw from the cap to the shoe-buckle; and Ceres seems to be the favorite idol with not only the female, but the male part of the fashionable world, for the gentlemen's waistcoats are *ribbed with straw*, and they look as if they had amused themselves in Bedlam for some time past, manufacturing the flimsy doublet.

I am,

My dear Man-Milliner,
Your ardent admirer,

CECILIA BONNETRON.

P. S. Pray accept of two pair of ruffles of my own working, one for your predecessor in office and the other for yourself; and let us have a number of good quibs this month to make us merry.

A subscription was lately set on foot among the comedians of Drury-lane theatre by Mrs. Wighley, (who is ever foremost in acts of benevolence) in favour of the widow of the late Mr. Hairy. A certain successful Actress changed countenance, on seeing many of a much inferior salary give half a guinea, and having a family to support, apologized for throwing in her half-crown.

We hear from undoubted authority, that Mrs. Siddons is getting up Mr. Gentleman's Farce of the Pantheonists for her ensuing benefit. The character of Skinsuit to be performed by herself, in man's apparel, which is, we understand, a part she plays to admiration.

The Press-gang sloop, which was moored on Tower-hill, has disappeared; but we cannot say, that it has not left a wreck behind, for its catchpole crew are become maritime mendicants. Sir Joseph M—y, it is said, intends employing them to take care of his hogs.

There is a nephew to a noble Lord, now upon a charity (intended for the sons of clergymen and decayed tradesmen) who,

when of age, takes possession of 7000*l.* per annum. "Blessed are the poor in spirit!"

Lady Miniature Picture has made a sentimental faux pas with her own valet, and their intrigue has unfortunately been discovered; her noble Lord, it is said, convinced of this second, and degrading species of infidelity, is determined no longer "to wear his horns in his pocket!"

The scheme of dressing Alicia in black, on a late occasion at Drury-lane theatre, proceeded from a principle of œconomy. On a like plan, the bridal dress of Andromacha and Juliet is expected shortly to undergo a dip, and come forth to view with the true raven jet!

Several other regulations are to take place, which will be of equal benefit to the theatrical revenue; for instance, pale malt liquor it to be served up at dramatic fetes for Champagne; and where a tragedy hero or heroine dies to make the 5th act ill-fated, they are to be buried in flannel, as a suit of linen bears a tax!

The project of a new theatre in Grosvenor place is revived. The plan is to raise 40,000*l.* by shares of 250*l.* each, entitling each subscriber to his proportionate share of profit; and, in the manner of a tontine, such share of profit increasing by survivorship.

The plan is that which was before exhibited—Plays at a late hour, concerts, promenade, &c. &c.

On the 8th inst. the new-born son of Lord George Cavendish was christened at his Lordship's house. On this occasion the Dukes of Beaufort, the Duke of Portland, and the Duke of Devonshire, stood sponsors. The child was baptized in the name of William (the Duke of Devonshire's Christian name) by the Bp. of Peterborough, and was habited in a robe of white satin, trimmed with an elegant suit of point, which cost a hundred and fifty guineas.

A TRIBUTE to the MEMORY of CHARLES DE POLIER, Esq;

Addressed to the Literary and Philosophical Society at Manchester, by Dr. Percival.

THE contemplation of moral and intellectual excellence affords the most pleasing and instructive exercise, to a well constituted mind. By exalting our ideas of the human character, it expands and heightens the principle of benevolence; and at the same time is favourable to Piety, by raising our views to the supreme Author of all that is fair and good in man.

The wife and the virtuous have ever dwelt, with delight, on the meritorious talents and dispositions of their fellow-creatures: and an amiable philosopher drew, from this source, such sweet consolations, under the toils and distresses of life, that he warmly recommends the practice to our imitation. "When you would recreate yourself, says M. Anton-

M a

nus,

nus, reflect on the laudable qualities of your acquaintance: on the magnanimity of one, the modesty of another, or the liberality of a third." Generous meditation! which every one, present, may indulge; and, by indulging, assimilate, to his own nature, the various perfections of others; transfusing, as it were, into his breast, the virtues which he contemplates.

But can we engage ourselves in such an exercise, without the most lively recollection of our late honoured and beloved colleague? His image presents itself before us; and we instantly recognise the agreeableness of his form, the animation of his countenance, the vigour of his understanding, and the goodness of his heart. How graceful was his address; how sprightly, entertaining, and intelligent his conversation! What rich stores of knowledge did he display; what facility in the use, what judgment in the application of them! Few have been the subjects of discussion in this Society, which his observations have not enlightened; and what he could not himself elucidate, he has enabled others to do, by the pertinency of his queries, and the sagacity of his conjectures. So quick was his penetration; so enlarged his comprehension; so exact the arrangement of his intellectual treasures! Learning, with some, is the parent of mental obscurity; and the multiplicity of ideas, which have been acquired by severe study, serve only to produce perplexity and confusion. But Mr. de Polier's thoughts were always ready at command. And he engaged, with perspicuity, on every topic of discourse; because he saw, at one view, all its relations and analogies to those branches of knowledge, with which he was already acquainted. With such felicity of genius, he was continually making large accessions to his stock of science, without laborious researches, or seclusion from the social enjoyments of life.

Of his abilities as a writer, he furnished us with a striking proof, in the Dissertation he delivered last winter, (on the pleasure which the mind receives from the exercise of its faculties, and particularly that of taste) which is equally distinguished by the justness of its sentiments, and the purity of its diction; and fully displays his perfect attainment, both of the idiom and embellishments of the English language.

But Mr. de Polier had merits more estimable than those which he derived from the vivacity of his fancy, the elegance of his taste, or the powers of his understanding. And his friends will cordially unite with me in ascribing, that, if

honoured for his intellectual, he was beloved for his moral endowments. His heart was open to every generous sympathy; and the sensibility of his nature so enlivened all his perceptions, that the ordinary duties of social intercourse were performed by him, with a warmth almost equal to that of friendship. Nor was this the artificial deportment of unmeaning courtesy; but the generous effusions of a heart which felt for all mankind. In such philanthropy, politeness has its true foundation: And of this joint grace of nature and education, "which aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her, and imitates her actions, where she is not," our lamented brother was a bright example. So engaging were his manners, and at the same time so sincere his disposition, that we may apply to him, with honour, what Cicero meant as a reproach; that he was qualified, "*cum tristibus levêre, cum remissis jucunde, cum senibus graviter, cum juvenute comiter vivere.*" These powers of pleasing flowed from no servile compliances, nor ever led him into criminal indulgences. As a companion, he was convivial without intemperance, and gay without levity or licentiousness. His conversation was sprightly and unobscured; but, in the most unguarded hours of mirth, exempt from all indecency and profaneness. And the sallies of his wit and pleasantry were so seasoned with good humour, that they gave delight, unmingled with pain, even to those who were the objects of them. If the coarser pleasures of the bottle be banished from our tables; or if rational conversation, and delicacy of behaviour, with the sweet society of the softer sex, be now substituted in their room, this happy revolution has been rendered more complete by the influence of Mr. de Polier.

But though urbanity, according to the most liberal interpretation of that term, was the characteristic of our excellent colleague, he possessed other endowments, of more intrinsic value. And I could enlarge, with pleasure, on his nice sense of rectitude, his inviolable integrity, and sacred regard to truth. These moral virtues were, in him, founded on no fictitious principle of honour, but resulted from the constitution of his mind; and were strengthened by habit, regulated by reason, and sanctioned by religion. For, notwithstanding the veil which he chose to cast over his piety, it was manifest to his intimate friends; and may be recollected by others, who have marked the seriousness, with which he discoursed on every

every subject relative to the being and attributes of God. Defective indeed must be the character of that man, who can discern and acknowledge, without venerating the divine perfections; and partake of the bounties of nature, yet feel no emotions of gratitude towards its benevolent Author. "A little philosophy, says, Lord Verulam, may incline the mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy will bring it about again to religion."

I have thus attempted to draw a rude sketch of the features of our late honoured friend. A fuller delineation might furnish a more pleasing picture to strangers; but, to the members of this Society, a few outlines will suffice to revive the image of the beloved original. This image, I trust, will be long and forcibly impressed on our minds; and that every one here present, may adopt the language of Tacitus, on a similar occasion. "*Quicquid ex Agricola amavimus, quicquid mirati sumus, manet, mansurumque est in animis hominum.*" "Whatever in Agricola was the object of our love and of our admiration, remains, and will remain, in the hearts of all who knew him."

Having taken a short view of the character of Mr. de Polier, curiosity and attachment concur in prompting us to extend the retrospect; and we become solicitous to know something of his connections and education; and to trace the leading events of a life, in the conclusion of which we have been so deeply interested. But our friend was no egotist; and the zeal with which he entered into the concerns of others, precluded the detail of his own. I must content myself, therefore, with presenting to the Society the following brief memoirs.

Charles de Polier Bottens was the son of the Reverend — de Polier Bottens, Dean of the Cathedral Church of Lausanne, President of the Synod of the Pais de Vaud, Member of the Society of Arts and Sciences at Mannheim, and Citizen of Geneva. He was born at Lausanne, in the year 1753; and received the first part of his education in the public schools of that city. As soon as he had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the classics, he was sent to an academy near Cassel, in Germany; from whence, after a residence of two years, he was removed to the university of Gottingen. In this celebrated seat of learning, he passed three years; and being then inclined to a military life, he obtained a Lieutenant's commission in the Swiss regiment of D'Elach, in the French service. But he soon resigned his com-

mission, and returned to Lausanne; where he had a command given him, in one of the Provincial regiments of Dragoons. In this situation, his connection commenced with the Earl of Tyrone; who offered him the tuition of his eldest son, Lord Le Poer, on terms equally honourable and advantageous. But before the engagement was completed, proposals were made to him by the Duke of Saxe Gotha, to become Governor to the Hereditary Prince, with an annuity for life, of twelve hundred rixdollars; an apartment at Court; and the post of Chamberlain, or rank of Colonel. These proposals, however, he declined in favour of Lord Tyrone. And he executed the important trust assigned to him, with such judgment, tenderness, and fidelity, as induced that respectable nobleman to commit three of his children to his sole direction. These amiable youths he brought to England, in the summer of 1779; and settled them at the school of a clergyman in Manchester, who is eminently distinguished by his virtues as a man, and abilities as a teacher.

At this period, our first acquaintance with Mr. de Polier was formed. By the laws of hospitality, he was entitled to our attention, as a stranger. But his personal accomplishments, and the charms of his conversation, soon superseded the ordinary claims of custom, and converted formal civility into esteem and friendship. He became our companion in pleasure; our assistant in study; our counsellor in difficulty; and our solace in distress. Amusement acquired a dignity and zest, by his participation; and he softened the austerity of philosophy, whenever he joined in the pursuit. The Institution, which now celebrates his memory, owes to him much of its popularity and success; and so long as it subsists, his name will be revered, as one of its founders and most shining ornaments.

About the middle of last winter he was attacked by a complaint, which at first gave no disturbance to the vital functions. But being aggravated by the fatigues of a long journey to Holyhead, and of a voyage from thence to Dublin, at a time when he laboured under the Influenza, his malady rapidly increased after his arrival in Ireland; and put a final period to his valuable life on the 18th of October 1784 (at Curraghmore, near Waterford, the seat of the Earl of Tyrone). The vigour of his faculties, and the warmth of his affections, continued even to the hour of his dissolution. And the amiableness of his behaviour, in the closing scene of

trial and suffering through which he passed, gave such completion to his character, that we may apply to him, what the poet has said of Mr. Addison :

—He taught us how to live ; and, oh !
too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how
to die.

EXHIBITION OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

No. I.

Mrs. ABINGTON.

THIS lady, who is, and has been for many years, the pride of the comic muse, and whose taste in the fashionable world is without a rival, is (according to the Theatrical Biography) descended from an ancient and honourable family near Norton, in Derbyshire. At the age of fourteen she lost a tender and indulgent mother, who spared no expense in educating a darling daughter, in every species of improvement that so young a mind was capable of receiving. On this family day after, she was taken into the care of a female relation of her father, the late Mrs. S—B—n, in Sherrard-street, Golden-square, where she continued near three years ; her vivacity and engaging manners making her the favourite of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance ; and the promised blessing of a future comfort to her family.

About this period, Miss B——d, a young lady from Bath, came, under a particular recommendation, to board in the same house ; where she soon commenced an intimacy with young Francis, whom she used to take frequently with her to see plays, and communicated an intention of going upon the stage, advising the other to do the same, as a more preferable state than that of depending on any friend or relation ; that she had interest enough to introduce her to the same manager she was then in treaty with, and doubted not of her succeeding.

The proposal did, by no means, displease our young heroine ; and from that moment the desire of commencing actress was her constant wish.

To follow our comic charmer through the variety of scenes we have heard and read of, which her ill stars conducted her through, would be tedious, and by no means pleasant. We shall only say, that Fortune, who raised a Goldsmith to a state of affluence, took the same notice of our heroine. She made her first appearance with Mr. Theo. Cibber, in the Hay-market, in the character of Miranda in the *Busy Body*, and was received through-

out with distinguished applause. Shortly after this, she was engaged for Drury-lane theatre, by Mr. Garrick, where she played for some time, but seeing no prospect of advancement, she set out for Ireland, accompanied by her husband, Mr. James Abington, whom she married while performing at Drury-lane house.

In Dublin she met with that applause that has crowned all her performances since ; and she was universally esteemed the best comic actress that had appeared since their favourite Woffington blazed in their theatrical hemisphere. While she was there, her husband first discovered the green-eyed monster, jealously ; to avoid the sight of whom, the proposed a separation, which immediately took place, and from that hour to this they have not cohabited.—Mr. Needham, a gentleman of excellent qualities, and of considerable fortune, was the first that made an impression on the heart of our heroine after this separation, and with him she partook of the *feast of reason, and the flow of soul*, till his death ; observing that constancy and decorum that ennobles human nature, and that illustrates the chastest married life. This estimable companion bequeathed her a pretty fortune, which has been paid into her hands by his heirs, accompanied with a respect and attention since, that is rarely the consequence of an attachment of such a nature. The next in the train of her constant admirers was the present Prime Minister, who was introduced to her, at his lordship's pressing request, by Dr. Goldsmith ; they lived in the most perfect harmony till his lordship's marriage, and, we believe, she now enjoys a settlement of five hundred a year for life.

The last time she was in Ireland, which was in the administration of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, she could count in the list of her admirers the first personages in the kingdom. And here we cannot help taking notice of an error that spread among the play-going people of Dublin. All the characters she played, had been recently represented by Miss Baranti, (now Mrs. Daly) and those who had never seen Mrs. Abington before, set her down instantly as a copy of Miss Baranti, never thinking

thinking that Miss B. was a copy of her. Hence the applause she met with was by no means to her satisfaction, nor to that of her admirers.

Miss Daly is a very good actress, but we can trace Mrs. Abington through every scene she appears in, in *Estifania* she is an exact copy. When once an impression is made among a set of infatuated people, it is not the work of a day will obliterate it, there is as much difference between Mrs. Abington and Mrs. Daly, as between Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Siddons, the one has all the grace and dignity of an original, the other a meer copy. We cannot stop here without taking notice of a very good bon mot, which never appeared in print. When Mrs. Abington was last in Dublin, her invitations were numerous; at the head of the hospitable circle, the Viceroy and his Lady paid her uncommon attention, and she spent three days of the week at their palace. Mr. Gentleman, (the ingenious author of the *Dramatic Censor*, and the *Comedy of the Modish Wife*) came into the green-room of Crowe-street theatre one morning, when one of the performers asked him if he had seen Mrs. Abington, who had been enquiring for him; O, (says the manager, making a reply) she is now at the *Castle*! Then, Sir, (said Gentleman) it may with

propriety be called a *Castle of Romance*, for it has now got an *Enchantress*.

It would be idle to make out a list of the characters Mrs. Abington is most excellent in representing, we shall only observe, that she is the pupil of nature; and that a character, however clumsy, in her hands meets a better support than it could possibly meet on the British stage; and more authors are obliged to her and Mrs. Crawford for rescuing their dramatic bantlings from an instant death, than to the whole race of actresses now living. If we look at this estimable woman in private life, we must say, what has been said before, which is but an echo of the public voice;—that “She is so strictly under the guidance of circumspection and decorum, that envy, sting at the prudent and economical elegance of her situation, makes daily, but fruitless, efforts to destroy some reproachable part in her conduct. Her filial duty towards, and comfortably supporting of, an aged father, accompanied with a cheerful benevolence to worthy objects in distress, are virtues which do honour to the most exalted character. She is likewise deservedly esteemed for a scrupulous exactness in her dealings, and for being capable of the most disinterested friendship, when raised on the basis of merit.”

THE HIVE. A COLLECTION OF SCRAPS.

Exercet sub sole labor———

———et in medium quesita reponit. VIRG.

MR. Vaughan, the author of ——, being at breakfast a few mornings since with a brother bard, to whom an accepted bill was brought for payment, but not being discharged, was threatened to be noted; M. V. most readily and wittily observed, Why don't you, my friend, save the gentleman trouble, and tell him in the words of Balthazar, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: “There's not a note of mine worth noting!”

The managers of Drury-lane theatre, last season, announced in the public prints a second representation of the *True Briton*, which they affirmed was acted with universal applause; but on seeing a prospect of their native country being vanquished, they kicked the *True Briton* out of their theatre, and, like waiters, they instantly received and patronized the *Fair American* — Query. Do not those unprincipled gentlemen deserve more than thir-

teen stripes from the author of the *True Briton*?

The fair sex are much obliged to the animal creation for their finery. The fowls give them plumes and muffs; the beasts give fins and gloves, and from horſes tails, it is said, they get heads.

The Devil and A--n--ld. A Dialogue.

Devil. Where art thou, A--n--ld? —

[A--n--ld.] Here; what art thou? tell—

Devil. America is free, come thou to hell.

When Mr. Rigby was some time ago offered a peerage, he thanked the then Premier, and said, as he had lived, so he would die a gentleman!

The Thames has been some years forming into a musical convexity: the high shoals are sharps—the levels, flats, and the corporation, naturals!

A West-India Lady, going down the river with colours flying, was, on a sudden, arrested by one Shoal, a Trinity bairn. The shock was to great, that in relief she got soon in liquor; several odd fish came in to bewail her wretched situation. It is much doubted whether she will ever get into Bail-dock!

THE ARTIST'S ACCOUNT.

The following are, verbatim, the items of a Painter's bill, lately sent for payment to a noble Lord, who confides himself one of the greatest connoisseurs of the present age, and who has a very large collection both of sacred, prophane, and modern pictures.

SACRED HISTORY.

To filling up the chink in the Red-sea, and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host.

To a new thief on the cross.

To cleaning six of the Apostles, and adding an entire new Judas Iscariot.

To a pair of new hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a set of teeth for the honest.

To an alteration in the Belief, mending the Commandments, and making a new Lord's Prayer.

To new varnishing Moses's rod.

To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard.

To mending the pitcher of Jacob's daughter.

To a pair of sleeves for Susanna's shift, and repairing the breeches of one of the Elders.

To a pair of ears for Balaam, and making a new tongue for the ass.

To cleansing the whale's belly, varnishing Jonah's face, and mending his left arm.

To a new suit to Joseph's garment, and a lascivious eye for Potiphar's wife.

To cleansing the pious of Samson, in the character of a fox hunter, and substituting the whip for the fire-brand.

To a new broom and bonnet for the witch of Endor.

To a sheet-anchors, a jury-mast, and a long-boat for Noah's ark.

To painting twenty-one new steps to Jacob's ladder.

To mending the pillow stone.

To adding four Scotch cattle to Pharaoh's lean kige.

To making a new head for Holofernes, and cleaning Judith's hands.

To making perfect the euzuck attending on Esther.

To giving a blush to the cheeks of Eve, on presenting the apple to Adam.

To mending the net in the miraculous draught of fishes.

To a perspective glass for David viewing Bathsheba, and mending his right eye.

To painting a new city in the land of Nod.

To cleansing the garden of Eden after Adam's expulsion.

To finishing the Tower of Babel, and furnishing molt of the figures with new heads.

To painting Jezabel in the character of a huntsman taking a flying leap from the walls of Jericho.

To painting a shoulder of mutton and shin of beef in the mouths of two of the ravens feeding Elijah.

To an exact representation of Noah, in the character of a general reviewing his troops, preparatory to their march, and the dove dressed as an aid de camp.

To painting Noah dressed in an admiral's uniform.

Saulon making a present of his jaw-bone to the proprietors of the British Museum.

To making the congress of America, as in 1781, and the Tower of Babel, companion prints.

To repairing Solomon's nose, and making a new nail to his middle finger.

(To be continued.)

The late extraordinary marriage of the wealthy Mts Sharpe being mentioned the other day at Lord Mansfield's table, his Lordship asked what was the disparity of years? On being informed the bride was only 30, and the bridegroom 70, Lord M. quaintly replied, — "Poor lady; she had much better have had *two thirty-fives*."

EPIGRAMME.

COURAGE, mes amis, volons à la victoire;

Un banquet nous attend dans l'éternelle gloire,

Ainsi parloit un lâche au moment du combat,

Le signal se donne: lui de tirer aux champs,

Vous fuyez mon brave, crie alors un soldat;

J'oublivis, lui dit il, qu'il est jeune au couvent,

A DESCRIPTION OF MOUNT ÆTNA.

Embellished with an accurate and elegant VIEW of its Appearance at the Time of the Eruption in the Year 1669.

MOUNT ÆTNA, now called Monte Gibello, in the island of Sicily, has been famous from the remotest antiquity, both for its bulk and terrible eruptions; it is situate in the eastern part of the island, in an extensive plain, called Val Demoni, from the notion of its being inhabited by devils, who torment the spirits of the damned, in the bowels of this vulcano.

With respect to its dimensions, we can scarce extract any thing consistent, even from the accounts of the latest and most ingenious travellers. Pindar, who lived about 435 years before Christ, calls it the Pillar of Heaven, on account of its great height. All modern writers likewise agree that this mountain is very high and very large; but differ excessively both as to its height and magnitude: some making it no less than 12 miles high; while Mr. Brydone and Sir William Hamilton, who lately ascended to its highest summit, reduce its height to little more than 2 miles. No less remarkable are the differences concerning its circumference; some making it only 60 miles round, others 100; but the most accurate calculators fix it at between 80 and 90 miles.

Concerning the products and general appearance of this vulcano, authors are much better agreed. The journey from Catania to its summit has been lately described by three travellers, Mr. D'Orville, Mr. Brydone, and Sir William Hamilton. All these agree that this single mountain affords an epitome of the different climates throughout the whole world: towards the foot it is very hot, farther up more temperate; and grows gradually more and more cold the higher we ascend. At the very top, it is perpetually covered with snow; thence the whole island is supplied with that article, so necessary in a hot climate, and without which the natives say Sicily could not be inhabited. Great quantities of snow and ice are likewise exported to Malta and Italy, making a considerable branch of commerce. On the north side of this snowy region Mr. Brydone was assured, that there are several small lakes which never thaw; and that the snow, mixed with the ashes and salts of the mountain, are accumulated to a vast depth. The quantity of salts contained in this mountain, he, with great probability, conjectures to be one reason of the preserva-

tion of its snows; for salt increases the coldness of snow to a surprising degree. In the middle of the snowy region stands the great orator, or mouth of Ætna; from which, though contrary to the usual mode of travellers, we shall begin our particular account of this mountain. Sir William Hamilton describes the crater as a little mountain, about a quarter of a mile perpendicular, and very steep; situated in the middle of a gently inclining plain, of about 9 miles in circumference. As this little mountain, though emitting smoke from every pore, appeared solid and firm, Mr. Hamilton and his companions went up to the very top. In the middle is a hollow, about 2 miles and a half in circumference. The inside is crufted over with salts and sulphur of different colours. It goes sloping down from the top like an inverted cone; the depth, in Mr. Hamilton's opinion, nearly corresponding to the height of the little mountain. From many places of this space issue volumes of sulphureous smoke; which, being much heavier than the circumambient air, instead of ascending in it, roll down the side of the mountain, till, coming to a more dense atmosphere, it shoots off horizontally, and forms a large tract in the air, according to the direction of the wind. In the middle of this funnel is the tremendous and unfathomable gulph, so much celebrated in all ages, both as the terror of this life, and the place of punishment in the next. From this gulph continually issue terrible and confused noises; which, in eruptions, are increased to such a degree as to be heard at a prodigious distance. Its diameter is probably very different at different times: for Mr. Hamilton observed, by the wind clearing away the smoke from time to time, that the inverted hollow cone was contracted almost to a point; while Mr. D'Orville and Mr. Brydone found the opening very large. Both Mr. Brydone and Mr. Hamilton found the crater too hot to descend into it; but Mr. D'Orville was bolder: and, accordingly, he and his fellow-traveller, fastened to ropes, which two or three men held, for fear of accidents, descended as near as possible to the brink of the gulph; but the small flames and smoke, which issued from it on every side, and a green sulphur, and pumice-stones quite black, which covered the margin, would

not permit them to come so near as to have a full view. They only saw distinctly in the middle, a mass of matter which rose, in the shape of a cone, to the height of above 60 feet; and which, towards the base, as far as their sight could reach, might be 600 or 800. While they were observing this substance some motion was perceived on the north side, opposite to that whereon they stood; and immediately the mountain began to send forth smoke and ashes. This eruption was preceded by a sensible increase of its internal roarings; which, however, did not continue; but, after a moment's dilatation, as if to give it vent, the volcano resumed its former tranquillity; but as it was by no means proper to make a long stay in such a place, our travellers immediately returned to their attendants. On the summit of mount *Ætna*, Mr. Hamilton observes, that he was sensible of a difficulty in respiration, from the too great subtlety of the air, independent of what arose from the sulphureous smoke of the mountain. In these high regions there is generally a very violent wind; which, as all our travellers found it constantly blowing from the south, may possibly be commonly directed from that point. The top of *Ætna* being above the common region of vapours, the heavens appear with exceeding great splendor. Mr. Brydone and his company observed, as they ascended in the night, that the number of stars appeared minutely increased, and the light of each of them appeared brighter than usual; the whiteness of the milky way was like a pure flame, which shot across the heavens; and, with the naked eye, they could observe clusters of stars that were invisible from below. Had Jupiter been visible, he is of opinion that some of his satellites might have been discovered, with the naked eye, or at least with a very small pocket-glass. He likewise took notice of several of those meteors, called falling stars; which appeared as much elevated as when viewed from the plain: a proof, according to Mr. Brydone, that "these bodies move in regions much beyond the bounds that some philosophers have assigned to our atmosphere." To have a full and clear prospect from the summit of mount *Ætna*, it is necessary to be there before sun-rise; as the vapours raised by the sun in the day-time will obscure every object: accordingly our travellers took care to arrive there early enough; and all that the beauty of the prospect thence, cannot be expressed. The horizon here is not less than 800 or

900 miles in diameter. The pyramidal shadow of the mountain reaches across the whole island, and far into the sea on the other side, forming a visible tract in the air; which, as the sun rises above the horizon, is shortened, and at last confined to the neighbourhood of *Ætna*. The most beautiful part of the scene, however, in Mr. Brydone's opinion, is the mountain itself, the island of Sicily, and the numerous islands lying round it. These last seem to be close to the skirts of *Ætna*; the distances appearing reduced to nothing. This mountain is divided into three zones; which might properly enough be distinguished by the names of Torrid, Temperate, and Frigid: they are however known by the names of *Regione Culta*, the cultivated or fertile region; the *Sylvosa*, woody or temperate region; and the *Regione Deserta*, the frigid, or desert region. All these are plainly distinguished from the summit. The *Regione Deserta* is marked out by a circle of snow and ice, which extends on all sides to the distance of about 8 miles, beginning at the foot of the crater. Greatest part of this region is smooth and even. This is immediately succeeded by the *Sylvosa*, or woody region; which forms a circle of the most beautiful green, surrounding the mountain on all sides. This region is variegated with a vast number of mountains, of a conical form, thrown up by *Ætna* in those eruptions which burst out from its sides. Mr. Hamilton counted 44 on the Catania side; each having its crater, many with large trees, flourishing both within and without the crater. All these, except a few of a late date, have acquired a wonderful degree of fertility. The woody region descends 8 or 9 miles below the *Regione Deserta*, but differs greatly in the temperature of its climate. It is every where succeeded by the *Regione Culta*; which is much broader than the rest, and extends on all sides to the foot of the mountain. Here terrible devastations are sometimes committed by the eruptions; and the whole region is likewise full of conical mountains thrown up by them. This region is bounded by the sea to the south and south-east; and on all other sides by the rivers *Smetus* and *Alcantara*, which form the boundaries of mount *Ætna*. About a mile below the foot of the great crater, are found the ruins of an ancient structure, called *Il Torre de Filosofo*; by some supposed to have been built by the philosopher *Empedocles*, who took up his habitation here, the better to study the nature of mount *Ætna*. By others they are

are supposed to be the ruins of a temple of Vulcan. They are of brick, and seem to have been ornamented with marble. Mr. Hamilton says, the ascent was so gradual as not to be in the least fatiguing; and had it not been for the snows, they might have rode on their mules to the very foot of the crater. Mr. Hamilton observed a gradual decrease of the vegetation as he advanced; the under part being covered with large timber trees, which grew gradually less as he approached the third region; at last they degenerated into the small plants of the northern climates. He also observed quantities of juniper and tansy, and was informed by his guide, that later in the season (he visited *Ætna* in June, 1769) there are a great many curious plants; and in some places rhubarb and saffron in great plenty. On this side, part of the woody region was destroyed in 1755, by an immense torrent of boiling water, which issued from the great crater. Its traces were still very visible, about a mile and an half broad, and in some places more. The soil was then only beginning to recover its vegetative power, which, it seems, this torrent had destroyed for 14 years. Near this place are some beautiful woods of cork, and ever-green oak, growing absolutely out of the lava, the soil having hardly filled the crevices; and, not far off, our traveller observed several little mountains that seemed to have been formed by a late eruption. All the fields round, to a considerable distance, were covered with large burnt stones, discharged from these little volcanoes. The woody region, especially the east side, called *Carpinetto*, abounds with very large chestnut trees. The Piedmontese district is covered with towns, villages, monasteries, &c. and is well peopled, notwithstanding the danger of such a situation: but the fertility of the soil tempts people to inhabit that country; and their superstitious confidence in their fairs, with the propensity mankind have to despise danger which they do not see, render them as secure there as in any other place. Here, Sir William Hamilton observes, they keep their vines low, contrary to the custom of those who inhabit mount *Vesuvius*; they produce a stronger wine, but not in such abundance: here also many terrible eruptions have burst forth; particularly one in 1669. At the foot of the mountain, raised by that eruption, is a hole, through which Sir William Hamilton descended, by means of a rope, into several subterraneous caverns, branching out, and extending much far-

ther than he chose to venture, the cold there being excessive, and a violent wind extinguishing some of the torches. Many other caverns are known in this and the other regions of *Ætna*; particularly one near this place, called *La Specieua della Palomba*, (from the wild pigeons building their nests there.) Some of these caverns are made use of as magazines for snow, which they are well adapted for, on account of their extreme cold. These are, with great probability, supposed to be the hollows made by the issuing of the lava in eruptions. In this region the river *Acis*, so much celebrated by the poets, in the fable of *Acis* and *Galatea*, takes its rise. It bursts out of the earth at once in a large stream, runs with great rapidity, and, about a mile from its source, throws itself into the sea. Its water is remarkably clear; and so extremely cold that it is reckoned dangerous to drink it: it is said, moreover to have a poisonous quality, from being impregnated with vitriol; in consequence of which, cattle have been killed by it. It never freezes; but is said often to contract a greater degree of cold than ice. Having thus given an account of this mountain, in its quiet and peaceable state, we should now describe the appearance it puts on during the time of an eruption, when it spreads destruction for many miles round, and is capable of striking the boldest with terror. Here we are surprised to find ourselves at a loss; for we cannot, after the most diligent search, find that any writer hath accurately described the phenomena attending an eruption of *Ætna*. Sir William Hamilton, who has examined both *Vesuvius* and *Ætna*, in a very accurate manner, never had an opportunity of seeing an eruption of the latter; but he is of opinion that the two volcanoes agree perfectly in all respects, only that the latter is on a much larger scale than the former. A description of the lava, issuing from mount *Ætna* in 1669, was sent to the court of England by Lord Winchelsea, who at that time happened to be at Catania, in his way home from his embassy at Constantinople. His account is not now to be procured; but Mr. Hamilton found a copy in Sicily, and hath given an extract, part of which follows: "When it was night, I went upon two towers, in diverse places; and I could plainly see, at ten miles distance, as we judged, the fire begin to run from the mountain in a direct line, the flame to ascend as high and as big as one of the greatest steeples in your majesty's kingdoms, and to throw up great stones

stones into the air; I could discern the river of fire to descend the mountain, of a terrible fiery or red colour, and stones of a paler red to swim thereon, and to be some as big as an ordinary table. We could see this fire move in several other places, and all the country covered with fire, ascending with great flames in many places, smoking like to a violent furnace of iron melted, making a noise with the great pieces that fell, especially those that fell into the sea. A cavalier of Malta, who lives there, and attended me, told me, that the river was as liquid, where it issues out of the mountain, as water, and came out, like a torrent, with great violence, and is five or six fathom deep, and as broad, and that no stones sink therein." An imperfect account, by some English merchants, who were there at the same time, preserved in the Philosophical Transactions is to the same purpose. We are there told, that the lava is nothing else than diverse kinds of metals and minerals, rendered liquid by the fierceness of the fire in the bowels of the earth, boiling up, and gushing forth, as water doth at the head of some great river; and, having run in a full body for a stone's-throw, or more, began to crush, or curdle; becoming, when cold, those hard, porous stones, which the people call *fiscicari*. Those, though cold, in comparison of what first issues from the mountain, yet retained so much heat, as to resemble huge cakes of sea-coal strongly ignited; and came tumbling over one another, bearing down or burning whatever was in their way. In this manner the lava proceeded slowly on till it came to the sea, when a most extraordinary conflict ensued betwixt the two adverse elements. The noise was vastly more dreadful than the loudest thunder, being heard through the whole country to an immense distance; the water seemed to retire and diminish before the lava,

while clouds of vapour darkened the sun. The whole fish on the coast were destroyed, the colour of the sea itself was changed, and the transparency of its waters lost for many months. While this lava was issuing in such prodigious quantity, the spectators attempted to go up to the mouth itself; but durst not go nearer than a furlong, lest they should have been overwhelmed by a vast pillar of ashes; which, to their apprehension, exceeded twice the bigness of St. Paul's dome, in London, and went up into the air to a far greater height; at the mouth itself was a continual noise, like the beating of great waves of the sea against rocks, or like distant thunder; which sometimes was so violent as to be heard 60, or even 100 miles off, to which distance also part of the ashes were carried. Some time after, having gone up, they found the mouth, whence this terrible deluge issued, to be but a hole about 10 feet diameter. This is probably the same through which Sir William Hamilton descended into the subterranean caverns already mentioned. Mount *Ætna*, as we have already remarked, has been a celebrated volcano from the remotest antiquity. Diodorus Siculus mentions eruptions of it, as happening 500 years before the Trojan war, or 1693 years before the Christian era. Many others are recorded by historians in different ages; but none are particularly described. The mountain seems sometimes to lie dormant for many years, or even centuries, when it breaks out again with great fury, and will sometimes burn for years together. Since 1669 there have been several eruptions; but none of them comparable to that one. The last happened in 1766. The lava sprung up into the air to a considerable height, 12 miles below the summit; but formed a stream only six miles in length, and one mile in breadth.

THE CONGRESS OF CYTHERA.

(Continued from Page 32.)

THE Countess of Coquette, impatient to address the Deity, rose up, and inclined respectfully before him, cast a gracious look upon the rest of the council, and said:

"I have always thanked fortune for being born a subject of the Grand Monarque; and since I have heard the discourse of Lady Prude, I am more sensible of myself. I knew, O thou most attrac-

tive of all powers, that thou reservest for my nation thy most delicious attributes, and that we are born thy greatest favourites. I am assured, that this congress is opened but to oblige all nations to honour thee in the Gallic rites of connubial love.

"Our capital is in every respect worthy thy protection. It is in vain that any one would dispute the preference; every thing with

with us and among us claim precedency and imitation. Our writers are the first in the world in recording thy annals. Our theatres, models of decency and decorum, rebound with thy all-potent name. Every thing respire, and life is one continued round of mirth and hilarity. Our poets are passionately detirous of extending thy empire, and their success is astonishing. To enjoy the plenitude of thy favours, we have long since banished every species of restraint. Ceremony is a stranger to our circles; and we leave to strangers our listlessness and cold for the good things of this life. The art of enjoying our precious moments is our only study; and our progress in this art is the delight and envy of the world. In a word, we can say that we vegetate in every place, but only in Paris. Jealously, and doing the utmost are unknown among us. If you are a Newton and a Des Cartes philosopher, or a sonnet of a marchioness. Sympathy, that emotion so well understood in itself, yet so hidden in its cause, pierces two hearts with the same trait, they cannot help confound; and all this the work of a moment.

"What beauty, however adorned with the maxims of age, is proof against a kneeling passion, and a lover? Who could resist the reveries of Mars and Venus, and when the Muses have embellished with every precious endowment? O thou, who by thy presence inspirest the faintest sensation, to accept our eternal homage."

"The French, however dissemble, that our beauty is remarkably discreet; they like to be seduced as unipid when taste is concerned, and are not happy unless they are seduced down in the secret of their passions. This is the effect of their vanity. Divinity must be indulged, since it contributes to our felicity."

"What pleasure can that nation enjoy, who knows not how to seive nor be free, that is agitated like the sea which surrounds them; what pleasure, I repeat, can they taste, if the heart has not its share? We on the contrary, born in the bosom of voluptuousness, endowed with a thousand amiable qualities, we employ the imagination and the graces to procure us an agreeable life; and by this means we multiply our desires and fruitions. The passions of mortals are not eternal. The stupid vulgar accuse us of inconstancy and frivolity; but thou Love, thou knowest, and thou sayest, that to form new engagements, is nothing else than an increase of homage, and an acceptable incense on thy altars."

"The gallant Ovid, worthy of being born a Frenchman, taught us thy rudiments; but it was reserved to us to carry a luminous day into the labyrinth of thy mysterious delights. We have known how to extirpate from thy worship whatever is tedious and languishing; and we have made disciples enjoy thy favours without remorse, fatigue, or lassitude; and by our imitation they have produced new sacrifices by hundreds!"

This discourse of the Countess gave birth to a general murmur in the assembly. Love smiled, and Pleasure, contented with his scholar, secretly preferred Paris to Paphos and Cythera.

The Marchioness Stately rose from her seat, and with a bewitching countenance thus addressed the Deity:

"Although nothing can equal the joy that I feel in being elected ambassadress to the God whose strength

Ogni dur rompe, ed ogni alt-ezza inchina; nevertheless, considering this trust reposed beyond my abilities, I am at a loss how to act, so as to do justice to the nation I have the honour to represent. Thus while I am floating in an ocean of thoughts, I am emboldened to think, that having the cure of love to plead before its own divinity, this God will inspire me with his persuasive and irresistible eloquence."

"It is a long time since, that disorders and scandal have imperiously reigned in my country. The facts that my Lady Prude has advanced, the maxims of the Councils of Coquette, which are as philosophical as they are witty, are sufficient to inform the God of Love of the errors into which these two nations are plunged; it therefore remains for me to deplore the evils of my own country. The errors of the former, however, seem to be less reprehensible than those of the latter. As to the divisions which prevail in Italy, we are indebted for them to the French, who have perverted a great part of our youth. They now seem ashamed to derive their origin from that delicious country, which formerly extended her victorious wings to distant regions, and gave them laws, manners, learning, and the arts. These revolted sons of dissipation have founded a school, the portal of which displays in letters of gold "Pleasure without pain." The approach is beautiful, spacious, and singularly ornamented. The inscription draws abundance of visitors of every age and country. The aspect of the place enchants them; they crowd for admission; but they have scarce entered, than they

feel themselves loaded with chains, and their liberty gone for ever. The air of an affected joy is seen in every face, while they are devoured with chagrin, languor, and listlessness.

"Love, considered in its true point of view, is of a pure and refined nature, and relates only to the object beloved. Those who look upon it in a temporary and vicious light, have no pretensions to rank themselves as lovers. Thou divinity, whom I revere, convert the foolish libertines, and teach them the difference between passion and sensibility; that our nation might teach others the felicity in the virtuous union of two susceptible hearts; and that they might join with us in telling thee

A noi mostra la via che al Cielo conduce."

The Marchioness having ceased speaking, the Countess of Coquette, and Lady Prude waited in silence the judgment of the Deity. The Goddess Pleasure announced the following resolve from the God of Love.

To enjoy the presence of Almighty Love, and a full plenitude of my felicities, our votaries must join to the vivacity of the French, the reflection of the English, with the constancy of the Italian.

The three ambassadresses left the temple, meditating on what they had heard. Lady Prude was not perfectly satisfied; the Countess of Coquette lost a part of her loquacity, and the Marchioness Stately felt with concern, that the Cicisbean system stood in need of reformation. They

were immediately surrounded by the men, eager to learn the decision of the God, when a little Cupid interrupted their inquiries, and conducted them under a superb awning, where they found a collation of every thing that was inviting to the appetite. The French were presented with excellent wines, mixed with the pure waters of Vaucluse; Claret and Port to the English, into which was infused a powder, called anti-pothic; and Champaigne was served up to the Italians. After this delicious repast, little Cupids conducted them to a garden planted by the hands of Flora and Pomona. Here was groves interlocked with murmuring rivelets; there the flowing lawns, embellished with fountains beautifully diversified. Further on were seen obelisks, with groupes of marble representing the Nymphs, the Fauns; while the Sylvans, animated by love, celebrated his triumphs.

Venus, accompanied with the gift of pleasing, appeared then queen, and the sports were attended by the Goddess Pleasure.

The ambassadresses remained some time at Cythera, and in concert with the men who had accompanied them thither, were initiated into the Cyprian mysteries. The aspect of a place so delicious, the pleasures which succeeded each other so rapidly, made the Countess forget Paris and her momentary conquests; Lady Prude thought no more of returning to Great-Britain, and the Marchioness Stately candidly confessed, that her idea of the third heaven was inferior to the Isle of Cythera.

ANECDOTES of SIR STEPHEN FOX and his Descendants.

(Continued from Page 21.)

IT has been recited in the former part of these memoirs, that Henry (the first Lord Holland) was the second and youngest son of Sir Stephen Fox, by his second wife, and brother to the late Earl of Ilchester.

Mr. Henry Fox, was one of the liveliest, most fashionable, most leading, and most debauched young men of his time. He was particularly addicted in the outset of life to the vice of gaming, in consequence of which, he hurt his fortune very much, and must have been totally undone, had not his great parliamentary abilities come luckily to his aid. Finding his finances grow daily worse, he felt the necessity of abandoning his former mode of

life, and commenced the man of business. His powers in the House of Commons being universally felt and acknowledged, it is not surprising, that he should soon get possession of the first offices of the State; which he filled with great ability for a series of years, from 1734 until 1763; about which time he resigned his post of Paymaster-general of his Majesty's forces, and was soon after raised to the dignity of Lord Holland, Baron of Foxley, &c. We lament, that with all our industry and inclination, we have not been able to get at the secret history of the latter part of this noble Lord's life, as it involves in it many circumstances of great consequence, and facts equally curious and interesting. How-

ever,

ever, what we are at present denied, the public will certainly one day or other be in possession of, as we understand that his Lordship has left *Manuscript Memoirs of his own Times*; which, though respect and polite attention to some eminent persons now living, may occasion their being withheld from the world, will certainly find their way to the press in time. When such men write history, the people are deeply interested in its publication.

In the year 1714 he married the Right Hon. Lady Georgina Carolina Lennox, eldest daughter of his Grace Charles late Duke of Richmond (she was created Baroness Holland in 1762). By this lady he had three sons, Stephen, Charles, and Henry.

Mr. Fox, though a very unceremonious speaker, was so powerful a debater, a parliamentary talent in which he has been greatly surpassed by his son Charles, that he was the most constant and most successful of all the opponents of Mr. Pitt, then in all the plenitude of his wonderful abilities. Mr. Fox very early attached himself to Government, and we believe, never once deviated from the line of conduct he determined to pursue; a very sufficient reason why he was always, though we sincerely believe without any just cause, a most unpopular political character. During the latter part of his life, we all know the pains and the means that were most unjustifiably taken to vilify and hold him forth as the public defaulter of unaccounted millions. An attack as ill-founded as it was illiberal; and, accordingly, we have already lived to see his fame and character vindicated, and the rage and malice of party give way to the candid acknowledgment of his merit and virtues.

It has been remarked of this noble Lord, that notwithstanding he was an uncommonly munificent patron, he met with much ingratitude; and from those most, whom he had most served. Many have been the comments made, and various the sarcasms and declamations with which the public have been entertained upon this theme. Were we to hazard an opinion, which we mean to give without inclining to be reproachful on the one hand, to the noble Lord our present subject, or on the other, cynical to Ministers in general, we would venture to say, that men who take those high flights in society, who give themselves up to the pursuit and attainment of the government of a country, and of this particularly, are rarely *real friends*, and for the most part, are incapable of being such. Hackneyed in the ways of

men, they must have a despicable opinion of the generality of them; and therefore consider them merely as tools they have to work with: it is a mere commerce of interest; of course, virtues and good qualities are with them totally out of the question. There are but two sorts of people they consider; the people of rank and connections, who may take part with, and promote their views; and *creatures*;—either those they can make a *use* of, or those who can condescend to amuse them in their hours of relaxation. In consequence of this it is, that we so commonly find ministerial favour and protection upholding and enriching the most profligate and abandoned characters; and this, we imagine, will sufficiently account for Lord Holland's patronizing some people who proved to great a disgrace to his discernment, and so strong an impeachment of his knowledge of mankind. His Lordship died at Holland-house, near Kensington, July 1, 1774.

The Honourable Stephen Fox, second Lord Holland, lived but a short time after his father, dying at his seat in Wiltshire, the December after his accession to his title. This gentleman, while at school at Eton, was seized with the nervous disorder called St. Vitus's dance, which occasioned his being taken from thence, and sent abroad to various countries and climates; where, though he recovered of that illness, it brought on such a corpulence of body, attended with somnolency, that he was ever after unweildly and uncomfortable in the greatest degree, and at last fell a martyr to it at thirty years of age. Nor was this the only misfortune which arose from that early attack upon his constitution; the unbounded indulgence with which he was treated by the fondest of parents, led him into habits of dissipation, which growing with his growth, proved the severest scourge to himself, his family, and friends. His rage for gaming was excessive, and though so lethargic he could scarcely hold his cards for five minutes together, he would play, and with those whom he was by no means equal to in skill and attention. The consequence was, the destruction of a great property; and certainly, his death alone preserved the shattered remnant of a ministerial fortune. He was a most amiable man, and very agreeable, even with all his infirmities; much beloved by all sorts of people; and, perhaps, had not a vice but the single one that undid him. He had great natural parts, and if his health had proved favourable to his studies, he would certainly have made as great

great a figure as any of his family, in the line of public life.

He represented the city of Salisbury in three successive Parliaments, where he took an active part in the debates; and what was very remarkable, though he would sit as if he were asleep, he would give the next day, the most accurate account of all that had been said on both sides of the question.

He married the Right Honourable Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, daughter of the late Earl of Upper Ossory, and niece to the Duchess of Bedford: a most amiable lady, by whom he left a son, the present Lord Holland, a minor, at Eton; and a daughter. Her Ladyship died not long since, greatly lamented.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY of the SEABRIGHT FAMILY. Continued from Vol. II. p. 266.

ELVIRA's mother would fain have got him into the cutter, but the old captain, who, at any other time would have paid the most devout attention to a woman, lost all reflection of politeness, and was up the cutter's side in an instant.

When Elvira's mother and grandfather got on board, the old captain and his son were locked in each other's arms, but no sooner did young Seabright perceive his love upon the deck, but disengaging himself from his parent, he flew to her in rapture—and she without uttering a word, but respiring a heavy sigh, gently fainted in his arms.

The attention of all were now fixed upon beauty in distress.—The mother of Elvira was removed, and on recovering from the trance, in which her overcharged joy had thrown her, she found herself in the cabin, with her head reclined upon her lover's bosom. The two old gentlemen stood before her, one holding a smelling bottle, the other a dram.—As she raised her head her eyes closed, and she sunk again upon her lover's breast, overwhelmed with confusion.

Old Seabright was not deficient in penetration, but if he had been so, the scene before him was sufficiently explanatory of the cause which produced it.

The illness of Miss Roberts, having soothed the minds of all parties to a calm, a silence of some minutes ensued her recovery, during which time the old captain sat opposite his son, viewing him with a countenance expressive of contemplation, mixed with delight.—I see, my lad, said he, addressing the young seaman, you have not won your laurels without loss of blood, the scar upon your arm tells me you are wounded.

Wounded I am, indeed, Sir, answered young Seabright, unwinding the scarf from his arm,—and this scarf is a testimony, it is what remained of the Frenchman's anquet, which I struck with my own hand, and wound round my arm till I could lay

it here,—and he laid the tattered remnant of the French colours in the lap of Miss Roberts,—wounded I am, wounded to the heart, but with your permission I can find my cure.—He fell upon his knees before his father, and taking Miss Roberts by the hand, the incapable of resistance, he kissed it with the warmest fervency of love.

The old captain turned upon his heel, and wiped his eyes.—

The parson fell gently back upon his seat, and looked up to heaven with devotion—

Miss Roberts feared to look up—but her lover, who knew not fear, looked upon his parent with a steadfast countenance expressive of his hopes and wishes.

Rise, William,—said the old captain addressing his son, and taking him by the hand,—you have served your country, and in doing so have made me happy—it is not then your business to ask, but my duty to reward. Fortune I have none, but your king will not overlook your merit.—How can I reward you? I see, my lad, you have won the girl's heart, and I am confident, my lad, you have won a prize. She has no money I know, but what of that, William? Money has its value, diamonds have their value, but pure virtue in a woman, like pure honour in a man, is inestimable. I do believe thou hast pure virtue, my lad,—I do believe thou hast pure honour, my lad, and possessing virtue and honour, you possess fortune enough for each other—and though virtue and honour may not purchase an estate, or promotion for you in this world, yet do I think, they'll insure you an estate and promotion in heaven.—But here, here's the girl's father, what says my old friend?

I can say nothing—answered the parson,—but God bless them.

Well,—replied old Seabright,—you shall say something more for them before night, for with God's blessing they shall be married this day.—But let us leave them, and inquire into the particulars of the

the action from the officers on deck, and get something to recruit our spirits; for the joy of seeing my boy victorious and happy has given me an ague of joy, and I tremble all over.

I could fight the devil now,—said the old captain,—if he appeared in the character of an enemy.

Heaven bless us!—exclaimed the parson,—the devil is an enemy to all mankind—

And so are the enemies of Great Britain,—said the captain, and they both went upon deck.—

What passed between my father and mother, may be easily conceived by those who have experienced similar situations—we may suppose, that for some minutes they were silent—that their eyes spoke unutterable things, and that all those endearments were reciprocated which prudence allows between young people on the brink of marriage.

The old captain being one of those parents who consider the happiness of their

children as their own, was determined to expedite the marriage of his son.

He had married himself for love, and as no man held riches in greater contempt, no wonder that he approved of his son's passion for a woman who possessed beauty without vanity, and an understanding improved by education, yet divested of that pertness and decisive presumption, which too often marks the conversation of those ladies, who consider themselves women of letters.

Miss Roberts' conversation expressed—in her countenance shone—heavenly innocence.—The virtues of her lover were of the first stamp.—Such an union promised happiness, but alas! bitter misfortune was the result—

Soon after their marriage, Miss Seabright's father died, leaving his daughter all he was possessed of, and indeed all that most curates are able to leave their children—a blessing.

[To be continued.]

THE DELINEATOR. No. III.

WAR is almost as old as the world; and the ensigns of that profession are of equal antiquity. Besides the standard of the nation, every chief of a family, or tribe, assumed the same consequence. One took for symbol a lion, another a serpent, that a bull, and this a bear. They no doubt flattered themselves that the fourth or fifth generation would fabricate the fabulous histories which gave birth to these figures, and that these relations would be easily adopted, by a people ever fond of what is enigmatical and marvellous.

Among the savages of Canada, there are three principal families; the one pretends to be descended from a large hare; the other traces his origin from a very beautiful and heroic woman who had a carp for her mother. The third family derive their progenitors from the family of *bruins*.

There are doubtless many princes in Europe, who would prefer their origin from a bear or a wolf, than from a taylor or a baker. Nevertheless, the Delineator thinks that a taylor or a baker is a being something more respectable than a bear or a wolf.

There is a cast of Indians who say their great ancestor was an *a's*, and for that reason these animals ate by them treated as

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their brothers; and they have a fund for persecuting those who overload, or cruelly treat this noble animal. In case of rain the *as* is covered with the garment of his conductor, unless he be a person of a certain rank.

When the Nile overflows her banks, and the waters begin to disappear, the rays of the sun produces an amazing quantity of rats; the antipathy which cats have for these creatures, and the services they render the inhabitants by destroying them, make the people venerate and even worship cats in general. They even appoint persons, like the mendicant orders on the Continent, to receive alms from house to house for the better support of these animals, and embellishment of their chapels.

Among the Indians cow dung is held as sacred; every morning they rub their faces, heads, breasts, and shoulders with it, as they believe it is a great purifier of the soul, and of their monks; the brahmins, during the time they are novitiates, mix it with their food. The noble order of the Cow's Tail, is the highest honour conferred upon a subject. At the investiture, the king, having passed round the neck this mark of distinction, embraces the new member, and repeats—"Love the cows—Love the monks."

Among

Among the many reasons assigned for the ancient veneration of serpents, the following one is apparently the most significant and popular: when a man, beloved by his country and friends, quits the world, it was the custom to visit his tomb, and furnish it with cakes, milk, and honey; a serpent, roused by the noise of the multitude, comes out of the tomb, and tastes these funeral oblations; the people believed that it was the soul of the deceased who had assumed this form, and when any of his countrymen erected a statue, they always added to it the figure of a serpent. The frauds of their priests contributed to give energy to this ridiculous superstition; they knew that certain adders, whose bite was reckoned mortal, were free from every kind of venom. They, therefore, tamed, tutored, and caressed these creatures, inculcating, at the same time, that they were the genii, who, under that figure, conveyed to them the knowledge of simples and plants that were purely medicinal. Livy informs us, that the troops of M. Fabius Ambulius were routed by their enemies, who had placed in the front of their army, a prodigious number of priests, holding in their hands these large and terrifying adders instead of swords.

In the cathedral of Sarragossa, is a famous monument of an Holy Inquisitor. This monument is decorated with six columns, to which is fastened as many Moors, who are represented as condemned to the flames. If a public executioner, or hangman, in any country was to die rich enough to have a mausoleum erected to his memory, this in question could serve his heirs as a model.

In the church of the Inquisition at Seville, the vault represents the history of that infernal order. We could figure the horrors of Tartarus, if we did not recollect, that the suries were not clothed in the habits of monks and friars.

The humane reader is seized with horror, in reading the history of those ages, when the despotism of Rome triumphed over the princes of every Christian nation. The crusades were undertaken against those unfortunate sovereigns who did not blindly obey her orders; and the hope of spoil and pillage, drew to her standards the most execrable of all villains, commanded by legates, who ravaged their country, put to death all ranks and conditions without sparing age or sex. Raymond, Count of Toulouse, was driven from his dominions by an army of crusades, and his son was

forced to appear in a procession naked to his waist. The legate passing an halter around the prince's neck, holding the ends in one hand, while he scourged him with rods, till he had reached the church, where he received absolution. These were the blessed beginnings of that diabolical order called the Inquisition; and thus were sovereign princes treated, who fell under the displeasure of papal despots!

Formerly, in the island of Ternate, no person, not even the priests, was permitted to speak upon the subject of religion. There was but one temple, a second being prohibited by an express law; in this temple there was neither altar, statue, or image. One hundred priests enjoyed a considerable revenue; they neither chanted, preached, or prayed, but in a solemn silence pointed their fingers to a pyramid, on which was written, "Montals adore God, love your brothers, and render yourselves useful to your country."

Before Christianity had dissipated the darkness of idolatry, the mountain St. Michael, was consecrated to Belenus, one of the four great divinities among the Gauls. Upon this mount was a college of nine druidesses, the oldest of whom had the gift of prophecy. These priestesses were accustomed to sell to mariners darts that would calm the most boisterous sea, when shot by the hand of a youth of twenty-one who had not known a woman. When the vessel arrived in port, this young man was deputed to present these druidesses with the presents consigned for their use. One of those virgins took it in her head to bathe in the sea with this innocent, and as often as she initiated him into pleasures of the senses, as often she marked his shoulders with the shells of different fishes.

It would not be astonishing, if we saw many thrones in Europe filled with journey-men tailors, joiners, and bakers. Several popes have disposed of crowns and sceptres; witness Gregory IX. who deprived Frederick II. of the imperial diadem, and offered it to a stranger, who was brother to Saint Louis. Alexander VI. by a bull in 1492, gave the West Indies to Ferdinand king of Arragon, and the East-Indies to the prince of Portugal. Julius II. by his excommunication of Louis XII. vacated the throne of France, which he offered to him who would seize upon it. Sixtus V. and Gregory XIV. endeavoured to drive the House of Bourbon from their inheritance, and to place

the crown in the family of Lorrain. Since these holy fathers infilled that they were masters, to confer or take away honours, it would not have been wonderful that Gregory VII. son of a joiner, and many

others of as mean an origin, had placed crowns upon the heads of their relations and dependents.

(To be continued.)

The HAIR-DRESSER; or, HERALD of ANECDOTE.

Nº. I.

Gentlemen,
THE whole circle of your correspondents (which I am happy to see are many and respectable) cannot furnish a character of more distinguished celebrity than your humble servant; among my illustrious customers about St. James's, and through Marybone, I am called the Morning Intelligencer; among the Cyprian, or impure order, I am known by the title of the Morning Herald, or Post, sometimes one, sometimes the other, just as the good things of literature happen to stir; and among the other order of my customers, the *tread/people*, as Lady Kilmarney, with a sneer of contempt, calls them, I am sometimes called the General Advertiser, and at other times the Gazetteer: so that the distinguished newspapers of this capital has given me as many names as a Spanish prince. To all this I shew no more resentment than Sterne's patient monk; I smile with my customers, and am pronounced on all hands a happy tempered fellow. These are sad times, gentlemen, to quarrel with our bread and butter; especially as we have but the heel of the loaf left amongst us. From the first hour the horn-book was put into my hand, I became a lover of letters; I swallowed the horn-bound contents with the same facility that that gentleman of all-work, Jack Palmer, of Drury-lane theatre, does a character; and my venerable father was to the full as happy as Tickle's peasant; but as you may not immediately recollect this picture, permit me to present it to you. The poet, talking of the horn-book, says,

An aged peasant, on his latest bed,
 Will'd for a friend, some godly book to read;
 The pious grandson thy known handle takes.
 And (eyes lift up) this fav'ry lecture makes:
 Great A, he gravely read, th' important sound
 'The empty wall and hollow roof rebound:
 Th' expiring antient rear'd his drooping head,
 And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to read,

Great B, the younker bawls; O heavenly breath!
 What ghostly comforts in the hour of death?
 What hopes I feel!—Great C, pronounc'd the boy;
 The grandfire dies, with extacy of joy.

Your abstruse writing never engaged my attention, so that you may rank me, if you please, with the light summer readers of the day. My face is as well known at the different book-stalls about town, as a title-page to the owners; and many a time have I put a penny into Mr. Wade's hand, for a half-crown quarto pamphlet of exquisite genius. I am a lover of anecdote, and this I look upon to be the life and soul of literature. I have a number of articles in store for your repository; but what I believe will be most acceptable this month, to your readers in general, is the following account of the

LATE MASQUERADE, which I picked up this morning, while I was dressing Mrs. Gadabout, a lady of excellent information.

As this was the first masquerade, and this too given in a place which had been the talk of every body, as the most complete edifice of the kind, it is no wonder that it was unusually crowded, much earlier than common on such occasions. The company were both brilliant and numerous; and though most of the masques were in simple dominos, and fancy dresses, yet they were altogether so elegantly diversified, that the ensemble was equally graceful and pleasing. About one o'clock the Prince of Wales, made his appearance, and that nothing might be wanted to secure the royal guest a welcome, his arrival was the signal for throwing open the supper-rooms; when good provisions, excellent wines, and both in plenty, made this part of the entertainment the most interesting scene for two-thirds of the company. The tables, both in the coffee-room, and the assembly-room above, were decked in a manner to please the eye, by

the care and attention of Mr. Fitzwaled, adjutant to the *Procureur General*, honest Jack Stacie, who played his own part to admiration, by regaling his guests with good and solid English cheer.

The new assembly-room, which is fitted up with great taste, is, we understand, set apart for private balls of the nobility, every Tuesday after the opera; it may be said, without cavil, that no room could be better adapted to the purpose than such a room only.

Besides the Prince of Wales, there were his Royal Highness the D. of Cumberland, D. of Queenberry, Lords Graham, Sefton, Bellmont, Surry, Moleworth, and Derby, Colonel St. Leger, Tarleton, and Fitzpatrick, with many other personages of the first rank. The most distinguished Ladies were Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Benwell, Laura, as usual, beautiful and elegant; Sally the Shallow, or, to make ourselves understood by people in general, Mrs. Wilson, of Covent-garden theatre; together with a multiplicity of impures from King's-Place, and the circuit of Maybone.

There were very few characters, excepting a Harlequin, who was perfect only in the part of jumping about and doing mischief, in the latter, however, he was near fouled in his attack upon an old rusty Hackney-Carriage, who did not seem to understand raillery, and was up to his profession, at least in the brutish part of his character. A wild Irishman, incomparably well supported; and a few Highlanders, who never saw the other side of the Tweed, and understood as little of the Erse dialect, as they did of manners and decency, when the fumes of the genuine juice of the grape had disturbed their shallow brains. Their female companions, however, must not be included in this censure; the bonny baronet in this capacity, supported the humour with truly original and native spirit. A Gypsy with two children at her back, supported by Mrs. Corbyn; who told fortunes with, and smiled upon her customers, with eyes and smiles fascinating as Circe. Mrs. Mahon, alias the *Bird of Paradise, à la militaire*, her uniform covered with a white domino, was armed with Cupid's sharpest arrows; she was accompanied by

Miss Greenhill, a *nouvelle* beauty in the cyprian walks; her countenance warmly expressive of sensibility, and highly dangerous from its apparent innocence. This beautiful lady is from *Eblana*, vulgarly called *Dublin*. A few Mahometans, who, being ignorant of European languages, passed the night in supreme dulness; and several females of the same denomination, who, being accustomed to the seraglio, spoke the language of the eyes with melting softness. A Music-master, who was a fellow of good humour, with a brain not destitute of *Crotchets*. A Dutch skipper, and several sailors, who seemed to cruise among the *Cyprian circles*. A Dutch doctor, a remarkable witty little hunch-backed woman, and a very stupid Stockbroker. Two Reapers were remarkably well supported; the dress was elegant, and they danced remarkably well. Satyrs, Silena, Bacca, Ballad-singers, Orange-girls, Haymakers, &c. &c. The public were in expectation of quadrilles by the principal performers; but some of them having made demands in money, contrary to the custom and tenor of their engagements, the dances were suppressed. As this intelligence is from the best authority, it is but justice to add, that the *novelty* is not introduced by Mons. Lepicq, Slingfley, Henry, Rossi, Theodore, or Crespi, whom the public have always found ready to do their duty, both to their satisfaction, and that of their employers. The supper consisted of cold chickens, meat-pies, lamb, brawn, boiled and roast beef, ham, salad, blanc-mange, &c. and was plentifully served. The prospect from the five-shilling gallery, which was full of company, was entirely rural. The pit, as usual, was boarded over. The gildings, paintings, and other decorations, above and surrounding the platform, afforded a striking and elegant contrast. Bright eyes! bright gems! and a thousand other illuminations, diffusing joy, and raising the admiration of every beholder, except where the enchantment (in a few instances) was sullied, and the natural effect of beauty destroyed by indecency. Several catches and glees were sung with great spirit, and about seven in the morning, the house was entirely cleared.

THE PUBLIC WHISPERER. No. II.

MY brother of Covent-Garden theatre, whose tale of Louisa and Valentine appeared in the two last numbers of the *European Magazine*, has stepped aside this

month to give me an opportunity of holding a literary conversation with the world. My situation is in the King's box of Drury-Lane theatre, where majesty has lately condescended.

condescended to shed tears o'er the distresses of Jaffier and Belvidera, and o'er the Grecian Daughter and her venerable Sire. I have often remarked, when one painter executes a subject to captivate, the world is instantly pestered with daubers out of number; it is just so in the theatre, Mrs. Siddons has raised the drooping head of Melpomene, and given her the Bath reitorative, as Mr. C. expresses himself, and we are to be sickened with new faces, who attempt to gain the arduous heights of the same felicity of performance, every evening: Mrs. Siddons is blest with a happy sensibility: and this should have led her to enter into the merits of her sister's abilities, into her claim for public approbation, before she would suffer her to be made a laughing stock of. The company that graced the box where I am situated, was uncommonly splendid the evening of Miss Kemble's performance of Alicia, and I believe every one in the house was determined to give her the fairest trial, but the character was in an eclipse through the whole performance.

"What do you think of the lady, my Lord?" says Lady B. addressing an illustrious critic, who is the leading patron of Mrs. Siddons. "Think! think, 'pon my word I don't know what to think—Pray did you hear the news to-day?"—"No, my Lord, what is it?"—"O! war! war! nothing but war! Mars and Bellona have grasped their spears again, and nothing but devastation will appear shortly."—"I am truly sorry," says her Ladyship, "pray is the news authentic?"—"Fact, 'pon my honour.—There, that's a beautiful scene! how bewitchingly Siddons delivers the tag,

"Such is the fate unhappy women find."
"Are we to have assistance from any foreign powers, my Lord?"—"None that I hear—the Empress looks on England as on an old manlion, whose owner has been long dead, she is daily studying what she can purchase of the furniture to grace her own palace—of the pictures she has got many, and some of the best servants—and she is working hard to obtain the remainder."—"Any confirmation of this duel between Sir J. W. and Capt. B., my Lord?"—"None, Ma'am, I am sorry Sir J. has brought himself into this disagreeable predicament, it brings to my recollection a whimsical anecdote of this son of Neptune, which your Ladyship probably has never heard.

"Going to take boat at Whitehall Stairs some time ago, I was surprised to meet Sir J. W. to whom I was not known,

in a violent passion with Mr. M. a respectable literary character, for no other reason than Mr. M's speaking a few words expressive of repentment, in return for Sir J. wantonly striking his dog.

"Mr. M. with the spirit of a man, and a feeling master, expressed his abhorrence of such ungentleman-like behaviour; to which Sir J. with much choler, replied, he would serve him in like manner. Indignation sparkled in the eyes of Mr. M. who instantly dared him to the deed.

"Sir J. thinking he was on his watery element, where naval commanders are as absolute as Cromwell, struck Mr. M. with his cane, who instantly flew at him like a lion, and left him in a few minutes with a face as enlanguined, as if the brains of a shipmate shattered by a nine-pounder covered every feature.

"Till this time Sir J. was unknown to any one by the water-side, when a gentleman came down, who was struck with astonishment at seeing him so disfigured, and instantly calling him by his name, asked him the cause.

"Mr. M's surprise on hearing who he had been combating with, was equal to the gentleman's. 'What,' says Mr. M. with a sensibility that did him infinite honour, 'have I been fighting a man whose valour has given laurels to the brow of Britannia, and his country? I am sorry for it' but my dog has been a faithful creature—he has served me with a fidelity I have failed to find among my own species, and I will protect him as long as he exists."

"Sir J. by this time spurned that silly pride, that clings to us too often in spite of reason and sensibility, and shook hands with Mr. M. declaring himself in the wrong, and applauding Mr. M. with all his heart, for his attention to the faithfulest creature in the universe."

"Very spirited, upon my honour, my Lord:—Pray what does the old warrior of Berlin think of our hostile proceedings, do they meet with his approbation?"—"Cannot tell, 'pon honour, I believe he looks at the creditor side of his account with this country, and no farther. He is a valiant man, a wise man, and a father to his people, he may be compared to a careful and diligent farmer, whose whole attention is devoted to every object within the bounds of his property, and farther his ambition leads him not. Prowess, however great, may meet a formidable assailant, and he wishes to sit snug by his fire-side the evening of his life unmolested.

"This

"This illustrious character brings to my mind an excellent anecdote, with which I was highly pleased, when it was first related to me by my father. "Hanni, the best and wisest emperor that ever filled the throne, after gaining three signal victories over the Tartars, who had invaded his dominions, returned to Nankin, in order to enjoy the glory of his conquest. After he had rested for some days, the people, who are naturally fond of processions, impatiently expected the triumphal entry, which emperors upon such occasions were accustomed to make. Their murmurs came to the emperor's ear. He loved his people, and was willing to do all in his power to satisfy their just desires. He, therefore, assured them that he intended, upon the next feast of the Lanterns, to exhibit one of the most glorious triumphs that had ever been seen in China.

"The people were in raptures at his condescension; and, on the appointed day, assembled at the gates of the palace, with the most eager expectations. Here they waited for some time, without seeing any of those preparations which usually precede a pageant. The lantern with ten thousand tapers, was not yet brought forth; the fire-works, which usually covered the city walls, were not yet lighted: the people once more began to murmur at this delay; when, in the midst of their impatience, the palace gates flew open, and the Emperor himself appeared, not in splendor or magnificence, but in an ordinary habit, followed by the blind, the maimed, and the strangers of the city, all in new clothes, and each carrying in his hand money enough to supply his necessities for the year. The people were at first amazed, but soon perceived the wisdom of their king, who taught them, that to make one man happy, was more truly great than having ten thousand captives groaning at the wheels of his chariot."

"Thus, Madam, I believe to be a just picture of his Prussian Majesty and his actions, notwithstanding idle report."

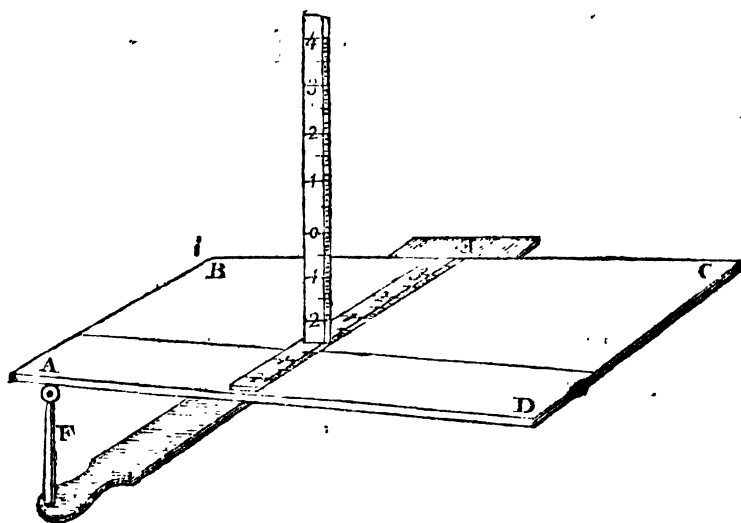
"What we have gained at sea, during our contest with the Colonies, France, Spain, and Holland, we have lost by land: the fame of patriotic virtue, that blazed during the administration of Pitt, is extinguished, our senate is filled with idle debates, public happiness is sacrificed to private pique, and the sun of this re-

nowned island, I fear is sinking to illumine some less beautiful country."

"Why, my Lord, I protest you are a perfect Quidnunc!—Pray, tell me, is it a fact, that the old Earl of Roehampton has made Siddons this present so much talked of? I love an act of this nature to extraordinary merit! there is something sublime in the thought! I think we have been very liberal for some time past: what a monument to the memory of Sir James Lowther, will be the seventy-four gun ship he has presented to his country."

"Yes, Madam," says the venerable Countess of E. "actions of a public nature are worthy all praise, but those to individuals, it were better to make less noise about; while we are neglecting our disabled soldiers and seamen, and those in the deepest distress around us, to be so very liberal to an object by no means in want of our assistance, whose income (as the Duke of Dorset, in a similar instance, wisely observed to Mr. Garrick) is much superior to that of any officer under the staff, to be so very lavish of our favours to such an object, is certainly a proof of a want of that good sense, for which we are by strangers distinguished, and must certainly in the end give rise to much uneasiness. I saw an advertisement in the papers some time past, from the widow of the ingenious Smollet, who lost her all by the fire in Jamaica; this public petition, though continued for many weeks, met a miserable reception, I think I read five benefactors names to it before it was withdrawn, and the collection did not amount to forty pounds. How will this appear in the eyes of posterity? will not the cheek of indignation be deeply crimsoned at it, when opposed to what has been already mentioned? Certain I am it will. We have a Johnson, a Reynolds, and a Priestley, and, if our munificence must be confined to the theatre, we have an Abington, whose heart is the seat of every good quality, and whose public merit is unrivalled; we have had a Garrick and a Barry too, and yet nothing of this nature crowned their uncommon abilities."—"Your observations are very just, Ma'am," says his Lordship, "and the subject must drop with the curtain, which I see is letting down."

My company left me a few minutes after.



TO the EDITORS of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I CONSIDER myself obliged to your Correspondent, Mr. Pricstley, for paying so much attention, as he has done, to my description of a Perspective Instrument, in a former number of your Magazine. Not to detain your readers with any remarks on his proposed Instrument, I proceed to inform them, (through your indulgence in giving this paper a place in your next Magazine) that his critique on my Instrument has induced me to turn my thoughts again to the subject, and enabled me to contrive another, more simple in its construction, more ready in practice, and less liable to error, than any other which I have any knowledge of; and which, I have the pleasure to find, meets the approbation of that perfect master of perspective, Mr. Pricstley himself.

The construction of this Instrument is a T square, graduated on the fiducial edge into equal divisions, of 10ths or 8ths of inches, placed both ways, from O division, at about one-third of the tongue of the square;—a perpendicular erected on the said O division, which is also graduated into divisions of the same size as those before-mentioned;—and also a sight-staff of about five or six inches high, placed at a convenient distance from the said O division. It must be observed, that the O division on the perpendicular must be of the same height as the eye-hole in the sight-staff;—the sight-staff is fixed to the head of a surveyor's plain table, in the place

of the compass-box, or to any other drawing-board; and may be placed at any distance, from 12 to 24 inches, according as the drawing may be wanted to be less or greater. A bare view of the drawing annexed will be sufficient, without any particular reference to the parts of the Instrument, after observing that ABCD represents the plain table, E the T square with the perpendicular, and F the sight-staff. It may be remarked, that the O division on the tongue of the square must always lie on the horizontal line in an intended drawing. This construction depends on that principle of perspective which says, there are two lines of measure only which need to be noticed, i. e. the horizontal line; and another line perpendicular thereto, for elevation or depression above or below the horizontal line.

The practice of this Instrument is briefly this, having fixed on the most advantageous spot opposite the building, or other object of which a drawing is desired, and placed the central line of the drawing-board opposite the centre of the view; the plain table or drawing-board must be placed level and firm. The T square is then moved until the eye (looking through the sight-staff) perceives the fiducial edge of the perpendicular, applied to any line or point in the object;—observe what degree of elevation or depression is cut on the edge of the perpendicular, by a ray

proceeding from that point of the object to the eye-hole in the sight-staff, and mark off, with your pencil, at the corresponding division on the tongue of the T square; and that will be the point on the perspective plane. Thus by setting off as many points as are necessary, we shall have sufficient guides for the minutiae of the piece. It may be further noticed, that the ex-

tremes, or any division of all perpendicular lines, may be, at one view, observed and set off with readiness.

I have been as concise as I well could be in the description of this Instrument, that it may not unnecessarily employ too much room in your valuable Magazine.

Frome School, I am, &c.
Jan. 29, 1783. A. CROCKER.

SPECULATIONS ON WISDOM and RECTITUDE, continued from p. 32.

FOLLY delights to dress herself in the garb of Wisdom: but lest we should discover the cheat, she affects to dwell in obscurity.

Endless phantoms of delusion present themselves in the shape of conductors, through the labyrinth that bewilders our imagination: they boldly assume the name of every attribute belonging to wisdom; and we blindly submit to their guidance.

The distinctions between right and wrong are often like the partitions of wit and madness, very slight and imperceptible. We must narrowly watch over both, to prevent their too intimate approximation: for as horses, whose reins are entangled, become difficult to manage by the skillfullest driver, wisdom always finds it the most arduous and laborious task, to separate and distinguish truth from error.

The authority of wisdom is necessary to controul the headstrong vivacity of wit, and turn it to that account which nature meant in giving it to us.

Without the intervention of wisdom, wit employs itself in the search of that, which, when attained, proves, like Ixion's cloud, mere emptiness.

Wisdom puts into our hand the scale of impartiality; and teaches us to weigh with exactitude the good and evil of which the world is composed.

It is only by a constant habitual appreciation of what passes before us, that we are enabled to untie the Gordian knot of uncertainty that perplexes most of our thoughts and actions. Erroneous notions lead us into vicious courses. These, by soothing our passions, keep us in a state of voluntary subjection; from which we are the less desirous of being emancipated, as our conviction is not clear that we are blameable for persisting in it.

By a just appraisement of those objects that engage our attention or pursuit, neither overrating nor undervaluing them, we prosecute the business of life without that endless anxiety which is its greatest burden.

A due knowledge of the nature and value of things inspires us with that courage and confidence, without which nothing is ably transacted. It expels imbecillity and tardiness, and replaces them with diligence and activity.

There is a dignity in a man of sound judgment and observation, which resides in no other. Should nature have denied him that exterior gracefulness of form, which is of such general influence, yet if our eyes are not struck with the momentary splendour it produces, our mind quickly supplies the deficiency, by converting our attention to that more solid lustre which beams from within.

Of such men only the words and actions can agree, and the conduct prove consistent. Fools may possess the wisdom of words; but that of actions appertains only to those who are truly wise.

But even in the midst of eloquence and all the pomp of discourse, want of real wisdom will always be discernible. What stronger proof can be given of intellectual poverty, than wisdom expressed out of time or place?

The right application of knowledge is therefore the test of true ability. However accomplished we may appear, if we are defective in this particular, the sagacious and penetrating part of mankind will not class us in their number: and even the illiterate and uninformed will discover our insignificance, and pay us but little attention. The former cannot fail to perceive the distance we are at from what they are themselves; and the latter will soon be sensible, that our learning is of no substantial utility; and that in point of sense and reasoning, we still remain on a level with the multitude, notwithstanding our pretensions to superior excellence.

It follows, that solid wisdom, and real abilities, consist in a clear perception of the truth and substantial worth of things, and in a comprehensive discernment, how to act with justice and propriety.

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Gallery

72	Countess Kageneck	71	Lady Grosvenor	70	Lady Charlotte Tufton	69	Mrs Robinson	68	Lady Warren	67	Mrs Armistead	66	Lady Bulkley	65	Lady Vere	64	Lady Tyrconnell	63	Mrs FitzGerald	62	Lady Brauchamp	61	Lady Dyfart	60	H.R.H. Duke of Gloucester	59	Mrs Crewe	58	Lady Cadogan	57	Lady Weymouth	56	Lady Pembroke	55	Lady Pelham	54	Mrs Broadhead	53	Mrs Jersey	52	Mrs Damer	51	Mrs Bowly	50	Duchess of Richmond	49	Lady Maynard	48	Lady Stawell	47	Lady Rumbold	46	H.R.H. Pr. of Wales	45	Lady Shelburne	44	Lady Countess Kageneck	43	Lady Grosvenor	42	Lady Charlotte Tufton	41	Lady Warren	40	Mrs Armistead	39	Lady Bulkley	38	Lady Vere	37	Lady Tyrconnell	36	Mrs FitzGerald	35	Lady Brauchamp	34	Lady Dyfart	33	H.R.H. Duke of Gloucester	32	Mrs Crewe	31	Lady Cadogan	30	Lady Weymouth	29	Lady Pembroke	28	Lady Pelham	27	Mrs Broadhead	26	Mrs Jersey	25	Mrs Damer	24	Mrs Bowly	23	Duchess of Richmond	22	Lady Maynard	21	Lady Stawell	20	Lady Rumbold	19	H.R.H. Pr. of Wales	18	Lady Shelburne	17	Lady Countess Kageneck	16	Lady Grosvenor	15	Lady Charlotte Tufton	14	Lady Warren	13	Mrs Armistead	12	Lady Bulkley	11	Lady Vere	10	Lady Tyrconnell	9	Mrs FitzGerald	8	Lady Brauchamp	7	Lady Dyfart	6	H.R.H. Duke of Gloucester	5	Mrs Crewe	4	Lady Cadogan	3	Lady Weymouth	2	Lady Pembroke	1	Lady Pelham	0	Mrs Broadhead	-1	Mrs Jersey	-2	Mrs Damer	-3	Mrs Bowly	-4	Duchess of Richmond	-5	Lady Maynard	-6	Lady Stawell	-7	Lady Rumbold	-8	H.R.H. Pr. of Wales	-9	Lady Shelburne	-10	Lady Countess Kageneck	-11	Lady Grosvenor	-12	Lady Charlotte Tufton	-13	Lady Warren	-14	Mrs Armistead	-15	Lady Bulkley	-16	Lady Vere	-17	Lady Tyrconnell	-18	Mrs FitzGerald	-19	Lady Brauchamp	-20	Lady Dyfart	-21	H.R.H. Duke of Gloucester	-22	Mrs Crewe	-23	Lady Cadogan	-24	Lady Weymouth	-25	Lady Pembroke	-26	Lady Pelham	-27	Mrs Broadhead	-28	Mrs Jersey	-29	Mrs Damer	-30	Mrs Bowly	-31	Duchess of Richmond	-32	Lady Maynard	-33	Lady Stawell	-34	Lady Rumbold	-35	H.R.H. Pr. of Wales	-36	Lady Shelburne	-37	Lady Countess Kageneck	-38	Lady Grosvenor	-39	Lady Charlotte Tufton	-40	Lady Warren	-41	Mrs Armistead	-42	Lady Bulkley	-43	Lady Vere	-44	Lady Tyrconnell	-45	Mrs FitzGerald	-46	Lady Brauchamp	-47	Lady Dyfart	-48	H.R.H. Duke of Gloucester	-49	Mrs Crewe	-50	Lady Cadogan	-51	Lady Weymouth	-52	Lady Pembroke	-53	Lady Pelham	-54	Mrs Broadhead	-55	Mrs Jersey	-56	Mrs Damer	-57	Mrs Bowly	-58	Duchess of Richmond	-59	Lady Maynard	-60	Lady Stawell	-61	Lady Rumbold	-62	H.R.H. Pr. of Wales	-63	Lady Shelburne	-64	Lady Countess Kageneck	-65	Lady Grosvenor	-66	Lady Charlotte Tufton	-67	Lady Warren	-68	Mrs Armistead	-69	Lady Bulkley	-70	Lady Vere	-71	Lady Tyrconnell	-72	Mrs FitzGerald	-73	Lady Brauchamp	-74	Lady Dyfart	-75	H.R.H. Duke of Gloucester	-76	Mrs Crewe	-77	Lady Cadogan	-78	Lady Weymouth	-79	Lady Pembroke	-80	Lady Pelham	-81	Mrs Broadhead	-82	Mrs Jersey	-83	Mrs Damer	-84	Mrs Bowly	-85	Duchess of Richmond	-86	Lady Maynard	-87	Lady Stawell	-88	Lady Rumbold	-89	H.R.H. Pr. of Wales	-90	Lady Shelburne	-91	Lady Countess Kageneck	-92	Lady Grosvenor	-93	Lady Charlotte Tufton	-94	Lady Warren	-95	Mrs Armistead	-96	Lady Bulkley	-97	Lady Vere	-98	Lady Tyrconnell	-99	Mrs FitzGerald	-100	Lady Brauchamp	-101	Lady Dyfart	-102	H.R.H. Duke of Gloucester	-103	Mrs Crewe	-104	Lady Cadogan	-105	Lady Weymouth	-106	Lady Pembroke	-107	Lady Pelham	-108	Mrs Broadhead	-109	Mrs Jersey	-110	Mrs Damer	-111	Mrs Bowly	-112	Duchess of Richmond	-113	Lady Maynard	-114	Lady Stawell	-115	Lady Rumbold	-116	H.R.H. 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Pr. of Wales	-522	Lady Shelburne	-523	Lady Countess Kageneck	-524	Lady Grosvenor	-525	Lady Charlotte Tufton	-526	Lady Warren	-527	Mrs Armistead	-528	Lady Bulkley	-529	Lady Vere	-530	Lady Tyrconnell	-531	Mrs FitzGerald	-532	Lady Brauchamp	-533	Lady Dyfart	-534	H.R.H. Duke of Gloucester	-535	Mrs Crewe	-536	Lady Cadogan	-537	Lady Weymouth	-538	Lady Pembroke	-539	Lady Pelham	-540	Mrs Broadhead	-541	Mrs Jersey	-542	Mrs Damer	-543	Mrs Bowly	-544	Duchess of Richmond	-545	Lady Maynard	-546	Lady Stawell	-547	Lady Rumbold	-548	H.R.H. Pr. of Wales	-549	Lady Shelburne	-550	Lady Countess Kageneck	-551	Lady Grosvenor	-552	Lady Charlotte Tufton	-553	Lady Warren	-554	Mrs Armistead	-555	Lady Bulkley	-556	Lady Vere	-557	Lady Tyrconnell	-558	Mrs FitzGerald	-559	Lady Brauchamp	-560	Lady Dyfart	-561	H.R.H. Duke of Gloucester	-562	Mrs Crewe	-563	Lady Cadogan	-564	Lady Weymouth	-565	Lady Pembroke	-566	Lady Pelham	-567	Mrs Broadhead	-568	Mrs Jersey	-569	Mrs Damer	-570	Mrs Bowly	-571</
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TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more. OTWAY.

HOW great soever may be the parade, which some writers make of the boasted liberties enjoyed by us women, yet certain it is, that we are treated, in many instances, like the most abject slaves, and are amenable to the most cruel and oppressive laws, formed by those worst of all lawgivers, Custom, Prejudice, and Caprice.

Infelicia was one of the loveliest of her sex, the admiration of the men, and the envy of the women. The perfections of her mind were in no degree inferior to those of her person. At the age of nineteen she received the addresses of Neronior, whose conversations appeared to her to be founded on honour, and whose person and address soon found a way to her heart. Young, generous, and unsuspecting, she believed every thing that fell from his lips, and she looked up to Neronior as her guardian-angel, who was to be her inseparable companion; the first object of her thoughts while living, and her comforter in the hour of death, should that first be her lot. But, alas! Neronior was base, treacherous, and perfidious, and Infelicia became the unhappy victim to his artifice and her own credulity. Unable to support the disgrace she now found herself involved in, ruined and deserted, the lilies and the roses soon faded on her cheeks, and, in a short time, finally closed those

lovely eyes, which had but lately shone with such resplendent lustre. Had Infelicia outlived the keen sense of her sufferings, yet she would probably have experienced the fate of Narcissa, who, after having been seduced by her treacherous lover, and conveyed far from her friends, was deserted by him, in a strange place, exposed to disgrace, misery, and want. Ashamed, thus dishonoured, to return to her friends, she was forced to pursue that scene of life, which soon terminates in destruction.

Men have made severe laws against us, yet try every art, and every species of temptation, to induce us to break them; and, having done this, punish us for so doing with the unrelenting hand of a tyrant. To this cruel severity and ungenerous treatment we must attribute there being so many common prostitutes, who infest our public streets, and who, in their turn, retaliate misery and disease on men. I cannot here help lamenting, that the generality of our sex, who live with the reputation of unfulfilled virtue, are often too severe in their reproaches on these unfortunate girls, since many of these chaste and rigid matrons, had not good fortune screened from the world the little slips and errors of their youth, would now be perhaps as severely censured as those, whose follies and indiscretions are made public.

AMELIA.

THE

THE

L O N D O N R E V I E W ,

AND

L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L .

Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

The Seasons. By James Thomson. A new Edition. Adorned with a Set of Engravings, from original Designs. To which is prefixed, *An Essay on the Plan and Character of the Poem.* By J. Aikin. Continued from Page 36.

THE plan or construction of Thomson's *Seasons* has been accurately delineated by Mr. Aikin; many of his peculiar beauties have been pointed out by Mr. Watton and others, and are more easily felt than described; but there still remains a field to the philosopher, as well as to the critic, an enquiry into the causes why this Poem yields *uncommon* delight, even to those who are conversant in the writings of the greatest poets; and why it interells the feelings of a greater number, than perhaps ever any poem did of readers.—Among the various circumstances which produce that wonderful pleasure which we derive from Thomson's *Seasons*, the principal are perhaps the following:

1. The various scenes exhibited to our view in that intimitable production are strongly connected together. The principles on which the association of our ideas ultimately depend are *causation*, contiguity in time and place, and similitude or dissimilitude. The different subjects of description in the *Seasons* are connected in the imagination by each of these different species of association. That delightful series of pictures which compose this poem, are deduced from those revolutions of the heavenly bodies which produce the vicissitudes of the *Seasons*, together with their influence on the whole creation; on nature, inanimate, animated, and human. Thus they are all of them connected together by the relation of cause and effect.—The circumstances which are proper to each Season are connected by contiguity of time; and of these many are still more closely united by that of place. For example: In the rage of summer's noon he welcomes "the cooling shades, and bails the lofty pines! the venerable

oaks! the athes wild, resounding o'er the steep!" From this delicious retreat he is called to "the adjoining brook that huris along—the vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock, now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool, now starting to a sudden stream, and now gently diffused into a limpid plan." Hence he passes by an easy transition to "the herds and flocks, that lie ruminating on the grassy bank; the strong laborious ox, of honest front; and to the monarch-swain, slumbering amidst his subjects."—Similitude and dissimilitude are also bonds of connexion, and of these the Poet has availed himself throughout the whole performance. Thus having described a summer's day in temperate climates,

"He views the wonders of the Torrid Zone:
Climés unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool."

Thus, having described *our* winter, he takes a view of the relentless severity of that Season in the Frigid Zone: thus he describes a winter-evening as spent by philosophers, by the country people, and in the city.

From this close connexion that subsists among the different scenes exhibited in the *Seasons*, arise the following advantages. It facilitates the passage of the imagination from one object to another, and preserves the emotions and sentiments of the mind in the same channel, or direction; or mixes them with others by such gentle gradations, that we do not perceive the change, until the mixture becomes perfectly agreeable. The emotions

tions excited by one object pass easily to another connected with it: and a strong connexion in any composition, keeps up that communication of the several affections by which one scene adds force to another, till the whole produces that rapidity of movement, which constitutes the essence of poetry. Other poets, ancient and modern, have given us single and detached pictures of various parts of nature, with moral reflections arising from the subject, many of which are equal to the descriptions and digressions in Thomson's Seasons, yet none of them so forcibly affect the mind, because they are solitary, when compared with his, and unconnected. But by contemplating that series of views exhibited in the Seasons, the imagination is enlivened, the mind awakened and warmed, and seizes immediately the new object, however uninteresting it might appear in itself, as strongly related to that which formerly engaged its attention. For example: Who would listen to a poet, who should tell us at once that he was about to sing of insects and flies? But Thomson has bestowed a dignity and an interest even on this subject, by marking its connection with the "soul of surrounding worlds,

"Without whose quickening glance their
cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely masses, inert and dead;
And not, as now, the green abodes of
life."

As small things derive an importance from their connexion with great; so things with which we are acquainted, presented to our view along with a vast variety of new and striking objects, lose their familiar appearance, and assume an air of novelty. The simplest scenes, common occupations, the most familiar occurrences appear interesting, when united in the imagination by different principles of association, with whatever is great or beautiful in nature.

adly, Thomson's Seasons contain a greater variety of sublime and beautiful images; than, perhaps, any other poem: not that his poetical genius excelled that of Hömer, Virgil, Shakspeare, Ariosto, or Milton; but the Newtonian philosophy elevated his views of the works of creation; the bold and successful efforts of navigation, together with various observations and discoveries in natural history, opened to his view new fields of wonder; and the enquiries of moral philosophy, penetrated into the constitution and eco-

nomy of the human mind, chiefly the writings of Shaftsbury, of whom he seems to have been greatly enamoured, displayed to his ravished mind the "moral world moving on in higher order."

3dly, Another circumstance which greatly contributes to render this poem peculiarly delightful, is the association of moral ideas with every natural subject of description. It is moral ideas, that mixing and insinuating themselves in a thousand different imperceptible ways, with our most abstracted speculations, that render them so soothing to the soul, so interesting to the heart. In describing any natural scene, familiar or more remote from common observation, Thomson never fails to connect it in one way or other with the feelings or the fortune of man. If he describes "beholding earth, the grand ethereal bow;" he introduces the "delighted boy running o'er the radiant fields, to catch the falling glory." If he describes the savage race of animals "rushing from the inhospitable woods of Mauritania, or the tufted isles, that verdant rise amid the Lybian wild;" he takes occasion from this to display a picture still more interesting:

———"Th' awaken'd village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her fluttering infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd,
The wretch half wishes for his bonds

It is on sentiments of this kind, on the character and condition of his fellow-men, that this sympathetic son of nature, most delights to dwell. Even the inhospitable and unfrequented deserts of Africa, recal to his mind his beloved theme, and it is with difficulty and reluctance that he leaves it; for one moral idea introduces another, and feeds and supports the predominant tone of his feeling mind. He laments his unhappy fate,

———"Who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone,
Amid this world of death."

And recollects,

"That here, even here into these black
abodes
Of monsters unapall'd, from stooping
Rome
And guilty Cæsar Liberty retir'd,
Has pass'd following through Numidian
wilda."

Thus, too, after giving a description of the autumnal meteors, he represents a man—

“Deroy'd by the fantastic blaze
Now lost and now renew'd, sinking absorpt
Rider and horse amid the miry gulph.”

The cruel fate of the man calls to his mind those chiefly affected by it:

“While still (continues the poet) from
day to day his pining wife
And plaintive children ^{his} return await,
In wild conjecture lost.”

In like manner, after describing, in a very moving manner, a man perishing in the snow:

“In vain for him th' officious wife pre-
pares
The fire fail-blazing, and the vestment
warm.
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their fire
With tears of aimless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he
behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home.”

It is certain, that the more striking forms of nature, the power and majesty of the natural agents, or elements, make, on minds congenial to the genius of poetry, at a very early period of life, a deep and lasting impression. The woods, or wilds, or rivers, or plains, that we frequented in childhood or youth, are dear to us in our more advanced years; and when we revisit those scenes that witnessed the innocence and happiness of our youth, we feel a mixture of pleasure and tender anguish. The description of natural and rural scenes, will, therefore, very naturally recall to the remembrance of such readers as have passed their early years in the country, a thousand ideas, which will be a source of tender delight; not unlike to that which a man of sensibility experiences, when he visits, after many a year's experience of the deceitfulness of the world, the scenes where he was wont to mix in various gambols with his happy school-fellows. “Vapours, and clouds, and storms,” may, probably, excite in the kindred soul the same sentiments which they raised in our Poet:

“Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn
of life,

When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of nature with unceasing joys,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough
domain,

Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as
pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big tor-
rent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky.”

In fine; the character of Thomson's Seasons, is best described by himself in the following verses:

I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze; and meditate the
book
Of nature, ever open; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to lean the moral
song.”

Did the bounds prescribed to our Review permit, we might proceed to shew that the eloquence of the Poet is equal to the dignity and variety of his subject. His epithets are always the most happy that can be chosen: he has enriched the English language with many beautiful and expressive compound words: his style is bold, figurative, and passionate; harmonious or nervous, according to his theme. In his descriptions he delineates minutely those little circumstances, which serve mightily to enliven the imagery, and gratify the fancy. His style has been censured, as being, in many instances, harsh and unpleasing. We have not been sensible of this effect in reading this delightful poem. Strong is, in grand subjects, more proper than smooth language. A style may be too smooth. “Pope has the talent well to speak,” says Dean Swift, “but not to reach the ear.” Thomson relates the story of the “lovely young Lavinia,” with all the soft grace of the most flowing and harmonious numbers. But when his muse mounts among the wintry clouds, he assumes a very different strain:

“Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries
to soar:
To swell her note with all the rushing
winds;
To suit her sounding cadence to the flood;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly
great.”

The edition of Thomson's Seasons which has led us to take a review of that justly celebrated poem, has carefully rejected whatever lines its author rejected in the last seven years of his life, and retained whatever he thought proper to retain. The publisher of this edition has, in doing this, acted honestly and judiciously. Lord Lyttleton, the great friend

of our Poet, had rejected the Hunting Episode, in the autumn, as being ludicrous, and incongruous to the general strain of the poem. This episode is insisted, as it ought to be, in the present edition of the Seasons. Thomson, who made many alterations in the Seasons, and who talked of expunging from that poem all his introductory addresses, neither ~~erased~~ nor expressed any intention of erasing the Hunting Episode. Lord Lytton was, in our opinion, to blame for taking such liberty with his deceased friend's performance. If such freedoms are allowed to editors, the works of authors may be so mutilated and altered, that the original plan and ideas may at last be wholly lost, and retain no more than only the name of the first performance; like the ship Centurion, that still goes under that name, though constructed entirely of new materials. (An author shall, if such conduct be justified, no sooner be dead, than he shall find himself in the situation of the gray-headed man, who had two wives; one pulled out the white hairs and the other the black, and so left not a hair in his head.—But, independently of the force of these observations, the episode in question ought to be preserved in a poem that professes in describing the Seasons, to mark their influence on man, as well as on other animals. Hunting is, universally, a con-

comitant of the autumn; and why not display the effects of that diversion, as well as those of any other rural occupation or recreation in the manner of life of those who take delight in it? Why not exhibit the sportsman's character, his festivity and frolics, as well as those of other descriptions of men in the country? Why not even exhibit

—“The doctor of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink;”

As well as the

—“Cottage-hind, who
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and tale-
ful there

Recounts his simple frolic: much he
talks

And much he laughs, nor recks the storm
that blows

Without, and rattles on his humble roof.”

Why not make a picture of

—“Romp loving miss,
Haul'd about in gallantry robust;”

As well as tell of

“The simple joke that takes the shep-
herd's heart

Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long
maid,

On purpose guardless, or pretending
sleep?”

Burton Wood. In a Series of Letters. By a Lady. 2 Vol. 12mo. 5s. Steeland Flexney.

THIS novel being printed for the benefit of the lady who composed it, and who has been involved in great distress, it ought not to be considered as an object of legitimate criticism. He must be indeed, a very surly critic, who would go about to find faults in the production which an unfortunate lady has composed with the view of obtaining a temporary relief to her necessities.

ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

We are informed, that this novel is really the production of a lady whose maiden name was Wight, and who is the daughter of a reputable coal-merchant, who resides in Essex. At an early period of life she was married to a gentleman of the name of Cox, at that time in very reputable circumstances; yet, by judging of mankind with that liberality and candor which the recititude of his

heart dictated, he became a dupe to artifice; and when, unable to bear a sudden deprivation of fortune, he fell a victim to sorrow, leaving our author and four young children to the generosity of their relations.

The good nature of her friends having amply provided for her offspring, she was, for some time, an assistant at a Ladies Boarding-School, with much credit to herself.—But being desirous of indulging her propensity to solitude, she left that situation for a small house in the vicinity of West-Ham, where her knowledge and observation of life have enabled her to produce this work. We are told she has written many essays in the different magazines; and her friends characterise her as possessing the agreeable talent of discriminating characters properly, and as generally pleasing in conversation from the justness of her repartee.

Elements of the Philosophy of History. By the Rev. Mr. Logan, one of the Ministers of Leith, and Member of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh. Continued from p. 51.

NOTWITHSTANDING the length of the extracts which have been given from this work, we shall add one more, containing an account of the Spartan government, which has hitherto perplexed historians and philosophers.

"The history of all the Grecian states is not equally interesting. Athens and Sparta were the leading commonwealths in Greece. These were the great springs of action; and, by the ascendant which they acquired, directed the motions and formed the spirit of that extraordinary people. The course of their history unfolds the character, genius, and politics of the Greeks.

"The Spartan government hath always appeared a paradox in the political world. The division of power; the state of manners; the customs, the laws, and the mode of life are so singular and extraordinary, that some authors have doubted the existence, and all expressed their admiration of this political phenomenon.

"Nature explained, no prodigies remain."

"From the researches that we have made, and the facts that we have investigated, the constitution of Sparta will appear, like every other constitution, the result of a situation, and the production of the times.

"The change of monarchy to popular government, and the tendency to form colonies, which took place at the period which we are now reviewing, gave rise to the study of legislation. This fermentation in the human mind opened a new career to ambition and to wisdom. Morals and politics became the study of the noblest spirits; the change of situation induced the people to demand laws; and simple citizens began to exercise an authority, which they owed to their talents and to their virtues.

"No legislator, however, enacts the laws, or forms the manners of a people, according to his own mind. The genius of the times is always too strong for the spirit of the lawgiver. Men are ever the same; tenacious of their rights, and jealous of their independence. If, when authority is best established, a monarch cannot model a system of government for his subjects, according to his own fancy, nor even pass a single *decree* to

EUSOP. MAC.

the consent of the people, the chief of an inferior tribe, clad in the same garb, and covered with the same shade as his fellow-citizens, could never enjoy the exercise of that power. A Lycurgus might appear; but who could create a people?

"What has astonished historians and philosophers, the state of manners to which the Spartan government refers, is more rude and barbarous than what Herodotus attributes to that nation in a former age. Various and ingenious reasons have been assigned, to account for this appearance. The historical facts that we have mentioned explain the origin of this celebrated republic.

"The army of the Heraclidae, when they came to recover the dominion of their ancestors, was composed of Dorians from Thessaly, the bravest, but, at the same time, the most barbarous of all the Greek tribes. The Achæans, the ancient inhabitants of Laconia, were compelled to seek new habitations, while the barbarians of Thessaly took possession of their country. Of all the nations which are the subject of historical record, this people bore the nearest resemblance to the rude American tribes.

"This furnishes the key to the Lacedæmonian government.

"Aristodemus, one of the descendants of Hercules, perished in the war which the Heraclidae carried on, to regain the kingdom of their ancestors, and left two sons, who being twins, and so exactly similar, that it was difficult to distinguish the one from the other, succeeded jointly to the kingdom of Laconia, which fell by lot to their father. Hence the divided royalty, and the two kings at Sparta.

"The kings were invested with great authority in war, in the quality of generals. In peace, they were one of the two leading men of the senate, possessed little more power than the chief of a rude tribe.

"The legislative authority was in a great measure vested in the senate, which consisted of twenty-eight members, chosen at the age of sixty. The natural ascendant of the "Elders," among a barbarous people, evidently suggested the idea of this institution.

"The seeming sovereignty resided in the people, as in their assemblies the election of senators was made, and the last

last resolutions were taken. They approved or rejected the decrees of the senate.

"Such was the constitution of Sparta. The kings proposed the business in the public assemblies; the senate deliberated and resolved; the people assented or refused. An American tribe, where a chief presides, where the council of the aged deliberate, and the assembly of the people gives their voice, is on the eve of such a constitution.

"The Ephori were not created till an hundred and twenty years after the death of Lycurgus, to curb the power of the senate.

"Valour is the virtue of a people in this state. Accordingly, the martial spirit of the Spartans was high and respectable. Abandoning the culture of the land to slaves, Sparta was a camp where the citizens exercised the trade of arms and trained up soldiers for their country.

"People in this description, too, are distinguished by the love of their country. Affection to the tribe is strong among savages. A small community resembles a cluster of friends; and, surrounded by common enemies, their attachment to one another has the force of party spirit. Hence, when the Dorians settled in Laconia, patriotism became their passion. Private affections were absorbed in the public; and nature itself gave way to Sparta.

"The observance of the laws, which distinguished this people, was not a compliance with the orders of individuals, but a respect for established customs, and a regard for their country. At Sparta the manners governed.

"The Dorians, when they followed the standard of the Heraclidae, as we are informed by the excellent discourse which Isocrates composed for Archidamus, agreed to the following conditions: That the royalty should remain with the descendants of Hercules; but that the lands should be divided among all those who drew the sword. Hence the territory of Laconia was given to the Dorians, and parcelled out into thirty-nine thousand shares.

"Gold and silver at that time were unknown in Greece. Iron money was current: hence the use of it was established at Sparta.

"Arts were in their rudest state: hence the simplicity of the Spartans in their equipage, buildings, and furniture. They knew no mechanic tools but the ax and the saw.

"The use of letters was not as yet in-

troduced, &c. become frequent: hence the laws of Lycurgus were not committed to writing.

"The manner of life of the Spartan women, the severe education of the young, the reverence for the aged, the aversion to indolence and arts, the rusticity, the Laconic eloquence, we find among the tribes that wander in the woods, and live in the state of nature.

"Thus Lycurgus, like every other legislator, formed his system of government from the state of society, established ancient usages into laws, and gave a direction to the current of the times.

"The perpetuity of manners is not the least singular part in the history of this republic. A violence was committed upon nature, which ordains a progress to nations as well as to individuals. The people were arrested in the first stage of improvement. A bold hand was put forth to that spring which is in society, and stooped its motion.

"The causes of this phenomenon.

"From this account, it appears that the genius of the Spartans was martial. Their extraordinary valour gained them a name among nations. They were distinguished from the other Greeks at the Olympic games. Neighbouring people applied for generals to this nursery of heroes. They held the balance between contending states, and were at the head of the Grecian affairs for five hundred years. After the institutions of Lycurgus had shared the fate of all human things, the Lacedaemonians ran the career of other nations: the warlike spirit, however, still prevailed; and Sparta was the last city in Greece which became a village in the Roman empire.

"But, when we contemplate their valour and their patriotism, we view them on their most favourable side. A people possessing sovereignty, are haughty, arrogant, imperious; and, when they have an advantage over others, are disposed to treat them like slaves.

"Sustaining no character but that of soldiers, they know only the law of arms: the utility of the republic becomes their sole rule; and hence history will represent them as cruel and perfidious.

"The severity with which they treated their slaves; the ambushade, as it is called, or their training their youth to murder in secret the unfortunate Helots, fills us with astonishment and horror.

"A free intercourse among the sexes in the rude state of society is attended with no criminal effects. Twenty or thirty

thirty families, in an American cabin, reside together in unsuspecting and unsuspected innocence. But, in a more advanced period, the forms of modesty are the great guardians of chastity. As the women had acquired an ascendant at Sparta, their corruption, as has been observed by Aristotle, was one of the chief causes of the decline and ruin of that republic.

"Sparta was made for perpetuity, not for aggrandizement. While other states extended their power and their dominion, the Spartans could not keep pace with the times. They had no other method, therefore, of preserving their ancient influence, but by depressing their neighbours: hence that inverted ambition which appears in the latter part of their history."

This may serve as a specimen of the application of science to history, and

shows the difference between a philosopher and a visionary theorist. A discovery of equal importance in natural history would soon have attracted the attention of the world; but it is the character of the present age to bestow a more salient notice on the wings of a butterfly, or the varieties of moss, than on the highest efforts of the human genius in politics and morals.

The limits of our literary journal will not allow us to enlarge farther in reviewing Mr. Logan's *Elements of the Philosophy of History*.

The style, though in general pure and elegant, is marked with some inaccuracies which reflection will easily correct.

From the specimens which Mr. Logan has given us, we cannot help expressing our wishes for the completion of a work, which promises so much ingenious discovery and elegant delight to the public.

Four Letters on Important National Subjects, addressed to the Right Honourable the Earl of Shelburne, his Majesty's First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury. By Josiah Tucker, D. D. Dean of Gloucester. 8vo. Cadell & 2s.

THE indefatigable pen of Dean Tucker is sufficiently known to the public. In the present performance he adheres to his old principles, and is solicitous to add to the strength of the Crown. The liberties of the people of England are treated by him with the greatest disrespect; and he affects to divert himself with the political and generous opinions of the immortal Locke.

After censuring with asperity Major Cartwright, Dr. Towers, and other friends to the constitution of England, and after reprobating associations which have it in view to assert the constitutional rights of the nation, he sets himself to detail the evil consequences which, he thinks, will result from debasing the regal influence, and exalting the aristocratical, or the popular power, beyond their due proportion. By a similar abuse of language, he pretends to discover manifold bad consequences, tending to disturb the public tranquillity, in the plans in agitation for a more equal representation of the people in parliament. Proceeding in his melancholy course, he formally assails the democratical principles of Mr. Locke, and endeavours to triumph, while he only displays his own imbecility, and a slavish disposition to submit to a despot.

These are the objects of his intentions; and they deserve not any praise. They point him out as a bad citizen; and not

withstanding his affectation of disinterestedness, it will not be believed, that he has submitted so repeatedly and so violently to flatter the Crown, without some hope of a valuable reward, or recompence. But while we object to his matter, we have also to observe, that his manner is coarse and inelegant, and that his language is ill constructed, and even below the standard of correct conversation.

It is but fair, however, to give a specimen of his abilities; and we shall lay before our readers an extract from what he has said against Mr. Locke.

"He [Mr. Locke] first distinguished himself as a political writer, by his famous laws of Carolina. In this system he was so far from supposing, that the people was the only fountain of power, that he goes into an opposite extreme; not indeed of absolute monarchy, but of that which is rather worse, a tyrannical aristocracy; such as Mr. Sidney had been recommending. I do not pretend to know what connections were subsisting between these two great men: but a completer system of bondage and vassalage never yet appeared in the world, than is comprised in this little code of fundamental laws. Nay, Mr. Locke carries the matter of slavery so far, and grants such powers to masters to put their slaves to death, whenever they please, as extends even

even the tyranny of Poland. And Poland was the country to which Mr. Sidney was often turning his eyes with sorrow and regret, that the like power over tenants and vassals, did not still remain in England. Respecting this treatise, or these laws of Carolina, I will mention an anecdote or two, which may serve to confirm the notion, that Mr. Locke and Mr. Sidney had one, and the same point once in view; how widely soever they might differ afterwards. A tradition has been handed down among the descendants of Mr. Locke's friends and intimates, acquaintance; that they always considered these laws of Carolina, as a plan for new modelling the government and constitution of England; and that they used frequently to tell him so in conversation. To which he evaded giving a direct answer; but left them to guess what they pleased from his silence. The other anecdote is, [according to an information I received some time ago, but out of tenderness to his character, did not publish till compelled by the virulence of my adversaries, to do it in my own defence] that Mr. Locke was deeply engaged in Monmouth's rebellion; and that there are proofs thereof still extant. Supposing this to be the case, [which perhaps cannot be positively proved at this distance of time; but which nevertheless is very probable] his conduct and behaviour can be no otherwise accounted for, than on one, or other of the following hypotheses:—either, that he thought with Mr. Hobbes, that as the people was an *unruly beast*, which must have a rider, it did not signify who got into the saddle, Monmouth, or any other; the rights of all men being equal, provided their attempts were crowned with success:—or he must have embraced Mr. Sidney's opinion, who supposed, that barons or noblemen were the only persons fit to manage this fiery courser. The tenor of the laws of Carolina seem to favour the latter conjecture. For they gave as little power to the Crown as to the people, making all to center in the men of landed property. Moreover, if he really assisted Monmouth, it is impossible that he could have done it with any other view than to have used him as a tool during the struggle; and to have set him aside after the enterprise had succeeded;—or at most, to have compelled him to have accepted of the mere shadow and name of royalty, without any power, like a Polish king, or a doge of Venice. For as to any legal right or title, Monmouth

could have no pretensions of any sort. And respecting the private character of the man, moral or religious, or even his zeal for civil liberty, and for granting a religious toleration, there are no traces of these virtues to be found in the life and character of the Duke of Monmouth. Therefore, if Mr. Locke espoused his cause, it must have been *not* upon the best of motives.

“But after the Revolution, Mr. Locke veered about, and ran into an extreme quite opposite to his laws of Carolina;—yet without publicly renouncing his former opinions. The people then, and not the barons, or the men of landed property, became his sole fountain of power. In his *Treatise on Government*, (the second part of which is nothing more than the resolves of the Cromwellian levellers, worked up into a system) he maintains such principles, as must necessarily destroy every government upon earth, without erecting, or establishing any. His error, and Sir Robert Filmer's, though seemingly arising from opposite schemes, tend to the same center, and rest on the same foundation; namely, a false idea of the present (supposed) perfections and excellencies of human nature. Sir Robert's system must suppose (whether he intended it, or not) that a mortal man, by being exalted into the highest station of all, and invested with arbitrary sway over his fellow-mortals, becomes so much the better, and wiser, and fitter to govern, than he was before: whereas the very reverse to this is nearer to the truth. Mr. Locke's system is much alike; for it supposes, that mankind, taken in their aggregate or collective capacity, are so much the less positive and dogmatical in their opinions, the less liable to be perverted in their judgments, the more humane and candid in their decisions, and the more discreet and dispassionate in their resolves, than otherwise they would have been. Whereas every tittle of this is false. In short, if experience shall be allowed to decide this question, it will almost universally tell us, that when a multitude are invested with the power of governing, they prove the very worst of governors. They are rash and precipitate, giddy and inconstant, and ever the dupes of designing men, who lead them to commit the most atrocious crimes, in order to make them subservient to their own purposes. Besides, a democratic government is despotic in its very nature; and it supposes itself to be the only fountain of power, from which there can be

be no appeal. Hence, therefore it comes to pass, that this many-headed monster, an absolute democracy, has all the vices and imperfections of its brother-tyrant, an absolute monarchy, without any of the shining qualities of the latter to hide its deformity. And what is still worse, it feels no remorse of conscience; and it never blushes.

"If therefore both these species of government are generally so bad, that they ought to be avoided as much as possible;—perhaps your lordship might here be apt to ask, 'Is there any that is good, according to your present description? for government of some sort or other there must be, notwithstanding its manifold imperfections.' To this I answer, that *that* government may be denominated good, in this relative or comparative sense, which grants sufficient liberty both civil and religious, to the governed to do what is right, agreeably to the dictates of sound reason; and yet retains power and authority enough to restrain the ill-intentioned, and to punish the wrong doers.—Doubtless many checks may be introduced into every government, for preventing an abuse of power to a great degree;—and many expedients may be devised for giving energy to a weak and impotent constitution;—yet, after all, I think it must be allowed, that the very best form of government for answering those good purposes, seems to be the MIXT—so mixt, as to partake of the sumness of a regal form, and the credit or reputation of a popular one. For by such an happy temperament, many of the advantages of both may be obtained, and their chief inconveniencies be avoided. But in order to ensure this good end, and to make it permanent, by keeping a due medium between both extremes, the regal and the popular, a THIRD Power should intervene:—a Power, whose peculiar interest it is, to maintain the balance even between the opposite and contending parties, and to prevent either of them getting such an ascendancy, as would render the other useless or unnecessary. And such a power can be no other than an hereditary nobility, invested with privileges of a peculiar nature, for erecting a counterpoise. This institution here in England is honourably distinguished by the title of an House of Lords; and is so constituted, as to partake of the qualities both of the regal and of the popular state; because it would inevitably lose by the loss or destruction of either of the other two, and yet be no gainer by its exaltation. There-

fore such a balancing power will of course, —I might say, it will through necessity, throw its weight into the opposite scale, if either of the other powers should be found to preponderate too much.

"And, my Lord, it was this very circumstance, and no other, which produced the glorious Revolution of 1688. King James attempted to be arbitrary; his designs of engrossing all power to himself, were too apparent to be denied; and no remonstrances, however full of duty and respect, could stop his proceedings. Then he was opposed, most justly opposed,—not by the people only, but by the nobility also. Nay, I might add with the fullest truth, that the nobility were the foremost, because they led the way in this affair. For it cannot be denied, that that body had originally a much greater share in bringing about this event, than most commoners, though afterwards they seemed rather tardy.—Many proofs and evidences might be adduced; but they are needless.

"Let us now see, what use has Mr. Locke made of this matter; and how far, or how well, does his system comport with this plain narration of interesting facts. In the 2d part of his Treatise on Government, instead of mentioning the three balancing powers of the constitution, and of the good consequences resulting from the junction of two of them against the third, if it should attempt to predominate; which he ought to have done;—he ascribes all authority, power, and pre-eminence to the people only, as Cromwell's levellers had done before him. And he sinks the nobility into a total insignificance,—never ascribing to them any right or privilege, or even so much as an existence in the state, any otherwise than as they make a part, and a very small one too, of the mass of the people. Nay, in his 19th chapter, of the Dissolution of Government, he lays down such a position, as annihilates the House of Lords at once, absolutely forbidding us to acknowledge them, as a branch of the legislature, distinct from the people. His words are these: "When any one, or more, shall take upon them to make laws," [whether conjunctively with the other branches, or solely by themselves, he doth not say, but shall take upon them to make laws] "whom the people have not appointed [or elected] so to do, they make laws without authority, which the people are not therefore bound to obey,—and may continue a new legislative, as they think best." The necessary consequence of which is, That

That an House of Lords, unless they will acknowledge, that they are appointed by, and the creatures of the people, are a pack of usurpers, who ought at least to be set aside, if not to be punished for daring thus to infringe the prerogatives

of their superiors. A fine lesson this for your lordship, and the whole body of the peerage!"

See Anecdotes of this Author, Vol. I. p. 36.

Observations on the three first volumes of the History of English Poetry, in a familiar Letter to the Author, 4to. 2s. 6d. Stockdale.

IN the Republic of Literature, the office of the critic is like that of the Roman censor, highly useful when properly conducted; but when abused and made the means of misrepresentation, illiberality, and injustice, it becomes a public disgrace, and is the worst of nuisances. It is long since our most eminent divines have forsaken the indecent manner which formerly characterised theological controversy, and it is no honour to the present day, that there should exist a critic in the *Bell's Lectures* destitute of common good manners. When Luther was reproved by his friend, the mild and learned Melancthon, for the scurrility of his book in reply to a no less scurrilous effusion of our Henry VIII. the zealous reformer replied, "As If I have been ill-mannered and abusive to a king, he has been ill-mannered and abusive to the King of kings." If religious zeal and the barbarity of their age may plead some apology for the royal and priestly scolds, surely no excuse, no palliation of illiberal language can now be admitted in literary disputes. It is the undoubted province of criticism to expose presuming ignorance; and much severity is due to the blunders of dictatorial arrogance; but the errors and slips of true genius ought to be treated in a very different manner. The dull arrogant plodder ought to be deterred from obtruding any more of his decisions on the public; but the inaccuracies, and even misapprehensions of the man of genius, those inseparable attendants on the imperfection of human nature, ought to be corrected with a tender hand, as a schoolmaster chastises the indolence and errors of the lad, of whom he has good hope, or as the vine-dresser lops off the branches that threaten to exhaust and lay waste his vineyard.

Of which of these modes of treatment the Rev. Mr. Thomas Warton and the author of this *Familiar Letter*, now before us, are separately deserving, the public determination cannot one moment be suspended. The former treatment is universally decreed to be justice to the Letter-Writer, while Mr. Warton's industry,

notwithstanding all the slips this modern Zoilus can produce to the contrary, must be confessed have been very great, that it deserves highly of every antiquarian of good taste, and that his reputation for genius is established beyond the power of dullness, with all its learned lumber, with all its cobwebs and dust, to soil or efface. Mr. Warton, like every other author, particularly those who have written so much on subjects so apt to mislead both investigation and conjecture, he, it is true, like every other writer, has his inaccuracies and errors; and we will even admit he has been sometimes most reprehensibly careless. Yet what is the tremendous amount of all these charges? Nothing more than that every well-wisher to English literature would undoubtedly wish to see these faults corrected and amended. But with what hand? With that, surely, of the good husbandman, who only prunes that he may improve. But our Zoilus is like the wild boar from the forest, who, according to the complaint of a Hebrew poet, destroys all before him, "and tears up the vine by the roots."

Having thus expressed our ideas of the decided merit of Mr. Warton, and also thus preface our examination of our tremendous critic, it is proper to adduce evidences in support of our opinion. And we doubt not but we shall soon be able to convince the impartial reader, first, Of the extreme pertinence of our Zoilus, in bringing the heaviest charges; secondly, In most shamefully failing in such proofs as are requisite to support such egregious charges; and thirdly, Of his inability to criticise such a work as Mr. Warton's, not only from his ignorance of it, and from his betraying a miserable want of taste, but a ridiculous pedantry, in affecting modes of expression destructive both of the accuracy and elegance of our language.

First. Our critic has been pleased to convey his observations, as his title-page says, "in a *Familiar Letter*." Familiar indeed it is, but such is not the familiarity of gentlemen. It is that of Billingsgate.

On

On discovering every error he insults with the true insolence of a schoolboy, who throws dirt on his superiors. Take one example.

"For the purpose of observing that the stanza used by one man is the same with that used by another (a most profound and important remark, and extremely necessary, especially in this place!) there was, surely, no occasion to foist in a poem of sixteen stanzas. O yes, I beg your pardon, but there was:—To lengthen and stuff your work, which, without such ingenious contrivances, such adventitious helps, you could never have been able to spin out to three large quarto volumes before you come to Spenser's *Fairy Queen*: The Observations on which (for I suppose you will of course lug in the whole of your former work; and, indeed, as it is entirely forgotten, and may therefore safely appear as new matter, one cannot disapprove your economy) will naturally make the subject of a fourth; and thus you will proceed, I suppose, with a volume a year, so long as the credulity of the public will keep you in countenance. I love to speak out, Mr. Warton; I really believe you will not, willingly, close the work so long as you can make a single guinea by it. It is, in my opinion, a most extraordinary, and, I hope and believe, unparalleled circumstance, that a man of eminence in the literary world should, in order to enhance the bulk and price of his writings, hazard his reputation upon, and defend to, or rather be guilty of, such low, such paltry, such dishonourable, and even dishonest artifices, as almost to deserve the name and punishment of a—Swindler!"

This wretched rant is not so much an insult to Mr. Warton as it is to the whole literary world. In many other parts our critic accuses Mr. Warton of making long citations for the mercenary and sole purpose of filling up his book. "To what purpose is all this long Dissertation upon Dante? What possible connection is there between the *Divina Comedia* and the *History of English Poetry*?" "Pough, fool, it fills my book up, don't it?" "Very true, Sir, it certainly does so, and, I think that from you is such an unanswerable argument for the necessity of this sort of manoeuvre, that I rather wonder you have not favoured us with a similar account of every epic or other poem of which you know any thing, or know nothing, (tis all the same) from *Homer* to *Milton*."

This is the very silliness of impertinence; the latter part is beneath contempt; but the blunders of the former

deserve severe reprehension. English poetry in the days of Spenser had the most intimate connection with the Italian poetry; and till the end of the reign of Charles I. the Italian poets were the professed models of the English. An illustration of the Italian poetry in its various progress is therefore a necessary part in the *History of English Poetry*. And whatever our Zoilus may think, other readers will look upon Mr. Warton's work as a valuable repository of our old poetry; and that long extracts are as necessary in it, as long state papers are in an appendix to our *Civil Histories*. The reason is the same; every private gentleman has not access to our Archives, or to the various MSS, and scarce editions of our old poets. Yet gentlemen of taste like to judge for themselves, and Mr. Warton has very properly enabled them to do so.

How unjust, must it follow, is our critic's charge of mercenary views in the *History of English Poetry* being thus amplified with citations; how unworthy of a gentleman the indecent terms, and how open to the retort of the common proverb concerning our neighbour's corn and our own bushel!

Secondly. We have already admitted that Mr. Warton has his inaccuracies and errors, but we deny our critic's conclusion, that he is unfit for the task he has attempted. No, he has executed it with a first-rate merit. It is not the pitiful triumph of our Zoilus, "O by all means for your *History of England*!" when he finds Mr. Warton's page saying, "Edward the sixth, who removed those chains of bigotry which his brother Henry had only loosened;" or his like rejoicing over a few more such self-evident typographical errors, that will in the least weigh with the public, in fixing his reputation, though it is evident by our critic's puerile triumph on those occasions, that he thought he had given it some mortal wounds.

Other triumphs of our exulting critic have been with better success. But what are they? After carefully sifting three large quarto volumes, containing numerous extracts of our most ancient poetry, (so numerous, that so filling up the volume is one of our critic's great objections) he has been able to pick out about two dozen instances where Mr. Warton's note has mistaken an obsolete word. But let these triumphs, so indecently used, be somewhat humbled. After the Norman conquest, the genuine tongue became immediately corrupted in all the southern parts of England.

England. But was and is at this day remained with greater purity in the northern counties, and on both sides of the border. Our old glossaries, made about one or two centuries ago, became deficient in the explanation of many words which were lost in the south, but are still retained in the north. And many words of Shakespeare, &c. which have puzzled the critics these forty years, and put the ingenuity of our Warburtons to work, have within these few years been clearly explained by appeals to the present northern dialect. If ~~our critic~~ therefore has the advantage of ~~northern~~ birth; as we throwly suspect from more reasons, what wonder is it, that in so long a research he should have been able to pick out almost two dozen of northern words, now in use, which a gentleman of the south misunderstood? But what ought to be said is, this arrogant critic is found sadly tripping in an ~~expression~~ that is obsolete, or perhaps was never in use, but on a poetical expression? He thus cites Warton

—“Men knowe well knowe
“That combre-worlde that thou (death)
my master flowe.”

“He calls death the *exumbrance* of the world.” Ridiculous! It is the *men* who *exumbrate* the world; *scages* consume men.

Thus you perceive, Mr. Felt; and ridiculous ~~and~~ *you* are made of it: “The men who exumbrate the world, and are born to consume its fruits, know that thou death ~~flow~~ *my* master!” Stuff intolerable — Men, every body, know well enough that thou, combre-world, thou, death, ~~flow~~ *my* master. This expression has ~~been~~ *been* ~~and~~ *and* ~~is~~ *is* ~~not~~ *not* ~~in~~ *in* ~~use~~ *in* ~~use~~ *use*; the other is flat and stupid. The compound word *combre-world* only what two modern commas to show my little boy that it was *vocabulary*.

But these may be called our observator's letter charges. With the most unparalleled dictatorial tone he asserts in many places, that Mr. Warton is totally ignorant of his extensive subject. This he supports by contradicting him, by his not arranging the names of the Nine Worthies in proper order, by mistaking the name of the editor of Bishop Douglas's *Epics* in 1770, and by misspelling the name of an old tragedy; and the triumph of these discoveries let him enjoy. But his joy on mere material points has already

been sadly interrupted. His assertions against Mr. Warton on the dates of the publications of some old books, and several circumstances in them, have already been convicted, in many instances, of misrepresentation and gross ignorance, particularly in the Gentleman's Magazine. This province, therefore, we take not upon us, as it would indeed exceed the bounds of our plan. We shall only observe, *en passant*, that the two most material objections which can possibly be brought against such as work as Mr. Warton's, are these, an erroneous foundation of his system, and a want of taste in tracing the progress of poetry and language, their various changes and refinements, and in criticising the specimens. Against this last, the most important point and very soul of History of Poetry, our keen observator has said not *one word*, nay, he has often obliquely admitted the good taste and acumen of Mr. Warton. On the next most important head, he has boldly given his *VERB DIXIT*. He has laughed at, in his own closet we mean, the idea of Mr. Warton, in deriving the origin of Romance writing from Arabia through Spain. He has told us, that those who suppose so, “were unfortunately ignorant that this species of composition was every where cultivated, and had been so for centuries, before it is known to have existed in Spain.” But what a pity is it he has not given us a list of these same venerable romances: surely a gentleman so well acquainted with them can be at no loss for a hundred of their names, and the subjects they treat of. It is hoped our critic will oblige the public with this gratification: and till such proof is clearly advanced, our observator's *bare word* will go but for little. That the Celts and Gauls had “a very sufficient stock of lies, of their own growth, some thousand years before the Goths arrived in Europe,” is undoubtedly true. But what does this serve our critic's purpose? Unless he can prove that the Goths did not bring their own language and fables with them, and unless he can tell us what the Celtic lies were of so many thousand years ago, tell us exactly too, the Goths must enjoy the honour of their fables by a right of possession, which cannot be rejected. But let us not despair; we have lately heard of a gentleman*, now in Ireland, in search of *long-lost lore*. And from him let us hope an *authentic* account of all the Celtic and Gallic lies, thousands of years prior to the

* See the P. S. to the Prophecy of Queen Emma.

Gothic invasions; and of which our most ingenious critics can only now dream.

Thirdly. And to the above excellent proofs of our observer's inability and unfitness to criticise such a work as the History of English Poetry, let one more example of his ignorance, and some remarks on his taste and pendency be added. In his History of English Poetry, Mr. Warton has very properly given large extracts of the Scottish, as a branch of the same Saxon stem. Mr. Warton has said, "Scottish Saxons." To this our critic says, "Some of your North British readers will no doubt be glad to see your authority for converting all their Lowland countrymen into Saxons." If this phrase means any thing at all, it must be in ridicule of Mr. Warton's idea, that there were Scottish Saxons. And to be ignorant on this head, is surpassing in a writer who pretends to know so much of every thing he touches on. Mr. Warton, it is to be hoped, for the honour of literature, will think it infinitely beneath him, to immortalize such a critic, even with damnation. Yet we will produce him a few authorities. How must we stare when we ask him, Whether was the Anglo-Saxon spoken in its greatest purity in the courts of Edward II. or of Robert Bruce? In the latter, as is proved, to add no more, by the History of Bunsie, written in rhymes by his chaplain John Barbour, who has not one Normanism. The old Scottish poets are free from Normanism, a proof that they did not acquire their language in England after the conquest. Sir W. Temple is puzzled how the cultivated part of Scotland received the Saxon tongue. He solves it by supposing it brought thither by the great multitudes who followed the princess Margaret and her brother Edgar Atheling into that kingdom, on the conquest: and the king having married the fugitive princess, the court, gentry, and people, in compliment to the new queen, acquired her language. But this is inconclusive, farther than that many Saxon families, with their numerous feudal attendants, at this time settled in Scotland, whose posterity at this day constitute the first families of that kingdom. In the Advocates library at Edinburgh, besides other charters in Saxon before the English conquest, is one signed by Malcolm Canmore, in the Saxon tongue. And Maitland, in his History of Edinburgh, tells us, that that city was built by an Edwin, king of Northumberland, whose reign extended to Stirling. The Euse language was never the popular language of the eastern counties, from Aberdeen

to St. Andrews, no more than it has been in the counties south of the Clyde and Forth. What now must we think of the man who imagines himself an antagonist for a Warton, and peevishly asks his authority for "Scottish Saxons!"

The indignation which the reader must now have conceived, on these proofs of our critic's miserable execution of what he so arrogantly undertook to support, must still be heightened by a view of his own ideas of writing. His style is like the execution of the work, very indifferent; but his pedantry is intolerable. Is it for him to introduce a new mode both of printing, spelling, and altering our grammatical distinctions. The *fl* and *ll*, &c. joined together, are his abhorrence; wherever they occur, he prints them as thus, distinctions. Said and afraid, are with him, sayed and afrayed. Contrary to the established use, borrowed from the Latin, it is ever with our author, *hisself* and *thurselss*. Dr. Lowth, indeed, in his grammar, owns it may be proper; but Dr. Lowth *himself* is too elegant a writer ever to use *ts* in such an innovation. "Bishop Douglas's Virgil,"—"Some of his [i. e. James I. of Scotland's] other poems,"—thus kicking out the poor genitive apostrophe. And does the Zolus of Warton think to recommend himself to the public by such innovations; silly at the best, and barbarous and pedantic in reality.

To sum up the whole; it has often been observed, that an author's own taste may be inferred from that of his favourite author: and Thomas Hearne, the dullest plodder that ever existed, is our critic's favourite hero. He is mighty angry at Mr. Warton's laughing at poor Hearne's most wretched dulness, whom he calls "a most worthy and most respectable antiquary,—never charged with the slightest misrepresentation of the minutest fact."—This may be true, but Hearne's dullness and absurdities, except with the dull, tend only to render the study of antiquities despicable and ridiculous for its trifling idleness. With him a tile of an old church was of immense value, but the tile of an older one, of much greater. But antiquities in the hands of a Warton become a very different study. Wherever he leads you, the habits, manners, and customs of the age arise around you; with him, you enter into their learning, their science, and their devotions. "The history of the stages of poetry, says a living author, is the philosophical history of manners; the only history in which, with certainty,

we can behold the true character of past ages."—All the arguments of our critic have not in the least tended to refute Mr. Warton's claim to such character of his History of English Poetry, a character of

which Hearn had not one conception: And as our critic seems such an admirer of Hearn, let him from him learn accuracy and knowledge of his subject, and modesty in giving his researches to the public.

A Radical Vocabulary of the French Language. Printed for the Author, John Murdoch, Teacher of French, &c. Price 1s. 6d.

NOTwithstanding the English press has long groaned under a load of miserable French grammars, French exercises, and French nomenclatures, by a mob of itinerant would-be authors, in order to recommend themselves to the notice of a credulous multitude, we are pleased to distinguish this Radical Vocabulary, as possessing some share of merit and utility.

No language can possibly be obtained without a *copia verborum*, and an intimate and familiar acquaintance of its inflexions; consequently, no method can be more natural, easy, and expeditious, than that which begins at the fountain-head,—we mean, its primitives. Had Mr. Murdoch subjoined tables of the declensions and conjugations, the general rules of syntax, with some of the most popular derivations, he would have given the public a useful initiating book, and precluded, in a great measure, the daily trash of barbarous phrases, senseless dialogues, and ill-digested compilations. As a specimen of Mr. Murdoch's English, and arrangement of the matter, we shall give his motives for turning author, with a short extract from the work itself, and that from a page taken at random.

"From the number of books already printed with a view to facilitate the attainment of the French tongue, this publication may, at first sight, seem unnecessary; but when it is considered that no radical vocabulary has hitherto appeared, the offering this to the public will need no

"Having been employed for several years in teaching this useful and fashionable language, and being anxiously desirous of removing difficulties, I have now thought of a method of furnishing the learners with diction much sooner than by any plan yet proposed.

"The utility of this epitome of the language is not confined to beginners: it

may also be serviceable to proficients in French. The frequent perusal of it will greatly assist the memory, and cannot fail of giving a choice and readiness of expression."—This in our opinion is saying too much, witness the following extracts:

"Délié, *e, a.* fine, small, thin: fly: untied.

Délit, *sm.* a crime: fact, deed.

Délivre, *sm.* the *secundine* *.

Demain, *sm.* to-morrow †.

Démanger, *vn.* to itch.

Démantibulé, *e, a.* broken, demolished.

Démarche, *sf.* gait, proceeding.

Démarrer, *vn.* to unmoor, to weigh anchor.

Démence, *sf.* madness, distraction.

Demeure, *sf.* abode, dwelling-place.

Demoiselle, *sf.* a gentlewoman ‡.

Démolir, *vn.* to demolish."

ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

Mr. Murdoch is a native of Ayr, in Scotland, where he received the rudiments of a liberal education, and afterwards finished his studies at Edinburgh. He always discovered an uncommon desire for grammatical learning, in which he made a very rapid progress. Having for some time been employed as a private tutor, a vacancy happened in one of the schools at Ayr, for which our author stood candidate with four others. After their respective abilities had been carefully examined by men of erudition and candour, they were unanimous in favour of Mr. Murdoch, who accordingly received the appointment. In this office he continued for several years with great reputation; but desirous of having a more extensive knowledge of the world than such a situation would permit, he resigned it, and came to London.

Although possessed of a critical grammatical knowledge of the French tongue

* Mr. Murdoch's scholars will want an explanation of the word *Secundine*.

† We always thought that *Demain* was an adverb, till Mr. M. taught us to the contrary.

‡ *Demoiselle*, certainly signifies a young Lady, a Miss, as well as being born a woman,

while in Britain, he was still uncertain about some niceties in the pronunciation; and therefore made the tour of France, that he might gain by conversation what could not be learnt from books. As the just pronunciation of any language is only to be acquired in the polite circles of the metropolis, and by a careful attention to the best public speakers, our author made a considerable stay at Paris, where he had the happiness of being amply recommended to Mr. Fullarton, now Colonel, who was then Secretary to the British embassy at the court of Versailles. Mr. Fullarton finding him sober, steady, and intelligent, patronized him while in France, and continued his friendship after their return to England.

Since that time our author has resided in London, and finds a genteel support for himself and family, by instructing the natives in the French language, and foreigners in the English. As it would be rather indelicate to enlarge in commendation of a person of his modest merit, who lives on the spot, we shall only add, that Mr. Murdoch is employed in many respectable families in London and Westminster, and universally acknowledged to be an able and careful teacher. His talents and industry are rewarded here in such a manner, that it is no way likely he will ever think of pitching his tent again on the north side of the Tweed.

The Art of Pleading, or Instructions for Youth in the first Stage of Life, in a Series of Letters to the present Earl of Chesterfield. By the late Philip Earl of Chesterfield. Now first collected. 8vo. 2s. Kearsley.

THESE Letters are the genuine productions of the late Earl of Chesterfield, written to the present possessor of his titles, while under the tuition of Dr. Dodd. We are informed, that the necessities of that unhappy victim to dissipation occasioned their first appearance in a provincial Magazine, where, notwithstanding the uncommon share of elegance, knowledge of the world, taste and discernment they are fraught with, they have hitherto lain in obscurity, unknown and unnoticed. The public are sufficiently acquainted with the noble writer's abilities, from the Letters to his son already published, and the present collection will appear to no disadvantage, even after the perusal of the former. One mark of superiority must certainly be allowed to the present series, that it is marked with none of the obnoxious principles which pervaded the former, and which could not but occasion disgust to many serious persons who would naturally approve of the general tendency of the whole. The Editor of this volume observes, that these Letters were written at a late period of the noble author's life, when it seems probable he had remarked some mistakes in the system of education which he had adopted for his son. We agree with him in this remark. Lord Chesterfield, in the present performance, has suffered nothing to escape his pen detrimental to the interests of society: his precepts are founded in wisdom, and confirmed by experience. We can without hesitation recommend this work to our readers.

As a specimen we shall select

LETTER IX.

My dear little Boy, Bath.

"There is a species of minor wit, which is much used and much more abused; I mean raillery. Is is a most mischievous and dangerous weapon, when in unskillful or clumsy hands; and it is much safer to let it quite alone, than to play with it; and yet almost every body do play with it, though they see the daily quarrels and heart-burnings it occasions. In truth, it implies a supposed superiority in the *raillure* to the *raillé*, which no man likes even the suspicion of, in his own case, though it may divert him in other people.

"An innocent *raillerie* is often inoffensively begun, but very seldom inoffensively ended, for that depends upon the *raillé*, who, if he cannot defend himself, will grow brutal; and, if he can, very possibly his *raillure*, harassed, becomes so. It is a sort of trial of wit, in which no man can bear to have his inferiority made appear.

"The character of a *railleur* is more generally feared, and more heartily hated than any one. I know that in the world, the injustice of a bad man is sponser forgiven, than the insults of a witty one; the former only hurts one's liberty and property, but the latter hurts and mortifies that secret pride which no human breast is free from. I will allow that there is a sort of raillery which may not only be in-

offensive, but even flattering, as when, by a genteel irony, you accuse people of those imperfections which they are most notoriously free from, and, consequently, insinuate that they possess the contrary virtues. You may safely call Aristides a knave, or a very handsome woman an ugly one. Take care, however, that neither the man's character, nor the lady's beauty be in the least doubtful. But this sort of railery requires a very light and steady hand to administer it. A little too strong, it may be mistaken into an offence; and a little too smooth, it may be thought a sneer, which is a most odious thing.

"There is another sort, I will not call it wit, but meriment and buffoonry, which is *mimicry*. The most successful mimic in the world is always the most absurd fellow, and an ape is infinitely his superior. His profession is to imitate and ridicule those natural defects and deformities, for which no man is in the least accountable, and in the imitation of which, he makes himself, for the time, as disagreeable and shocking as those he mimics. But I will say no more of those creatures who only amuse the lowest rabble of mankind.

"There is another sort of human animals, called Wags, whose profession is to make the company laugh immoderately, and who always succeed, provided the company consist of fools; but who are equally disappointed in finding that they never can alter a muscle in the face of a man of sense. This is a most contemptible character, and never esteemed even by those who are silly enough to be diverted by them.

"Be content for yourself with sound good sense, and good manners, and let wit be thrown into the bargain, where it is proper and inoffensive. Good sense

will make you be esteemed; good manners, beloved; wit gives a luster to both. In whatever company you happen to be, whatever pleasures you are engaged in, though perhaps not of a very laudable kind, take care to preserve a great personal dignity; I do not in the least mean a pride of birth and rank, that would be too silly; but I mean a dignity of character. Let your moral character of honesty and honour be unblemished, and even unsuspected. I have known some people dignify even their vices, first, by never boasting of them; and, next, by not practising them in an illiberal and indecent manner. If they were addicted to women, they never degraded and dirtied themselves in the company of infamous prostitutes; if they loved drinking too well, they did not practice that beastly vice in beastly companies; but with those whose good humour in some degree seemed to excuse it, though nothing can justify it. When you see a drunken man, as probably you will see many, study him with attention, and ask yourself soberly, whether you would, upon any account, be that beast, that disgrace to human reason. The Lacoknoman very wisely made his slaves drunk, to deter their children from drinking so; and with good effect, for I have never yet heard of a Lacoknoman's child.

To the idea of such men, as the Lord Buteleigh's Ten Precepts are so detached, as he says, from the feelings of a quietian ribault with which they are surrounded. We know, however, that the quarters of the British are full of such material. The "Freedom of the City" he says, is a great deal of business, for we think they are not so attached to the present as to the future.

Narrative of Lieutenant General Sir Henry Clinton, K. B. relative to his conduct during part of his command of the King's Troops in North America. 8vo. Debielt, 2s.

A GREAT deal of light is thrown upon the conduct of the American war, by this publication. It is subscribed and authenticated by Sir Henry Clinton; and it is well supported by the public papers, and vouchers which are given in the appendix. We pretend not, however, to pronounce, that it is uniformly exact. The censures it implies upon public measures, and public men will necessarily draw attention; and answers, may infallibly be expected. With regard to literary merit, it can boast no-

thing. The arrangement of the matter is without art, and the language without elegance.

As a specimen of a publication which is so interesting from its subject, we shall lay the following extract before our readers.

"Being conscious, that during my command in North America, my whole conduct was actuated by the most ardent zeal for the King's service, and the interests of the public, I was exceedingly mortified, when I returned to England, after a ser-

a service of seven years in that country, to find that erroneous opinions had gone forth respecting it; and that many persons had, in consequence, admitted impressions to my prejudice. Anxious, therefore, to explain what had been misinterpreted or misrepresented, (as indeed might well be expected, from the publication of Lord C's letter of the 20th of October, without being accompanied by my answer to it) I had proposed taking an opportunity, in the House of Commons, of saying a few words on such parts of my conduct as seemed not to be sufficiently understood; and I flatter myself I should have been able to make it appear, that I acted up to the utmost of my powers, from the beginning to the end of my command: and that none of the misfortunes of the very unfortunate campaign of 1781 can, with the smallest degree of justice, be imputed to me.

"But I arrived here so late in the session, that I was advised to defer it; and it was judged that the gracious reception I had just met with from my Sovereign rendered an immediate explanation unnecessary. I was not, however, surprised to what degree the public prejudice had been excited against me, else, I should possibly have been induced to have taken an earlier opportunity of offering to parliament what I have to say on this subject. But the late change in public affairs, furnishing so much more important matter for their deliberation, deprived me of the opportunity I thought I should have had. And, as by the present recess it is probable that I may not be able to execute my intentions before a late period, when perhaps peculiar circumstances might force me through delicacy to decline it, I beg leave to lay before the public the following plain narrative, which will, I trust, remove prejudice and error.

"I have much to regret that, when this business was discussed in the House of Lords last session of parliament, the whole of my correspondence, with the late American minister, Lieutenant General Earl Cornwallis, and the admirals commanding on the West-India and American stations, was not produced, or at least such parts thereof as, being necessary to explain my conduct, might have appeared consistently with state policy. Because the letters which compose that correspondence, being written to the moment as events happened, are certainly the most faithful records of my actions and

intentions; and are consequently the clearest, fairest, and most unexceptionable testimonies I can adduce in their support. I hope, therefore, I shall stand exculpated, from the necessity of the case, for any impropriety there may be in my annexing to this letter such of them as I may judge most requisite for that purpose. Three of them will, I presume, be found very material, (Appendix No. IX.) as they contain my answers and observations upon Lord Cornwallis's letters of the 20th of October and 2d. of December on the subject of the unfortunate conclusion of the last campaign in the Chesapeake;—which latter I am sorry to observe, were given to the public, while mine in answer were withheld from it;—I hope without design.

"Although I never dared promise myself that any exertions of mine, with my very reduced force (nearly one-third less than that of my predecessor) could bring the war to a happy conclusion; yet I confess that the campaign of 1781 terminated very differently from what I once flattered myself it would; as may appear, by the subjoined extracts of letters, written, in the beginning of that year, and which were transmitted to the minister. I was led, however into these hopes, more by the apparent distresses of the enemy than any material successes we had met with.

"The plan I had formed for the campaign of 1781, (upon the expectation of a reinforcement from Europe—from the West Indies—and from the southward (after operation should cease in that quarter)—added to what I might be able to spare at the time from the small force under my immediate command at New York) was calculated to make a fair and solid effort in favour of our friends—in a district where I had some reason to believe they were numerous and hearty; and where I judged it might be made with little danger, even from a temporary naval superiority of the enemy. This plan had been suggested to the minister in the year 1780; and more particularly explained to him in 1781; notwithstanding which a preference was given to another, (Appendix, No. I.) which seemed to be forced (Appendix No. II.) upon me by Lord Cornwallis's quitting the Carolinas, where I had left him in the command, and marching into Virginia; a measure I must say, determined upon upon without my approbation, and very contrary to my wishes and intentions. The minister directed me to support
Lord

Lord Cornwallis and solid operation in Virginia: the danger of which, without a covering fleet, I had constantly represented to him. He repeatedly and positively promised me a covering fleet; and when the Admiral arrived with the naval reinforcement from the West-Indies, he was clearly of opinion himself, and of course convinced me, that he had brought that covering fleet. (Appendix No. III.) Therefore, as Admiral Graves's Squadron was acknowledged to be superior to that under Monsi^{er} de Barras, I could not but suppose that the arrival of Admiral Digby (hourly expected) would give us a most decided naval superiority.— And here, perhaps, it may not be improper to remark, that though the minister directs me, by his letters of the 2d of May, and 6th of June, to adopt solid operation in Virginia, he signifies to me his Majesty's approbation of my own plan, in a subsequent letter of the 14th of July, telling me at the same time, that "he has not the least doubt Lord Cornwallis will have fully seen the reasonableness of it, and has executed it with his wonted ardor, intrepidity, and success."

"Under these circumstances, and with these assurances, I never could have the most distant idea that Mr. Washington had the least hopes of a superior French fleet in the Chesapeake; and I consequently never could suppose that he would venture to go there. But if he should, I was satisfied from the reasons already stated, that I should be able to meet him there with every advantage on my side, by having the command of that bay—without which he could not possibly feed his army. This opinion has been also since confirmed by a letter from him to Count De Grasse, dated 26th of September 1781, (No. IV. Appendix) wherein he tells him, if he quits the Chesapeake, the enemy will certainly get possession of it, and he must disband his army.

"Had my correspondence been produced, it would have appeared from it, and the returns accompanying it, that instead of seventeen, twenty, nay twenty-four thousand men, which it has been reported I had at New York (after the very ample reinforcements as the minister acknowledges (No. 5. Appendix) which I had sent to the southward) I had not 12,000 effectives, and of these not above 9,300 fit for duty, regulars and provincials. But had I had twice that number, I do not know that, after leaving sufficient garrisons in the islands

and posts depending (which it is admitted by all would take 6000) I could, as has been intimated, have prevented the junction between Monsi^{er} Rochambeau and General Washington, which was made in the highlands at least 50 miles from me; or that I could have made any direct move against their army when joined (consisting then of at least 11,000 men, exclusive of militia, assembled on each side the Hudson) with any prospect of solid advantage from it. Or if I had as many reasons to believe that Mr. Washington would move his army into Virginia without a covering French fleet, as I had to think he would not; I could not have prevented his passing the Hudson under cover of his forts at Verplanks and Stony Points. Nor (supposing I had boats properly manned) would it have been advisable to have landed at Elizabeth town, in the face of works, which he might easily have occupied (as they were only seven miles from his camp at Chatham) without subjecting my army to be beat, *en detail*. Nor could I, when informed of his march towards the Delaware, have passed an army in time to have made any impression upon him before he crossed that river. But with my reduced force, any attempt of the sort would have been madness and folly in the extreme.

With what might possibly be spared from such a force, nothing could be attempted except against detachments from Mr. Washington's army (or when reinforced in a small degree) against such of its distant magazines as might occasionally happen to be unguarded. Two of the latter offered, one against Philadelphia, which I certainly should have attempted in July, had Lord Cornwallis spared me any part of 3000 men; but as his Lordship seemed to think he could not hold the stations we both thought eligible, if he spared me any part of the force with him, I was obliged to relinquish this design. The other much more important, was against Rhode Island. I had discovered by intercepted letters from all the French admirals and generals, that Count Rochambeau's army had marched from Rhode Island to join Mr. Washington at the White Plains; that their battering train and stores for siege were left at Providence under little more than a militia guard; and that their fleet remained in Rhode Island harbour with orders as soon as repaired, to retire to Boston for security. By private information, which I had at that time, I found also that the works at

Rhode

Rhode Island were in a great measure dismantled, and had only a few invalids and militia to guard them, and that they were both there and at Providence under great apprehensions of a visit from us. From other motives as well as my own knowledge of these posts, I had the strongest reason to expect the fullest success to an attempt against them, and I therefore immediately proposed to Admiral Graves a joint expedition for that purpose; which he readily consented to. It was accordingly agreed between us, that it should be undertaken as soon as he could assemble his fleet, and a small reinforcement (hourly expected) should arrive from Europe. The reinforcement joined me on the 11th of August, and the admiral (who had sailed on a cruise) having returned to the coast on the 16th, I immediately renewed my proposal, (Appendix, No. VI.) The admiral informed me in an-

swer, that he was under the necessity of sending the *Robuste* to the yard to be refitted, and that he should take the opportunity while that was doing of shifting a mast or two in the *Prudente*; and when those repairs were accomplished, he would give me timely notice, (Appendix, No. VII.) The ships were not ready on the 28th; Sir Samuel Hood, however, arriving on that day, I immediately ordered the troops to be embarked; and going to the admirals on Long Island, I proposed to them that the expedition should instantly take place: but receiving intelligence that evening that Monsieur De Barris had sailed on the 25th, it was of course stopped. Thus, to the admirals great mortification and my own, was lost an opportunity of making the most important attempt that had offered the whole war.

Plan of the Chamber of Commerce, or Office for Consultation, Opinion, and Advice, Information and Assistance, in all Commercial, Insurances and Maritime Affairs and Matters of Trade in general. London. Richardson, 8vo. 6d.

THAT a council of commerce may be formed with the greatest advantages to the public is a point not to be doubted. But it is difficult to pronounce whether the present plan has every possi-

ble requisites for utility and success. Its promises, however, are very fair; and in a little time a determination will be given in its favour or against it.

The Mentor, or Useful Instructions for the Head and Heart; in Prose and Verse, suited to all who wish to become Wise at a small Expence. 12mo. Milne, 6d.

THIS collection of maxims and rules for human life, was undertaken, we believe, with the best intentions. It had in view the promotion of virtue and mo-

rality. We are therefore sorry to observe, that it is executed with little skill and discernment.

Captain Inglefield's Narrative, concerning the Loss of his Majesty's Ship the Centaur, of Seventy-four Guns; and the miraculous Preservation of the Pinnace, with the Captain, Master, and ten of the Crew, in a traverse of near 300 Leagues on the great Western Ocean; with the Names of the People saved. 8vo. Donaldson, 1s.

A SCENE of great misfortune and misery is described in this publication with extreme simplicity. The piece accordingly is picturesque and affecting in

no common degree. As it is short, we recommend it to our readers, and shall take no extract from it,

An Appeal to the Public, in answer to a Letter from the Rev. Mr. Brand, to
* * * *by George Cadogan Morgan.* 8vo.

THERE is here a severe castigation of Mr. Brand, who was violently offended with an article objecting to his book in the *Critical Review*, the dispute

is an idle one, and the combatants, as they too, will probably be ashamed of abusing one another.

A Poem on the Approaching Peace. By David Pugh. Fielding 6d.

WHEN this little piece was first put into our hands, the lowness of the price, and the meanness of the typographical execution, made us suspect it the production of some miserable garietteer; but the modest diffidence of the prefatory address, by which we find it is a first production, induced us to give it a calm consideration. It opens with a short description of the horrors attending a state of war, as it affects individuals, families, and the country in general; in describing which he says,

“ In ev’ry mansion sorrow sat enthron’d,
And fons for fathers, fires for children
groan’d.

Lands, long untill’d, bemoan’d the absent
hind,

Whilst he to hostile woes had been con-
sign’d.”

He hails the return of Peace; but, previous to his description of its advantages, calls the attention of the reader to that Being, thro’ whose superintending power alone, even Peace itself can be a blessing to any land.—Our author then pays a tribute to the memory of those heroes,

who have so nobly distinguished themselves in the late war, and closes this part of his subject with the following compliment to the young Royal Seaman,

“ Unus’d to ways effeminate, he flies,
And, for his country’s glory, lives or
dies.”

After a tribute of praise to the Ministry who have given us a prospect of approaching tranquillity, our author fills the remainder of his poem with recommending to the public, the most shining examples of abilities in the political, fashionable, and moral world, as incentives to imitation; concluding with a just compliment to the Royal Pair.

Our young author has, in this production, shewn the dawning of a genius, which, by cultivation and practice, may appear hereafter to greater advantage. The general execution of the poem is rather above mediocrity, and there are many thoughts crowded together in it, which, in the hands of a veteran bard, might have been amplified to great advantage.

A Distinction of Orders in the Church, defended upon Principles of public Utility. In a Sermon preached in the Castle Chapel, Dublin, at the Consecration of John Law, D. D. Lord Bishop of Cloyne and Kilmacduagh. By William Paley, A. M. Archdeacon of Carlisle. 4to. Lond. Faulden. 1s.

THIS is a very elaborate discourse in defence of the establishment of the Church of England. It abounds with sensible observations, put together with precision. There are dissenters, however, of all denominations, whom it will not convince; and who will find arguments

that may shake the reasonings of the author. There are some parts that reason us upon which this author relies with the greatest confidence; but for them we must refer the reader to the discourse itself, which is of but a moderate length.

Reasons for Resigning the Rectory of Pantton and Vicarage of Swinderby, in Lincolnshire, and Quitting the Church of England. By John Disney, D. D. F. S. A. 8vo. Johnson.

WHEN a clergyman resigns preferments in the church, and gives up temporal advantages to satisfy his scruples, it may be inferred, that he acts from the most upright and honourable motives. To us it appears, that Dr. Disney is entitled to the highest praise for the disinterestedness of his virtue, and for the compliance he has given to opi-

nions in which he firmly believes, and to which he has been led by patient study, and frequent meditation.

His pamphlet relates his case with great simplicity and candor; and it cannot fail of impressing with a good opinion of his heart all those who shall peruse it.

A FAVOURITE SONG,

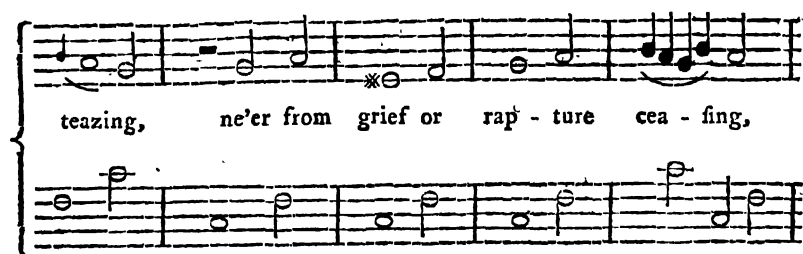
- SONG by Mrs. KENNEDY.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. HANDEL.

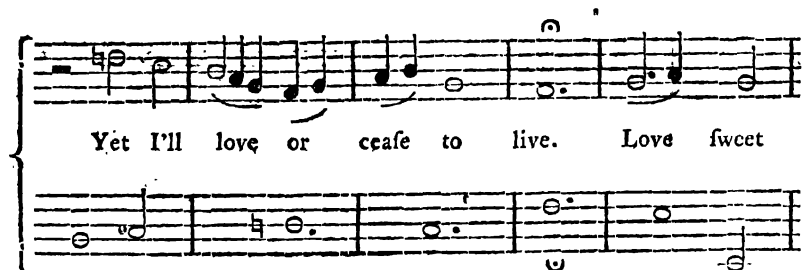
Larghetto.

Love sweet poison tor - ment pleasing, pure de - light in

pain you give, Tril - ling anguish flat-t'ring



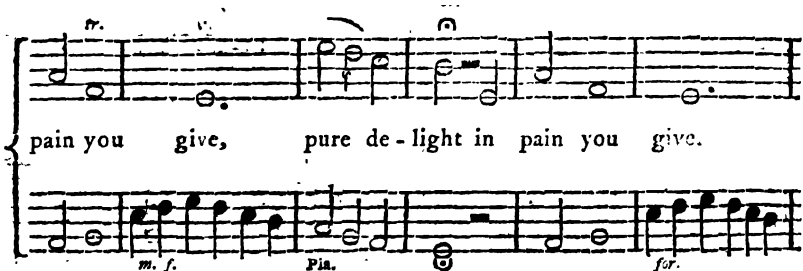
teazing, ne'er from grief or rap - ture cea - fing,



Yet I'll love or cease to live. Love sweet



poison tor - ment pleas - ing, pure de - light in



pain you give, pure de - light in pain you give.

m. f. *Pia.* *for.*



SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the PROCEEDINGS in PARLIAMENT.

(Continued from p. 67.)

HOUSE of LORDS.

JANUARY 21.

ORDERED that the Lord Bishop of Bristol do preach before the Peers on the 30th of January, in Westminster Abbey.

JANUARY 24.

About four o'clock Lord Grantham came to the House, and informed their Lordships, that Preliminaries of Peace had been agreed to, and signed, between France, Spain, and his Majesty's Negotiators at Paris, on the 20th inst. the particulars of which would be laid before them on Tuesday or Wednesday next; after which the House adjourned to Monday.

JANUARY 27.

Lord Grantham presented copies of the Preliminary Articles. Ordered to be printed.

HOUSE of COMMONS.

JANUARY 21.

THIS day the House met, for the first time, since the adjournment before the holidays.

The Serjeant at Arms informed the House, that Mr. Lewin, who, during the last sessions of Parliament, had been ordered into his custody by the House, had called upon him in the morning, and offered to surrender himself.

The Lord Advocate said, he would not trouble the House with a narrative of Mr. Lewin's conduct; he would satisfy himself with moving, that the Clerk should read the different resolutions passed by the House, relative to Mr. Lewin. The resolutions were read accordingly; the first was so far back as the month of May, 1782, when the order for his commitment was made, for his refusing to attend the Secret Committee; he afterwards absconded, and flew from England. This Gentleman was Secretary to Mr. Whittle, late President of Madras.

The Lord Advocate, as soon as the Clerk had done reading, moved, That Charles Lewin, Esq; be committed to the custody of the Serjeant at Arms attending the House.

General Smith rose to second the motion; he said the father of the gentleman who was the subject of it, had called upon him in the morning, to consult with him how his son should behave, having had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the House: His advice to him was, that the best way to shew his respect for the House, and his concern for having offended it, would be to make a voluntary surrender. The motion passed without farther conversation.

JANUARY 22.

As this was the day fixed for the call of the House, there was a numerous attendance of

Members in and about the House. Soon after the Speaker had taken the chair,

Mr. David Hartley rose; he said, that as the order for calling over the House, had been made for the purpose of bringing Members to town, who otherwise would not perhaps have attended, so it would be proper, that as they were now in town, they should be kept there, that when great and important questions should be brought forward, they might not be discussed in thin Houses: To this end, he was of opinion that it would be highly proper to put off the call from time to time; by which means the Members would not be so ready to go back to the country, as they would find themselves under the necessity of returning to town in a few days.

Mr. Jenkinson moved, that the call be adjourned to Friday next. The motion passed without any opposition.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

Mr. Secretary Townshend informed the House, that he was going to move for leave to bring in a bill relative to Ireland. It was not his intention, he said, to trouble the House with a narrative of the proceedings of the last session on Irish affairs; they were fresh in the memory of every Gentleman: The principle upon which Parliament acted at that time, was to give Ireland every satisfaction that justice demanded, and that was consistent with the dignity of Great Britain. The mode that had been adopted to convey that satisfaction might not have been such as to prevent all cavil, and take away every pretext from those who might have a greater wish for embroiling, than for settling public affairs. As for himself, nothing was farther from his intention than to impeach the mode of proceeding of the Administration under whose direction the Irish business had been conducted last year; he believed that sincerity and wisdom had guided their steps; but some untoward circumstances had intervened, to prevent them from producing all the good effects that might have been expected from them, particularly a late decision in the Court of King's Bench here, which had excited jealousies in the breasts, even of the best intentioned men in Ireland. To lull these jealousies, to lay all doubts and disputes about constitutional points fast asleep, so that they might never wake again, was the object he had in view in the motion that he was going to make. It was not his wish to enter then into a discussion of the contents of the bill, which he intended to bring in. For the present he wished there might be no debate; he wished that his motion might pass unanimously, that the people of Ireland might see that England meant fairly when she set out to remove the causes of their jealousies and discontent. Mr.

Townshend then moved for leave to bring in a bill "for removing and preventing all doubts which have arisen, or might hereafter arise about the exclusive rights of the Parliament and Courts of Law of Ireland, in matters of legislature and judicature; and also for preventing any writs of error, or appeals from any of his Majesty's Courts in that kingdom from being received, heard, or adjudged in any of his Majesty's Courts in Great Britain."

Mr. W. Grenville (Secretary to Lord Temple) seconded the motion: He was happy to find that government had so early, and of their own accord, brought forward this business; for though he would not say how jealousies had been excited in Ireland, there was no doubt, but jealousies did exist there; and that the late transaction in the Court of King's Bench here, had, in no small degree, contributed to spread them wide. For his own part, he was clearly of opinion, that there was no ground for them; for he doubted not of the sincerity of this country towards Ireland; and there was nothing which he wished for more, than that Ireland should be convinced that in peace as well as in war; in prosperity, as well as in adversity, England would preserve the faith which she had pledged, fully and completely to surrender all legislative and judicial authority over Ireland: And there was one circumstance which afforded him great reason to hope that Ireland would now be fully impressed with this idea, when she should hear that this proposition was brought forward at a time, when England was likely to be freed from foreign enemies, by a peace; an event which, as far as an uninformed man could say, was, he believed, at no very great distance.

Mr. Eden expected to have heard the Right Hon. Secretary state the grounds of the jealousies that subsisted this moment in Ireland; for if he was to give credit to the last Address of the Parliament of that kingdom, on the subject of the measures adopted by the British Parliament for securing the rights of Ireland, he was to take it for granted, either that the Irish Parliament did not speak the sense of the people, or that all jealousies or controversies were at an end; for one paragraph in the Commons Address, stated, "that gratified in these objects, all jealousies and disputes about constitutional questions, are at an end." He knew Mr. Walsh had opposed this Address; he knew that Mr. Flood, with his inexhaustible fund of eloquence and ingenuity, had endeavoured to prove that the work was then imperfect; and above all, from the resolutions of the Volunteers, he was convinced that the nation was not satisfied. It was not because they were armed that he respected them; it was because they spoke the sense and language of the nation; he would have equally respected the sentiments of all the Farmers, Ploughmen, and Manufacturers in Ireland, if they had been armed only with the implements of husbandry, and of their respective trades; it was not to the

firelocks, but the unanimity of the Volunteers and people, that he would give way.

Col. Fitzpatrick thought the Right Hon. Secretary ought to have proved, by some documents, that jealousies did really exist in Ireland, before he moved to bring in a Bill to remove them: Were Gentlemen to be determined by what they read in news papers, or heard from idle reports? Gentlemen had heard the Addresses of the Irish Parliament, in consequence of the repeal of the 6th of George I. They breathed the most complete satisfaction, and declared that all jealousy about constitutional points was at an end. Was it respectful to the Irish Parliament, that, in opposition to their almost unanimous declaration (for there were only two dissenting voices in the Commons) the English House of Commons should, without any proof of the existence of jealousies, resolve that jealousies did exist in Ireland? for this was necessarily implied in giving leave to bring in a Bill for removing jealousies.

Mr. W. Grenville begged the Right Hon. Member would recollect that the Bill was for removing doubt, not jealousies; and that therefore there was no ground for the exception he took to an expression that might give offence, or be construed into a disrespect to the Irish Parliament; in fact, no such expression was to be found in the motion.

Lord Beauchamp said, that having given notice before the holidays, that he intended to move some propositions relative to Ireland, it might be expected that he should say a few words on this occasion. That there were jealousies in Ireland was not to be doubted; that there were grounds for these jealousies was an incontrovertible proposition; it had been said, that the Writ of Error from Ireland, returnable into the King's Bench of England, was co-eval with the constitution of Ireland; it was impossible, therefore, that the mere repeal of the 6th of Geo. I. could take this Writ away: Now if it did not take it away, with what truth in argument could the Right Hon. Gentleman say, that this country had fully and completely surrendered every legislative, every judicial jurisdiction over Ireland? But the Right Hon. Member would say, "it was only of the appellant jurisdiction of the House of Lords that the Irish complained." To what did a Writ of Error, brought into the King's Bench here, ultimately tend? Why, to establish that very appellant jurisdiction of the British House of Lords, of which the Irish had complained; for no man could doubt but the party, who, in the appeal to the King's Bench, should think himself aggrieved, was by law entitled to take out a Writ of Error, returnable in Parliament, and thus the English Lords came once more into possession of that very judicial jurisdiction, which the Right Hon. Gentleman would have the Irish believe had been fully surrendered up to them. His Lordship took up the other branch of jurisdiction—the legislative; and he maintained that the Irish had been as much de-

ceived in this point, as in the former: For though it was said, that the rights of England over Ireland, in matters of legislation, had been surrendered, scarce three weeks had passed, when the English Parliament legislated for Ireland, by passing an Act prohibiting the exportation of blocks used in callico-printing; in this Act, Ireland was expressly named, notwithstanding the very recent repeal of the 6th of George I. Had not the Irish a just cause for being alarmed at this breach of faith with them? But was this the only instance of attempting to legislate for Ireland? No, for that kingdom was expressly named in the Act, which opened the British ports for the importation of sugars, &c. the produce of St. Kitt's, and other late British islands in the West Indies: Surely an attempt to open the ports of a kingdom, was one of the highest acts of sovereign power; and yet this power the British Parliament had assumed, just after he had, in the opinion of the Right Hon. Gentleman, surrendered all legislative jurisdiction over Ireland. Was it unnatural then that jealousies should subsist in that country? But if none of all this had been done, a transaction had taken place at the close of the last session, which of itself might well excite jealousies, and keep them alive. For a Noble Lord in the Upper House had read in his place a Bill, which he said, he would at another period, move for leave to bring in; which Bill proposed to resume and maintain the right of England to legislate externally for Ireland. If this was the case, and he called upon any Member to disprove it, what security, had the people of Ireland against a revival of the power of legislation, and the right of judicature? Surely something more than a construction of law was necessary; a record on the Journals of Parliament, which should prevent any future generation from explaining away the intention of the legislature of this day, would be necessary; this and this alone would suffice.

Colonel Fitzpatrick said, he certainly had no objection to the Bill moved for by the Right Hon. Secretary, as far as it related to the appeals from Ireland; but if it was thought necessary that this country should expressly renounce the jurisdiction over Ireland, he thought it would be better to bring in a separate Bill for that purpose.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer expressed a wish, that nothing had been said on the subject of the motion, but that it might have been carried unanimously. However, though some debate had taken place, it might be fairly collected that it was the general sense of the House that complete satisfaction should be given to Ireland, and that her doubts should be dissipated.

Mr. Macdonald wished to be informed, whether the legislative power of this country over Ireland, was to be so fully and completely surrendered, that in no possible or supposable case, this country should ever attempt to exercise it.

Mr. Secretary Townshend said, that it certainly was his intention fully and irrevocably to

surrender it, and never more to exercise or resume it.

The question was here called for, put, and carried *nem. con.*

JANUARY 23.

Lord Surry presented a petition to the House from the Borough of Launceston, in the county of Cornwall. The ground of the petition was, that the Borough of Launceston having been incorporated in the reign of Philip and Mary, all the principal Inhabitants and Freeholders had a right to vote for Representatives in Parliament; but that of late, this right had been confined within such narrow limits, that the Members for that Borough were, in fact, now returned by the few persons only, who compose the Corporation.—This, the Petitioners deemed a grievance; and their application to Parliament was, that the right of voting might be restored, and extended to those who formerly enjoyed it by law.

Mr. Burke observed, that though this petition concerned only a single borough, yet Gentlemen would find themselves mistaken, if they should imagine that it did not involve a question of the very last importance: This petition having opened the door, many others would follow of course; and the question now was not, whether the right of voting in the Borough of Launceston should be extended or not; but whether the ancient and venerable fabric of the constitution should remain untouched? It had now borne the test of ages, and was venerable not less for its antiquity, than for the happiness that had been enjoyed under it by the subjects. He would therefore warn Ministers how they should attempt to raise a cry against the constitution: If any Member thought the representation of the people imperfect, he certainly had a right to say so, and propose any resolutions he pleased on that head; but still with the responsibility of credit and character.

The order of the day was called for, and read, for reading a second time the Bill for restraining, &c. &c. Sir Thomas Rumbold, Bart. and Peter Perrin, Esq; General Smith moved, That the petition from Peter Perrin, Esq; which had been presented before the holidays, might be read. The prayer of this petition was, that his cause might be separated from that of Sir Thomas Rumbold. General Smith then declared, that he did not stand up the advocate of Mr. Perrin; but he thought the prayer of his petition was so just, that it ought to be granted. He then moved instructions to be given to the Counsel for the Bill, to confine their evidence, for the present, to that part of the Bill which concerned Sir Thomas Rumbold only. The motion passed without opposition.

JANUARY 24.

P E A C E.

Mr. Secretary Townshend rose, to communicate to the House a very important event, which

which was, that preliminary articles of peace had been signed at Paris, on Monday last, between the Courts of Versailles and Madrid, and the Court of London; that these preliminaries were arrived; and that he would lay them before the House in a very few days, probably on Monday; on which day he intended also to lay before them the provisional articles with America.

Commodore Johnstone wished to be informed by the learned Lord (Advocate) when he intended to bring forward his plan relative to the future government of India: He understood that new men and new measures were to be introduced into that government; but when the change was to take place was what he wanted to learn. The affairs of India were at present in the most alarming state; every thing relative to that country was suspended till the new system should be brought forward; delay was, therefore, to the last degree injurious. The learned Lord perhaps did not know, that if the proper season was suffered to pass over, before the new government should set out, the Gentlemen who were to be employed in it, must inevitably be detained for a great length of time: Lord Pigot waited till the season was passed, and lost his passage; Lord Clive on the same account lost his passage; this might be the case with the new Governors, and the public must be grievously injured by such events.

The Lord Advocate said, that he really had not affected any delay; and that he would proceed in the business as speedily as possible; he did not wish to make any mystery of what he intended to propose: He certainly intended to move for an entire change of men and measures in India; and he hoped that he should propose it so soon, that the new government might be able to go out by the 1st of June; nay, by the 1st of May, if not sooner. It was his intention also to check, in some measure, the power of the Court of Proprietors over the Court of Directors; and to give the Ministers of the public a greater controul over the orders of the Company, than they have at present; he intended further to propose some regulations, by which the natives of India should be better secured against oppression: All this he intended to do; and he hoped that in about a fortnight he should be able to come to Parliament with his plan.

JANUARY 27.

Mrs. Secretary Townshend presented, according to promise, the preliminary articles of peace with France, Spain, and America, which were all read at the table, by the Clerk. [The articles are inserted in p. 76, 77, 78, and 79 of our last number.]

When the papers had been all read, Mr. Townshend moved, that they might lie upon the table for the inspection of the Members. This motion passed without any opposition.

Lord Newhaven then rose, and said, that as the public was so deeply concerned and interest-

ed in the articles that had just been read, it was but just that they should be fully apprised of their contents; he therefore moved that the articles be printed.

Mr. Secretary Townshend said, that a motion of this nature was unusual; nay, it was without precedent: There was a delicacy in foreign Courts in matters of treaties, which was not felt in our government; however, Parliament in deference to this delicacy, had always refrained from printing treaties, especially those which were preliminary only, and not definitive.

Commodore Johnstone was by no means satisfied with the reasons alledged by Mr. Secretary Townshend, for not printing the articles. The Right Hon. Member had mentioned the delicacy of foreign Courts; but he was afraid that the delicacy of Ministers was much more deeply concerned. The Right Hon. Member said the printing of treaties was unprecedented: To this he would reply, that the giving away of so great a part of an empire as America was unprecedented in the annals of the world. It was ridiculous to talk of forms in the present case; every Member of Parliament had a right to send for a copy of the articles, and afterwards to print them: Would it not be much better that they should be printed by order of the House?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer rose with some warmth; he was surprized that the Hon. Member should suppose that Ministers had any desire, or any reason for desiring, that the articles should be kept back from the knowledge of the people: It was their wish that they should be weighed, digested, canvassed as much as possible; and to the merits only of the articles they trusted for the support of Parliament.

Mr. Fox said, he really could not avoid making a few observations on what had been said by the Right Hon. Member who had just sat down: The Right Hon. Member had been pleased to take offence at what had been said by another Member near him, (Commodore Johnstone) relative to the treaty of peace; now though it was well known that the Right Hon. Member did not differ more from the Hon. Member in politics, than he (Mr. Fox) did; yet, on this occasion, he must contend, that the Hon. Member, who had all along, for years past, expressed his sentiments to be hostile to the idea of American independence, was not at all to blame for expressing his indignation at an article which secured that very independence, and though he himself (Mr. Fox) felt no indignation whatever against that article, yet he must insist that it was not indecent, or unbecoming in the Hon. Member, to express, on such an occasion, an indignation that he felt: Liberty of speech was the privilege of a Member of that House; and if he was to be represented as having said or done something improper, merely for having exercised this right, he might just as well not have this privilege at all. He must differ, however, from the Hon. Member,

Member,

Member, when he said a Member had a right to send for a copy, and afterwards cause it to be printed : The fact was, that every Member had a right to send for a copy of any paper that had been laid before the House; but it would be a high breach of privilege in any Member to cause it to be printed without the leave of the House.

Mr. Secretary Townshend wished Lord Newhaven would withdraw his motion.

Lord Newhaven said, that having made it with deliberation, he would not hastily withdraw it.

Mr. Alderman Wilkes said, he believed he could cut the matter short, by informing them, that copies of the articles had been so laid before the House of Lords, and that their Lordships had already ordered them to be printed. This raised a great laugh; the Ministers gave up the point; and the question was put and carried.

JANUARY 28.

The order of the day for hearing counsel, and examining witnesses in behalf of the Bill for inflicting pains and penalties on

Sir Thomas Rumbold having been read, that Gentleman begged leave to say a few words, before the Counsel should be called in. He understood, he said, that reports had gone abroad very much to his disadvantage; and though he was convinced that the Members of that House had too high a sense of justice to be influenced by mere reports, in the judgment that they should be called upon to give in his case, still it was proper he should take notice of these reports.—It was said that in the schedule of his property, which he had given in to both House of Parliament, he had omitted to mention Lady Rumbold's jewels:—As to the value of them, he was ready to answer any interrogatories that might be put to him; and he wished that he might be interrogated strictly on that point: He could not have thought that it would have been expected he should have mentioned, in the schedule of his property, the jewels of his wife, however, as the reports to which he alluded, stated the omission as a neglect on his part, he could with truth assure the House, that, exclusive of the jewels of which Lady Rumbold was possessed previous to his marriage with her, he spoke greatly within compass in saying, that she had never since been mistress of one thousand pounds worth; this was a fact, of which he could give the most satisfactory proofs at the bar of the House.

Mr. David Hartley requested he might be permitted to say a few words before the Counsel should be called in. It was not, however, to the business of Sir Thomas Rumbold that he attended, but to the preliminary articles of the peace. There was a circumstance, he said, which struck him very forcibly, when he had turned the preliminary articles in his mind; it was this—according to the treaty with France and Spain, hostilities should cease in the Nar-

row Seas within 20 days after the ratification of the preliminary articles; but with America they were not to cease till after the conclusion of the definitive treaty: Thus it would so happen, that within a few days, a French, a Spanish, and even a Dutch ship, might freely navigate the Narrow Seas without any danger of being captured: While an American ship must, by law, be liable to be taken: All trade was at this moment prohibited between this country and America; and at the very moment when we were said to have made peace with her, all American property found upon the sea was liable to be taken, and condemned in our Courts of Admiralty. This was a state in which no man, who wished well to the intercourse between the two countries, would like to see affairs continue; in order, therefore, to remove the difficulties and legal impediments, which lay in the way of that so much to be wished for intercourse, he rose to give notice, that on the morrow he would move for leave to bring in a Bill to repeal the laws prohibitory of all trade with the colonies of Massachusetts's Bay, &c. passed in the year 1777.

Mr. Burke approved very much of the ideas thrown out by the Hon. Member; but still he thought that the expedient he wished to adopt, would be found insufficient; for it would be like darning a hole in the skirt of an old coat, when the whole coat stood in need of a thorough repair. Our trade laws, he said, were at present at war with every principle of commerce, lately adopted by the different powers of the world; and therefore they ought to undergo a complete revision: For his part he was astonished that the very moment the Secretary of State laid the preliminary articles on the table, he had not submitted to the House a well digested plan of commercial jurisprudence, suitable to the present state of affairs in and out of Europe; and the omission on the part of the Ministry, was, in his mind, highly criminal, particularly as they had had the summer before them during which they ought to have prepared and digested a new commercial code.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was hurt at Mr. Burke's assertion, that Ministers were criminal, for not having brought down with the preliminaries of the peace, a well digested plan or code of laws, for regulating the commerce of this country. The Hon. Gentleman said, this might have been prepared during the summer; but he would ask him, what kind of a commercial system he would have; such an one, no doubt, as should be found suitable in every respect, to the situation of affairs at the peace: Thus the Hon. Member would have a system suited to the peace, before the peace was made.

Mr. Eden wished that Ministers might not be precipitate on this head; the late revolution in the British empire, unprecedented in the annals of any other empire that ever existed, had created a necessity of a revolution in the commercial system; in our naturalization laws, and the laws of inheritance, &c. it would require

quite therefore much time and deliberation to digest such a system as would answer every desirable purpose.

Mr. T. Townshend, in order to ease the mind of Mr. Hartley, on the subject of the hostilities that he imagined must continue with America, after they should have ceased with France, Spain, and Holland, informed the House, and the Hon. Gentleman, that a cessation of hostilities between England and the United States of America has actually taken place. This conversation terminated here.

JANUARY 29.

Mr. Viner informed the House, that he understood a violent mutiny subsisted at that moment in Portsmouth; the cause of this mutiny, he was informed, was an infraction, or supposed infraction, of the articles under which the 77th regiment was raised. He understood that this corps had been raised under the stipulation, that the men were to serve only for three years, or during the war; that notwithstanding this stipulation, orders had been sent to Portsmouth for the regiment to embark for the East Indies; if this was a true state of the fact, he was far from being surprized that they had mutinied; for if the public faith was pledged to them, it ought to be religiously kept; and it would be in such a state, of the case, an act of the greatest injustice to send men against their will upon a service, after the time for which they had enlisted, was expired. The men who enlisted for a short term of years on the spur of an occasion, when their country stood in most need of their assistance, were by far the most meritorious soldiers in the army; and those who were entitled to the greatest respect, and best treatment from the public.—Having stated thus much, he would wait to hear something on the subject from the Secretary of State, before he should make any motion.

Mr. Secretary Townshend told the Hon. Member, that the report of a mutiny in the 77th regiment, was but too true; though he could not conceive that public faith had been broken with that corps; for he always understood that it had been raised for any service, foreign or domestic, to which his Majesty should have occasion to send it; and that no stipulation whatever had been made, when the order was issued for raising it, that it should serve for any particular period of time: He was afraid, however, that some of the officers, in order to raise their complement the sooner, had enlisted some men for the 77th regiment, for three years, or during the war; and that this stipulation was expressed in the attestations of such men: Proper persons had been dispatched to Portsmouth, the moment the news of the mutiny had reached London, to make enquiries into the causes of it; and no doubt, if it should be found that any of the men had been enlisted under such a stipulation, such men should find that public faith would not be broken with them.

Sir P. Clerke observed, that it would be a very easy matter to ascertain, from the letter of service, under which the 77th regiment was raised, whether or no, the men were enlisted to serve for a definite term.

Lord North remembered very well, under what idea orders had been given to raise that corps; for he was one of those who had advised the levy of that and several other corps, such as the Glasgow, Edinburgh, Camerons, Athol, Macdonald's and Lord Maitland's corps; and as they were raised to answer the emergency of the time, so they were destined for foreign service; and he was convinced, that government had never given any directions, nor had they it even in idea, that they should be raised only for three years, or during the war. If however, any officer in the 77th, or any other corps, had made agreements with their men, contrary to the tenor of the letter of service, they were highly culpable; yet faith should nevertheless be kept with the men.

Lord Maitland declared it to have been the general idea of the people of Scotland, when these corps were raising, that the term of service was to be for three years, or during the war; and under this idea he believed the regiments had been completed much sooner than they would have been upon any other principle. But that the House might know more of the matter, he would move, and did move, that a copy of the letter of service of the 77th regiment of foot be laid before the House.

Mr. Secretary Townshend requested the noble Lord would not press his motion just then, while the mutiny subsisted, the most improper time therefore to institute any parliamentary proceeding on the subject.

Mr. Dempster felt himself nearly interested in the mutiny, as one of the companies of the 77th had been raised in one of the towns that he had the honour to represent. The Colonel of the regiment was a Member of that House (Major General Murray) and a most respectable man; the moment he heard of the mutiny, he posted down, to Portsmouth, with his noble nephew, the Duke of Athol. Now as it was a business in which the Commander of the regiment was so very materially concerned, he wished that the noble Lord would postpone his motion till that Officer should be in his place in that House.—In this with Lord North and some other Gentlemen concurred; but

Mr. Viner was of opinion the motion ought to be made, and therefore he would second it.

The Speaker informed the House, that the paper moved for had been laid before the House two years ago, and was now upon the table.

Lord Maitland refrained then from moving any thing upon it, but it was under the idea, that the regiment should not, in the mean time, be sent out of the kingdom.

Mr. David Hartley desired the Act of the 16th of George III. commonly called the Prohibitory Act, might be read; which having

ing been done, it appeared that it must expire of itself, whenever the rebellion in America shall cease, or whenever the King by his proclamation shall think proper to suspend it, which he is empowered to do by a special Act of Parliament passed last year. Mr. Hartley desired to know, why such proclamation had not been issued, in order to shew that we were eager to demonstrate to the Americans, our hearty disposition to vards conciliation and friendship with them? He desired also to know, if there was any ground for the report, that a private article of the peace was, that Gibraltar should be given up to Spain? He concluded with moving for leave to bring in a Bill to repeal the Prohibitory Act.

Mr. Secretary Townshend said, that no such article existed as that to which the Hon. Member alluded; and that indeed there was no secret article at all: As to the proclamation, it certainly would be issued in proper time; he thought the Prohibitory Act already virtually repealed, as the rebellion was terminated by a cessation of hostilities, which took place on the same day that hostilities ceased with the other Powers, and by a recognition of the independence of America, which recognition would sufficiently convince the United States, that this country was greatly disposed to conciliatory measures. A general revision of the commercial system of the country would be necessary; and therefore he thought the temporary expedient proposed by the Hon. Gentleman as inadequate; he therefore moved the order of the day.

Mr. Burke thought a general change of system necessary; but still he wished that, in the mean time, the proposed measure should be adopted.

Mr. Eden argued differently. Our trade laws relative to America were adopted to subordinate and dependent colonies, not to sovereign and independent states: It were better, therefore, to wait a little time, till a proper system should be digested for the future regulation of trade with America.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, that such a system should be formed as soon as possible.

The question was put, and carried, for reading the order of the day.

JANUARY 31.

Ordered, that the thanks of this House be given to the Chaplain, for his sermon preached before them yesterday.

Lord Maitland said, since the subject of the disturbance of the 77th regiment had been agitated the other night, he had endeavoured to make himself as perfect a master as possible of the business, nor had his labours, he trusted, been thrown away. He had found, from a paper he held in his hand, and which he would move to have formally laid on their table, that there was not a single man in the regiment who had not a right to insist on his discharge at the end of the American war. His Lordship said, to give Gentlemen some knowledge of the paper he meant to move for, he would read a part
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of it to them; it was an advertisement from the Secretary at War, dated the 16th of December, 1775, in the following words, as printed in the London Gazette:

War-Office, Dec. 16, 1775.

"It is his Majesty's pleasure, that from the date hereof, and during the continuance of the rebellion now subsisting in North America, every person who shall enlist as a soldier, in any of his Majesty's marching regiments of foot, shall be entitled to his discharge, at the end of the said rebellion, at the option of his Majesty."

This, his Lordship said, was a matter of public notoriety; but it was a matter, at this time, that required the consideration of the House, because it involved in it this great question, whether the regiment at Portsmouth was justified, or not, in what they had lately done?—His Lordship then read his motion, that the proper Officers do lay before this House the proclamation signed Barrington, and dated the 16th of December, 1775.

Mr. Vyner seconded the motion, and observed, that he heartily coincided in the noble Lord's idea. These men had enlisted under an idea that they were ~~not~~ to serve longer than the American war. Many of them, it was possible, might have lost their attestations, but as the general opinion was that they were free when the war ceased, it was but just to make an enquiry how, and in what manner they were justified to think so.

General Conway expressed his concern that a question of so delicate a nature had been so publicly discussed; it might have been better, if it had been less public; for it might be of dangerous consequence, that the enemies of this country should know that perhaps two thirds of our army were at this time in a state, in which they might lay down their arms, and justly and lawfully call for a discharge; and yet this was truly the case; for by a strange kind of conduct in the Ministers of that day, the troops were raised in consequence of the order moved for, only for three years, or during the rebellion; so that the Ministers, intent solely on the American war, seemed not to have dreamt that it was possible there should be any other war. As to the mutiny at Portsmouth, he was well informed it had not arisen in consequence of the order moved for by the noble Lord, nor from any dislike to the service in India, but from a mistaken notion that the regiment was sold to the East India Company, and that the Officers, to whom the men were attached, were not to accompany them. He admitted, that, under the order alluded to, the troops were entitled to their discharge; but there was nothing repugnant to public faith in calling upon the 77th, or any other regiment, to go out as volunteers, and to re-enlist. There never was an intention in government to force the 77th, or any other regiment, to do any thing contrary to their engagement. He concluded by saying, that he would not oppose the motion, but still he could wish, that the noble Lord would not press it.

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Mr. Secretary Townshend followed the Commander in Chief, and coincided perfectly with him as to the propriety of postponing the motion.

Mr. Byng complained of the partiality shewn to some Commanders, when young regiments were ordered to so great a distance from the kingdom; that when Parliament should find it necessary to disband a great part of the army, these regiments could not be disbanded, but must be kept on foot, to the prejudice of older regiments.

General Smith said, that a general apprehension seemed to prevail in the army, that at the conclusion of the war, such of his Majesty's regiments as might be in India, would of course be sold to the Company, and turned over into their service: But this was a mistake; for every man of them would have his option, at the end of the war in India, either to return, or engage in the Company's service. He further stated, that Sir Eyre Coote had written home, to request that no more Highlanders might be sent out to India; not from any disrespect or dislike to them, but because he found by experience, that they were not able to bear heat so well as those who had been born and bred in a more southerly climate; and a proof of this had occurred on the first day that Lord M'Leod's regiment took the field in India, 120 of the men dropped down in the rank, overcome with the heat of the sun.

General Conway said, that the 77th should not be ordered for India, or any other Highland regiment.

Mr. Dempster was for postponing the motion till the Colonel of the regiment returned to town.

Mr. Eden said, if an enquiry was to take place, not only the proclamation moved for, but every subsequent one should be laid before them, otherwise they could not come to any fair decision on the point.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, he saw no grounds for calling for this paper, if the noble Lord intended to confine his motion to the business of the 77th regiment; for after what an honourable and worthy Member had just said, it was evident the cause of discontent

and disgust was not owing to their time of service being expired, but a distrust that they were to be drafted and sent to India without their Officers. Now the paper alluded to is quite foreign to that.

Governor Johnstone was of opinion, that if an enquiry was gone into, the more full the better, as it would be most prudent to probe the sore to the bottom, and see how deep the wound was, and not lightly touch upon it, as had been the case at first with the American war.

Mr. Jenkinson said, he plainly saw that gentlemen were led into an error, from not strictly attending to the nature of the advertisement in question; they had all along called them proclamations, when in fact they were no such thing; they were no more than a command of his Majesty, signified to the Secretary at War, who directly inserted an advertisement in the Gazette: But he was free to own, that men raised under the terms specified in those advertisements, were certainly entitled to their discharge at the expiration of the term mentioned. But he was of opinion, that if the advertisements from the War-office subsequent to that in 1775, was attended to, they would be found quite different; if not, our army might have been all disbanded in the midst of the war with France or Spain, had we been fortunate enough to have put an end to the American war sooner.

Sir George Yonge was of the same opinion.

The question was then put and agreed to; upon which

Lord Maitland moved, "That the circular letters written by the Secretary at War to the different Commanders of corps for raising their regiments, be laid upon the table;" which was also agreed to. His Lordship then moved, "That the general order of any of his Majesty's Secretaries at War to the Commanding Officers, relative to the enlisting of soldiers for their different corps, at any time from the 26th of Dec. 1775, to the present time, be laid before this House."

The question being put, it was carried against the Minister without a division.

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Covent-Garden.

THE tragedy of the *Mysterious Husband*, written in prose by Mr. Cumberland, was performed at this Theatre for the first time; The characters and fable are as follow:

Lord Davenant, - Mr. Henderson.
Captain Dormer, - Mr. Wroughton.
Sir Harry Harlow, - Mr. Aicken.
Charles Davenant, - Mr. Lewis.
Sir Edmund Travers, Mr. Yates.

Lady Davenant, - Miss Young.
Marianne, - Miss Satchell.

Lord Davenant, a widower, marries the niece and heiress of Sir Edmund Travers. This Lady has fixed her affections on a young Sea-officer, of the name of Dormer, and was mutually beloved: The circumstances of Dormer not answering to her pretensions in point of fortune, Sir Edmund Travers, in concert with Lord Davenant, had contrived measures for breaking off this attachment; and Dormer having obtained a ship by his Lordship's interest, had

had gone out upon a distant expedition. Lord Davenant having made a match of convenience, becomes indifferent and morose; gives way to the fashionable excesses of gaming, &c. and on a trip to Spa, accidentally meets with Miss Dormer, sister to the Captain, falls violently in love, and, under a feigned name, makes a second marriage with her, in Flanders. After a short cohabitation, he pretends business at Paris, and contrives to impose upon her a pretended decease in that capital. The Lady, conceiving herself to be a widow, after a time comes to England, and is clandestinely married to Lord Davenant's son Charles, an officer in the army. Upon these incidents the fable is built: Dormer returns from his expedition, in the course of which he has acquired a fortune. Marianne, his sister, above-mentioned, on the morning of her marriage with Captain Davenant, accidentally sees her husband, Lord Davenant; but as he happened to have borrowed Sir Harry Harlowe's chariot, a *mal entendre* is materially founded thereupon, and discovery is not brought home to the Mysterious Husband, till Lord Davenant, apprized of the fatal incident by his Lady, and overcome with guilt and desperation, destroys himself; by which event an opening is made for a union between Captain Dormer and Lady Davenant, and Charles Davenant and Marianne. But this prospect is melancholy indeed! When it is remembered that by Lord Davenant's fall, he leaves behind two widows, one of whom is the wife of his son! The idea of future happiness under those conditions is shocking.—The character of Lord Davenant is one of the most difficult for defining in the wide range of dramatic creations. He is a villain, without having motives for his depravity; he marries one Lady for wealth, and yet allows her an annuity for pin-money, equal to the interest of her fortune; detests her, tho' he acknowledges her virtues to be of the most exalted kind; reproves her, because he conceives he has not the possession of her heart, and exerts every means in his power to get her to bestow it upon any indifferent object; so much is this his conduct, that Lady D. interrupts him by reproaches to this effect:—"That her heart had been Dormer's, it was now tendered to him, but that if he rejected it, he should never induce her to make it common." His Lordship afterwards changes his name, and marries Marianne, in Flanders, with the plea of love on his side, which he secretly avows after he has abandoned the object; and imposed upon her a contrived story of his own death. Could he so have acted, with all his villainy, of having another wife, if love had operated in his heart? The conduct of Lady Davenant towards her Lord, her lover Dormer, and her son Charles Davenant, Sir

progression of the plot is very artful, all the incidents tending in successive order to the grand mystery: An interest thereby prevails throughout the piece, and the attention is kept up till the curtain drops.

The Prologue was spoken by Mr. Lee Lewes; it possesses great merit; but the Epilogue, which fell to Miss Younge, does not, from a want of justness in its observations, deserve any credit.

JANUARY 29.

Drury Lane.] Was performed a new comedy called the School for Vanity.—This piece is the production of Mr. Pratt, author of the tragedy of the Fair Circassian. The laudable design of the present comedy, is to expose to public ridicule the very troublesome and often dangerous vice of personal vanity in men and women; a vice uncommonly prevalent at this time. The characters were thus represented:

Sir Hercules Caustic,	-	Mr. King.
Sightwell,	- - -	Mr. Palmer.
Lord Blaze,	- - -	Mr. Dodd.
Alderman Ingot,	- - -	Mr. Parsons.
Onslow,	- - -	Mr. Brereton.
Scrape,	- - -	Mr. R. Palmer.
Second Hand,	- - -	Mr. Baddeley.
Dowager Lady Blaze,	-	Mrs. Hopkins.
Widow Worryt,	- - -	Mrs. Buckley.
Ophelia,	- - -	Miss Farren.
Helena,	- - -	Miss Phillips.
Pucker,	- - -	Mr. Wrighten.

The first act opens with a short scene between Second Hand, valet to Sightwell, and Pucker, waiting-maid to the Widow; their conversation turns upon the vanity of their principals, and is interrupted by Sightwell ringing his bell. In the next scene this fashionable, modern, self-conceited coxcomb is discovered, reclined on a sofa, with the apparatus for breakfast before him, and the valet entering, delivers to him a number of letters from different ladies, which he reads, and descants upon them in such a manner, as discovers his own consummate vanity, and that the ladies meet with the contempt they justly deserve, for placing any confidence in such a worthless being. From one of the letters we learn, that the Widow Worryt, sister to Sir Hercules Caustic, having been saved from drowning by Alderman Ingot, he expects her hand in return, though old enough to be her father; and "this sprightly coquet being one of the feeders of the vanity of Sightwell, has sent him her picture. Sir Hercules and Ingot pay a morning visit to Sightwell, and the Alderman sees the widow's picture carelessly hung over his arm, which

setting incidents to a high degree of perfection. The other characters are well drawn and striking. The situations are produced with great contrivance, and are excellent. The

by sending him to help him to do it about his neck. Sir Hercules, a worthy, rough old gentleman, who speaks his mind freely, and is a real philanthropist, diverts himself at the expense

pence of the coxcomb and the jealous dotard ; and the vanity of the first, with the fiery temper of the latter, form two of the chief comic incidents of the piece. Towards the close of the scene, cards of invitation from Duchesses, Countesses, and Ladies of inferior rank, are brought in by the valet, and carelessly read by Sightwell, who likewise relates, that his person is decorated with rings, and trinkets of various kinds, all presents from women of fashion.

The second act begins with a conversation between Sightwell and Onslow ; the latter is under his protection, a youth of merit without fortune. Sightwell now confesses a passion for Ophelia, an orphan under the care of Lady Blaze, and charges Onslow to deliver a letter to her. Onslow, who is a secret admirer of Ophelia, and beloved by her, obeys reluctantly, impelled by gratitude to his benefactor. Lord Blaze arrives at his mother's from Cambridge, accompanied by Scrape, a dependent upon him ; both appear in the dress of jockeys, and his Lordship's conversation is in praise of his horse and his boots. His Lordship wants only a few minutes of being of age, and as soon as the clock strikes, prepares with his friend to celebrate the event by riot, drunkenness, and debauchery. Lady Blaze welcomes her son ; but it soon appears, that she has made the most splendid preparations, not for his reception, but to gratify Sightwell's vanity ; and while they play off each other by mutual deception, we find that the old Lady is really in love with Onslow. Lord Blaze resolves to attack Ophelia, and swears he will have her. Lady Blaze imparts her design upon Onslow to Ophelia, who shudders with horror, and refuses to assist in it ; this leads to a discovery of the attachment of Onslow and Ophelia, and the Dowager threatens to turn her out of the house.

The third act exhibits a truly comic scene between the lively widow and the passionate Alderman, and an affecting separation between Onslow and Ophelia.

Helena, a niece of Sir Hercules, appears in mourning, and diverts her melancholy by music, which gives Miss Phillips an opportunity to sing a delightful air. She was intended by Sir Hercules for Sightwell, and she loves him ; but his insufferable vanity makes him blind to her charms.

Onslow, upon a quarrel with Sightwell, who has discovered his attachment to Ophelia, quits his house, and is received by Sir Hercules ; this occasions a visit from Lord Blaze and Scrape, who appear intoxicated, and expose themselves to scorn and contempt, by their insolence to Sir Hercules and Onslow, upbraiding the latter for leaving Sightwell.

In the fourth act, Sir Hercules advises Onslow to feign a passion for Lady Blaze, the better to obtain Ophelia, and accordingly he writes her a letter, which the insultingly shews to Ophelia, who believing her lover false, prepares to leave the house, and to seek some obscure asylum. In a subsequent scene, Sir Her-

cules informs her of the artifice, and while Lady Blaze thinks herself secure of Onslow, she discards Sightwell, and laughs at his vanity and presumption in aiming at her. Sightwell, on the other hand, mortifies her by shewing that he never seriously thought of her.

The fifth act, which is a very busy one, brings on the *denouement*. Sir Hercules still acting the part of a kind friend, has privately united Onslow and Ophelia ; the marriage certificate is produced to Lady Blaze, who quits the scene in great fury. The coquetry of the gay widow with Sightwell being properly exposed, she at last makes the Alderman happy. Sightwell, to atone for his past folly, gives his hand to Helena ; and as for Lord Blaze and his companion, they are the only dissatisfied parties ; whose insignificance in life is admirably painted.

FEBRUARY 7.

Drury-Lane.] The opera of the Fair American, brought out at the latter end of last season, was revived ; in which Mr. King appeared, for the first time, in the character of Captain Dreadnought. This part had originally songs to support it, which are now transferred to the other characters of the piece, yet, notwithstanding this, Mr. King performed the brave rough sea officer, in a manner that made it a judicious alteration. In some instances the dialogue was *a-propos* to the present times, which he pointed with great humour, and which was very favourably received by the audience. The music of this opera is very pretty, mostly compilation ; and, as to the writing, better in many parts than some more in vogue.

FEBRUARY 14.

Covent-Garden.] A new burletta called The Maid the Mistress, was presented, the characters of which were as follow :

Uberto, - -	Mr. Reinhold.
Vesponc, - -	Mr. Edwin.
Serpilla, - -	Signora Seftin.
Old Woman,	Mr. Bannister.

This burletta is a translation from the Italian of *La Serva Padrona*, brought out originally at Marybone-Garden, about twelve or thirteen years ago, and now said to be retouched by Mr. O'Keefe for Signora Seftin's benefit. The thought was *a-propos*, considering this lady is an Italian, and whose voice is consequently more in unison with that species of composition, and on Friday night she confirmed it—nor was Reinhold deficient in his manner of singing or acting Uberto—of Bannister's Old Woman, the character nor music would not permit him to do much.

We omit speaking of the plot or dialogue, as we think this species of the drama is only to be tried by the composition, and the abilities of the performers.

O . E R Y.

On POESY; or, The FINE ARTS.

An EPISTLE,

To the Right Honourable RICHARD Earl of SHANNON, on the Advancement of Literature. (Never published in England.)

By DR. DE-LA-COUR.

Druids and Bards their once loud harps un-
strung,
And Youths that died to be by Poets sung.

1782.

WHO would not write when Queens
vouchsafe to read *,
Kings visit Bard, and Princes praise the dead ?
This stuck the harp of Orpheus in the sky,
And mortals rais'd to immortality.
This dubb'd them favourites to a royal fair,
Who judg'd not by the eye, but by the ear;
In trifles spent not her inglorious time,
But from the ball retir'd to books and rhyme,
Where Britain's genius entertain'd her Queen,
And Merlin's image haunts fair Richmond's
Green † :

Hid'd by the praise of Sundon and of Kings,
I here Duck will dabble, ev'n Cibber sings.
But I'm condemn'd to waste away my hours :
Far from the great and all poetic powers,
Far from all taste, from wit and breeding far,
'The blood of Irchiquin, thy rank, Kildare :
From Litchton, inspirer of fam'd parts,
And Pulchre, parent of the orphan arts ;
From Dobbington, the friend of ev'ry worth,
And Grenville prompt to hand the virtues
forth ;

From Cheshamfield, a name that Phœbus loves,
Beyond each name, that ev'ry page improves ;
Dropp'd on the fairest isle of all the west,
'The punnier end of Europe at the best,
Where Boyles but few our rising Popes inspire,
Where but one Man stirs up the tyneful fire,
Where Browne, where Berkeley deign scarce to
reside,

And shield young merit from the foot of pride,
Where no encouragement attends the muse,
Such as of old Imperial patrons use,

* Mary, Queen of Scots; Caroline, Queen of England, and Christiana, of Sweden, great patronesses of talents and polite learning.

† Merlin was a Welsh Bard, and flourished in the 6th century, his cave at Richmond was the Queen's study.

When pens unfit t'ring royaliz'd regard,
And met a province for their just reward ‡.

Poesy sigh'd, she found her labour vain,
Where is the tribute now and golden chain § ?
Imperial pension that a Virgil warms,
Poets exclaim in an Emp'ror's arms ? ||
Alas ! they're all with Carolina fled,
With Adrian vanish'd, with Augustus dead.
O Ignorance ! thou goddesses brizen bright,
Profuse of jibes, and shallow with delight,
Eternal laughers in thy presence reign,
And smiling Censure loads thy empty train,
Eas'd of her load, ev'n Dulness grows more
light,

And Impudence conceited in thy sight :
Thou mak'st the awkward face of Folly gay,
Gives front Assurance, Modesty, dismay.
Thee, goddess, thee, the mob adore alone,
In Fortune's tinsel dress'd, and Bristol stone ;
While few discern the riches of the mind,
Or understand the jewels of mankind.

Lives there a race beneath the mortal skies,
Who sacred honours to the Bard denies ;
Behold Demodocus on high is plac'd,
By Greece, and with the choicest viands grac'd :
Lightning itself the laurel will revere,
Nor blasts the bay, because it's Pæan's wear.

Let learned Gaul in any science shew,
Books more antique than Homer, Hesiod,
knew,
Let Poetry trace ancient Linus higher,
Futher of fancy, and of sense the fire,
Italy Ennius, Gower England quote,
And Ethiopia Liquanus for thought.

Philosophy itself durst not appear,
First to the world, but in the Muses sphere.
Thus Thales wrote, Parmenides aspir'd,
And nature in Lucretius is admir'd :
And thus the sage Pythagoras of old,
From iron anvil hammer'd veins of gold,
Mantilius shines in astronomic lay,
And methematics to Halley's praise. **

See History Herodotus's theme,
Christens her books by each a muse's name :

† Carle Muse, an old Hibernian Bard, who presented a poem to Ol-ol Ollum, King of Munster, and was rewarded with the barony of Carle, so called from him.

§ A gold chain bestowed upon Peter Aretin, the satirist.

|| Francis the First.

** Fontenelle writes, that Mr. Halley wrote a fine Latin poem in praise of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia.

Diligity

Divinity herself here gives her vote,
 When Paul and Atterbury Poets quote;
 Nor will this client Oratory quit,
 In this cause Tully pleads for banish'd wit:
 What Cato wanted, strove, but strove in vain,
 What Ammon wish'd, what Lewis scarce
 could drain,
 Is not methinks a frivolous desire,
 Which Popes profess'd, and Princesses ad-
 mire. ††

Maz'rine and Richlieu both indulg'd this
 rage,
 The greatest statemen of their sev'ral age.
 And thought it policy to aid those arts,
 Which made their masters rule a nation's
 hearts.

By this sweet art Arion gain'd his store,
 And charm'd mute fish to listen to his lore:
 A dolphin drawn by his harmonious hand,
 Receiv'd him on his back, and bore to land,
 He on his crouching crest sits all at ease,
 And with his harp calms th' insulting seas;
 Thus the divine musician sail'd along,
 And paid his passage with a smother song.

Let music tell how Orpheus drew wild beasts,
 While Thrace the Bard tore, emblem of bad
 tastes;

Then ev'n rude Rhodope sweet echoes heard,
 And caught the voice of the exiling Bard;
 Yet tho' the Thracians pull'd him limb from
 limb,

To see him fountains rose above their him;
 The rivers ran, and left their channels dry,
 The rocks seem'd smitten with his harmony;
 Trees gather'd round him, join'd the gazing
 crowd,

And, as he pass'd, the woods respectful bow'd.
 Ev'n hell was pleas'd;—all but the beast call'd
 man,
 Brutes may be tam'd—but blockheads never
 can.

Edward and Alfred pay'd respect to Buds,
 Old Spencer, Queen Elizabeth rewards;
 Henry the Eighth indulg'd the tuneful quire,
 And e'en that age a Skelton could admire;
 Chaucer had pat on, yea the pilmist Brady,
 Parted away, and cherish'd by Queen Mary.
 The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
 One Enighed Blackmore, no other pension'd
 Quaker.

Garth by King George, and Euseben by Queen
 Anne,

One dubb'd a Knight, one led the laurel van.
 Ev'n Milton's daughter liv'd on Milton's lays,
 And Steele a Knighthood gain'd by arts like
 these.

†† The Princess Royal of Poland wrote a
 Latin poem on the conversion of St. Augustine,
 and was admitted a Member of the Academy at
 Rome.

The DYING CHILD.

Written by Mr. HOLLAND.

BESIDE the cradle where his infant lies,
 Behold the father! mark his closing eyes—
 His female friends enanguish'd, fly the place,
 As Death's pale ensign opens o'er his face—
 Hope hangs her head—her magic council's
 o'er—

And resignation hails th' Elysian shore.
 The quivering lip—short sigh—and icy hand—
 Pronounce the giddy tyrant's dread demand.
 The cheeks no longer bloom—the roses fly—
 And with their little master mount the sky!
 The parting breath the father's lips receive—
 'Tis all his dying Chamber has to give—
 Blest, balmy gift! to cheer his wounded soul,
 That eyes thee soaring 'bove the starry pole!

DEDICATORY ODE,

Prefixed to the Beauties of Milton, Thomson,
 and Young.

To her Grace the Duchess of RUTLAND.

O Thou! of beauty's self the pride!
 Whose magic graces charm the heart;
 To ev'ry excellence ally'd,
 That points the love-inspiring dart;
 Whose worth's the theme of ev'ry swain,
 Imperial Queen of Hymen's reign!

Poll of the year, sweet Flora strows,
 Her earliest flow'rs thy paths along,
 While from their beds of gay primrose,
 The wood-nymphs swell thy natal song;
 Enmured nature owns thy sway,
 Viewing less fair her daughter May!

Humility from thy meek eye
 Sheds a sweet blessing on the poor,
 Celestial Pæans round thee fly,
 And thy immortal bliss secure;
 Where'er the seasons rove, we see
 Some beauty bloom, design'd for thee!

Sublime o'er all, lov'd RUTLAND, view
 This offspring of th' British Muse;
 A flow'ry chaplet twinn'd for you,
 That tints or lustre will not lose;
 Their beauties never know decay,
 Here Genius triumphs over May!

W. H.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF SOME LINES from the
 THIRD BOOK OF BOETHIUS, on the CON-
 SOLATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY.

HAPPY the man who thro' that gloom
 Which dims the mental sight,
 Can gain a glimpse of sovereign good,
 With heav'nly splendors bright,

Happy, who by the vivid force
 Of an exalted mind,
 Can break the chains that curb his flight,
 And leave dull earth behind.

Once on a time the Thracian Bard,
As ancient Poets say,
For fair Eurydice he lost,
To wailing grief a prey;

In notes so plaintive mourn'd his fate,
Such is the power of verse,
That rocks and trees in concert mov'd,
And rivers stopp'd their course.

The timid stag no longer fled
The lion's dreadful sight;
The peaceful sheep the wolf beheld
No longer with atright.

Now to a gentle placid strain
He tun'd his wond'rous lyre,
Whene'er within his breast he felt
The flames of fierce desire.

Yet not those most harmonious notes,
Which vanquish'd e'en the strong,
Could by their melody subdue
The master of the song.

To check his grief in vain he found
The music of his lay;
In vain the magic of his lyre,
Which all things else obey.

But when without rest he mourn'd
Before th' immortal gods,
He sought the path that led to hell,
And trod its dark abode.

There not unmindful of his art,
He tun'd the warbling strings;
And in the softest, sweetest notes,
Eurydice he sings.

Whatever passion could inspire,
Or lasting grief suggest,
The master of the tuneful art
To hell's grim king address'd.

The triple dog, that guards the gates,
Stood wondering at the song,
Which ravish'd with unknown delight,
The gazing specter'd throng.

Enraptur'd by the novel lay,
Ev'n Ixion stopp'd his wheel;
And Tantalus for once forgot
The pain of thirst to feel.

The vulture, from the giant's side*,
No more the liver tears;
But charm'd by the enchanting strain,
His endless feast forbears.

At length, by his harmonious lyre,
(However strange to tell)
He melts the furies into tears,
And moves the king of hell.

Subdu'd, with full consent, he cry'd,
I give the man his wife;
Redeem'd by sacred verse alone
From death's abode to life.

* Tithus.

Yet, while with gentle pity touch'd,
My subject I resign,
This law with a coercive force,
The random shall confine.

Whene'er he quits these dreary shades,
To view the cheerful skies,
If love should tempt to look behind,
I shan't resume my prize.

But love, who scorns the power of law,
And mocks its stern decree,
Is only govern'd by itself,
For love is liberty.

Thus Orpheus, while Eurydice
He led to upper light,
Look'd back, and saw the lovely fair
Return to realms of night.

If then you ever seek to rise
To intellectual day,
Let not the puer mental sight
By sense be led astray.

For thus by ev'ry backward gaze,
However high you stand,
The beauteous prospects you have gain'd,
Shall sink, to rise no more.

T. T.

A U R A and A L E X I S.

(Continued from Vol. I. p. 386.)

At length she bids a last farewell,
To swains and rural life,
Forakes her peaceful, humble cell,
And is Alonz's wife.

In scenes of joy her time she spends,
With mirth her hours glide,
And cheerful gaiety attends
• This more than happy bride.

Her days 'midst soft delights the pass,
In pleasure's mystic round;
Each night more happy than the last,
With fresh enjoyments crown'd.

But soon the fickle youth was cloy'd
With even Aura's charms:
He saw, admir'd, and long'd,
Then faded—left her arms.

Say, who can paint the various pains
Which Aura's bosom ren?
Or who recount her piteous strains,
And not her fate lament?

'Twas now she found the native cot,
Could more content be tow,
Than those in an exiled lot,
Amidst their greatness know.

'Twas now the thought on these blest days,
Devoid of guilt or fear,
When the her faithful shepherd's lays,
With rapture us'd to hear.

Alas!

" Alas! forsaken as thou art,"
 The hapless mourner cry'd;
 " Justly thy bosom feels the smart,
 " Of coquetry and pride.
 " Ah! why did flattery's siren voice
 " So soon enchant my ear?
 " Or why was glittering fate my choice,
 " Beset with thorns of care?
 " Say injur'd youth—Alexis say—
 " Have not the gods above,
 " Espous'd thy cause with rigid sway,
 " And punish'd faithless love?
 " But cease my heart, upbraiding's vain,
 " Nor fill with tears my eye;
 " No more with fruitless words complain,
 " But teach me how to die.
 " And if departed souls attend,
 " The actions of mankind;
 " Ah! may I be the guardian friend
 " Of him I leave behind.
 " Oh! may I ever whisper peace
 " To dear Alexis' mind,
 " And may he soon his joys increase,
 " With one more just and kind."

Z.

THE FEMALE VALENTINE.

THE Day when Valentine appear'd in state,
 To give unwedded men and maids a mate,
 To tie the bond above all other's dear,
 And fix the matches for the coming year;
 High in the plain, upon a milk-white throne,
 Enrob'd the sacred Priest exalted Hymen thone.
 Young men and maids unnumber'd round him wait,

Eager to hear the Priest pronounce their fate.
 Cupid attended, with his bow and darts
 At Valentine's command to join their hearts,
 And Hymen to unite with rites divine,
 Whom Valentine and Cupid pleas'd to join.
 And nought was heard from man or maid, in
 fine,

But—"Who, ah who's to be my Valentine!"

On hearing this from man as well as maid,
 Cupid arose, and thus resplendent said:

"A custom most absurd proceeds from
 hence,

Which sets our court at odds with common
 sense,

When maids their future spouses would define,
 They say, and apt enough, "my Valentine."
 But when the man applies it to his fair,
 Plain down-right nonsense 'twill at best appear,
 For 'tis a man, and not a woman's name;
 Our court's expos'd to scandal and to shame,
 A gross idea through the word I ken,
 As if we met to couple men with men!

From scandal black as this our court to clear,
 (And it concerns our common honour near)
 A sensible partner I propose to ask
 To join our Priest in this important task;

And as the maiden calls her lotted swain
 Her Valentine (for that may still remain)
 So shall the man his mate in future call
 By name of her on whom your choice shall fall."

To this proposal soon the court agree,
 The only question, who the saint should be?
 Some mov'd for one, some for another toast,
 And each advis'd the fair he lik'd the most;
 But Hymen to appease the strife arose,
 And wisely thus his counsel did propose:

"Not beauty only in this case should
 weigh,

Nor should mere homely virtue win the day;
 Both charms our female Valentine should shew,
 I'll therefore strike a mean between the two.
 Since she for whom our verdict should declare,
 Must be the pattern for the wedded fair,
 Be her our choice whose mind and beauty try'd,
 Are best contriv'd to form a perfect bride."

The justness of the counsel all saw clear,
 It pass'd *nem. con.*—loud plaudits rent the air.
 Each fair one's merits they proceed to weigh,
 And Delia—lovely Delia, won the day.

By Valentine the gods the priestess plac'd;
 A myrtle crown her beauteous temple grac'd;
 Content in every face was seen to reign,
 And loud applauses rung throughout the plain.

The court an edict then proclaim'd aloud,
 Receiv'd with transport by the joyful crowd,
 That maids their mates as Valentines should
 claim,
 But men call theirs by lovely Delia's name.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

WITH the sun I rise at morn,
 Hasten my flocks into the mead,
 By the fields of yellow corn
 There my gentle lambs I feed;
 Ever sportive, ever gay,
 While the merry pipe I play.

Mira oft too joins the strain,
 Calls the wand'rer to its mate,
 Her sweet voice can soothe each pair,
 And make the troubled heart date.
 Ever cheerful, ever gay,
 While the merry pipe I play.

When from winter's rugged arms
 Fleeting zephyrs leave the grove,
 Mira cheers me with her charms,
 And each song is tam'd to love.
 Ever happy, ever gay,
 On the merry pipe I play.

Tho' no splendor deck my cot,
 With my fair I live content;
 May it be my happy lot,
 Thus to love and ne'er relent.
 At each dawn and setting day,
 On the merry pipe I play.

FAIRFIELD

To the EDITORS of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

BEING a frequenter of masquerades, and seeing how often the News-paper accounts of them deviate from truth, I have enclosed a description of the last given at the Pantheon, which you may soon perceive is not written in the usual News-paper style, where truth gives way to indolence, an opportunity for a witicism, or the ill-natured aptitude for finding fault with every thing, just as if a single person could be supposed to eat of every dish, or drink of every bottle, or hear every thing that is said; or as if nothing deserved commendation, unless it topped even excellency itself; the truth is, what may be said of one masquerade, may with little variation be said of all. The serious may find matter for reflection, and the gay may revel in the ideal regions of ease and happiness, forgetting, for a few hours, that business, care, pain and grief are in the catalogue of human concerns.

Capt. H—, in the character of Lady Pentwistle, gave great entertainment, supporting the character with astonishing vivacity, volubility, and language, admirably adapted to the citified fine Lady, and occasionally threw out many bon-mots, repartees, and well-managed double entendres.

Two Countrymen from the west were sufficiently possessed of dialect, wit, and unembarrassment, not only to turn the usual impertinence of dominos into ridicule, but to repel some well pointed attacks.

Four Indian Chiefs, excellently dressed, kept up a continual bustle, with characteristic gesticulation, singing, and the war-whoop; a mock quarrel was managed by them with such apparent savage ferocity, that several spectators seemed to forget it was only assumed.

A Comus was much in character, being dull till the wines appeared, but then grew lively and entertaining, and sung well.

A Gentleman, in the character of Count Dip, was vivacious and pertinent.

A character, who called himself Drollio Ho-

sophusiko, (a parody, we suppose, on Sir Ashton Lever's Museum) shewed evident signs of great fertility and vigour; his dress was complicated and whimsical, covered with satirical and allusive pictures and inscriptions in superabundance.

Mr. Merlin appeared in the character of Fortune fixed on a wheel, which, by an ingenious mechanical operation, kept turning under him as he pervaded the saloon; the dress was truly characteristic and elegant.

Besides the above there was an Irish Volunteer, half Lawyer, half Soldier; a Strolling Player, who delivered a Thespian prologue; a Fencing-Master, who was, however, frequently disarmed; a Capuchin Friar; an Alpine Peasant; a good Teague, several Sailors, and, as usual, some good, some bad; a Bride-well-boy, &c. &c.

Many of the Nobility were present, and King's-place, and the other seminaries of Venus, let loose their votaries, whose smiles, dresses, and other attractions, enlivened this scene of festivity and mirth.

The supper consisted of cold chickens, lamb, ham, lobsters, prawns, pastry, &c. served in plenty; with sherry, port, and madeira. The dome was superbly illuminated, and under the centre was erected a temple, dedicated to Peace and Concord; the pillars, representing sages, were decorated with trophies of war; and round the dome were displayed the names of those naval and military commanders who distinguished themselves in the late war. The appearance of which all together, though in an unfinished state, was elegant, and evinced the readiness of the managers to render the Pantheon deserving of universal approbation.

I am yours, &c.

O.*

P. S. In my next I shall send a few thoughts on the origin and custom of masquerades, with some hints to visitors, managers, and editors themselves.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

January 30.

THE Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor, with the following Bishops, went from the House of Peers, and heard a sermon preached in Westminster-Abbey, on the anniversary of the martyrdom of King Charles, viz. the Bishops of Chester, Winchester, Salisbury, Bangor, Lincoln, Exeter, Gloucester, St. David's, and Rochester. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Bristol, who took his text from Psalm lxxvi. 10. "The fierceness of man shall turn to thy praise, and the

mercies of them shall thou restrain."

The Chaplain of the House of Commons preached before the Speaker of that House in St. Margaret's church, and took his text from 1 Pet. ii. 15. "As free and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God."

The Court-martial who had tried General Murray upon twenty-nine charges, exhibited Sir William Draper, Knight of the Bath, were

were convened, and sat at the Horse Guards, Whitehall.

Both Generals being present, the Judge Advocate read over the charges, and then pronounced their decision upon them as revised by his Majesty.

Twenty-seven of the charges, he said, appeared to the Court to be frivolous and groundless—but that they had found him guilty of the other two, which were,

First, that he had issued an order on the 15th of October, prohibiting the firing of guns of any denomination, without an express order from him, and him only, which was injurious to the authority of the Lieutenant Governor.

Secondly, for having sold stores by public auction, and making a profit thereon to his own use.

That the judgment of the Court was, that General Murray should receive such reprobation as his Majesty should think proper to order; but that his Majesty had remitted it.

After the sentence was read, the Judge Advocate addressed himself to General Sir William Draper, and said it was the pleasure of the Court, that he should be required to make apology to General Murray, for having instituted the present trial against him. Sir William acquiesced in this requisition, and apologized accordingly. The Judge Advocate then addressed himself to General Murray, and desired him to apologize to Sir William Draper, for having wounded his feelings as a Soldier, by his conduct to him during his command at Minorca. The brave veteran vehemently and peremptorily refused acquiescence with the request of the Court, declaring, "that he was the protector of his own honour, and would leave that of every other man to his own vindication."

The General persevering in this determination, was put under arrest.

31. A cause was decided in the Court of King's Bench, of consequence to traders: an eminent tradesman brought an action against a lady for goods had and delivered. She pleaded her being a *femme couverte*; the case was, that her husband had parted from her, allowed her a separate maintenance, and was now settled on his estate in Ireland. The question therefore was, whether, under these circumstances, the plea of coverture was to protect the lady from arrest and judgment? Lord Mansfield mentioned the cases where the plea of coverture was and was not valid. It was not valid where the husband was exiled by the laws of his country, because the creditors could not pursue him for the debt of his wife. It was not valid where, by a discovery of infidelity to his wife, they had been separated by the laws of their country. But the present was a new case. They were parted by consent. The husband was in Ireland, and the lady resided in England on a separate maintenance. It was impossible for the creditor in England, by the laws of that land, to recover his debt

from the husband in Ireland, and therefore, in equity, the wife was to be considered as a *femme sole*. The cause was decided against the lady, with costs of suit.

At a Court-martial, assembled and held on board his Majesty's ship the *Warspite*, in Portsmouth-harbour, on Saturday, the 25th day of January, 1783.

PRESENT,

Commodore W. Hotham, Second Officer in the command of his Majesty's ships and vessels at Portsmouth and Spithead, President.

Captains.

John Elphinston	Jonathan Faulkner
Thos. Fitzherbert	Hon. P. Bertie
Hon. W. Cornwallis	S. Marshall
S. Reeve	S. W. Clayton
J. Holloway	Cuthbert Collingwood
J. T. Duckworth	Hon. James Luttrell

The Court, in pursuance of an order from the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High-Admiral of Great-Britain and Ireland, &c. dated the 21st day of the same month, for the enquiry into the cause and circumstances of the loss of his Majesty's late ship *Centaur*, by several very heavy gales of wind, and for the trial of Captain John Inglefield, her Commander, and the Officers and company who belonged to her at the time she was left sinking on the 24th of September last, in lat. 48. 33. long. 43. 20. for their conduct upon that occasion: having proceeded to enquire into the cause and circumstance of the loss of his Majesty's said late ship the *Centaur*, and to try the said Captain Inglefield, and the Officers and people who belonged to her at the time she was so left as above-mentioned, for their conduct upon that occasion accordingly; and having heard the narrative of the said Captain John Inglefield, and examined the Officers and men present, and maturely and deliberately considered the whole, is of opinion, that the said Captain John Inglefield acquitted himself as a cool, resolute, and experienced Officer, and was well supported by his Officers and ship's company; their united exertions appearing to have been so great and manly, as to reflect the highest honour upon the whole, and to leave the deepest impression on the minds of this Court, that more could not possibly have been done to preserve his Majesty's late ship the *Centaur* from her melancholy fate. The Court doth therefore adjudge, that the said Captain John Inglefield, his Officers, and company, be acquitted of all blame on account of the loss of his Majesty's said late ship the *Centaur*, and they are hereby acquitted accordingly. [The above was signed by the whole Court, and the Judge Advocate.]

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty-Office, Feb. 1, 1783. Admiral Pigot, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's ships at Barbadoes, and the Leeward Islands, by his letter to Mr. Stephens, dated at Barbadoes on the 9th of December, gives an account,

That he arrived at that island on the 21st of November, with the Squadron under his com-

mand.

and from New-York; and that Rear Admiral Sir Richard Hughes joined him on the 8th of December, with the ships under his orders, accompanied by the Solitaire, a French ship of war, of 64 guns, and a small frigate of 24, captured on the 6th, 40 leagues to windward of Barbadoes.

Capt. Collins, of his Majesty's ship Ruby, by superior sailing, got up with the Solitaire about 12 minutes past one in the afternoon, and the action continued 48 minutes, when the latter struck.

The Rear Admiral mentions the size of the Ruby to have been greatly superior to that of the French ship, and that the condition of the two ships proved it fully; the Ruby having only two men slightly wounded, with her fore-mast, rigging, and sails damaged; and the Solitaire having lost her mizen-mast, being in other respects very much beat, (almost a wreck) with 20 or 25 men killed, and about 35 wounded, as near as could be ascertained; among whom were the second Captain, Master and Boatswain. She was commanded by the Chevalier de Berda, and had been ten days from Martinique, cruising in expectation of falling in with one of our convoys from England.

The Admiral adds, that too much could not be said of the very gallant behaviour of Capt. Collins, his Officers and men, upon that occasion.

Feb. 5. The Bedford, Capt. Morris, from Nantucket, made entry at the Custom-house; this is the first vessel that has entered the River belonging to the United States. It is said she touched at some port in France, and hearing of the peace, immediately proceeded here to a market. She is laden chiefly with oil.

6. A Court of Common-Council was held at Guildhall, at which were present the Lord-Mayor and 17 Aldermen.

Mr. Dornford, after apologizing to the Court, desired leave to withdraw his motion, for subscribing 10,000*l.* towards building a man of war, as there appeared no occasion for it, preliminaries of peace having been signed between this country and its enemies, which was gratified.

7. The Purfers of the Lord North and Valentine East-Indiamen, arrived at the East-India House, with the agreeable intelligence of the above ships being safe arrived at Portsmouth, from Bombay and China. They sailed from St. Helena, the 25th of November, in company with the Chapman, Captain Walker, and the Hastings, —, and parted with them in a gale of wind, the 24th of January, in lat. 44. They left at St. Helena the Spy packet, where the Resolution, Capt. Powning, and the Grosvenor, Capt. Coxon, were hourly expected to arrive.

A cause was decided at Westminster-hall, in the Court of King's Bench, which it behoves young men of fortune, as well as tradesmen, to be acquainted with. The case appeared to be as follows: Captain S—, a young Officer of

gallantry and distinction, and who lately brought over important dispatches from America, having occasion for a hundred pounds, hastily applied to one of the advertising money-lenders under the name of Johnson. He was met by a person who called himself —, who informed him that he and Mr. Johnson were the same, and upon hearing the request he made a second appointment with him and a Mr. K—. On the second meeting the gentlemen told him, they never transacted business for sums so small as a hundred pounds, and they procured from him his notes of hand for three hundred pounds, which they promised to get discounted for him against the next day. At their third meeting they told him, that they had seen their client, but he refused, in the critical situation of the funds, to sell out so small a sum as 300*l.* and they therefore procured from Captain S— his notes for 300*l.* more. The Captain was then put off from day to day, until at last they informed him, that their client objected to the security, and desired to have the Captain's bond, upon which he would immediately advance the money. This also was complied with; but instead of a bond, they ingeniously obtruded on him a letter of attorney for the six hundred pounds, which the Captain unsuspectingly signed and delivered. The next day was then fixed for the payment of the money, and he was to meet them at a coffee-house. He went there, but instead of the worth-^g gentlemen, he found a letter from one of them, informing him, that the other had got the money, but that in the morning he had been taken in execution for a large sum, and had disposed of the cash to gain his enlargement. He lamented the accident, but assured the Captain, that they would in a day or two replace the sum. He heard no more of the money-lenders, but was some time after taken in execution by an eminent tradesman, for money and goods delivered, to the amount of 600*l.* He removed the action by habeas to the King's Bench, and stood trial. This was the substance of the Captain's affidavit. On the other side, Mr. K—, a respectable upholsterer, swore in his affidavit, that he was applied to by a person who had been some time before his principal servant, and of whose integrity he had a high opinion, to give Capt. S—'s notes for 300*l.* 100*l.* in cash, and 200*l.* in furniture. He thought it necessary to enquire concerning the Captain, and he went to his father's house on purpose; and there saw a tradesman of reputation and eminence, who gave him the most satisfactory account of the Captain's family and prospects. On this he gave the 100*l.* in cash, and the 200*l.* in furniture, *bona fide* delivered according to the direction. Immediately after this he was applied to again from the same quarter with the Captain's notes for 300*l.* more, with his letter of attorney as a further security; and upon these he advanced another 100*l.* and 200*l.* worth more of furniture. The pretences used to get these from him were, that the Cap-

tain wished to furnish a small house immediately, and had a pressing occasion for the money. The case was argued with great dexterity by the Counsel on both sides. The enormity of the transaction on the part of the money-lenders was stated with great strength, and the extreme credulity of the Captain was not overlooked. On the part of Mr. K—the up-holsterer, it was urged, that if the Court were to admit the plea of the defendant, swindling would change its nature, and, instead of its being directed against young inexperienced men of fortune, rascals would play on the credulity of some young man's temper, not to deceive him, but to make him a dupe, whereby they might impose on the fair tradesman. Lord Mansfield, however, took it up in a clear point of view: there wanted precision in the allegations of the plaintiff; it was not said where the goods were delivered, nor was it specified what the articles of furniture were. A verdict was therefore given, with costs of suit for Captain S—.

Was tried before Lord Loughborough, in the Court of Common-Pleas, at Westminster-hall, a cause, which very much concerns the already distressed: A person pledged a watch for twenty-five shillings, and tendered the principal, and nine per cent. for two years interest to redeem it; but the pawnbroker insisted on the usual modest interest of 30 per cent. His Lordship said, he was much surprised to hear of such impositions, and thought nine per cent. was considerably more than what the legislature meant; upon which the jury allowed the plaintiff the sum of four pounds nine shillings and four-pence halfpenny, being, in their opinions, the worth of the watch, with full costs of suit. The pawnbroker declared to the Court the watch he sold for 30s. but proof was brought that the value of it was 5l. 5s. The pawnbroker also said the money they did not take when tendered to them, which occasioned a deal of mirth in the Court. The reply being made by the Counsel, it was usual, in such cases, for them to turn their heads, or shut their eyes. The Court was very much crowded with pawnbrokers, waiting to hear the decision, who said, that if that was their determination, they would all leave off that way of business.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

St. James's, Feb. 8. One of the King's messengers, dispatched by Mr. Fitzherbert, his Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris, arrived here this day, with the Most Christian King's ratification of the preliminary articles, signed the 30th of January last, which was exchanged with Mr. Fitzherbert on the 3d inst. at Versailles, by the Minister Plenipotentiary of his Most Christian Majesty.

Whitehall, Feb. 5. The King has been pleased to order letters patent to be passed under the great seal of the kingdom of Ireland, for creating a Society, or Brotherhood, to be called Knights of the Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, to consist of the Sovereign, and 18

Knights Companions, of which his Majesty, his heirs and successors, shall perpetually be Sovereigns, and his Majesty's Lieutenant-General, and General-Governor of Ireland, or the Lord Deputy or Deputies, or Lords Justices, or other Chief Governor or Governors of the said kingdom, for the time being, shall officiate as Grand Masters: and also for constituting and appointing the following Knights Companions of the said illustrious Order. His Royal Highness Prince Edward. His Grace William Robert, Duke of Leinster. Henry Smyth, Earl of Clanrickarde. Randall William, Earl of Antrim. Thomas, Earl of Westmeath. Murrough, Earl of Inchiquin. Charles, Earl of Drogheda. George de la Poer, Earl of Tyrone. Richard, Earl of Shannon. James, Earl of Clanbrassil. Richard, Earl of Mornington. James, Earl of Courtown. James, Earl of Cavanagh. Thomas, Earl of Beaufort. Henry, Earl of Ely.

8. The *Passer* of the *Hastings East-Indian* late Captain Fraser, arrived at the India-House from Portsmouth, with the news of that ship being safe arrived at Spithead; and the *Passer* of the *Chapman East-Indian*, in Capt. Walker, arrived from Bristol, with the agreeable news of the above ship being safe arrived in King-road, having been driven up that Channel in a gale of wind.

The General Officers belonging to the Court-Martial, held upon the trial of General Murray, met again at the Horse Guards, to consider of the nature of the apology to be made from that Officer to Sir William Draper, on account of his conduct to him during the command of the former in the island of Minorca. The Judge Advocate read the apology which had been originally dictated by the Court, and for the refusing compliance to which, General Murray had been kept under arrest since the conclusion of the trial. It was to this purport: "That General Murray is concerned that any part of his conduct, during his command at Minorca, should have given offence to Sir William Draper." General Murray was asked if he now acquiesced in the terms of this apology? He said, he hoped to be able to adjust matters to the satisfaction of all parties, by the substitution of another word, instead of the term concerned, which better corresponded with his feelings upon this occasion, and which he flattered himself would be equally agreeable to the Court. The General then desired that the acknowledgment should run thus: "General Murray thinks himself unfortunate that any part of his conduct, during his command at Minorca, should have given offence to Sir William Draper." The Court, after some consultation, declared it as their opinion, that the term adopted by General Murray was a stronger one than that they had originally used, and such, therefore, as they would not require from him, if, upon consideration, he thought proper to retract it; The General persevered in preferring it, and the Court declared themselves satisfied. A

mutual bow now passed between the two gallant Generals, and the matter terminated in such a manner as to leave no possible ground for the apprehension that any future consequence will take place between them. The Court broke up at once.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

St. James's, Feb. 10. This day the Marquis of Carmarthen had the honour to kiss the King's hand, on being appointed his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Most Christian King.

At the Court at St. James's the 10th of February, 1783, present, the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

SHERIFFS appointed by his Majesty in Council for the year, 1783.

Bedfordshire. James Patey, of Reading, Esq;
 Bedfordshire. John Dille, of Southill, Esq;
 Bucks. Davis Devisme, of Great Millenden, Esq;

Cumberland. John Orfeur Yates, of Skirwith-abbey, Esq;

Cheshire. David Davenport, of Capesthorpe, Esq;

Camb' and Hunt'. William Vachell, of Hingeston, Esq;

Cornwall. Christ. Hawkins, of Trewithen, Esq;
 Devonshire. Francis Role Drewe, of Grange, Esq;

Dorsetshire. Francis John Browne, of Frampton, Esq;

Derbyshire. Sir Edw. Every, Bart. of Eggington.

Essex. John Goldslove Croffe, of Baddow, Esq;

Gloucestershire. Joseph Roberts, of Clapton-lane, Esq;

Hertfordshire. Robert Mackay, of Tewin, Esq;

Herefordshire. Tomkyns Dew, of Whitney, Esq;

Kent. Henry Hawley, of Leybourne, Esq;

Leicestershire. Ch. Louaine Smith, of Enderby, Esq;

Lincolnshire. Sir Jeninson William Gordon, of Branston, Bart.

Monmouthshire. Postponed.

Nor.humberland. William Hargrave, of Shawden, Esq;

Northamptonshire. Michael Woodhull, of Thenford, Esq;

Norfolk. Sir Martin Browne Folkes, of Hillington, Bart.

Nottinghamshire. John Gilbert Cooper, of Thurgaton, Esq;

Oxfordshire. St. Gregory Page Turner, of Ambroseden, Bart.

Rutlandshire. John Bellars, of Seaton, Esq;

Shropshire. Isaac Hawkins Browne, of Badger, Esq;

Somersetshire. Peter Sherston, of Wells, Esq;

Staffordshire. Richard Gildart, of Norton, Esq;

Suffolk. Robert Trotman, of Ipswich, Esq;

Southampton. William Powlett Powlett, of Sombourne, Esq;

Surry. Henry Boulton, of Leatherhead, Esq;

Suffex. John Norton, of Southwick, Esq;
 Warwickshire. John Neale, of Allesley Park, Esq;

Worcestershire. Jonathan Pytts, of Kyre, Esq;
 Wiltshire. Thomas Hussey, of Fisherton Anger, Esq;

Yorkshire. Sir Robert Darcy Hildyard, of Winefleet, Bart.

SOUTH WALES.

Breconshire. Thomas Meredith, of Brecon, Esq;

Carmarthen. John Davis, of Trawsfaur, Esq;

Cardiganhire. John Beynon, of Doffryn, Esq;

Glamorgan. William Kenys, of Ynyfawrall, Esq;

Pembrokesh. Thomas Wright, of Popehill, Esq;

Radnorshire. Thomas Price, of Glascombe, Esq;

NORTH WALES.

Anglesey. Morgan Jones, of Skeeries, Esq;

Carnarvonshire. Thomas Ashton Smith, of Vaenol, Esq;

Denbighshire. Charles Goodwin, of Burton, Esq;

Flintshire. George Precot, of Hawardon, Esq;

Merionethshire. Robert Evans, of Bodweni, Esq;

Montgomeryshire. William Humphreys, of Llwyn, Esq;

Extract of a letter from Greenock, Jan. 30.

"The ship Ruby, of this port, arrived yesterday from New-York, after a passage of 27 days. I have by her a letter from a friend there, that left this place about 18 months ago. He tells me, that the greatest part of the loyalists, residing at New-York, are preparing for their new settlement at Nova Scotia; that he had entered into an association with about 200 families, who were to set out for that quarter against April or May; that they are to have a grant of 600 acres of land each; a town to be built of 200 houses, at the most convenient part of the country: They are also to have 12 months provisions, with every utensil for farming and fishing given them by government; so that with these encouragements, it is soon expected to be a flourishing colony."

17. Advices received from Deal say, that about seven o'clock on Saturday evening, a party of dragoons, to the number of 60, came into that town, on information of some boats coming from the other side that evening; at the time of their arrival two boats were working at the north end of the town, near Mr. Oakley's brewhouse, and they seeing some tubs deposited in the boat-house, on the Beach, near Mr. Oakley's, immediately broke it open, on which some of our rough gentry appeared with muskets in their hands; on seeing this, it is said the dragoons fired on them, and continued to fire in all directions; some of the balls entered Mr. Oakley's house; two or three Mr. Stephen White's, at the Scarborough Cat; on this a few muskets with a scattering fire were returned by the people here, and the battle was soon ended, with little or no damage to the people; what the dragoons have suffered is

not known; however they went off with only a few tubs.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

By the KING.

A PROCLAMATION.

Declaring the cessation of a. m., as well by sea as land, agreed upon between his Majesty, the Most Christian King, the King of Spain, the States General of the United Provinces, and the United States of America, and enjoining the observance thereof.

GEORGE R.

Whereas provisional articles were signed at Paris, on the 30th day of November last, between our Commissioner for treating of peace with the Commissioners of the United States of America and the Commissioners of the said States, to be inserted in and to constitute the treaty of peace proposed to be concluded between us and the said United States, when terms of peace should be agreed upon between us and his Most Christian Majesty: And whereas preliminaries for restoring peace between us and his Most Christian Majesty were signed at Versailles on the 20th day of Jan. last, by the Ministers of us and the Most Christian King: And whereas preliminaries for restoring peace between us and the King of Spain were also signed at Versailles on the 20th day of Jan. last, between the Ministers of us and the King of Spain: And whereas for putting an end to the calamity of war as soon and as far as may be possible, it hath been agreed between us, his Most Christian Majesty, the King of Spain, the States General of the United Provinces, and the United States of America, as follows; that is to say,

That such vessels and effects as should be taken in the Channel and in the North Sea, after the space of twelve days, to be computed from the ratification of the said preliminary articles, should be restored on all sides: That the term should be one month from the Channel and the North Seas as far as the Canary Islands inclusively, whether in the Ocean or in the Mediterranean; two months from the said Canary Islands as far as the Equinoctial Line or Equator; and, lastly, five months in all other parts of the world, without any exception, or any other more particular description of time or place.

And whereas the ratifications of the said preliminary articles between us and the Most Christian King, in due form, were exchanged by the Ministers of us and of the Most Christian King, on the 3d day of this instant February; and the ratifications of the said preliminary articles between us and the King of Spain were exchanged between the Ministers of us and of the King of Spain, on the 9th day of this instant February; from which days respectively the several terms above-mentioned, of twelve days, of one month, of two months, and of five months, are to be computed: And whereas

it is our royal will and pleasure that the cessation of hostilities between us and the States General of the United Provinces, and the United States of America, should be agreeable to the epochs fixed between us and the Most Christian King:

We have thought fit, by and with the advice of our Privy Council, to notify the same to all our loving subjects; and we do declare, that our royal will and pleasure is, and we do hereby strictly charge and command all our Officers, both at sea and land, and all other our subjects whatsoever, to forbear all acts of hostility, either by sea or land, against his Most Christian Majesty, the King of Spain, the States General of the United Provinces, and the United States of America, their vassals or subjects, from and after the respective times above-mentioned, and under the penalty of incurring our highest displeasure.

Given at our Court at St. James's, the 14th day of February, in the 23d year of our reign, and in the year of our Lord 1783.

God save the King.

St. James's, Feb. 13. One of the King's Messengers, dispatched by Mr. Fitzherbert, his Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris, arrived here this day, with the King of Spain's ratification of the preliminary articles, signed the 20th of Jan. last, which was exchanged with Mr. Fitzherbert on the 9th instant, at Versailles, by the Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Catholic Majesty.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

St. James's, Feb. 14. This day his Grace the Duke of Rutland had the honour to kiss the King's hand, on being appointed Lord Steward of his Majesty's household.

The following is his Majesty's most gracious Answer to the Address of the House of Lords, presented to his Majesty:

" My Lords,

" I receive with pleasure this dutiful Address, and have great satisfaction in observing that the Preliminary and Provisional Articles appear to you, as they do to me, to afford a reasonable prospect of such a Peace, as will relieve my people from any burthens beyond what the expences of the war have rendered unavoidable, and, if properly improved, will insure the national prosperity. These are always objects next my heart, and every measure which has the tendency to promote them, cannot but be acceptable to me. It is my firm purpose to execute every Article of the Treaties on my part with that good faith which has ever distinguished the conduct of this nation.

" I concur with you most entirely on the just expectation you entertain of the like attention in North America, to the stipulations in favour of the unfortunate sufferers by the war; which are founded in humanity and justice, and now recognized by public engagement. I do not entertain a doubt that this and every other Article in the Treaties depending, will be finally settled

settled and performed by the other Powers, with that spirit of liberality and justice which becomes them."

20. A Court of Common-Council was held at Guildhall, at which were present the Lord-Mayor, 15 Aldermen, and the most numerous and respectable number of Commoners for some years.

The Lord-Mayor, after having acquainted the Court what they were called together for at this time, requested that they would permit the doquets of several leases, and other matters that required sealing, to be read, which being done,

Mr. Pinhorn rose and moved that an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, thanking him for having put an end to the calamities of war, and restored the blessings of Peace; this caused debates not against addressing his Majesty, but that the words were not sufficiently expressive of the grateful sense the Court entertained of that blessing. At length Mr. Alderman Turner moved for adding the words "to express our gratitude to his Majesty for having put an end, &c." which was unanimously agreed to, and a Committee of eight Aldermen, and 16 Commoners were permitted to withdraw immediately and prepare an Address agreeable to the Motion, which being done, the following Address was read and unanimously approved of:

"To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

"The humble Address of the Lord-Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common-Council assembled.

"Most Gracious Sovereign,

"We your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common-Council assembled, desire your royal permission to express our just sense of your Majesty's goodness and final attention to the Petitions of your most faithful citizens and people, in procuring to this nation the inestimable blessings of Peace.

"We hope and trust that the stipulations of the treaty are such as will revive our injured trade, and restore our commercial intercourse with our American brethren: and we beg leave to declare it to be our firm persuasion, that the great commercial interests of this country, and of North America, are inseparably united.

"Permit us to assure your Majesty of our most perfect gratitude, and that it shall be our constant prayer, that your Majesty, the restorer of peace to the suffering and desolated quarters of the world, may long enjoy the glorious satisfaction of seeing your people prosper, and your family beloved."

Yesterday night came on at Pontefract the election of a Member for that town, when John Smith, Esq; of Heath, stood upon a right claimed by all the inhabitants, but which they have never enjoyed for the last 150 years: Mr.

Smith, of London, Deputy Chairman of the East-India Company, upon that of the free Burgesses; when Mr. Tomlinson, the Mayor, rejected the votes of the inhabitants, admitted the Burgesses, and declared Mr. Nath. Smith duly elected.

The following is an authentic copy of the sentence of the court-martial, held to enquire into the loss of his Majesty's ship L'Hector, and to try her surviving Officers and crew. It appeared the conduct of Captain Bouchier, at the time of his abandoning the ship, was meritorious in the highest degree; and that, previous to his leaving her, the engagement that ship had with two French ships of war reflected the highest honour on the Officers and crew, who so bravely defended her at a time when they were reduced to the most extreme hardship.

At a Court-Martial, assembled and held on board his Majesty's ship Warspite, in Portsmouth harbour, on Saturday the 15th day of February, 1782.

P R E S E N T,

John Evans, Esq; Vice-Admiral of the Blue.

P R E S I D E N T.

Commodore John Elliott,

Commodore William Hotham.

C A P T A I N S,

John Carter Allen, John Elphinstone,

Jonathan Faulkner, Philip Asleck,

Thomas Fitzherbert, Robert Kingmill,

Stair Douglas, Sir Hyde Park,

Rowland Cotton, Sir John Hamilton.

The Court having enquired into the cause and circumstances of the loss of his Majesty's ship L'Hector, commanded by Captain John Bouchier, age of opinion, that his Majesty's ship L'Hector, from the very weak state of her ship's company, was gallantly defended in the action of the 5th of September last, and the loss of the said ship afterwards was in a great measure owing to the consequences of the action. It also appears clearly to the Court, that it was utterly impossible to have prevented the ship from foundering. The Captain is therefore highly justified in quitting her. And, upon the whole, it is apparent to this Court, that the conduct of Captain Bouchier, the Officers, and ship's company of L'Hector, was highly commendable, gallant, and worthy of example. The Court are therefore of opinion, that the said Captain John Bouchier, his Officers, and ship's company, be acquitted of all blame on account of the loss of the said ship, and they are hereby acquitted accordingly.

Signed by JOHN EVANS, President, and the other Members who composed the Court.

21. Was held, in Bow Church, the anniversary meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, at which were present the Lord Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Salisbury, Peterborough, Rochester, Bangor, Chester, Oxford, Litchfield and Coventry, Gloucester, and Bristol; the Lord-Mayor and Sheriffs, with many of the dignified Clergy. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Chester (Dr. Porteus) from Luke iv. 17, 18, 19, 20. The main purport of the sermon was to recommend the conversion of Negroes in our West-India Islands. After service, the sword-bearers went with an

invitation from the Lord-Mayor to the Archbishop and Bishops to dine with his Lordship at the Mansion-house, which their Lordships accepted of.

A report was made to the above Society, in Bow-church vestry, of a legacy of six thousand pounds, left by a lady, which will be paid in two months; as also a farther sum of four thousand pounds, after the death of one person.

BANKRUPTS.

Robert Cooke, of Manchester, suttian-manufacturer—Elizabeth Dent, of Prescott-street, dealer—James Dixon, of Jewry-street, coach-maker—William Thompson, of Hertford, grocer—George Green, of Liverpool, liquor-merchant—Joseph Brown, of Gracechurch-street, merchant—Richard Barfoot, of Norton Falgate, wine and brandy-merchant—John Bayly, of Northampton, linen-draper—Thomas Seal, of Shoreditch, carpenter—John Maton, of Salisbury, dealer—Brownlow Bate, and Tilman Henckell, of the Old-Jewry, merchants—William Maull, of Worcester, vintner—Martin Slack Smallpiece, of Basing-lane, merchant—Henry Rider, of Wadefmill, Herts, linen-draper—Joseph Dogood, of Darlington, grocer—Robert Baker, of Bungay, grocer—John Richards, of Worcester, vintner—John Spiller, of Spital-fields, dyer—John Chapple, of Gun-street, weaver—George Smirthwaite, of Bush-lane, merchant—Daniel Gottman, of Oxford-street, toyman—James Lacon, of the Hermitage, cooper—William Rice, of St. Thomas-in-the-cliff, Suffex, timber-merchant—Ellen Hirst, and John Hirst, of Stainland, Yorkshire, paper-makers—Cornelius Winn, of Birmingham, pump-maker—Thomas Lovell, of Bread-street, gla'ss-feller—John Mott, of Oxford-street, coachmaker—William A. Deane, of Long-acre, victualler—Stephen Addington, of Queen-street, silk-weaver—Edward Stephens, and William Haggood, of Great Portland-street, carvers—Luke Waile, of Shawell, cooper—John Walter, of Exchange-alley, insuror—William Newman, of New Sarum, innholder—James Longworth, and Theophilus Byers, of Manchester, clothiers—James Foakes, of Greenwich, victualler—John Fisher, of Huish Champflower, grazier—William Salmon, of Sandling, tanner—George Nerdham, of Holywell-street, linen-draper—John Auther, and Thomas Auther, of Great St. Helen's, insurance-brokers—Thomas Pengree, of

Sun-street, victualler—Thomas Stephens, of Camborne, shop-keeper—Henry Freemont, of Berkeley-square, embroiderer—John Arch, of Dudley, bleacher—William Solloway, of Birmingham, dealer in hops—William Stokes, of Prescott-street, callico-printer—Wolfe Joseph, of Goodman's-fields, merchant—Edward Watton, of Lambeth, paper and stock-maker—George Smith, of Great Ormond-street, merchant—Samuel Coyfarge and Watton Wilcox, of Little Hermitage-street, ship-chandler—Christophor Etherington, sen. of Fleet-street, bookbinder—James Hole, of Byfleet, dealer—Robert Davis, of Great Tower-street, warehous-man—Edward Birch, of Greenwich, brewer—Thomas Pengree, of Sun-street, victualler—Thomas Stephens, of Camborne, shopkeeper—John Bolton, of Portsmouth, vintner—George Clarke, of North Audley-street, butcher—Robert Cox, of Carpenter-court, Milk-street, hosier—Stephen Brngels, of St. Margaret, Westminster, cow-keeper—John Sheer, of Capel-court, Bartholomew-lane, insuror—Thomas Wood and Henry Tipping, of Taplow-mills, Bucks, and William Cockhott and Robert Pilkington, of Macclesfield, Cheshire, cotton manufacturers—George Hudson, of Bear-street, orange-merchant—William Wool, of Tours, architect—Morris Goldsmith, of Kingston upon Hull, merchant—John Turner, the elder, of Buxted, shopkeeper.

MARRIAGES.

Sir John Freke, Bart. to the Hon. Lady Catherine Gore—The Hon. Mr. Grimston, to Miss Sophia Hoare.

DEATHS.

Sir George Armitage, Bart. at Kirkcless, Yorkshire—Sir Jarrat Smith, Bart. at Ashton Court, Somersetshire—Miss Susan Howard, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle—Mr. Nichols, one of sixty Sworn Clerks in Chancery—The Right Hon. John Earl Delawa.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Suffolk—Commissioner Ourry, of Plymouth-dock—The Right Hon. the Countess of Aylesbury—Christopher Rigby, Esq; First Commissioner of the Exchequer—Professor Bodman, at Zurich, in Germany, aged 85—Rev. Joseph Parker, upwards of 50 years Vicar of Wreay, near Carlisle—John Cookson, Esq; of Newington—William Jacobcomb, Esq; of Lawrence-pountney-hill.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

	Bank Stock.	3 p. Ct. rel.	3 p. Ct. conf.	3 p. Ct. Scrip.	4 p. Ct. 1777.	4 p. Ct. Scrip.	Long Ann-p.	Short Ann-p.
Feb. 5.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	—
12.	—	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
19.	135	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
26.	—	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	68	—	86 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$

PRICES OF GRAIN at BEAR-KEY, February.

Wheat 40s. to 55s. | Barley 20s. to 33s. | Oats 18s. to 27s. | Rye 28s. to 32s.

THE European Magazine, AND LONDON REVIEW;

CONTAINING THE
LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE.

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

For MARCH, 1783.

Embellished with the following elegant Engravings:

1. A fine Portrait of Dr. Franklin, from a Painting done at Paris in August, 1782, now in the Possession of Dr. Shwediaur, in Newman-street—2. A large correct Map of Naples and Sicily, particularizing the Places destroyed by the late dreadful Earthquake.—3. A new-invented Astronomical Instrument, by the Rev. Mr. Bowles—And 4. A new Minuet, set to Music by Mr. Olive.

CONTAINING,

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR JOHN FIELDING, No 23, PATER-NOSTER ROW
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[Entered at Stationers-Hall,
[For ONE SHILLING.]

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

X. X.'s request of a fuller account of Trials for Adultery cannot be complied with. Mr. Lemoine's Song is too imperfect for publication. If he will read the first verse, he will find it deficient in grammar.

The Account of Sir Anthony Hamilton was prefixed to the last edition of Grammont's Memoirs, printed in 1760.

J. M. is informed that we admit no Acrostics.

We are obliged to J. T. for his Translation of Pindar, and shall be glad to receive any original Composition from him; but must decline admitting Translations of Clostucks so well known as the Author he has chosen.

The Invocation to Fortune is hardly finished enough for our Magazine. Trifles of this sort should be higher polished.

Lumley's Lines on Miss Hawley are too imperfect for the public eye.

On reading the Verses addressed to Britannia we could not help exclaiming with the Poet, "Oh! what a wretch is Juba!"

W. O.'s Hint shall be attended to.

Also J. Thompson's.

Continental Rambler—Temple of Wisdom—Shrubbery, Part III. shall be inserted the first opportunity.

We have received a Letter from the Author of Burton Wood, remonstrating with us for the Account given of herself in our last Number. As what we have said concerning her situation in life is the principal subject of complaint, we readily correct the mistake, and declare, in her own words, that she is positively a stranger to pecuniary distress.

Lignarius's Hint will not be forgot on some future occasion.

Snek-Cid, of Birmingham, in our next.

Qualification is not properly qualified to write for the European Magazine.

L. D. has our Thanks for the Favours we have received from him. We are sorry our Work is not executed agreeable to his ideas of perfection; but we have long been satisfied, that so miscellaneous a publication cannot be conducted to please every body. We have, however, the consolation of finding the Public at large not displeased, as every month increases our sale. With respect to the Poem by Thomson, which our Correspondent censures as an imposition, we reply, that we have every reason to believe it genuine, and more evidence than he is aware of that it is really so. His idea that Thomson could not write it, on account of its inferiority to his other works, is candid, but not conclusive. Thomson wrote as unequally as Young, Dryden, and many other of our best poets. Our Correspondent's proposal, for reasons which cannot be given here, we must beg to decline.

This Day was published, Price One Shilling, sewed in Marble Paper,

Embellished with a beautiful Frontispiece of the Flight of the Chapel of Loretto.

THE POLITE TRAVELLER: Being a Modern View of Part of Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Africa. Containing, An Account of the miraculous Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius—The Business of Love, as carried on in Italy, compared with the Customs of other Nations—Account of the celebrated Chapel of Loretto, and its miraculous Flight—A Journey to Rome—Description of St. Peter's Church, and some Remains of Roman Antiquities—Particulars respecting the City of Venice—Customs and Manners of the Venetians—A Visit to Palermo—Character of the Sicilians—Description of the whimsical Palace of the Prince of Patagonia—The celebrated Burial-place near Palermo—Extraordinary Anecdotes of a Capuchin Friar—Manners and Customs of the Calabrians—Observations in a Tour through Spain—Character of the present King of Spain—Account of the City of Lisbon—The extraordinary Travels of Mr. Bruce into Ethiopia and Abyssinia—New Description of the Cape of Good Hope—Method of hunting the Elephant, &c. &c.

Printed for JOHN FIELDING, No. 23, Paternoster-Row; of whom may be had, the First Volume, describing Germany, France, &c. &c. Price 1s.



From a Painting in the Possession of F. Schwediauer, M.D. in Newman Street.

Published April 1st 1839, by J. Fielding, Paternoster Row, J. Sewell, Cornhill, & J. Debrett, St. Paul's Churchyard.

T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;
F O R M A R C H , 1 7 8 3 .

Some Account of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, L. L. D. and F. R. S. Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, of the Royal Society of Göttingen, and of the Batavian Society in Holland; President of the Philosophical Society at Philadelphia; late Agent in England for several of the American Colonies, and now Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the Court of France.

Illustrated with an admirable Likeness, finely engraved from a Painting done at Paris, in August, 1782, now in the Possession of F. SWADLOW, M. D. in Newman Street.

DOCTOR Franklin, now one of the first characters in the philosophical and political world, owes his present elevated rank in life entirely to himself. From an early account of him we understand he was bred a printer, and indeed he has confirmed this in an epitaph of his own writing, entitled to the reader's attention, on account of a pretty flight throughout, and some originality.

To trace circumstantially the progress by which Dr. Franklin attained his present degree of literary and political eminence, would be inconsistent with the nature of this sketch; but a few leading particulars will be satisfactory.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, in New-England, January 17, 1706, and there served his time to a (we believe his uncle) after w-

came to England to improve himself, and worked as a journeyman printer at the same time, and in the same house with the present head printer, Mr. Strahan. On his return to America he set up business in Philadelphia, and established a news-paper, which he both printed and conducted himself; he found leisure occasionally to indulge his genius in philosophical speculations. Among these,

cultivated of all the knowledge, more especially his attention; and he in

science.
Pet

the year 1747 to 1754, to be, F.R.S. of London, Fellow Society.

were published, and now on the subject of electricity more generally read and admired all parts of Europe. The Eng-

BEN F.

(Like the poem)

Its contents worn

And stripped of its lettering and gilding)

Lies here food for the worms.

Yet the work shall not be lost;

For it shall, as he believes, appear once more

In a new

And most beautiful Edition,

Corrected and revised

By the Author.

X 2

lish have not been backward in doing justice to the merit of this author†; but Doctor Franklin has had the singular good fortune to be even more celebrated abroad than at home. To be convinced of which, we need only look into the foreign publications on the subject of electricity; in many of which the terms *Franklinism*, *Franklinist*, and the *Franklinian system* occur almost in every page. In a word, Doctor Franklin's experiments and observations bids fair to be handed down to posterity as the true principles of electricity, in the same manner as the Newtonian philosophy is of the true system of nature in general.

The greatest discovery which Doctor Franklin made concerning electricity, and which has been of the greatest practical use to mankind, was that of the perfect similarity between electrical fire and lightning. He begins his account of this similarity by cautioning his readers against being staggered at the great difference of the effects of the electric fluid and lightning in point of degree, since that is no argument of any disparity in their nature. "It is no wonder, (says he) if the effects of the one should be much greater than those of the other; for if two gun-barrels electrified will strike at two inches distance, and make a loud report, at how great a distance will ten thousand acres of electric cloud strike, and give its fire, and how loud must be that crack!"

To demonstrate in the compleatest manner possible, the sameness of the electric fluid with the matter of lightning, Doctor Franklin, astonishing as it must have appeared, contrived actually to bring lightning from the heavens by means of an electrical kite, which he raised when a storm of thunder was observed to be coming on. This kite had a pointed wire fixed upon it, by which it drew the lightning from the clouds. This lightning descended by the hempen string, and was received by a key tied to the extremity of it; that part of the string which was held in his hand being of silk, that the electric virtue might stop when it came to the key. He found that the string would conduct electricity when nearly dry, but that when it was wet, that it would conduct it quite freely; so that it would stream out plentiful-

ly from the key at the approach of a person's finger. At this key he charged phials, and from electric fire thus obtained, kindled spirits, and performed all other electrical experiments, which are usually exhibited by an excited globe or tube.

As every circumstance relative to so capital a discovery as the above-mentioned (the greatest perhaps that has been made in the whole compass of philosophy since the time of Sir Isaac Newton) cannot fail to give pleasure to all our readers, we shall endeavour to gratify them with a few more particulars.

Besides this kite, Doctor Franklin had afterwards an insulated non rod to draw the lightning into his house, in order to make experiments whenever there should be a considerable quantity of it in the atmosphere; and that he might not lose any opportunity of that nature, he connected two bells with this apparatus, which gave him notice, by their ringing, whenever his rod was electrified.

The grand practical use which Doctor Franklin made of his discovery of the sameness of electricity and lightning, was to prevent buildings from being damaged by lightning. This he accomplished by fixing a metalline rod higher than any part of the building, and communicating with the ground, or rather the nearest water. The lightning was sure to seize upon the rod, preferably to any other part of the building, whereby that dangerous power is safely conducted to the earth, without doing any harm to the edifice.

Doctor Franklin, however, during the course of these discoveries, was not inattentive to the more essential duties of a good citizen. Besides many other useful regulations, he planned the Post-office in America, and was appointed Post-master General for the southern district, as the reward of his beneficial scheme.

During the late war with France, he was eminently serviceable to the British government, by encouraging his countrymen to repel with vigour the common enemy; and he even headed in person the militia, in several hazardous and successful enterprizes. When Canada was reduced, he came over to England, and endeavoured to demonstrate to our ministry, both by writing and conversation, the

† The University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws, 30th of April, 1762.

superior importance of that province * to all our acquisitions in the West-Indies; and as the Peace of Paris was concluded upon this principle, Doctor Franklin's arguments and informations may be supposed to have influenced, in some degree, a measure so obnoxious at that time to the greater part of this nation, and which experience has proved to be inpolitic.

But whether Doctor Franklin was swayed, in the active part which he took on this occasion, merely by a sincere desire of the security and prosperity of British America, as connected with the parent state, or whether he had not extended his views to that future independency which some of his countrymen then contemplated in idea †, and which they have realized, it is impossible to determine with any degree of certainty. All we know is, that the stamp-act was no sooner attempted to be put in execution, than he was appointed deputy to the province of Pennsylvania, and rendered strongly here against the measure. In that character he remained in London for several years, and continued to oppose every violent step with regard to America, as well as to propose conciliatory terms, till he found it was resolved on both sides that the sword only should determine the controversy.

He now became obnoxious to government, considered as an American spy; and a very disagreeable affair in Hyde-Park, in which Mr. Whateley was desperately wounded, he is attributed to the exclamations of Doctor Franklin, who is supposed, as they said, by letters sent to America by him, which were said to contain expressions in the position of the government as execrable to his brethren, who had been secretary to the late Mr. Grenville.

When summoned before the Privy Council, January 11 and 29, 1774, respecting the state of America, he was thought, by

most impartial men, to be treated very cavalierly by a certain law-officer, which perhaps induced him to take the steps he has since done. This anecdote is not as well known as it should be, and since we have got it by us, we will introduce it here. While the Doctor was under examination Counsellor W. (now Lord L.) treated him with the utmost indignity, in short he used the language of an insolent Scotchman, which the philosopher bore with the serenity of a man of good sense, insulted by an object of contempt. After his examination, he passed by the counsellor, in his way out, and took occasion to whisper the following truth in his ear, *I will make your master a LITTLE KING for this.*

Upon his return hence to America in 1775, he found that country exactly in the distracted state he had represented it; and had his advice been taken, most probably all, or the greater part of those misfortunes that have since happened might have been averted.

When the resolution of independency was taken, he was appointed plenipotentiary from the Congress to the Court of France; where he has continued ever since, proving himself on all occasions an inflexible friend to America, and a faithful servant to his employers. It is rumoured he will make his appearance in London very soon, as Ambassador from the United States of America. This we give no credit to, and should be sorry ever to see him in that situation. After the calamities which he has occasioned to this country, surely it would be the extravagance of indecency to insult it with his presence. However we may respect Doctor Franklin's talents, however we may execrate the instruments which forced him to exert those talents against this kingdom, we should feel for the abasement of Great-Britain, even more than we do at present, should the destroy-

* See particularly "The interest of Great Britain, considered with regard to her Colonies, and the acquisitions of Canada and Guadaloupe. To which are added, Observations concerning the increase of mankind, peopling of countries, &c. 8vo. 1762.

† Many of the Doctor's intimate friends affect at this time to recollect circumstances which formerly passed without observation, but which now convince them that this idea was never out of his mind. Amongst many anecdotes of this kind, the following is told with some degree of confidence. Commodore Johnston, Doctor Franklin and others passed a day, many years since, about Maidenhead. In the course of the afternoon the company separated, and the Doctor was found in a reverie, looking on the Thames. Being asked what was the object of his contemplation. "I am musing," he replied, on the improper distribution of power, and lamenting that the noble rivers in America should be subject to the paltry stream I am now beholding."

er of the empire be admitted to triumph as the spectator of so despicable a scene of humiliation.

We have been favoured with the following lines, written by one of the Doctor's friends, which, we are sorry to say, have proved prophetically true.

On seeing a small mezzotinto print of Doctor Franklin in the case of a watch, 1778. By an Englishman.

HAD but our nation mov'd like this great man,—

With wisdom's wheel to regulate its plan,—

Not urg'd by rancour, nor disturb'd by rage,—

But guided by the prudence of this sage;
The spring of state had still been strong
and tight,

Its chain of friendship lasting, pure, and bright,

Our hands of time had pointed still at noon,
And sable night had not approach'd so soon.

The Author of the above lines immediately after, finding himself in a thoughtful mood wrote as follows.

Cheer up, my friend, and view yon western main,

There young day dawns,—and Phœbus smiles again,

So 'tis with Liberty—*here* sunk in shade,
While *there* blooms sweetly the celestial maid.

The soil is good, the tree has taken root,
And soon th' industrious hind shall reap the fruit,

His persevering toil hath dearly earn'd,
Those golden fruits which foolish Britain spurn'd,

While wiser France saw Albion's wretched doom,

Begg'd of it suckers to transplant at home,

Where her state *Vigilant* are now employ'd,

To pluck those apples which we once enjoy'd.

THE MAN OF THE TOWN. N^o. X.

I Had but just put my pen in the ink-stand, when my charming companion, Clamuda, paid me a morning visit.—“My dear Man of the Town, said she, I am happy in finding you at home; I have got a treasure for you; such as your readers will thank me for, your rural admirers in particular, who, I have heard you say, you wish to oblige above the rest. Here, here it is,—the happiest sight of young Congreve's genius!—It was given to me this morning by a gentleman of the Temple; and upon reviewing it, I find it to be an exact copy of the School for Scandal. I have another visit to pay before dinner, so I shall wish you a good morning, and leave you to select that part of it you like best, for the amusement of your readers.” This indeed, said I, taking up the pen, is a treat of the first kind, and as I on its first, and every representation since, took more delight in attending to the fourth act than any of the rest, I shall beg leave to give that entire, as the best of the whole; and hope Mr. Sheridan will not be angry with me, for being so lavish with what he has deprived the public the reading of such a length of time. I further hope it will stimulate him to favour the world with a publication of the whole of this excellent comedy.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

ACT IV.

Enter CHARLES, SIR OLIVER, CARLESS, and MOSES.

CHARLES.

WALK in, gentlemen, walk in; here they are—the family of the Surfaces up to the conquest.

SIR OLIVER. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

CHARLES. Aye, there they are, done in the true spirit and style of portrait painting, and not like your modern Raphaels, who will make your picture independent of yourself;—no, the great merit of these are, the inveterate likeness they bear to the originals. All stiff and awkward as they were, and like nothing in human nature besides.

SIR OLIV. Oh, we shall never see such figures of men again.

CHAR. I hope not—You see, Mr. Premium, what a domestic man I am;—here I sit of an evening, surrounded by my ancestors—But come, let us proceed to business—To your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer—Oh, here's a great chair of my father's that seems fit for nothing else,

CARELESS. The very thing—but what shall I do for a hammer, Charles? An auctioneer is nothing without a hammer.

CHAR. A hammer! [looking round] Let's see, what have we here—Sir Richard, heir to Robert—a genealogy in full, egad—Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir OLIV. What an unnatural rogue he is!—An expert factio parricide. [Aside]

CARE. Gad, Charles, this is lucky, for it will not only serve for a hammer, but a catalogue too, if we should want it.

CHAR. True—Come, here's my great uncle Sir Richard Ravelin, a marvellous good General in his day. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet—He is not dressed out in feathers, like our modern captains; but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be.—What say you, Mr. Premium?

MOSES. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

CHAR. Why, you shall have him for ten pounds; and I'm sure that's cheap enough for a staff-officer.

Sir OLIV. Heaven deliver me! his great uncle, Sir Richard, going for ten pounds—[Aside]—Well, Sir, I take him at that price.

CHAR. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.

CARE. Going, going—a-going—gone.

CHAR. This is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, thought to be one of his best pictures, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she sits, as a shepherdess, feeding her flock.—You shall have her for five pounds ten. I'm sure the sheep are worth the money.

Sir OLIV. Ah, poor aunt Deborah! a woman that set such a value on herself, going for five pounds ten; [Aside]—Well, Sir, she's mine.

CHAR. Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless.

CARE. Gone.

CHAR. Here are two cousins of theirs—Moses, their pictures were done when beaux wore periwigs, and ladies their own hair.

Sir OLIV. Yes, truly—head-dresses seem to have been somewhat lower in those

times—Here's a grandfather of my mother's, a Judge well known on the western circuit. What will you give for him?

MOSES. Four guineas.

CHAR. Four guineas! why you don't bid the price of his wig. Premium, you have more respect for the wool-sack, do let me knock him down at fifteen.

Sir OLIV. By all means.

CARE. Gone.

CHAR. Here are two brothers, William and Walter Blunt, Esqs. both members of Parliament, and great speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir OLIV. That's very extraordinary, indeed!—I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of Parliament.

CHAR. Well said, Premium.

CARE. I'll knock 'em down at forty pounds—Going—going—gone.

CHAR. Here's a jolly, portly fellow; I don't know what relation he is to the family, but he was formerly Mayor of Norwich; let's knock him down at eight pounds.

Sir OLIV. No—I think six is enough for a Mayor.

CHAR. Come, come, make it guineas, and I'll throw the two Aldermen into the bargain.

Sir OLIV. They are mine.

CHAR. Careless, knock down the Mayor and Aldermen.

CARE. Gone.

CHAR. But hang it, we shall be all day at this rate;—come, come, give me three hundred pounds, and take all on this side the room in a lump—That will be the best way.

Sir OLIV. Well, well, any thing to accommodate you; they are mine.—But there's one portrait you have always passed over.

CARE. What, that little ill-looking fellow over the settee.

Sir OLIV. Yes, Sir, 'tis that I mean—but I don't think him so ill-looking a fellow, by any means.

CHAR. That's the picture of my uncle Oliver—Before he went abroad it was done, and is esteemed a very great likeness.

CARE. That your uncle Oliver!—Then in my opinion you will never be friends, for he is one of the most stern-looking rogues I ever beheld; he has an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir OLIV. Upon my soul I do not, Sir; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive.—But I suppose

suppose your uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber.

CHAR. No, hang it; the old gentleman has been very good to me, and I'll keep his picture as long as I have a room to put it in.

Sir OLIV. The rogue's my nephew after all—I forgive him every thing—*[Aside]*—But, Sir, I have some how taken a fancy to that picture.

CHAR. I am sorry for it, master Broker, for you certainly won't have it.—What the devil, have you not got enough of the family?

Sir OLIV. I forgive him every thing. *[Aside]*—Look, Sir, I am a strange sort of a fellow, and when I take a whim in my head I don't value money: I'll give you as much fog that as for all the rest.

CHAR. Prythee don't be troublesome. I tell you I won't part with it, and there's an end on't.

Sir OLIV. How like his father the dog is—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw so strong a resemblance. *[Aside]*—Well, Sir, here's a draft for your sum. *[Giving a bill]*

CHAR. Why this bill is for eight hundred pounds.

Sir OLIV. You'll not let Sir Oliver go, then?

CHAR. No, I tell you, once for all.

Sir OLIV. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that some other time—But give me your hand, *[presses it]* you are a damned honest fellow, Charles.—O lord!—I beg your pardon, Sir, for being so free.—Come along, Moses.

CHAR. But heark'ye, Premium, you'll provide good lodgings for these gentlemen. *[Going]*

Sir OLIV. I'll send for them in a day or two.

CHAR. And pray let it be a genteel conveyance, for I assure you most of 'em have been used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir OLIV. I will for all but Oliver.

CHAR. For all but the honest little Nabob.

Sir OLIV. You are fixed on that.

CHAR. Peremptorily.

Sir OLIV. Ah, the dear extravagant dog! *[Aside]*—Good day, Sir,—come, Moses.—Now let me see who dares call him profligate. *[Exit with Moses.]*

CARE. Why, Charles, this the very prince of brokers.

CHAR. I wonder where Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—But, Careless, step in to the company; I'll wait on you presently, I see old Rowley coming.

CARE. But heark'ye, Charles, don't let that fellow make you part with any of that money to discharge musty old debts. Tradesmen, you know, are the most impertinent people in the world.

CHAR. True, and paying them would only be encouraging them.

CARE. Well, settle your business, and make what haste you can. *[Exit]*

CHAR. Eight hundred pounds!—two thirds of this are mine by right—Five hundred and thirty odd pounds!—Gad, I never knew, till now, what my ancestors were such valuable acquaintance.—Kind ladies and gentlemen, I am your very much obliged, and most grateful humble servant *[Bowing to the pictures.]*

Enter ROWLEY.

Ah! old Rowley, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

ROWLEY. Yes, Sir, I heard they were going.—But how can you support such spirits under all your misfortunes?

CHAR. That's the cause, master Rowley;—my misfortunes are so many, that I can't afford to part with my spirits.

ROWLEY. And can you really take leave of your ancestors with so much unconcern?

CHAR. Unconcern!—What, I suppose you are surprized that I am not more sorrowful at losing the company of so many worthy friends. It is very distressing to be sure; but you see, they never move a muscle, then why the devil should I?

ROWLEY. Ah, dear Charles!—

CHAR. But, come, I have no time for trifling;—here, take this bill and get it changed, and carry an hundred pounds to poor Stanley, or we shall have somebody call that has a better right to it.

ROWLEY. Ah, Sir, I wish you would remember the proverb—

CHAR. "*Be just before you are generous.*"—Why so I would if I could; but justice is an old, lame, hobbling bel-dam, and I can't get her to keep pace with generosity for the soul of me.

ROWLEY. Do, dear Sir, reflect.

CHAR. That's very true, as you say, but Rowley, while I have, by heavens I'll give—so damn your morality, and away to old Stanley with the money. *[Exit.]*

Enter Sir OLIVER and MOSES.

MOS. Well, Sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, you have seen Mr. Charles in all his glory.—'Tis great pity he's so extravagant.

Sir OLIV. True—but he ~~could~~ not sell my picture.—

MOS. And loves wine and women so much.

Sir OLIV.

Sir OLIV. But he would not sell my picture.—

MOSES. And games so deep.

Sir OLIV. But he would not sell my picture.—Oh, here comes Rowley.

Enter ROWLEY.

ROWLEY. Well, Sir, I find you have made a purchase.

Sir OLIV. Yes, our young rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

ROWLEY. And he has commissioned me to return you an hundred pounds of the purchase-money, but under your fictitious character of old Stanley. I saw a taylor and two hofiers, dancing attendance, who, I know, will go unpaid, and the hundred pounds will just satisfy them.

Sir OLIV. Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too.—But now I'm no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

Enter TRIP.

TRIP. Gentlemen, I'm sorry I was not in the way to shew you out. Hark'ye, Moses.

[Exit with Moses.]

Sir OLIV. There's a fellow, now—Will you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master.

ROWLEY. Indeed!

Sir OLIV. And they are now planning an annuity business.—Oh, master Rowley, in my time, servants were content with the follies of their masters when they were wore a little thread-bare; but now they have their vices, like their birth-day clothes, with the gloss on.

[Exit.]

SCENE the Apartments of JOSEPH SURFACE.

Enter JOSEPH and a SERVANT.

JOSEPH. No letter from Lady Teazle.

SERVANT. No, Sir.

JOSEPH. I wonder she did not write if she could not come—I hope Sir Peter does not suspect me.—But Charles's dissipation and extravagance are great points in my favour. [Knocking at the door]—See if it is her.

SERV. 'Tis Lady Teazle, Sir; but she always orders her chair to the millener's in the next street.

JOSEPH. Then draw that screen—my opposite neighbour is a maiden lady of so curious a temper—You need not wait.—[Exit Servant]—My Lady Teazle, I am afraid begins to suspect my attachment to Maria; but she must not be acquainted with this secret till I have her more in my power.

EUROP. MAG.

Enter Lady TEAZLE.

L. TEAZLE. What, sentiment in soliloquy!—Have you been very impatient now? Nay, you look so grave—I assure you, I came as soon as I could.

JOS. Oh, Madam, punctuality is a species of constancy—a very unfashionable custom among ladies.

L. TEAZLE. Nay, now you wrong me; I'm sure you'd pity me if you knew my situation.—[Both sit]—Sir Peter grows so peevish and so ill-natured, and no enduring him; and then, to sit with Charles—

JOS. I'm glad my scandal keep up that report. [Aside.]

L. TEAZLE. For my part, I wish Sir Peter to let Maria marry him.—Wouldn't you, Mr. Surface?

JOS. [Aside] Indeed I would not—Oh, to be sure; and then my dear Lady Teazle would be convinced how groundless her suspicions were, of my having any thoughts of the silly girl.

L. TEAZLE. Then, there's my friend, Lady Sneerwell, has propagated malicious stories about me;—and what's very provoking, all too without the least foundation.

JOS. Ah! there's the mischief;—for when a scandalous story is believed against me, there's no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

L. TEAZLE. And to be continually censured and suspected, when I know the integrity of my own heart—it would almost prompt me to give him some grounds for it.

JOS. Certainly,—for when a husband grows suspicious, and withdraws his confidence from his wife, it then becomes a part of her duty to endeavour to outwit him.—You owe it to the natural privilege of your sex.

L. TEAZLE. Indeed!

JOS. Oh yes; for your husband should never be deceived in you, and you ought to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

L. TEAZLE. This is the newest doctrine.

JOS. Very wholesome, believe me.

L. TEAZLE. So, the only way to prevent his suspicions, is to give him cause for them.

JOS. Certainly.

L. TEAZLE. But then the of my own innocence—

JOS. Ah, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis that consciousness of your innocence that ruins you.—What is it that makes you imprudent in your conduct, and

of the censures of the world? The consciousness of your innocence.—What is it makes you regardless of forms, and inattentive to your husband's peace?—Why, the consciousness of your innocence.—Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you could only be prevailed upon to make a trifling *sauz pas*, you can't imagine how circum-spect you would grow.

L. TEAZ. Do you think so?

JOS. Depend upon it.—Your case at present, my dear Lady Teazle, resembles that of a person in a plethora—you are absolutely dying of too much health.

Sir PETER. Why, indeed, if my understanding could be convinced—

JOS. Your understanding!—Oh yes, your understanding should be convinced. Heaven forbid that I should persuade you to any thing you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour for that.

L. TEAZ. Don't you think you may as well leave honour out of the question? [Both rise]

JOS. Ah, I see, Lady Teazle, the effects of your country education still remain.

L. TEAZ. They do, indeed, and I begin to find myself imprudent; and if I should be brought to act wrong, it would be sooner from Sir Peter's ill treatment of me, than from your honourable logic, I assure you.

JOS. Then by this hand, which is unworthy of—[knocking, a servant enters] What do you want, you scoundrel?

SEAV. I beg pardon, Sir, I thought you would not think Sir Peter should come up.

JOS. Sir Peter!

L. TEAZ. Sir Peter! Oh, I'm undone! What shall I do? Hide me somewhere, good Mr. Logic.

JOS. Here, here, behind this screen. [She runs behind the screen]—And now reach me a book.—[Sits down and reads]

Enter Sir PETER.

Sir PETER. Aye, there he is, ever improving himself—Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface.

JOS. [Affecting to gape] Oh, Sir Peter! I rejoice to see you—I was got over a sleepy book here—I am vastly glad to see you—I thank you for this call—I believe you have not been here since I finished my ~~novel~~—Books, books, you know, are the only things I am a coxcomb in.

Sir PETER. Very pretty, indeed;—why, even your screen is a source of knowledge—hung round with maps, I see.

JOS. Yes, I find great use in that screen.

Sir PETER. Yes, yes, so you must, when you want to find any thing in a hurry.

JOS. Yes—Or to hide any thing in a hurry.—[Aside]

Sir PETER. But, my dear friend, I want to have some private talk with you.

JOS. You need not wait.—[Exit SERV.]

Sir PETER. Pray sit down.—[Both sit]—My dear friend, I want to impart to you some of my distresses.—In short, Lady Teazle's behaviour of late has given me very great uneasiness. She not only dissipates and destroys my fortune, but I have strong reasons to believe she has formed an attachment elsewhere.

JOS. I am unhappy to hear it.

Sir PETER. Yes, and between you and me, I believe I have discovered the person.

JOS. You alarm me exceedingly!

Sir PETER. I knew you would sympathize with me.

JOS. Believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would affect me—just as much as it does you.

Sir PETER. What a happiness to have a friend we can trust! even with our family secrets—Can't you guess who it is?

JOS. I haven't the most distant idea.—It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite.

Sir PETER. No, no—What do you think of Charles?

JOS. My brother! impossible!—I can't think he would be capable of such baseness and ingratitude.

Sir PETER. Ah, the goodness of your own mind makes you slow to believe such villainy.

JOS. Very true, Sir Peter—The man who is conscious of the integrity of his own heart, is ever slow to credit another's baseness.

Sir PETER. And yet, that the son of my old friend should practise against the honour of my family.

JOS. Aye, there's the case Sir Peter—When ingratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound feels double smart.

Sir PETER. What noble sentiments!—He never used a sentiment, ungrateful boy! that I acted as guardian to, and who was brought up under my eye; and I never in my life refused him—my advice.

JOS. I don't know, Sir Peter—he may be such a man.—If it be so, he is no longer a brother of mine; I renounce him, I disclaim him—For the man who can break through the laws of hospitality, and seduce the wife or daughter of his friend, deserves to be branded as a pest to society.

Sir PETER. And yet, Joseph, if I was to make it public, I should only be sneered and laughed at.

JOS.

FOR M A R

JOS. Why, that's very true—No, no, you must not make it public, people would talk—

SIR PETER. Talk—they'd say it was all my own fault; an old doating bachelor, to marry a young giddy girl! They'd paragraph me in the newspapers, and make ballads on me.

JOS. And yet, Sir Peter, I can't think that my Lady Teazle's honour—

SIR PETER. Ah, my dear friend, what's her honour, opposed against the flattery of a handsome young fellow!—But, Joseph, she has been upbraiding me of late, that I have not made her a settlement; and, I think, in our last quarrel, she told me she should not be very sorry if I was dead. Now, I have brought drafts of two deeds for your perusal; and she shall find, if I was to die, that I have not been inattentive to her welfare while living. By the one, she will enjoy eight hundred pounds a year during my life; and by the other, the bulk of my fortune after my death.

JOS. This conduct is truly generous.—I wish it may not corrupt my pupil—[Aside]

SIR PETER. But I would not have her as yet acquainted with the least mark of my affection.

JOS. Nor I—if I could help it.—[Aside]

SIR PETER. And now I have unburthened myself to you, let us talk over your affair with Maria.

JOS. Not a syllable upon the subject now—[Alarmed]—Some other time; I am too much affected by your affairs, to think of my own. For, the man who can think of his own happiness, while his friend is in distress, deserves to be hunted as a monster to society.

SIR PETER. I am sure of your affection for her.

JOS. Let me entreat you, Sir Peter—

SIR PETER. And though you are so averse to Lady Teazle's knowing it, I assure you she is not your enemy; and I am sensibly chagrined you have made no further progress.

JOS. Sir Peter, I must not hear you—The man who—[Enter Servant]—What do you want, sirrah?

SERVANT. Your brother, Sir, is at the door, talking to a gentleman; he says he knows you are at home, that Sir Peter is with you, and he must see you.

JOS. I'm not at home.

SIR PETER. Yes, yes, you shall be at

JOS. [After some hesitation] Very well, let him come up. [Exit Servant.]

SIR PETER. Now, Joseph, I'll hide myself, and do you tax him about the affair with my Lady Teazle, and so draw the secret from him.

JOS. O fye, Sir Peter!—what, join in a plot to trepan my brother!

SIR PETER. Oh aye, to serve your friend;—besides, if he is innocent, as you say he is, it will give him an opportunity to clear himself, and make me very happy. Hark, I hear him coming—where shall I go?—behind this screen—What the devil! there has been one list'n'r already, for I saw a petticoat.

JOS. [Affecting to laugh] It's very ridiculous—Ha! ha! ha! a ridiculous thing indeed—ha! ha! ha!—Hark'e, Sir Peter, [pulling him aside] though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet you know it does not follow, that one is to be an absolute Joseph neither. Hark'e, 'tis a little French milliner, who calls upon me sometimes, and hearing you were coming, and having some character to lose, she slipped behind the screen.

SIR PETER. A French milliner! [Smiling] Cunning rogue—Joseph—fly rogue—But zounds, she has overheard every thing that has passed about my wife.

JOS. Oh, never fear—Take my word it will never go farther for her.

SIR PETER. Won't it?

JOS. No, depend upon it.

SIR PETER. Well, well, if it will go no farther—But—where shall I hide myself?

JOS. Here, here, slip into this closet, and you may over-hear every word.

L. TEAZ. Can I steal away. [Peeping.]

JOS. Hush! hush! don't stir.

SIR PETER. Joseph, tax him home [Peeping.]

JOS. In, in, my dear Sir Peter.

L. TEAZ. Can't you lock the closet door?

JOS. Not a word, you'll be discovered.

SIR PETER. Joseph, don't spare him.

JOS. For heaven's sake lie close—A pretty situation I am in, to part man and wife in this manner.—[Aside]

SIR PETER. You're sure the little French milliner won't blab.

Enter CHARLES.

CHAR. Why, how now, brother, your fellows denied you, they said you were not at home.—What, have you had a row or a wench with you?

JOS. Neither, brother, neither.

CHAR. But where's Sir Peter? I thought he was with you.

JOS. He was, brother, but hearing you was coming, he left the house.

CHAR. What, was the old fellow afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

JOS. Borrow! no, brother; but I am sorry to hear you have given that worthy man cause for great uneasiness.

CHAR. Yes, I am told I do that to a great many worthy men—But how do you mean, brother?

JOS. Why, he thinks you have endeavoured to alienate the affections of Lady Teazle.

CHAR. Who, I alienate the affections of Lady Teazle!—Upon my word he accuses me very unjustly. What, has the old gentleman found out that he has got a young wife for, what is worse, has the lady found out that she has got an old husband?

JOS. For shame, brother.

CHAR. 'Tis true, I did once suspect her ladyship had a partiality for me, but upon my soul I never gave her the least encouragement; for, you know, my attachment was to Maria.

JOS. This will make Sir Peter extremely happy—But if she had a partiality for you, were you would not have been safe enough—

CHAR. Why, look'e, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action; but if a pretty woman should purposely throw herself in my way, and that pretty woman should happen to be married to a man old enough to be her father—

JOS. What then?

CHAR. Why, then I believe I should—have occasion to borrow a little of your morality, brother.

JOS. Oh fye, brother—The man who can jest—

CHAR. Oh, that's very true, as you were going to observe.—But Joseph, do you know that I am surprized at your suspecting me with Lady Teazle. I thought you was always the favourite there.

JOS. Me!

CHAR. Why yes, I have seen you exchange such significant glances.

JOS. Pshaw!

CHAR. Yes I have; and don't you remember when I came in here, and caught you and her at—

JOS. I must stop him—[Aside, stops his mouth]—Sir Peter has overheard every word that you have said.

CHAR. Sir Peter! where is he?—What, in the closet—Foregad I'll have him out.

JOS. No, no. [Stopping him]

CHAR. I will—Sir Peter Teazle come into court.—[Enter Sir PETER]—What,

my old guardian turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog.

Sir PET. Give me your hand—I own, my dear boy, I have suspected you wrongfully; but you must not be angry with Joseph, it was all my plot, and I shall think of you as long as I live, for what I overheard.

CHAR.—Then 'tis well you did not hear more; is it not, Joseph?

Sir PET. What you would have retorted on Joseph, would you.

CHAR. And yet you might as well have suspected him as me. Might not he, Joseph?

Enter SERVANT.

SERV.—[Whispering Joseph.]—Lady Snerwell, Sir, is just coming up, and says she must see you.

JOS. Gentlemen, I must beg your pardon, I have company waiting for me, give me leave to conduct you down stairs.

CHAR. No, no, speak to 'em in another room; I have not seen Sir Peter a great while, and I want to talk with him.

JOS. Well, I'll send away the person, and return immediately.—Sir Peter, not a word about the little French milliner.

[Aside, and exit.

Sir PET. Ah, Charles, what a pity it is you don't associate more with your brother, we might then have some hopes of your reformation; he's a young man of such sentiments.—Ah, there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

CHAR. Oh, he's too moral by half; and so apprehensive of his good name, that, I dare say, he would as soon let a pinell into his house as a wench.

Sir PET. No, no, you accuse him wrongfully.—Though Joseph is not a rake, he is no saint.

CHAR. Oh! a perfect anchorite—a young hermit.

Sir PET. Hush, hush, don't abuse him, or he may chance to hear of it again.

CHAR. Why, you won't tell him, will you?

Sir PET. No, no, but—I have a great mind to tell him—[Aside, seems to hesitate]—Hark'e, Charles, have you a mind for a laugh at Joseph?

CHAR. I should like it of all things—let's have it.

Sir PET. Gad I'll tell him—I'll be even with Joseph for discovering me in the closet.—[Aside]—Hark'e, Charles, he had a girl with him when I called.

CHAR. Who, Joseph, impossible!

Sir PET. Yes, a little French milliner, [takes him to the front] and the best of the joke is, she is now in the room.

CHAR.

CHAR. The devil she is—where?

SIR PET. Huh, huh,—behind the screen.

CHAR. I'll have her out.

SIR PET. No, no, no, no.

CHAR. Yes.

SIR PET. No.

CHAR. By the Lord I will—fo now for't.—[Both run up to the screen—screen falls, at the same time Joseph enters]—Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!

SIR PET. Lady Teazle, by all that's horrible!

CHAR. Sir Peter, this is the funniest little French milline I ever saw—But pray what's the meaning of all this? You seem to have been play-gard and seek here, and for my part, I don't know who's in or who's out of the crier—Madam, will you please to explicate—Not a word!—Brother, your pleasure to illustrate?—Well, though I suppose you

bestand one another, good-bye, I'll leave you.—Brother, I have given that worthy man some uneasiness!—Sir Peter, this young fellow would be noble as a man of sentiment!—Ha, ha, ha. [Exit.

SIR PET. Sir Peter, notwithstanding appearances are against me—if—if you'll give me leave—I'll explain every thing to your satisfaction.

SIR PET. If you please, Sir.

JOS. Lady Teazle knowing my—Lady Teazle—I say—knowing my pretensions—to your ward—Mama—and—Lady Teazle—I say—knowing the jealousy of my—of your temper—she called in here—in order that she—that I—might explain—what these pretensions were—and—hearing you were coming—and—as I said before—knowing the jealousy of your temper—she—my Lady Teazle—I say—went behind the screen—and—This is a full and clear account of the whole affair.

SIR PET. A very clear account truly! and I dare say, the Lady will vouch for the truth of every word of it.

L. TEAZ. [Advancing.] For not one syllable, Sir Peter.

SIR PET. What the devil I don't you think it worth your while to agree in the lie.

L. TEAZ. There's not one word of truth in what that gentleman has been saying.

JOS. Zounds, madam, you won't ruin me.

L. TEAZ. Stand out of the way, I Hypocrite, I'll speak for myself.

SIR PET. Aye, aye,—let her alone she'll make a better story of it than I did.

L. TEAZ. I came here with no intention of listening to his addresses to Maria, and even ignorant of his pretensions; but seduced by his insidious arts, at least to listen to his addresses, if not to sacrifice his honour, as well as my own, to his unwarrantable desires.

SIR PET. Now I believe the truth is coming, indeed.

JOS. What! is the woman mad?

L. TEAZ. No, Sir, she has recovered her senses. Sir Peter, I cannot expect you will credit me; but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am certain you did not know I was within hearing, has penetrated to deep into my soul, that could I have escaped the mortification of this discovery, my future life should have been convinced of my sincere repentance. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he pretended an honourable passion for his ward, I now view him in so despicable a light, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to his addresses. [Exit.

JOS. Sir Peter—Notwithstanding all this, heaven is my witness—

SIR PET. That you are a villain—And so I'll leave you to your meditations.

JOS. Nay, Sir Peter, you must not leave me—The man who shuts his eyes against conviction—

SIR PET. Oh, damn your sentiments—damn your sentiments.—

[Exit, Joseph following.]

An Account of a new-invented ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENT.

HAVING frequently observed, that many young and otherwise well-informed people, had but an imperfect idea of the motion of the earth and planets round their own axis, and in their orbits, which seem rather difficult to be explained without the assistance of an orrery, which, on account of its size and price, is not al-

ways to be obtained; I endeavoured to invent some more portable and less expensive instrument, in which I have so far succeeded, as to furnish perhaps a hint for some able and more ingenious artist; on which account I request you to give it a place in your magazine. I made choice of the planet Saturn on account

both of his singular circumstance of having a ring, and because his annual revolution being ascertained renders the machine less complicated.

Saturn, the remotest of all the planets, is about 780 millions of miles from the Sun; and, travelling at the rate of eighteen thousand miles every hour, performs its annual circuit in 29 years 167 days and 5 hours of our time; which makes only one year to that planet. Its diameter is 67,000 miles; and therefore it is near 600 times as big as the Earth.

This planet is surrounded by a thin round ring, as an artificial globe is by a horizon. The ring appears double when seen through a telescope. It is inclined 30 degrees to the ecliptic, and is about 21 thousand miles in breadth; which is equal to his distance from Saturn on all sides. There is reason to believe that the ring turns round its axis, because, when it is almost edge-wise to us, it appears somewhat thicker on one side of the planet than on the other; and the thickest edge has been seen on different sides at different times. But Saturn having no visible spots on his body, whereby to determine the time of his turning round his axis, the length of his days and nights, and the position of his axis, are unknown to us.

The Sun shines almost fifteen of our years together, on one side of Saturn's ring without setting, and as long on the other in its turn. So that the ring is visible to the inhabitants of that planet for almost fifteen of our years, and as long invisible by turns, if its axis has no inclination to its ring; but if the axis of the planet be inclined to the ring, suppose about 30 degrees, the ring will appear and disappear once every natural day to all the inhabitants within 30 degrees of the equator, on both sides, frequently eclipsing the Sun in a Saturnian day. Moreover, if Saturn's axis be so inclined to his ring, it is perpendicular to his orbit; and thereby the inconvenience of different seasons to that planet is avoided. For considering the length of Saturn's year, which is almost equal to thirty of ours, what a dreadful condition must the inhabitants of his polar regions be in, if they be half that time deprived of the light and heat of the Sun? which is not their case alone, if the axis of the planet be perpendicular to the ring, for then the ring must hide the Sun from vast tracks of land on each side of the equator for 13 or fourteen of our years together, on the south side and north side by turns, as the axis inclines to or from the Sun: the reverse of which inconve-

niences is another good presumptive proof of the inclination of Saturn's axis to its ring, and also of his axis being perpendicular to his orbit.

This ring, seen from Saturn, appears like a vast luminous arch in the heavens, as if it did not belong to the planet. When we see the ring most open, its shadow upon the planet is broadest; and from that time the shadow grows narrower, as the ring appears to do to us; until, by Saturn's annual motion, the Sun comes to the plane of the ring, or even with its edge; which being then directed towards us, becomes invisible on account of its thinness. The ring disappears twice in every annual revolution of Saturn, namely, when he is in the 19th degree both of Pisces and Virgo. And when Saturn is in the middle between these points, or in the 19th degree either of Gemini or Sagittarius, his ring appears most open to us; and then its longest diameter is to its shortest, as 9 to 4.

As Saturn goes round the Sun, his obliquely posited ring, like our Earth's axis, keeps parallel to itself, and is therefore turned edgewise to the Sun twice in a Saturnian year, which is almost as long as 30 of our years. But the ring, though considerably broad, is too thin to be seen by us when it is turned edgewise to the Sun, at which time it is also edgewise to the Earth; and therefore it disappears once in every fifteen years to us. As the Sun shines half a year together on the north pole of our earth, then disappears to it, and shines as long on the south pole; so, during one half of Saturn's year, the Sun shines on the north side of his ring, then disappears to it, and shines as long on its south side. When the Earth's axis inclines neither to nor from the Sun, but sidewise to him, he instantly ceases to shine on one pole, and begins to enlighten the other; and when Saturn's ring inclines neither to nor from the Sun, but sidewise to him, he ceases to shine on the one side of it, and begins to shine upon the other.

Let *S* be the Sun, *ABCDEFGH* Saturn's orbit, and *IKLMNO* the Earth's orbit. Both Saturn and the Earth move according to the order of the letters, and when Saturn is at *A* his ring is turned edgewise to the Sun *S*, and he is then seen from the Earth as if he had lost his ring; let the earth be in any part of its orbit whatever, except between *N* and *O*, for whilst it describes that space, Saturn is apparently so near the Sun as to be hid in his beams. As Saturn goes from *A* to *C*, his

once, and notwithstanding I have something to advance to prove how very confirmed this blessing is, I shall do so as long as I live.

Passing by the shop of a flatterer in Holborn, one afternoon, I recollected that I wanted a stick of sealing-wax. I went into a corner shop, and did not see a gentleman, who was the only person in it, to show me some. He told me, without hesitation, that there was none good sold there, and if I wanted what was excellent, the only shop to meet with it was at No. —, not an hundred miles from Fleet-street.

The singularity of his being so particular in the directions, and my seeing a quantity of wax in the window at the same time that I thought looked well, confounded me for some seconds; till a man came running from a back room, with his face half shaved, and told me he had as good wax as any in London.

Pray, gentlemen, said I, which am I to believe? the first did not wait to make me an answer, but hurried out of the shop. I begged the other gentleman, who I found to be the owner of the shop, would finish his shaving. He desired I would step into his parlour. After which he disclosed the particulars I was impatient for, namely, why the person I first addressed should use the owner of the shop so ill by endeavouring to deprive him of a customer.

"You will think it strange, Sir,"

says he, "that I should intrust the care of my shop to a man that to every appearance wanted to injure me.—The person you have seen, Sir, has been an intimate of mine for some years; we are both young adventurers in business, and follow much the same profession.

"The shop he was so particular in directing you to was his own.

"I had not the most distant idea that he could prove so bare-faced a villain. This afternoon he called on me to accompany him to the play: my shopman being out of the way, I requested he would take care of the shop while I dictated myself. He must have concluded I was up stairs, or he would not have spoken so distinctly in my hearing. I could scarcely believe any man capable of such a mean act: particularly one I would have gone any distance to serve."

Suppose, Sir, you were to advertise this person's talents. "There is no need of that, Sir," said he "a man that can be guilty of one act of this infamous nature, for a trifle, will not stop till his crimes amount to an extensive catalogue; that the discerning would well easily discover. That shall be his punishment with me."

I have since found the gentleman's observations just, by a number of stories of this kind, conveyed to me by above twenty injured people in a strain of detestation louder than the whisper of suspicion.

THE HIVE. A COLLECTION OF SCRAPS.

Exercet sub sole labor——

et in medium quærita reponit. VIRG.

A TALL gentleman lately conversing with a short one, asked him, among other things, what advantages there were in being short. To which he answered, Two very great ones: first, Short persons may stand upright, where tall ones cannot; secondly, short people may be assisted by ill ones, on many occasions, where tall persons could not be helped by short ones.

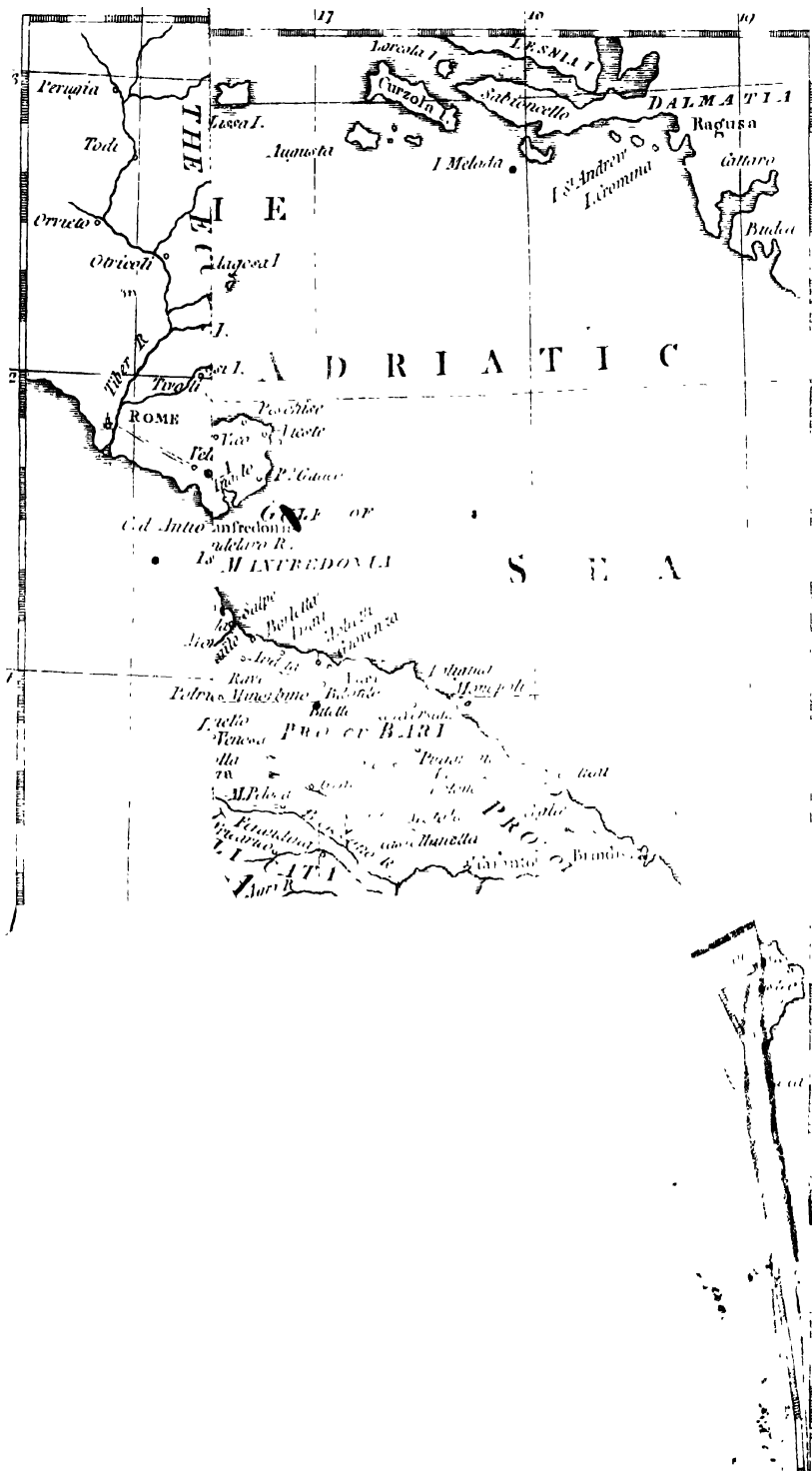
Proclamation for holding a Fair among the Scotch.

O Yes and that's e'e time; O yes! and that's twa times; O yes! and that's the third and last time. All manner of pearson or pearsons, whosoever, let 'em draw near, and I shall let 'em kenn, that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of gholm, for the space of aught days, any hushin, culshin, land-lop-

per, dub-skouper, or gang-the-gate-flinger shall breed any hurdam, durdam, rabblement, brabblement, or squabbement, he shall have his lugs tacked to the muckle throne, with a nail of a twa-a-penny, until he down on his hobshanks, and up with his muckle douns, and pray to heav'n new times—God blest the King, and thrice the muckle Laird of Relton, paying a groat to me, Jemmy Ferguson, Bailey of the aforesaid manor.—So you heard my proclamation, and I'll gang heam to my dinner.

A certain preacher held forth at St. Mary's, in Paris, without giving his auditory any satisfaction. Santeuil, the Latin poet, who was present, said, *he did better last year.* A bystander asserted he must be mistaken; for the present pulpit-thumper had not preached last year. *That is the very reason,* said the poet.

An



AN ACCOUNT of some of the Cities and principal Towns, destroyed by the late EARTHQUAKE in SICILY and NAPLES, embellished with an accurate MAP of the COUNTRY, on which the places are particularly marked.

IMAGINATION cannot paint a more melancholy scene than the earthquake which happened on Feb. 5, and 7 last, in the island of Sicily and coast of Calabria in the kingdom of Naples, which took its direction from East to West for a great extent of country, destroying among many inferior town and villages the following cities :

Messina, whose situation was about thirty miles North of **Ætna**, and which was formerly called **Zamla**, a Sicilian word for hook, the shore on which it was built being so shaped; was of great antiquity, having been founded near a thousand years before Rome, and grew to be the most powerful and wealthy of all Sicily, it was situated at the N. E. point of the island of Sicily, opposite the city of Reggio in Calabria, in the district Val di Demoni, about 4 miles from Cape di Faro the N. E. Point of the Island, 123 miles East from Palermo, 108 N. from Cape Palermo, forty miles N. E. from Catania, E. long. 15. 54. lat. 38. 11. It was a large fine city, computed to have near 60,000 inhabitants, and the greatest mart town in the Mediterranean. It extended on a rising ground along the sea, with one dichotomy. The chief streets were large and ran parallel with the port, well furnished with water by subterraneous aqueducts, and with all provisions by sea and land. Its four large suburbs, **Zaccà**, **San Philippo**, **San Deo**, **Porta Imperial**, extended a vast way along shore, and with its situation between mountains on land and the sea, made it appear as a very long flatly city. The private houses were handsome and well-built, the public edifices magnificent, especially the viceroys and arch-bishop's palace, cathedral, arsenal, which latter was well stored with arms and ammunition. It contended with Palermo for being the capital, and the viceroys of the island resided here six months of the year. The harbour was spacious, safe and commodious, of an oblong oval form, five miles in circumference and extremely deep, so that a first rate man of war could come near enough to the key for persons to land on a plank. The entrance indeed was somewhat difficult, on account of the Gulph or whirlpool of **Charybdis**, which was near it, but there were always good pilots, who conducted the ships in

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without any danger. The harbour was guarded on one side by a citadel with five bastions, which served also to keep the town in awe; and, on the other, by **St. Salvador**, a large tower, flanked by four round ones on each angle, beside a good number of batteries and **lancinons**. The situation of the city permitting it to be regularly its walls, bastions, &c. were very though the city. The Emperor fortified it with 14 of those bastions: four forts. Others have been added greater height on hills and eminences commanding it, **Castelluccio**, **Mattagrisone**, **Contagna**, **Castel Reale**, **Porta Reale**, **Cast. Gonzaga**, being the chief besides the above Citadels and forts. The spacious ancient cathedral was in the very heart of the city. Its greatest ornament was within, particularly the high altar, which had a tabernacle, and other ornaments of plate, to an immense value. On its side was the viceroys' very rich, elevated with an ascent of ten or twelve broad steps. Of the several magnificent chapels in it, one in particular dedicated to the virgin, was enriched with all that is grand and costly, and much resorted to by the **Messinians**, who say she sent them a letter, which was preserved here as a choice relique, and carried about in procession with great pomp, once a year. The **Loggia**, or great hospital for men and women, was one of the largest and finest buildings in the city. Here was another as large for old people, foundlings, lunatics, lame, blind, &c. who were well kept, and in vast numbers. We omit particularizing convents, seminaries, &c. &c. The chief manufacture was the silk. **Porta Imperial Suburb**, was chiefly inhabited by fishermen, who carried on a large commerce, being the most populous of all four. The other three abounded with those employed in cultivating vines, mulberry-trees, and breeding silk-worms, in spinning, weaving, knitting, &c. **Mr. Brydone** says, that the approach to **Messina**, was the finest that can be imagined, and that which was about one mile in, exceeded even those in **Holland**, being rounded by a range of magnificent, four stories high, and elliptical form. The street between sea was about one hundred

formed one of the most delightful walks in the world, enjoying the fresh air, and commanding the most extensive prospect. The harbour is formed by a small promontory, or neck of land that ran off from the east end of the city, and separated that beautiful basin from the rest of the straits. On the key was a beautiful fountain of white marble, representing Neptune holding Scylla and Charybdis chained, under the emblematical figures of two sea monsters. This city suffered very considerably from a pestilence that raged here in 1743, when it was supposed 20,000 died; but a still greater calamity attended it, in 1693, when it was with several other places in the island, nearly destroyed by a similar misfortune to the present, and had above 1000 of its inhabitants buried under the ruins; yet that is far short of its present destruction, for it is said to have but one convent remaining of all its former magnificent edifices.

The cities of Palma and Seminara, which no longer exist, were situated on the sea coast of Calabria in Naples, as

were the cities of Scilla or Scyglio, Bagnaca and Paesi, as well as the opulent city of Reggio, of great antiquity, and contained besides many stately edifices, a considerable number of inhabitants.

Pizzo was situated near a lake on the north coast of Sicily not far from Milazzo, a trace of which place is not visible: and the same is said to be the fate of the Lipari Isles, many of whom were volcanos, and had appeared after some sudden eruptions of the burning mountain of Stromboli isle, that has continued in a burning state for many centuries.

Gierce or Gieraze, is situated about forty miles east of Reggio in Calabria in Naples, it is the see of a bishop under the archbishop of Reggio. It was delightfully situated on a hill on the coast of the Ionian sea, between Cape Spartivento to the south and Stilo to the north. The principal buildings, particularly the cathedral, were elegant and spacious, and the city well laid out, but the late misfortune has rendered it a heap of ruins.

[To be continued.]

HENRY and ELIZA. A SENTIMENTAL TALE.

(Continued from Vol. II. Page 422.)

I CAME to London soon after my separation from Miss M—. I was extremely hurt at losing her, and it was by way of dissipating a certain anxiety that hung about me, that I flew to those scenes of hurry, folly, and amusement, which in that city engage the attention, and serve to keep at a distance, that greatest enemy to the man of pleasure—REFLECTION. I was the sworn votary of Fashion, and was constantly foremost in the circle of her followers;—but it would not do;—I felt too poignantly the truth of the poet's observation:

"The man, whom Virtue does not bind,
No real comfort knows,
Nor'er enjoys that peace of mind,
Which Innocence bestows.

In Folly's most licentious scenes,
Amidst its choicest hours,
Reproaching Conscience intervenes,
And every transport fours."

My heart told me, that,

"In vain, I flew to crowds and courts,
Guilt ev'ry bliss destroys,
Instructed on my morning sports,
And damp'd my evening joys."

"I was ever busied in dissipation of some kind, and tho' I endeavoured all I could, I found it impossible to erase the image of Miss M— from my mind;—ah! how much better had it been for me, could I have been equally tenacious of her precepts;—but they were soon obliterated from my breast, or at least the attention to them;—that fatal vice, which she so warmly and strenuously cautioned me against, I was the most guilty of, and ran the most into—GAMING. It is the most prevalent and the most destructive of all vices;—the old and young, the affluent and indigent, the wise and foolish, are all equally enamoured with it, and follow it with unremitting fevency.

"The wretch who has lost all at the Gaming table, finds no relief under the torment of his reflections, but from the bottle or pistol, leaving an undone family to drag through a life of poverty and misery, whose fortune would have raised them, had it not been for his monstrous iniquity, to affluence and honour.—Gaming is the source from whence springs the major part of the evils of life, and it cannot be too much decried, or held in too great abhorrence.—In the catalogue of human vices, it stands one of the first;
but

—but the fatal and most ruinous consequences attendant on it, have been by so many thousands experienced, and in this kingdom particularly are so well known, I may forbear any strictures on it.

“ I come now to a recital of that part of my life, over which I would gladly throw a veil;—that part of my life, at which I see Virtue shuddering with affright, and Vice hailing me as one of her noblest champions.

Ill-fated period;—

Let that night,
That guilty night, be blotted from the year;

Let not the voice of mirth and music know it,

Let it be dark and desolate; no stars
To glitter o’er it;—let it with for light,
Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn,

For ’twas the night that gave me up to shame.”

Rowe’s Fair Penitent.

“ I had not been many months in London before all my attention was taken up, and all my time and powers employed, to win the love and engage the affection of Miss Faulkner, a young foreigner of uncommon beauty and sensibility.—I hope you will spare my feelings, the particulars of a recital that shocks my inmost soul, and reflects such dishonour on my character, as never can be done away.—Suffice it to say, then, after practising every mode that passion could suggest, and ingenuity put in execution, I obtained the accomplishment of my wishes.—By this time I had thrown away my whole fortune by gaming; and being continually troubled with applications from my creditors, of a nature that I could not answer, I was obliged to leave England, and retire to France.—Judge what I felt—judge what I now feel, to quit thus suddenly, in such a situation, a young lady I loved most sincerely, and who, I had reason to think, loved me, to ruin her, and leave her;—heavens! how inhuman!—how devilish!—this has embittered, and will embitter, every future moment of my life;—especially as on my return to London, I was informed she died some time after my remove from England.—This intelligence exceedingly augmented my unhappiness; for was the living, I might, perhaps, make some atonement;—I would at least find her out, submit myself to her mercy, and devote the rest of my life to her service.

“ Miss Faulkner was all that is amiable, endearing, and good;—I shall al-

ways venerate such unequalled goodness and virtue, as her character exhibited.—Gracious heaven! I should think myself supremely happy only to be directed to her tomb, that I might weep over it.”

Here he paused some time, and the sigh of melancholy remembrance escaped his bosom, and the fear of severe retrospection bedewed his cheeks. Wiping them away, he continued;

“ These are the most interesting incidents of my life, of which I have given you a short detail:—I am now come to a conclusion, for nothing particular occurred after my return from France, except my visit to my uncle, and being overtaken by you on the hill. Had not this very fortunate circumstance have happened, heaven knows what steps I might have taken, and how much more diversified with strange and distressing adventures the remaining part of my life might have been. Still the sport of Fortune and the child of Misery, it might have been my lot to suffer more than I yet have;—and to make an end of those sufferings, I might, probably, have flown to the usual refuge of the extremely unhappy, and deprived myself of an existence which became insupportable.—Death is the kind of asylum of the unfortunate and distressed.

“ Thither the poor, the pris’ner, and the mourner,

Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down.”

Rowe’s Fair Penitent.

Here he thanked me for my kindnesses and friendly behaviour to him, in that easy and ingenious manner which always accompanies a great soul; and wel launched, imperceptibly, into much conversation, on many indifferent matters, till we reached London.

As I would not, my dear Benson, extend my letter to a tedious length, or call your attention one moment unnecessarily from the many very agreeable scenes you now enjoy in the company of the amiable family of the Stevens’s; I shall not trouble you with an account of any thing that occurred on our journey to, or since our being at Oxford.

I intend Jones shall continue with me, as my companion and friend.

Give my cordial wishes and affectionate remembrance to the good people you are with.—I anticipate with much pleasure my visit to them. Adieu, Benson!

I am, your faithful friend,

JACK WILMOT.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES of SIR STEPHEN FOX and his Descendants.

(Concluded from P. 104.)

THE Right Hon. Charles James Fox, second son of Henry Lord Holland, was born January 17, 1749. This great and unrivalled character gave the most early indication of those amazing powers of mind, which have since procured him so high a place in the first rank of human abilities. It is not our intention to give a character of him as an orator; his reputation is so high and extensive, his merits so sincerely subscribed to, and so thoroughly understood, they have been so long and so generally the subject of praise and admiration, that little can be said without repetition; and yet that little said ever so well, would prove unequal to the praise which he deserves, or the wonder with which we confess ourselves impressed, as often as we contemplate his political character.

He was educated at Eton School, under the care of Dr. Barnard; and Dr. Newcombe, the present Bishop of Waterford, in Ireland, was his private tutor. His progress through the school was rapid, and such as might be expected from one whom nature, in her most generous mood, had so liberally, so partially endowed. To the attention of his masters we may add, that paid him by one of the ablest and fondest fathers that ever existed, who early saw the brilliancy and strength of his parts, and took every opportunity of aiding and bringing them forward: for which purpose, we have heard, he never treated him as a boy, but had him at all times and places as a companion, and even when he was Secretary of State, would shew him his letters and dispatches, and converse with him upon the business that had been transacted in the House of Commons and in Council, and has been known, frequently, to have been held in strong argument upon these matters by the young Etonian. He was a debater almost as soon as he could speak; and very often proved as troublesome by asking questions and requiring reasons from those about him, as he has since been in the same shrewd manner, to the ministers he has opposed. Indeed, from all we have heard of him, we might be tempted to say, he never was a boy: his mind was manly in the cradle, his curiosity was insatiable, and his pursuit of knowledge constant and invariable. To this was added, a firmness and resolution altogether as extraordinary at that

time of life; as the following circumstance will sufficiently prove. In the year 1762, Lord and Lady Holland went to Paris, to make some stay: Charles then just entering his thirteenth year, expressing great desire to see France, his father, who made it a rule never to refuse his children any thing, told him he might come and spend his holidays there, if he would promise to go back again to school as soon as they were over. Charles promised and went.—He lived the gay life of Paris, and partook of every dissipation that great circle of amusements afforded, and at his appointed time made his bow to his family and friends, laid aside his red heels, his feather and embroidery, uncurled his locks, and returned soberly to Eton again, and finished the course of his studies at school.

While he was at Paris, he was looked on as a wonder, for his knowledge, even then, was extensive, and he spoke French as well as he did his native language. His shrewdness and quickness astonished every body, and strongly foreshadowed what he has since proved. We have heard, and from undoubted authority, that one day, in a large circle of the first nobility, a young marquis, as ignorant as he was peevish and vain, asked Charles, "Comment appelez vous le Soleil en Anglois?" "Sun," replied he.—"Sun! ah! C'est assez drole! mais pourquoi appelez vous le Soleil, Sun?" The boy, with a look that strongly marked his contempt, directly retorted, "Mais, pourquoi appelez vous le Sun, Soleil?"

It is very singular, but certain, that this truly great man has uniformly thro' life, from his birth to the present hour, constantly excited the astonishment and admiration of every one, and of those most who have had the most constant and most intimate connexion with him: contrary, as it was well observed by some one, to the great Conde's famous maxim, "that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre."—The following verses, written on him while at Eton by one of his school-fellows, the present Earl of Carlisle, sufficiently prove how strongly they were impressed with the superiority of his powers.

"How will my Fox, alone by strength
of parts
Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts

Of fearful statesmen? while around you
stand
Both peers and commons listening your
command;
While Tully's sense its weight to you
affords,
His nervous swiftness shall adorn your
words;
What praise to Pitt, to Townshend e'er
was due,
In future times, my Fox, shall wait on
you!"

From Eton he went to Oxford, where his application was prodigious. He used to read nine and ten hours a day constantly; and though during the vacations he spent his time in London, and entered deeply into its dissipations, he constantly returned with the same philosophical coolness to his college, and pursued his studies with the same unremitting industry.

And here we cannot but pause—and express our admiration of this extraordinary resolution and firmness, the mark of a great mind, and which is so strong a feature in this truly wonderful character. We have seen him, even in childhood, entering into the gay world, drinking deeply of the cup of pleasure, resting in the fulness and excess of prosperity and all its enjoyments, and yet, whenever his business called upon him, and of all business the most inlame at that time, of life, he goes to it, not only without regret, but with a degree of satisfaction that shows it to be the result of reason and reflection!

It is then not at all wonderful, that we should see him, as we do unfortunately and so lately have done, quitting all the power, pride, and pomp of office, the moment he thought he could not longer continue in it with honour, and consistently with his engagements to the people. It is in the same spirit, and upon the same principle by which he seems to have been actuated through life.—*Qualis ab inepto*.—Let us hope that the hour is not far distant, when he may once more think it proper for him to join in his Majesty's councils, and give his country the advantage of those talents and abilities, with which, most probably, he was endowed by Providence for its preservation.

As soon as he was of age he had a seat in the House of Commons, and immediately took the lead in all debates.—His first speech, though much was expected from him, astonished every one, and surpassed all the ideas of his most

sanguine admirers. It was not like the speaking of a young man—there was all the quickness, the acuteness, the penetration of an old statesman, who at once could see the precise point in debate, elucidate, explain, and enforce it, and at the same time expose, with a most rapid and wonderful flow of eloquence, the fallacy, the weakness, the absurdity, the sophistry of his opponents. He seemed to be possessed of all those powers attributed to the great Athenian statesman—he thundered and lightened in his harangues, and every time he spoke, he gained very perceptibly upon his auditors, until at length he established a reputation and power, which, perhaps, will never be equalled by so young a man. He was immediately made a Lord of the Admiralty, where he sat but a short time, when he was preferred to a seat at the Board of Treasury, Lord North being then the ostensible Minister, whom he supported in all his measures, excepting those relative to America, for which he shewed the most marked aversion and contempt, and to which he always declared the most determined opposition.

The party which then held the reins of government behind the curtain, finding it was vain to think of bending him to their purposes, took the resolution of crushing him; foreseeing and fearing his power as an enemy, they thought to annihilate him at once, by clapping the ministerial extinguisher upon him.—In vain!—like the giant of the fable, we saw him rise greater and more powerful from his fall; and though every art was made use of to vilify and misrepresent him, during the many years he was in opposition to the destructive system that has undone the empire, his character as a man and a statesman, has taken the deepest root—it has grown, it has spread, till, like the monarch oak, it has overshadowed all his contemporaries.

As we have declared the most unbounded admiration of this great character, and as no human being can be, in every respect, perfect, we flatter ourselves his warmest adherents will not think it invidious, if we take notice of some blemishes, which at times have obscured the brilliancy of this political luminary. It is something that is said frequently to offend by seeming to overlook the common civilities of life—a total inattention to what the French very properly call, *les petites morales*, and which his most sanguine admirers appear to admit, by their very awkward apologies

gies for it. They tell us, that bred in all the forms of polite life, he seems-fattiated, and is much superior to that flimsy outside virtue called good-breeding.—If it is so, (however vile he may be in preferring essentials to externals) we will take upon us to say, it is a weakness below his great understanding, and the sooner he gets over it, the better. In this land of liberty nobody is to be affronted with impunity, and of all affronts, whatever looks like over-bearing insolence and contempt, is the most outrageous and difficult to be forgiven.

To this we must add that, formerly, his passion for play was so excessive, it looked like madness; and as it ruined his fortune, so it materially affected his reputation, and left impressions to his disadvantage in the breasts of numbers of good people, notwithstanding their conviction of his great and powerful talents.

Having said thus much so freely, it would be base and ungenerous in the extreme, not to declare, that the most unwarrantable use has been made of this gentleman's only foible; totally overlooking the early period of life at which he entered the world, and the peculiar genius of the man. With all those great passions which constitute the greatness of character, we must expect consequent frailties: and if we may hazard an opinion, it is, that it seems as if those men who are to uncommonly gifted, and who are so supereminently possessed of what

Lucretius calls the *visiva vis animi*, when not employed by objects equal to their attention, naturally fly to deep play as the only amusement that can occupy them. What pleasure, then, must it not have given every one to see Mr. Fox, upon his late accession to office, at once discarding all his former improper connections, and giving up his whole time to the business of his situation—That he did so is notorious; nor did he succeed less in office than in the senate—his method of doing business, his celerity and dispatch, astonished the deputies and underlings in his department, who frankly confessed they had no idea of such a man. In his intercourse with foreign Ministers he is said to have given universal satisfaction, and during the short time of his being Secretary of State, to have established the highest degree of reputation in every court in Europe.

Such is the man, who with the utmost propriety has been styled, *THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE*! Never yet has there appeared a statesman, who has so nobly, so boldly, and so unconditionally pledged himself to his countrymen; and we cannot but flatter ourselves, that his integrity, sagacity and judgment, whenever his Majesty may be pleased to call him to his confidence, will fully justify those great expectations, which not only his country, but we may say, the world, have formed from his unbounded talents and powers.

EXHIBITION OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

No. II.

MR. KING.

MR. King has every right to a situation next Mrs. Abington; he is as much a child of Nature, the impression he has made upon the public has been as general, and his performances have been crowned with the same applause. We learn he is descended from a respectable family in the county of Hants. He was himself born in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, in the month of September, 1730, and is the son of Mr. Thomas King, a gentleman now living at Reading, in Berkshire, on a small but independent fortune. Mr. King, very early in life, was placed in Westminster School, being intended for the university, and afterwards for the bar; but some family difficulties and disputes arising, he was taken from Westminster before he

had made his way through the school, and in about a year after arrived to an eminent attorney. His first visit to the theatres happened in the course of the year before he went 'prentice, and he instantly became enamoured with the drama. His master, Mr B——, has been heard to say, that if Tom would take Coke upon Littleton turn about with Shakespeare, he would make a very capital figure in the law. It would be idle to follow this excellent comedian through all the stages of his juvenile career from this period; we are told he quitted the desk, and repaired to Yarmouth, where he made his first appearance in the character of Oltrick in Hamlet, in Mr. Herbert's company. After this his friends prevailed on him to return to London, where he met a Mr. Erskine, then captain of a sixty gun ship, who observing in our hero a lively turn of conversation, he prevailed on him to accompany him to sea. To
this

this voyage King consented; but had been but a few days on board, when not liking, as we may suppose, a cabin so well as a green-room, he took a very short leave of his patron, and when he was by the family thought perhaps in the Mediterranean, was once more in a company of strolling players, and exhibiting with great pomp in a garret at Tunbridge, in Kent.

We understand he played a few months in this manner, and would probably have continued longer in the same situation, had he not met with a warm friend in the Rev. Dr. L——, who encouraged him to make an offer of his services to the London managers. The Doctor was perfectly right in his advice, for we find Mr. King was engaged by Mr. Yates to play with his summer company at Windsor, and Mr. Garrick engaged him for the two succeeding winters at Drury-Lane Theatre. Those characters Mr. King was most happy in representing while in the country, he had not an opportunity of exhibiting to a London audience, having been in the possession of old staggers, who, though they may be just as much fit for representing them as Macklin the character of Young Bevil, or his hobby-horse, Macbeth, yet they would as soon part with life as the slightest of them. Mr. King, though he was well received in Allworth in *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, and *Tattle in Love for Love*, in the course of his first season under the auspices of Garrick, yet, like a neglected genius, he hoped for better days, and he solaced himself with the reflection, that the greatest characters, in all ages, have shared a similar fate. His next season was crowned with greater applause, tho' he appeared in a serious cast of acting, which was by no means suited to his admirable comic genius. In this season we find him in the characters of *George Barnwell*, and *Valerius*, in the *Roman Father*.

When he had finished his engagement with Mr. Garrick, he closed with the proposals of Mr. Sheridan, then manager of Smock-Alley Theatre, in Dublin, in October, 1780. Here he gave a loose to his comic powers, and met distinguished applause every time he entertained his Hibernian patrons, who discovered in him what that sage gentleman, Mr. Garrick, could not,—an admirable display of originality in every character he appeared in. Here he remained till Mr. Sheridan abdicated the dramatic throne, when our hero was engaged by Mr. Simpson, of

Bath, to conduct his theatre, and perform his principal characters. Here he remained for one season, when he heard of Mr. Sheridan's return to his old government, which he was so well pleased with, that he instantly set off and enlisted under his banner. A short while after an opposition took place between Sheridan, and those two powerful visitors, Barry and Woodward, when he quitted his theatre again, and our hero engaged with the Crow-Street managers instantly. Here he was convinced, after a short trial, that Woodward would keep him in the back ground of the drama, if he remained long with him, as their abilities were in a great measure upon a par, to prevent which he judiciously retreated, and repaired to Drury-Lane, where he was engaged to fill those parts. Mr. Woodward, by going to Ireland, left unfilled.

Here he performed *Squire Groom* in *Love A-la-mode*, and met with considerable applause. The next character he performed, he is to be considered an original in, we mean *Lord Ogleby*.—What a good critic said of him in this character is so just, that we cannot pass it by unnoticed.—“*Lord Ogleby*, tho' pronounced a very near relation of *Lord Chalkstone*, is most certainly as much an original, and as much a child of laughter, as any character on the stage—haughtily vain, pleasantly odd, commendably generous; a coxcomb not void of sense, a matter full of whim, a lover full of false fire, yet a valuable friend; possessed of delicate feelings and nice honour: the peculiarities of this difficult part are supported with eminent abilities by that most excellent comedian Mr. King, who, notwithstanding his chief praise derives from being a chaste delineator of nature, here strikes out in the water-colour painting of life, a most beautiful and striking caricature, conceived with some degree of poetical extravagance, yet so meliorated by his execution, that thousands who have never seen such a human being as *Lord Ogleby*, must, amidst involuntary bursts of laughter, allow, nay, wish there may be such a man, whose foibles are so inoffensive. If Mr. King shews more merit in any one passage than another, it is where *Sterling* says to the young couple, “*Love—well, you shall leave my house, and, madam, you shall follow him*,” to which the peer with infinite good nature replies, “and if they do, I shall receive them into mine.”—Though it does not always follow, that what an actor feels most, he can express best; yet we may venture to say,

say, a kind of sympathetic union gives this short sentence peculiar force and beauty in Mr. King's utterance.

From this period Mr. King has risen in the public estimation, and it would be a difficult matter to decide on, whether his public or private reputation is most admired; both stand in the first rank of praise; and, if we have reviewed mankind right, we believe he stands foremost with the gentlemen of his profession for every good quality of human nature; and it would not be amiss if some of the portraits we shall have occasion to exhibit by and by, would give a faithful representation of this excellent character in their transactions with mankind.—Mr. King has been for some years principal *proprietor* of Sadler's Wells, and is now acting manager at Drury-Lane Theatre, a depart-

ment he is every way qualified for. We cannot finish this portrait without giving our readers an admirable anecdote relating to this gentleman, which now appears in print, for the first time. "Doctor Goldsmith calling on Hugh Kelly one evening, at a time he wrote for a magazine, the Doctor pressed the scribe to sup with him at the Globe, in Fleet-Street; Kelly excused himself, by saying, he could not sit down to supper till he had put an *end to the life* of Mr. King, of Drury-Lane Theatre, as the *Devil* had been twice with him since morning about it. "Then (said the Doctor) resist the temptations of the *Devil*, for heaven's sake, for, you will be considered on all hands the damndest murderer in the universe, if you put an *end to the life* of so valuable a member of society."

DESCRIPTION OF THE CITIES OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER, and the BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK. Concluded from page 24.

BESIDES St. James's palace, built by Henry VIII. here were two other beautiful palaces within the precincts of Westminster, viz. Whitehall, built by cardinal Woolsey, and Somerset-house, built by the duke of Somerset, uncle to Edw. VI. protector of England. It was the residence of queen Catharine, dowager of king Charles II. and was settled on the late queen Caroline, in case she had survived his late majesty. But it is now pulled down, and a new building, called Somerset Place, for a public office, building on its site, which has not its equal in this kingdom. Near Exeter Exchange is an ancient building, called the Savoy, from Peter earl of Savoy and Richmond, who first erected a house here in 1245. This house afterwards came into the possession of the friars of Montjoy; of whom queen Eleanor, wife of king Henry III. purchased it for her son, Henry duke of Lancaster. In the reign of Edward III. this was reckoned one of the finest palaces in England; but in 1381, it was burnt to the ground, with all its sumptuous furniture, by the Kentish rebels under Wat Tyler. It now belongs to the crown, and consists of a large edifice, built of free-stone and flint, in which detachments of the king's guards lie, where they have a prison for the confinement of deserters and other offenders, and lodgings for recruits. A part of the Savoy was allotted by king William III. to the French refugee, who have still a chapel here, which was

the ancient chapel or church of the hospital. In queen Elizabeth's reign, Westminster had but four parish churches, besides St. Peter's, within its liberty, viz. St. Margaret's, St. Martin's near Charing Cross, the Savoy church, and St. Clement's Danes; but now it has two parish churches in that called the city, viz. St. Margaret's and St. John's; and seven parish churches in its liberty, viz. St. Clement's Danes, St. Paul's, Covent-garden, St. Mary le Strand, St. Martin's in the Fields, St. Ann's, St. James's, and St. George's Hanover Square. In St. Margaret's parish are three markets, a hay-market, one for fish, &c. It first returned members to parliament in the first of Edward VI. The precinct of St. Martin's le Grand, though in the city of London, is subject to the city or borough of Westminster, whose deputy-steward holds a court of record here once a week, for the trial of capias's, attachments, and all personal actions; this precinct has therefore sometimes claimed a right to vote for its members of parliament; but it has not always been allowed.

But of all the public institutions that engage the attention of the curious, the British Museum is the greatest. It was formerly called Montague-house, because the noble family of that name built it for their town residence. It was purchased by money granted by parliament 1753, and designed not only as a library for gentlemen to study in, but also as a place for the reception of natural

tural and artificial curiosities, to be shewn to every person gratis, according to a settled form of prescribed rules.

All the books belonging to the kings of England, from Henry VII. to the death of his late Majesty, are deposited here, together with all the manuscripts collected by sir Robert and sir John Cotton. All the curiosities of the late sir Hans Sloan are also here; and the whole valuable collection of manuscripts belonging to the late earl of Oxford.

Many other benefactions have been since added to this valuable library; particularly by Mr. Wortly Montague, and sir William Hamilton, envoy at Naples; and one copy of every book entered in the hall of the company of stationers is always sent here, as it was formerly to his majesty's library at Westminster.

Thus we have described in as accurate a manner as our publication will admit, London, Southwark and Westminster, which join and form the vast mass of building called London. In which are the following places of diversion and pleasures, viz. Vauxhall gardens, at Lambeth, Ranelagh-rotunda, and gardens near Chalcote, Hyde, and St. James's parks, Kensington-gardens, Covent-garden, and and Drury-lane play houses, the opera-houses, and theatre royal in the Hay-market. Besides these are a great number of assembly rooms, &c. and the city is surrounded on all sides with tea-houses, which have spacious and elegant gardens, bowling greens, skittle-grounds, fish-ponds, &c. Learned bodies of Men besides the clergy, who meet at Sion-college, London-wall, are the royal society, royal academy of arts and sciences, society of antiquarians, in Somerset-place, the Society of arts and sciences in the Adelphi, the college of physicians in Warwick-lane, and the society of Gresham-college, over the Royal exchange. The number of places of worship, besides St. Paul's cathedral and the collegiate church at Westminster, are 102 churches and 69 chapels of the established religion, 21 Protestant chapels, 11 chapels belonging to the Dutch, Germans, and Danes, 33 baptist meetings, 26 independent meetings, 28 presbyterian meetings, 19 popish chapels, and meeting houses, for the use of foreign ambassadors, and people

of various sects: and three Jews synagogues. In fine there are 326 places devoted to religious worship, in the compass of this vast pile of buildings, without reckoning the out parishes, usually included within the bills of mortality.

There are also in and near this city 100 alms houses, about 20 hospitals and infirmaries, three colleges, 14 public prisons, 15 flesh markets, one market for live cattle, and one for fish, two other markets more particularly for herbs, and some other markets, 12 inns of court, 27 public squares, besides those within any single buildings, as the temple, &c. three bridges, 49 halls for companies, eight public schools, called free schools, and 121 charity schools, which provide education for 5034 poor children; 207 inns, 551 coffee-houses and taverns, 5975 ale houses, 1000 hackney coaches, 400 ditto chairs, 7000 streets, lanes, courts, and alleys, and 130,000 houses, containing about 1,000,000 inhabitants, who, according to a late estimate, consume annually the following articles of provision:

Black cattle	-	-	98,244
Sheep and lambs	-	-	711,123
Cattle	-	-	194,760
Swine	-	-	186,932
Pigs	-	-	52,000
Poultry and wild fowl innumerable			
Mackerel sold at Billingsgate	14,740,000		
Oysters, buihels	-	-	115,536
Small boats, with cod, haddock, whiting, &c. over and above those brought by land carriage, and great quantities of river and salt fish	-	-	1,398
Butter, pounds weight, about	16,000,000		
Cheese, ditto, about	20,000,000		
Gallons of milk	-	-	7,000,000
Barrels of strong beer	-	-	1,172,494
Barrels of small beer	-	-	798,490
Tons of foreign wines	-	-	35,044
Gallons of rum, brandy and other distilled waters, above	-	-	11,000,000
Pounds weight of candles above	-	-	11,000,000
Chaldrons of coals in 1781	700,000		

At a moderate computation made in 1761, of the expences in provision in this metropolis, supposing a million of people in it, which is generally allowed, it amounted to 13,174,108l. 7s. 4d.

HAVING collected the sayings of the seven sages of Greece, relative to morals in our penult essay; according to our promise in our last, we shall here indulge our reflections upon these important lessons of morality, by attempting to represent their substance in one point of view; then consider the character thereby delineated; and conclude with a few cursory remarks upon some of their ethic prescriptions. It must be owned, that they are all consonant to Nature, and to the unbiassed feelings of the human heart, in consequence of which, they are clear, forcible, and adapted to the capacity of every individual, who uses aright the powers of understanding. If it holds, that the philosophy which is most easy, and hath the least of things obscure, or hard to be understood, is the best, I imagine we may safely ascribe this quality, to the philosophy of those early periods; rather than to modern schools, or later systems; though perhaps far more studied and celebrated. But the justice of this observation, must be better discerned after briefly considering the doctrine itself, which may run thus:

Let the supreme being, be the first, and chief object of your adoration, and his works both your delight, and your unremitting study; he is the ancient of days, who had neither beginning nor birth; the source of wisdom, power, and goodness; who doth what he pleases in heaven, and who by his providence, founded on general, but unalterable laws, rules, and manages the affairs of men. On every occasion therefore God is to be acknowledged, by the inhabitants of this world, whose wisdom and felicity, will consist not a little in their uniformly resolving their wills into his, as far as it can be learnt, and consulting him on every emergency, whether ordinary or extraordinary. What succeeds with you, ascribe to the divine agency, and whatsoever it be in which you fail, conclude it to be for your real interest upon the whole. Be not religious by fits and starts, but persevere in the practice of piety; in the amending of your heart, as well as in the improvement of your understanding and in the subduing of your passions, as well as in the conciliating of your affections. Remain assured, that the more you study the dispensations of providence, the greater will

be both your present enjoyments, and your chance of future fame.

See that the desire of ennobling, and of adorning, your minds, far exceeds the care you take, for the beautifying, and the preserving of your bodies. That you may do this with propriety, first be at pains, judiciously to ascertain, the difference and value of the one from the other. Your soul is a particle of the divine nature, allied to heaven, fitted for its enjoyments, and connected with its inhabitants. Your body, on the contrary, sprang from earth, is cemented by corruption, and naturally drags to mean pursuits. Prefer the worthier, especially in a case of such moment to yourselves. He most deserves the favour of God, who watches the closest over, and is the eagerest to improve, what is dearest to him upon earth.

Pay the deserved returns of grateful respect, uniform obedience, and cheerful assistance to your parents, and by imitating their virtues in your own conduct, prove yourselves their legitimate offspring. Then faults conceal; and in proportion to their obvious number, try to multiply in yourselves the opposite virtues, not knowing, but even they may, if you are withall prudent, be allured by the example. At any rate no deed of theirs will excite your neglect or disobedience. Admit them to be undeserving in the eyes of others, they ought never to be so in yours; nor can your filial duty wear a more amiable appearance, than when exciting itself under the infirmities of their temper, or their age. Your having paid this duty, may prove one cause why you shall receive it in your own turn: and where this affection is wanting, you seldom, if ever, can find another virtue resistant.

Knowing that the happiness of society entirely depends upon the wisdom of its laws, with the due execution of them, contribute all in your power, to the peace of that in which you live; by acting in every respect agreeable to its peculiar institutions, and to the rank you hold under these; allow them not to be hurt, weakened, or infringed with impunity, by any faction from within, or enemy from without; but consider the violator of them, or the encroacher on the rights and property of the community, as your foe, nor spare him, because his

station

station may dazzle you, or his subtilty offer you presents. Beyond thy life or fortune love your country, nor refuse thy blood, when her honour or her interest demand it. Value not private lots in comparison of public gain, should they stand in competition; sacrifice all tender or personal attachments to public concerns.

Whilst you obey the higher powers, those who are in authority over you, be acute in perceiving where respect and reverence is particularly due, and then be diligent in payment of it. Among you let the hoary head meet with honour, and the feeble feet of age with support, because with the aged dwells wisdom, and from their experience, you may with safety, and more certainty, learn the maxims of prudence, in connection with the means of living tolerably happy and contented. Self interest is also promoted by such compliance, seeing the alacrity, wherewith you discharge this, becomes the motive, why, in an after period, it will be readily paid to you likewise.

Since the number of assumed characters in the world is great, and the difficulty to distinguish real ones equally so, be not rash in forming friendships, lest your disappointment in the alliance, prove the source of your bitterest woes. Weigh the professions of men well, before you trust to them; and make use of the different scales, furnished by the passions, with the latent ideas of self interest: more on the private and the general views of mankind, ere you fix the weight of particulars. Friendship scarce ever is the child of familiarity, yet that of thousands has no other support; whence we need not wonder at its speedy dissolution. Should you however be fortunate enough to secure a friend; beyond every other earthly boon, prize the acquisition: enter with unaffected joy into his joys, and if you cannot prevent, or immediately remove his distresses, or his misfortunes, whether in mind, body, or estate; cheerfully bear if possible, a more than equal part of them. Consider a true friend, a tried friend, as the best panacea heaven ever sent on earth for human afflictions, as the only evergreen of mortality; and as the one half of your own soul, dear as its noblest interests, and to be attended to with equal concern. Not only bear with his foibles, but excuse his temper, and even struggle against his passions, so long, as you doubt not the

rectitude of his heart, and the sincerity of his attachments. Reproach him not, though he recede from thee a little, nor ever part with him, but for the most urgent reasons, which neither your judgment, nor your feelings, in any subsequent period may accuse.

Train up your children in the habits of virtue and goodness, by your example and your precepts. Recommend wisdom as their highest attainment; as their noblest pursuit; and stimulate them to search for happiness, in the paths of understanding. For this purpose, give the best education you can, and with tenderness, yet extreme care, teach their young ideas how to shoot, and give the most pleasing bias to their expanding affections. Let your management of them be regulated in a great measure by the peculiarity of their genius and constitution: otherwise you may blast your own fondest hopes, and lay the seeds of their ruin and misery. Early impress them with religious ideas; with notions of benevolence to their fellow creatures; what they want in power let them supply in pity: of usefulness to the community to which they belong; and of a due subordination to the laws under which they live.

Consider the nature of relative duties, and invariably discharge them as if you were the receiver, not the giver. If a ruler, use moderation, and be more solicitous to pursue useful, than new, or singular plans: account to your conscience for the exercise you make of the authority vested in you. If you are among the ruled, rather bear with what may be somewhat hard, than by your refractory temper, or too keen spirits, cause those commotions, subversive of regularity and good order, whose issue you must be ignorant of, and which it is far easier to raise, than to subdue.

If a husband, be industrious, frugal, tender and chaste. If a wife, be obedient, discreet, prudent and exemplary. If a master, be gentle and easy. If a servant be faithful, diligent, and watch for your master's interest, as if it were your own.

Avoid idleness as the cradle of vice, for it is not more injurious to your body, than noxious to the faculties of your mind. Set not your hearts upon riches, but love the golden mediocrity. Should wealth abound, contend for praise by seeking out virtue in distresses, relieving it, and on every occasi-

on be proud, without letting that pride be seen, much less avowing it, to do the most friendly and benevolent actions. If poor, display the fortitude of your mind, together with the wisdom of your experience, by a calm resignation to your lot; and the integrity of your heart, by taking no unjust, or indirect means, to better your condition. Minutely survey every thing, cautiously hear every thing: but put a strict bridle upon your tongue; for wickedness and mischief, generally owe their birth and progress more to words, than to deeds. In proportion as you are guarded in conversation, will be both your own quiet, and the respect which others will pay to you.

Above all things, entertain the highest regard for truth, therefore be honest in your transactions, faithful to your engagements, and true to all your promises. Abhor dissimulation, yet be neither subtle nor simple. Reveal not what is committed to your bosom; and carefully avoid the times or circumstances, wherein you are apt to be the least upon your guard. Form your opinion of others, from their real worth and character; not from the blood in their veins; the honours they may have obtained; their rank in life; or from their vast possessions.

View ingratitude as the highest of crimes, and of course the strongest mark of a vicious character; being assured, that in the breast where it reigns, no amiable quality ever did, or could dwell.

Examine well the company you keep; for not only their manner, but their principles, will soon become yours. Give no ear to slander, because when once your understanding admits the shameful poison, your tongue will intensify learn to disseminate it.

Seeing mankind for the most part are too little disposed to candour and to compassion, conceal your domestic or private misfortunes; for your disclosing them even to a supposed friend, may only serve to unveil their flimsy pretences; your very woes they may insult; knowing where you are embarrassed, they may increase your embarrassments; and maliciously or wantonly enlarge the wound, of which you have too easily apprised them.

Whatever be the usage you receive from others, never let hatred settle in your heart; avoid ostentation, with every mean pleasure, and let temperance preside over your every meal. Shun an inquisitive person; keep much at home; and prudently divide your time between action and contemplation.

Such is the scope of the moral precepts of the Seven Sages of Greece, which, as has been already observed, philosophers of a certain cast, will judge perfectly adequate for every purpose of public and private felicity; while others will esteem it deficient in some of the most interesting and essential articles. But of this we shall speak more fully in our next.

FIDELIO.

The MENTAL COUNSELLOR. A New Occasional Periodical Paper.

No. I.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To rule the genius, and to mend the heart.

POPE'S Prologue to Cato.

A VARIETY of periodical publications have arisen from the ashes of the Spectator, the Guardian, and the Tatler. Such was the excellent design of those papers, that it is not the least surprising they should excite a spirit of emulation, and a disposition to adopt their manner. Imitators, as usual, have had various success, some having caught the spirit of the original, others deviated into a shameful inferiority. All, however, have contributed to shew the merit of the first plan. With trembling hand, therefore, the Mental Counsellor takes up his pen on the present occasion. He is conscious that he has an excellent work

to copy, but doubtful whether his abilities will enable him to preserve the likeness. One thing he may with safety promise; that in the chastity of his paper he will keep pace with his predecessors. It shall be ever subservient to the interests of Religion, Honesty, and Virtue. Infidelity shall not sport with Piety, Ridicule shall not wanton with Integrity, nor shall Indecency call forth the blush on the cheek of Modesty. Variety shall be counted in every pleasing and becoming shape. There is one point in which the Mental Counsellor will differ from most others: He will give his opinions without desiring or expecting fees.—He has

has too great a diffidence of his own talents not to have solicited the assistance of friends; from one of whom he has received the following case.

To the MENTAL COUNSELLOR.

"Sir,

I HAVE three daughters, by nature joined thoroughly agreeable. At an early period of life they discovered a strong attachment to reading. This disposition I encouraged, conceiving it would tend to entertain and improve their minds. For a time it had the desired effect. I frequently was pleased with the repetition of the most exalted sentiments of virtue and female patriotism in their conversation. The stories they related were of the most respectable characters in ancient and modern history. Of late, however, things have taken a different turn. Real personages are forgotten, and fictitious ones engage their attention. The subscription of the Roman ladies, *pro patria*, gives way to that for Lady Fashion's malquade. The death of Lucretia ceases to draw tears, though they flow swiftly for the disappointments of Lucy Lovewell. This I have not yet particularly lamented, as I trust the contagion has hitherto only affected the head, not injured the heart. It gives me, however, much concern to observe in my children this deviation from wisdom for folly, and from substantial information for trifling delusions. I am apprehensive that the change may prove hurtful, if not fatal to those whose interests, as a father, I have most at heart. Thus situated, I solicit your advice on the occasion; having been informed that you are as ready as able to assist mankind in cases of embarrassment.

I remain, with respect,

Your obedient servant,

GILES RUSSETT."

Mr. Russett appears as worthy, and more sensible, than most parents. In encouraging his daughters to read at an early period, he acted wisely. He was only unfortunate in not discovering their change of taste soon enough. Had it remained as at first, it would have justified his expectations. All he can now do is, to dissuade the ladies from their present practice. He seems to think the danger at present is not great, the head only and not the heart being injured. He must not be too confident on this score, for they are intimately connected. A weak

judgment may be easily seduced into those vices and errors, which are courted and admired by a depraved disposition. Modern novels in general vitiate the taste, if they do not corrupt the morals. Let not the Mental Counsellor be misunderstood. Some productions of that kind exhibit temples of Virtue and Wisdom, raised by the hands of Nature and Elegance. The great majority of them are founded on improbability, poor in style, barren in originality of plot, and dangerous in example. Females in education have two enemies, those who think they are not the objects of it, or those who instruct them in things which are at least as well and often better unknown. The Mental Counsellor holds them in higher esteem. He thinks they have minds capable of comprehending the most exalted branches of learning, and is sorry to see them employed in inferior pursuits. Mr. Russett must act mildly in his present situation. He must proceed by slow degrees, and the gentle arts of persuasion, to reform his daughters. He must rather flatter their judgment, than assert his own authority. If he is violent and severe, they will conceive that he has some other object to promote, than their happiness. Thus much the Mental Counsellor has hinted; the rest must be left to the prudence and judgment of the parent. The novels that improve youth have not been mentioned, lest it should be thought that the writer has a particular purpose to serve. They will easily be discovered by sensible tutors, guardians, and fathers.

The second case sent for the opinion of the Mental Counsellor is that of a young gentleman, struck with the pleasures and advantages of a theatrical life, and inclined to quit his present situation for the purpose of treading the stage. He writes as follows:

"To the MENTAL COUNSELLOR."

"Sir,

"I AM a young fellow possessed of a place in one of the public offices. My rank and salary are respectable and genteel. But I am, notwithstanding that, inclined to change my situation. The Theatre presents itself to me as the seat of fortune, fame, and happiness. I have received a polite education, and understand French, music, dancing, and fencing. My person is esteemed by my friends well proportioned and tolerably agreeable. Thus qualified and "armed at all points,"

points," I have resolved to "walk the boards." A veteran actor, of twenty years standing, informs me that I shall make a capital figure, and, under his auspices, I am shortly to appear at the Haymarket Theatre. He is confident that I shall astonish the Town, and assures me that I need not doubt of being engaged at one of the winter houses immediately after. Under these circumstances I wish for your advice, though I think it unnecessary, and will not promise to follow your instructions. Thine,

Black Lion, D. SCENELOVE.
Little Russell-street.

"P. S. I have often been in company with the performers of both houses. Their happiness has been my envy. They are admired by every body. I am always at the Play, or the Black Lion, after office-hours."

Mr. Scene-love adds one to the number of persons deceived by theatrical appearances. So strong a delusion is this, that if our correspondent had not hinted it, we should have had little hopes of his following advice. It becomes us, however, to perform our duty. All the requisites Mr. Scene-love possesses are not sufficient to ensure his success. They are but appendages, and constitute not the principal qualifications of a player, which consists in chief of a singularly just conception of his author, a correct imitation of nature, and consequently an extensive judgment, accompanied by various and vigorous powers of execution. With even these advantages, respectable engagements are not speedily procured. A Siddons and a Henderson "long

bloomed unseen." To strole, is to experience the joint oppressions of poverty and slavery: for country managers are petty tyrants. The promise Mr. Scene-love has received, has ruined many. His postscript information shows how little he is acquainted with real facts. On the stage and in company, players "afflict a joy that's foreign to the heart." Their talents, it is true, are admired in the theatre, and convivial meetings, but it is a temporary esteem, not a solid friendship: like their gaiety it is merely public. If these trifles are not sufficient to check the designs of our correspondent, let him take a theatrical trip to Bright-helmston, where, if his dramatic madness is not cured by the salt water, he will surely be brought to his senses by the behaviour of the manager. Such is the advice and such has been the conduct of

THE MENTAL COUNSELLOR.

A letter signed "Cibber Revived," and another signed "Puffing Refuted," have both been received, and are equally rejected. Mrs. Siddon's friends have unjustly and improperly raised, or attempted to raise, her merits, by detracting those of other actresses. On their part (justified only by provocation) they have made a resort uncountous. The fair way to decide on the merits of performers, is to leave them to public proba-tion. The Mental Counsellor knows fullsome panegyric cannot support inferiority; nor envy lessen superior talents. He, therefore, advises an alteration of conduct in all parties.

(To be continued.)

THE MAN-MILLINER. No. XI.

THOUGH her Grace of Devonshire has secluded herself from the fashionable world, yet the polite circles wear as brilliant an appearance as when she appeared at the head of them. The amiable Archduchess of Rutland is now the leading star in the firmament of dress and elegance; and Lady Sefton, Lady Augusta Campbell, and Lady Salisbury, are her attendant satellites. To give an account of the straw ornaments they have in a great measure given birth to, and continue to patronize, would be tedious, even to the first votary of fashion. Par-lassees, or, straw-coats, are very much in vogue, this manufacture is borrowed from the French, and is very neat, they are in surfact, callico, fine linen, or stuff. This

month has likewise exhibited hoops, made with cord, instead of cane, which renders them much lighter. Sullibus bustonts are much admired, and take the lead of the other bustonts, which we think much nearer.

Gibraltar fans, ornamented with gold and silver, upon paper, silk, &c. are in estimation. Goat's-beard muffs, and feathers are likewise much admired.

MASQUERADE INTELLIGENCE.

The masqued ball at the King's theatre, on Monday evening the 3d of March, consisted of near 500 dominos and characters, who assembled about one o'clock: the decorations of the house were exactly similar to those of the last masquerade at this place; but the company was not so sprightly.

sprightly, for want of a supper, which never fails to inspire with festive jollity!—Ice-creams, coffee, tea, sandwiches, champagne, claret, port, and madeira, were the refreshments, and those very liberally supplied.—The only striking characters were a French Courier, a Scotch Physician, a West-country Squire, a tall Country Lad, a Boy and rattle, and the ingenious Madam in his gouty chair, who was rather roughly treated by two or three Birdwell-boys, who drove his chair round with great violence, and frequently over set it. The other characters were composed, as usual, of Tunks, May-day Chimney-sweepers, Nuns, Friars, Shepherdesses, Noddy-girls, &c. &c. Two of Hughes's heroines walked the room the whole night, linked in fond embrace, and dressed in the habits of male Opera-dancers.—Various elegant fancy-dresses were sported on the occasion, at the head of which must be ranked, that of the *Perdita*, composed of brown and pink, which was relieved and decorated with the greatest taste: Colonel T—n, on whose arm she reclined the greatest part of the evening, appeared as an Huzzar; we are sorry that an *amorous fracas* should have happened between the lovers, to render it necessary for the piqued enamourata to seek the charitable wing of Mr. J— T—d during the remainder of the night's entertainment.—There were but few persons of distinction present, owing to Lady Buckinghamshire's masqued route being the same night. The Prince of Wales was present, and had a supper provided for him, which was served up in *two editions*; the first was partaken of by those, who in the court phrase are called the *Prince's friends*: but

*Qui à la ville, et surtout en Provence
Les gens grossiers appellant Maque-
reaux!*

The second *repas* was shared among a select few of the frail sisterhood, whose names we decline mentioning on this occasion. Amongst the few men of rank who appeared in dominoes, were Lords Hinchinbroke, Cholmondeley, Palmerstone, Edward Bentinck, Mr. J. Townshend, Col. St. Leger, Col. Phipps, together with a tolerable sprinkling of country Baronets.—The *Perdita*, Bulkeley, Lawr—ce, Cor—yn, and Wilkin, were at the head of the *Cyprian* detachments.—Fresh supplies of wines were brought in at three o'clock, which enabled the *bucks* to keep it up till about

eight, when the rooms became cleared off their last, and most troublesome tenants!

The spirit of Sunday routs has diffused itself almost generally among the higher order of mortals, cycloped fashionable, and they sit down as regularly to cards as their great grandmothers did to read the bible. The ace of spades has turned Moses and the prophets out of doors, and the four kings triumph over the twelve apostles.

It is said there is a new order to be instituted for the ladies, of which the Queen is to be sovereign. It is to be a star and girdle, and the number are to be limited to twenty-five.

A few days ago Miss W—t, daughter of Sir C—r W—t, of A—y, in Lincolnshire, set off on a matrimonial expedition with Mr. W. M—rs, son of the Rev. Mr. M—rs, of S—k W—y. The young lady obtained leave of her father to see the fox-hounds throw off that morning, was attended by a servant, and on her arrival at cover met the above young gentleman, when they immediately got into a chaise, and proceeded with the utmost expedition to Grantham, where the Hymeneal rites were performed, both being of age. It is said the young lady possesses a fortune of 14,000 l.

Dr. Denman is the professional gentleman who now presides over the Duche's of Devonshire's Lufinian Mysteries. It is with sincere pleasure we add, her Grace is as well as we wish her; that is, in other words, as well as she can be!

The whole length which Romney has lately painted for Lord Derby, is for the *platonic* chamber in Great Queen-street.

Lady Derby is now entirely domesticated at her brother's, Duke Hamilton's: an event that cannot fail to be of the best consequences to the Duche's and Lady Augusta.—The etiquette on the last mentioned little event is, that her ladyship goes every where—but to court!

A treaty of marriage is on the tapis between the Earl of Chatham and the Hon. Miss Townshend, eldest daughter of the newly-created Lord Sydney.

The match between Lady Augusta F— and her country swain, who has been so long dangling, is at length, happily for the lady, off!

The Prince of Wales's excursion next summer will be *incog.* with but few attendants, in order that he may give the less trouble to the noblemen he may honour with his company.

Lord Edward Bentinck, it is said, will have the Stewardship of the Household, his

his lordship being, in the article of table-decking, not excepting even Lord Egremont, the best *arbitrator elegantiarum*, the best bill of fare man in England?

Sir Joshua Reynolds's application has of late been as well employed, and as successful as ever.—A whole length of the Prince of Wales, with his horse in the picture, something in the manner of Lord Granby's picture. A whole length of Lord Harrington, in complete steel—whole lengths also of Lord and Lady Temple, with their eldest son, for Stowe. Another portrait also of Mrs. Robinson, totally different from the former, and her left profile.—A head of Mrs. Abington, in the *Sultan*, is also painted. Romney has not made much progress with Mrs. Siddons—indeed she has yet had but one sitting; it is to be a whole length. Two heads, that indeed, could not easily be missed, Sir Richard Jebb, and Mr. Gibbons, Romney has hit off very successfully—he has also just done, very well, two whole lengths of the Dukes of Rutland and Lady Beauchamp.

As to West—*Solito de More*—he has been making that, which will make a great figure in history. Two pictures are finished: the one, the entrance of Cromwell's soldiers into the House of Commons—removing “that bauble” the *mace*, and annihilating the Parliament in 1653; the Speaker's chair, and a group of surrounding members of parliament, form the back ground. The other picture is the Restoration of Charles the Second, in 1660—his disembarkation at Dover, and interview with General Monk—Dover Castle and the sea the back ground. The size of these charming pictures are of the same dimensions with the Boyne and la Hogue, and like these also, they are painted for Lord Grosvenor, and will we hope be engraved both by Woollett.

The following ladies may be considered as patronesses of the polite arts, in the order in which they stand; poetry, Lady Craven; painting, Lady Archer; music, Countess of Hume.

Lady A—ch—r has had so much experience in painting a certain *family portrait*, that she surely, from her practice, may be allowed ability to take *likenesses* of indifferent persons!

Lord D—y is in such high pipe, that he never fails to amuse the Westminster meeting with his singing. He is called in general, by his patriotic followers, the *musical tom-tit*; to distinguish him

from those who come more properly under the class of *humming-birds*!

The straw ornaments adopted by certain of the fair sex may have various significations; amongst some they may be supposed, like the feathers, to indicate the *lightness* of their dispositions; amongst some, that it matters not a *straw* how many lovers they have, as they can elude it alike with all of them; others may be supposed to intimate that they don't care a *straw* what the world says of them; and a nice observer may perhaps be led to conclude, that there are some *not worth a straw* among the wearers of those pretty ornaments, the first idea of which might probably have originated from the neighbourhood of Finsbury—Feathers and straws; *Pha* (says the moralist) *altogether* lighter than vanity!

Miss Skinfint, the sublime tragic actress of Drury-lane theatre, going to her three hours labour, a few evenings since, in a hackney-coach, forgot her stage jewels, diests, and other appendages, on leaving the coach, and was a stranger to the coachman's number. On relating the dismal circumstance in the green-room, one of the servants of the theatre, happened to recollect the number, went in pursuit of the coachman, and recovered the things. The liberal handed lady, with an unequalled generosity, instantly rewarded the servant with half-a-crown!!! This lady seems partial to half-a-crown; when the collection was made for the poor widow Hawtry, she gave her two and sixpence, and no doubt should the nation approach bankruptcy, she will step forward to rescue it with her half-crown!

In the concluding scene of Mrs. Siddons's *Euphrasia*, some few evenings ago, a lady begg'd leave to faint in the side-boxes; but her complexion unfortunately waxing *red* instead of *pale*, she excited more tittering than compassion from the ranks of beaux through which she was towed into the lobby!

Just as her Majesty was retiring from her box, at Drury-lane theatre, on the 21 inst. a man in the upper gallery, who spoke with an Italian accent, had the audacity to exclaim, “Your Majesty had the goodness to promise me one of your blessed Princesses in marriage.”—The indignation of the audience prevented more being heard. It was conjectured the man was in a state of insanity, and under that opinion he was permitted to escape the resentment of many persons near him.

THE
L O N D O N R E V I E W,
AND
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L.

Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

Inquiry concerning the Poor. By John M^r Farlan, D. D. one of the Ministers of Canongate, Edinburgh. Longman 8vo. 5s. 3d. boards.

THE extensive field of enquiry which this respectable author has gone over, renders his work a repository of more general information on the subject, than is to be met with in any other publication of the kind. He has examined into the causes of poverty, into the several methods that have hitherto been employed for supporting the poor, and has proposed a plan, which, if executed, would probably have the most salutary effects.

Before an effectual remedy can be applied to the increasing evil of poor-rates, &c. Dr. M^r Farlan thinks it necessary to inquire into the causes of poverty: supposing it essential to the cure of the disease that its origin should be thoroughly investigated. In this first inquiry, after having given their due weight to disease, misfortune, infancy, old-age and other natural causes of poverty: after having shewn that an increased population, the present state of society, sloth, intemperance, luxury, &c. operate as adventitious causes, he most clearly evinces that the certain prospect of supply which the poor-rates hold forth, as the too ample, and indiscriminate provision which they afford, are most conspicuously productive of indigence and immorality.

In his second inquiry he proceeds to examine the various methods of providing for the poor which have been devised in Britain, and the other countries of Europe. Here he enters into the most minute detail. Every public law, which has the poor for its object, is considered, and private charities of every denomination, together with the effects they have produced, are examined with acute discernment, and the utmost impartiality. The reasons why they have not in general produced the consequences that were expected from them are enu-

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merated with precision, as well as the causes which have sometimes effected a partial success. Upon the whole, we consider this second enquiry, as a more complete treatise on the subject than has hitherto appeared.

The third inquiry "into some more effectual methods of preventing the increase of beggars, and of providing for the poor," contains the author's plan; which goes to remedy the inconveniences and abuses that have arisen, and are still encasing. This it purposes to effect without the repeal of any old, or the sanction of any new law. The nature of our work does not permit us to enter minutely into the subject; but, that our readers may have some idea of the scheme, we shall present them with the author's "summary view of the plan proposed."

"It hath appeared from the first and second inquiries of this work, that the great number of poor, and the high amount of the poor rate, particularly in England, arises chiefly from not duly attending to the different characters and circumstances of those who apply for charity, and from indiscriminately granting a liberal supply to the idle and worthless, as readily as to the most deserving objects. By this injudicious distribution of the poor funds, an encouragement is actually given to idleness, and even to vice; the poor rate is increased, while many of those who have the best claim to our charity are neglected.

"To remedy these evils, it is in the preceding sections, proposed,

"I. To establish a more strict police, particularly in great towns, with a view to acquire a knowledge of the real characters and circumstances of those who already are, or who are likely to become objects of the public charity. I have endeavoured to shew that even in the

B b

largest

largest cities, this is far from being so difficult a task as many are inclined to think. The inattention of citizens to this duty, is that which makes it appear much more arduous than it really is.

"II. I have endeavoured to show to whom the duty of managing and overseeing the poor naturally belongs. It has been observed, that, if a proper plan of management was laid down, by which gentlemen might see it to be in their power to be essentially serviceable to themselves and to the public, there is reason to hope that persons properly qualified would not decline the duty, and that it would not be left to those of inferior characters, who in soliciting for the office, have only some selfish lucrative object in view.

"III. To lessen the trouble, and to assist the managers in the discharge of their duty, it is proposed that in towns an inspector, or in large cities two or more inspectors, should be appointed, whose business it shall be to visit the houses, and to inform themselves of the characters and circumstances of the poor, and lowest class of people, of which they shall make a faithful report to the managers, who may thereby be enabled, not only to grant a suitable allowance to such as apply to them, but to prosecute vagrants, and those of disorderly lives.

"IV. I have endeavoured more particularly to point out the principal business of the managers, and the general rules for their ordinary procedure; that the poor of bad characters ought to receive only the scantiest supply; that, though the poor of good characters should be more liberally provided for, yet this should never be equal to what an industrious man can earn by common labour; that particular attention should be given, to distinguish between those who are occasionally in distress, and those, who by age and infirmities, must remain continued burdens on the funds; and that the supply granted to the first be continued no longer than they stand in need of it; that particular attention be also bestowed on those who stand in need only of a partial supply, and those who can do nothing for themselves. A very small aid may prevent the first from coming altogether on the public; the last have no other dependence.

"In procuring funds for the support of the poor, the managers must be at

least for some time, directed by what has been the practice of the place to which they belong. In some places, a poor rate is unavoidable. Where it can be prevented, they ought to be cautious of imposing it. Though it is far from being meant to starve the poor, yet the managers ought to have frugality, in the distribution of their funds; always in view. If attention were paid to such rules, it is believed that the poor rate in many places, particularly in England, might be considerably reduced, and yet the poor be as well provided for as they now are.

"V. Where the poor are chiefly provided for by out-pensions, it is proposed to oblige those who receive pensions to wear a badge. This is with a view to prevent those who can live without pensions from applying, and to prevent those who receive pensions from begging. An exemption from wearing a badge may be sometimes granted, but to those only who are known to be the most needy, and the most deserving.

"VI. That to enforce the authority of the managers, to prevent vagrancy, and to repress idleness and vice in the lower classes of the people, it is proposed that Biletsells, or correction houses, should be built in every town and large parish. Though, through extreme bad management, they have not answered any good purpose, still any great objection exists, that they may be rendered highly serviceable by a very moderate degree of attention, and that, without them, no regular plan of police can ever be put in execution. A plan of a correction-house with rules for the management of it, is laid down, and some other proposed plans considered."

Such is the outline of the proposed plan. For the author's reasoning upon it, which is at once clear and forcible, we must refer to the book itself, where equal judgment and philanthropy are displayed. The subject is highly interesting; it merits the attention of every thinking individual, and of the British legislature.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Dr. McFarlan, is the eldest son of the late Rev. Mr. Warden, minister of Canonsgate, Edinburgh. In early youth he was educated by his mother, by whom he is descended from McFarlan, chieftain of the clan or tribe of that name. Some years ago, on succeeding to the estate

estate of his maternal uncle, he assumed (as is customary in Scotland) the name he now bears. He received the first elements of learning at Perth, where his father was minister, before his removal to Canon-gate. When this event took place, his studies were prosecuted at the university of Edinburgh, where he was equally remarkable for an amiable conviviality of disposition, and a distinguished proficiency in learning. Scarcely had he attained the state of manhood, when he had the misfortune to lose his father: and found himself, at a time of life whose duties and characteristics is not prudence, the guardian of a large family of brothers and sisters. His native good sense, and mildness of character, enabled him to execute this important duty with all the ability of an experienced father, softened by the tenderness of brotherly affection. On the decease of his father, the inhabitants of Canon-gate, well acquainted with both his talents and his virtues, chose him, at that early period of life, to succeed their venerable pastor. His unwearied attention to every duty of his office, both in private and in the pulpit, for the number of years that have since elapsed, has given the best of sanctions to their choice.

Soon after his establishment in Canon-gate, he married a cousin of his own, daughter to Mr. Mc Donnell, one of the most enterprising and successful manufacturers that Scotland had then seen; who introduced the fabrication of broad-cloths into that part of the kingdom: and which is now carried on by his son on an extensive plan. By his wife he has a large family—This our readers would have supposed of course, without our mentioning it, as the clergy, particularly the Scotch clergy, are patriarchs indeed in the art of begetting sons and daughters.

The republican constitution of the church of Scotland naturally leads to a constant discussion of church affairs, calls forth the ability of individuals, and fosters a spirit of party. Presbyteries, Synods and above all the General Assembly are the theatres on which these clerical gladiators display their *saevae fœcæ*. Here oratory draws forth all his shining weapons, and here cabal employs, through less splendid, yet more effectual arms. Here two great parties keep up a constant ferment. One, formerly led on the Scotch historiographer Dr. Robertson, are said by their anta-

gonists to be *furiosus for moderation*, by which quaint expression they would insinuate, that the party is lukewarm with regard to the interests of religion; they in return are reproached by their opponents with puritanic preciseness, and enthusiasm. To enter farther into these matters is foreign to our present purpose; we shall only observe that, amidst these contending churchmen, Dr. Mc Farlan has preserved his independence, and has given his approbation sometimes to the one and sometimes to the other, as his judgment led him to approve or disapprove of either. To shine in such assemblies, though he has on proper occasions appeared in them with distinction, seems to have been by no means his object. His natural benevolence led him to inquire into the constitution and management of the charitable institutions in Edinburgh. A peculiar clearness of understanding, and a turn for business enabled him to prosecute his inquiries with effect: and more than one of those charities have considerably profited by the unremitting attention he has paid to the removal of abuses that time, remissness, or a defect in the original constitution had occasioned. In acting thus he wisely thought that he better imitated his mild and beneficent master, than in joining in the broil of heated party. From the consideration of particular charitable institutions, he was led to examine the poor-laws, and the general management of the poor, especially in Britain. His inquiries concerning the poor are the result of the continued attention for years that he has paid to this subject. In these inquiries, the causes of poverty are investigated, the advantages and disadvantages of the various methods for providing for the poor, hitherto established, are minutely considered, and a plan for correcting many abuses, for preventing the increase of paupers, or rather which will tend to a gradual decrease, is presented to the public. The subject is truly important, and certainly merits the most serious consideration from a public, groaning under that enormous and increasing tax the poor-rate.

He is also known in the literary world by two sermons in the Scotch-publisher, and we believe some lesser publications, and by publishing a posthumous work, on which his father had bestowed many of the latter years of his life, which is a most laborious and useful performance, entitled "A System of Religion."

A Letter to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. By Richard, Lord Bishop of Landaff. 4to. Evans.

THIS performance will probably occasion a great deal of noise. It is written with a very liberal spirit, and with the most commendable intentions. The author, is known to the public, not only as an excellent Divine, but as a most virtuous Politician. We believe, therefore, his protestations, that in framing the work now before us, he was not impelled by any private view, direct or indirect; that it was not a hasty thought conceived in consequence of his promotion; and that it was not the overflow of the silly vanity of being looked upon as a reformer; But that it has been revolved long and anxiously on his mind; that he had canvassed it in conversation with men of the greatest probity and learning; and that he was incited to it by a warm and serious consideration of what he held to be his duty to the christian religion and the established church. It is his design to make such a change in the church establishment, as would produce a great change for the better in the faith and manners of the whole community. Nor do we doubt, but that the execution of his proposals would, in fact, be attended with the advantages he expects from them.

In explaining his proposals he is sufficiently periphrastic. He does not claim any new wealth to the church, but he wishes that its present emoluments were distributed more equally. He is a friend to religious liberty, and to the rights of mankind. His style is expressive and easy. But it cannot be said of him that he is either a deep thinker, or an elegant writer.

Of a performance on so public a subject as the reformation of the church, it is proper to lay before our readers an ample extract. The following passages include some of the most important parts of the plan proposed by the Bishop.

"To keep your Grace no longer in suspense as to the meaning of this address, I have two proposals to make to you; one respects the revenues of the Bishops; the other those of the inferior Clergy; both of them tending to the same end; not a parity of preferments, but a better apportioned distribution of what the state allows for the maintenance of the established Clergy.

"To begin with the Bishops. It would be an easy matter to display much diction, in tracing the history of the

establishment of the several Archbishopsricks and Bishopsricks, which now subsist in England and Wales; but as the investigation would tend very little, if at all, to the illustration of the subject we are upon, I will not mispend either your Grace's leisure or my own in making it. Whatever was the primary occasion of it, the fact is certain,—that the revenues of the Bishopsricks are very unequal in value, and that there is a great inequality also in the patronage appertaining to the different Sees. The first proposal which I humbly submit to your Grace's deliberation, is the utility of bringing a bill into parliament, to render the Bishopsricks more equal to each other, both with respect to income and patronage, by annexing part of the estates, and part of the preferments of the richer Bishopsricks, *as they become vacant*, to the poorer.—Your Grace will observe, that here is no injury proposed to be done to the present possessors of the richer Bishopsricks; let them enjoy in peace the emoluments which their great deservings, or great good fortunes have procured for them; and as to that disappointment of expectation which some men may suffer, it is of too vague a value to be estimated, it is too strange a species of property to be valued at all. Before your Grace's mind can suggest to you the difficulties of accomplishing such a design, or the other objections which may, probably, be made to it, allow me to point out some of the advantages, which I think would certainly attend it.

"1. By a bill of this kind, the poorer Bishops would be freed from the necessity of holding ecclesiastical preferments *in commendam* with their Bishopsricks; a practice which bears hard upon the rights and expectations of the rest of the Clergy; which is disagreeable to the Bishops themselves; which exposes them to much, perhaps, undeserved obloquy, but which certainly had better not subsist in the church. I do not take upon me to fix the precise sum which would enable a Bishop not to pollute gospel humility with the pomp of prelacy, not to emulate the noble and opulent in such luxuries and expensive levities as become neither Churchmen nor Christians; but to maintain such a decent establishment in the world, as would give weight to his example, and authority to his admonition; to mak
luc

such a moderate provision for his children, as their father's mode of living would give them some little right to expect; and to recommend his religion by works of charity, to the serious examination of unbelievers of every denomination.

“ 2. A second consequence of the bill proposed, would be a greater independence of the Bishops in the House of Lords.— I know that many will be startled, I beg them not to be offended, at the surmise of the Bishops not being independent in the House of Lords; and it would be easy enough to weave a logical cobweb, large enough and strong enough to cover and protect the conduct of the Right Reverend Bench from the attacks of those who dislike episcopacy. This I say would be an easy task, but it is far above my ability to eradicate from the minds of others, (who are, notwithstanding, as well attached to the church establishment as ourselves) a suspicion, that the prospect of being translated influences the minds of the Bishops too powerfully, and induces them to pay too great an attention to the beck of a Minister. I am far from saying or thinking, that the Bishops of the present age are more obsequious in their attention to Ministers than their predecessors have been, or that the Spiritual Lords are the only Lords who are liable to this suspicion, or that Lords in general, are the only persons on whom expectation has an influence; but the suspicion, whether well or ill-founded, is disreputable to our order; and, what is of worse consequence, it hinders us from doing that good which we otherwise might do; for the Laity, whilst they entertain such a suspicion concerning us, will accuse us of avarice and ambition, of making a gain of godliness, of bartering the dignity of our office for the chance of a translation, in one word of—Secularity—; and against that accusation they are very backward in allowing the Bishops or the Clergy in general, such kind of defence as they would readily allow to any other class of men, any other denomination of Christians, under the similar circumstances, of large families and small fortunes. Instead then of quibbling and disputing against the existence of a Minister's influence over us, or recriminating and retorting the petulance of those who accuse us on that account, let us endeavour to remove the evil; or, if it must not be admitted that this evil has any real existence, let us endeavour to remove the appearance of it.

A bill of the kind here proposed would be effectual to this purpose. For though it might be difficult to render the revenues of the different sees precisely equal to each other; though it might be proper that the Bishops of such laborious dioceses as London, Lincoln, and Chester, should be somewhat better provided for than those of Durham, Winchester, and Ely; since it is a maxim of Scripture that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and of common sense that the hire should be proportioned to the labour; though this, I say, might be proper, yet the disparity of income and patronage might be made so small, or so apportioned to the labour, that few Bishops, unless for local considerations, would be disposed to wish for translations, and consequently would, in appearance as well as in reality, be independent.

“ 3. A third probable effect, of the proposed plan, would be a longer residence of the Bishops in their respective dioceses; from which the best consequences might be expected. When the temptation to wish for translations was in a great measure removed, it would be natural for the Bishops, in general, to consider themselves as settled for life, in the sees to which they should be first appointed; this consideration would induce them to render their places of residence more comfortable and commodious; and an opportunity of living more comfortably, would beget an inclination to live more constantly in them. Being wedded as it were to a particular diocese, they would think it expedient to become, and they would of course become better acquainted with their Clergy; and by being acquainted with the situations, prospects, tempers, and talents of their Clergy, they would be better able to co-operate with them, in the great work of amending the morals of his Majesty's subjects, and feeding the flock of Christ. It is the duty of Christian Pastors in general, and the principal Shepherds particularly, “ to strengthen that member of the flock “ which is ~~decayed~~, to heal that which “ is sick, to bind up that which is broken, “ to bring again that which is driven “ away, and to seek that which is lost;” that these and other parts of the pastoral office can never be so well performed, as when the Shepherd is resident in the midst of his flock, can admit of no question. The manners of the English Bishops are, (I trust I speak rightly, I am certain I mean not to speak flatteringly,) as pure and irreprehensible as those of any other Prelates.

lates in Europe; and as the world in general lives more according to fashion than reason, it is not easy to conceive what beneficial influence the examples of the Bishops, residing in their dioceses, and letting their light shine before men who would be disposed to observe it, would have on the lives and conversations of both Clergy and Laity.

"I have long considered the Clergy who are dispersed through the kingdom, as a little heaven preserving, from extreme corruption, the whole mass; and the great kindness and respect, with which the whole order is treated by the best and most enlightened part of the Laity, is a proof that they consider them in the same light. Your Grace's candour and moderation will excuse me, if in this commendation I include the Dissenting Clergy, whom I cannot look upon as inferior to the Clergy of the Establishment, either in learning or morals. It is owing principally to the teaching and example of the Clergy in general, that there is not more infidelity in the highest, more immorality in the lower classes of the community. but there would, probably, be less of both, if we were all of us, in the words of Bishop Burnet, addressed to George I. "obliged to live and to be "born more suitably to our profession." It may be urged, that the attendance of the Bishops in the House of Lords, is inconsistent with the residence here spoken of—in no wise;—a longer residence does not imply a continual residence; in the course of the year opportunity enough

may be found to let the state have, on important occasions, the benefit of their advice; and their dioceses, on most occasions, the benefit of their inspection; and they will be better able to judge for themselves where, at any particular time, their presence will be of most use.

"The second thing which I have to recommend to your Grace's attention is the introduction of a bill into Parliament—For appropriating, as they become vacant, one third or some other definite part, of the income of every deanery, prebend or canonry, of the churches of Westminster, Windsor, Christ Church, Canterbury, Worcester, Durham, Norwich, Ely, Peterborough, Carlisle, &c. to the same purposes, *mutatis in tantis*, as the first fruits and tenths were appropriated by the act passed in the fifth of Queen Anne. Dignities which after this deduction would not yield one hundred a year, should not I think be meddled with.—If any one, in the outset of this inquiry, should be forward to object; that many of these preferments, being in the patronage of the Crown, ought not to be lessened without his Majesty's especial consent; let such an one know, that there is no wish to lessen them without that consent; but this consent, we are certain, will not be withheld if the proposal shall appear to his Majesty to be for the credit of the church, and the good of his subjects; and God prevent its taking effect if it will not be for both."—[For Anecdotes of the Author, see vol. II. p. 277.]

An Introduction to the Study of Polite Literature. Vol. I. 12mo. Doddsley.

THE cultivation of the English language having been lately more attended to than heretofore, we are not surprized at the number of books which have been produced on that subject. Of those who have most successfully employed their talents in assisting learners, Bishop Lowth and Dr. Priestley stand the foremost, and we are inclined to think that a diligent study of the rudiments published by those authors will of themselves be sufficient to enable young persons to become competent masters of the language of this country. We do not, however, mean to discourage any writer's efforts to improve on the works of those great men, or to deter them from pointing out readier paths to arrive at the literary goal. The present author has executed his task with ability, and we are in-

formed in his preface, that it has had the best sanction a work of this nature can be honoured with, a successful trial of its efficacy. "It was drawn up, says he, "for private and domestic use, and seemed to answer the author's expectation." This is the best eulogium a work of this sort can obtain, and infinitely better than any praises of a Reviewer.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

The author of this publication, we are informed, is Mr. Robertson, a Gentleman descended from a respectable family, which has long been fixed at Appleby, in the county of Westmorland, where he was born, and where his ancestors have time immemorial enjoyed a competent estate. He received the first rudiments of classical

classical learning under Mr. Richard Yates, Head of the Grammar School in that town, who was, it seemed, one of the most eminent Schoolmasters in that part of the kingdom. From this seminary he went to Queen's College, Oxford, where he took his degrees with considerable reputation. About the year 1738 he was instituted to the vicarage of Henliard, in Hampshire; some time afterwards to the rectory of Sutton, in Essex, and in 1779 to the vicarage of Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, to which he was promoted by his relation the present Bishop of Carlisle.

The public are indebted to this Gentleman for a sermon on The subversion of ancient kingdoms, printed in 1761; for the publication of Dr. Gregory Sharpe's posthumous discourses, and more particularly for an edition of Algegon Bydney's works, in 1772, which is men-

tioned, with the highest commendation, in the memoirs of the late Thomas Hollis, Esq.

A remarkable incident which happened in the year 1775, occasioned Mr. Robertson to stand forth very actively in defence of one he thought cruelly treated. This person was Miss Butterfield, who was tried at Croydon, for poisoning the late Mr. Scawen, of Woodcote Lodge. In her defence he published, if we are not misinformed, one or two anonymous pamphlets. He is likewise the author of a tract, entitled, An essay on culinary poisons, and is supposed to be a considerable assistant in a periodical work of establishing reputation. We have also seen some poetical pieces by this author, but cannot help deeming it an act of prudence in him to lay no stress on this part of his character.

Verbes on Sir Joshua Reynolds' painted Window at New College, Oxford.
4to. Doddsley.

THESE verses are ascribed to the classical pen of the Rev. Thomas Warton, and have been received by the public as his; but though they are unquestionably possessed of genuine merit, we cannot think them equal to other productions of that gentleman, either in classical terseness, or sentimental propriety. The piece opens thus with an address to the painter:

"Ah, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear
to trace
Those faultless forms of elegance and
grace!
Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent
mists,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking
glafs!
Nor flail, by strokes of art with truth
comb'd,
The fond illusions of my wayward mind!"
The character which the author assumes
is that of an enthusiast antiquarian, who,
enaptured,

lov'd to roam,
A fing'ring votary, the vaulted dome . . .
While SUPERSTITION, with capricious
hand,
In many a maze the wreathed window
plann'd;
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous
pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous
fane—&c. &c."

But surely a character whose pleasing reveries in a "Gothic pile" are so feelingly described in the above lines, can hardly be supposed to break out with such abrupt condemnations of its long fixed taste, as is bluntly expressed in the parts which we have given in *Italics*. To confirm this sentiment we need only to cite the conclusion of what our author calls,

"— A pensive bard's mistaken strain—"

His conviction is thus delicately touched, and it is thus that upon slow and unwilling conviction we resign the pursuits of former affection:

"From Bliss long felt unwillingly we
part;

Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart!
Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream.
Phantoms that shrink at Reason's painful
gleam,

That softer touch, insidious artist, stay,
Nor to new joys my struggling breast
tray!"

The expressions here marked in *Italics* are as happily descriptive of the painful conviction of an enthusiast, as the former ones are suddenly harsh and unnatural.

The transition to conviction, which follows the above, is equally chaste and happy.

"No more the matchless skill I call un-
kind,
That staves to disenchanted my cheated
mind—"

And

And the absurdities of the Gothic paintings on our church windows are humorously pointed out:

"Ye brawny prophets that in robes so rich,
At distance due possess the crisped nich . . .
Ye virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown . . . &c. &c."

Yet among these violations of the truth of character, the patriarchal length of beard ought surely to have had no place:

"Ye rows of patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd,
Diffuse a proud patriarchal length of beard—"

And were Sir Joshua, in a future painting for a church window, to *have* either Abraham or Aaron, he would do infinitely worse than his brother painter, who delights in drawing our Saviour in the character of a Quaker. The concluding sixteen lines of this address to our English Titian, are perhaps the most unpoetical, and feeblest versification, of any that ever came from the pen of their eminent author, who, in the present publication, adopts the stale apology that this piece was never originally designed for the press, and would not have appeared in public, if it had not been incorrectly circulated in manuscript.

And now it may not be improper to add a few observations on the pictures themselves, made upon the spot, on a late excursion to Oxford. All Sir Joshua's former paintings are remarkable for the rich gloss of his colours, and for their sudden decay or flying off. In the present pictures, it would seem, he had determined to correct or moderate this glare, but we think improperly, for several of them are certainly deficient in that glow which is proper in a church window, or, as our author ex-

dull, but the white is lively, and most happily adapted, and you look from it to the overcharged glare of the old windows with a conscious acknowledgment of the elegance of our living artist. Nor are the figures themselves without fault. The face of Fortitude has great vulgarity, and resembles a Billingsgate wench, rather than an august Minerva. Temperance seems filling out a bumper of wine, which she seems longing to taste. The figure of a female hermit catching water as it trickles from a rock, would have been more in character. But here, we are told, the painter has the ancients on his side. This plea, however, is directly against the *butcher's stallard*, which he has given to Justice, in place of the scales, to which we are familiarized, which are countenanced by all antiquity, are given by Homer to his Jupiter, and by the Scriptures to the true God. But Hope is an angel indeed! her beautiful white drapery, her attitude, the mild sublimity of her look that seems "conversing with the skies," in a word, the *tout ensemble* of this lovely figure, does Sir Joshua infinite honour, and creates from the mind of the beholder, as soon as he fixes his eye upon it, all the little blossoms or errors that before offended him.

It is proper to add, that Sir Joshua's plan is not yet finished. Over the *stallard* figures is a large part of the window, which forms a superb Gothic arch, at present filled with paintings, finished about twenty years ago. These are to be removed, together with some of the Gothic stone work, which divide the window into compartments. A painting of the nativity, with the shepherds coming to pay adoration, is to fill up the vacancy thus to be made. Under this painting the emblematical figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, supported by the four cardinal virtues, Temperance, Fortitude, Justice, and Prudence, will appear to much greater advantage, and the window will be uniform. That very ingenious artist, Mr. Jervois, it is hoped, will improve and suit his colours to the height and light of the window with more precision; and the introduction of Grecian taste, in place of the awkward and stiff attitudes of Prophets, Apostles, and Saints, which uniformly prevailed in church windows, will do honour both to Sir Joshua and Mr. Jervois, and render the window of New College Chapel the first and most masterly production of the kind in the world.

"—— to reconcile
The willing graces to the Gothic pile.

For example, the *imperial purple* which we see in some of the drapery on the other windows, had undoubtedly been better becoming Fortitude, than the dull yellow jacket which the painter has given her. The drapery in two other figures is also very

An Answer to that Part of the Narrative of Lieutenant General Sir Henry Clinton, K. B. which relates to the Conduct of Lieutenant General Earl Cornwallis, during the Campaign in North America, in the Year 1781. By Earl Cornwallis. 8vo. Debrutt. 3s. sewed.

THE Narrative of Sir Henry Clinton has given occasion to this performance. It consists of original letters between that commander and Earl Cornwallis; and as these are the only vouchers which can decide properly their differences of opinion, and unfold to the public their transactions, they are published fairly and without alterations. They are not, indeed, written with any elegance or propriety of composition; for the commanders of modern ages are almost as ignorant of letters as of arms. We mean not, however, any reflection in the present case, and desire that our remark may be taken in a general sense. For with regard to military prowess, we should believe that the two commanders are not deficient.

To his correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, Earl Cornwallis has prefixed an introduction, which contains many sensible observations.

"The perusal, says he, of this correspondence will, I think, render not only the military, but every other reader a competent judge of the propriety of my conduct, either when I acted under positive orders, present contingencies, or discretionary powers.

"It is foreign to the present purpose, and I shall therefore not endeavour to enumerate the many difficulties, which I had to struggle with, in my command of the southern district, previous to the march into North Carolina, in the beginning of the year 1781. This measure was thought expedient not only by me, but by the commander in chief: I was principally induced to decide in favour of its expediency from a clear conviction, that the men and treasures of Britain would be lavished in vain upon the American war, without the most active exertions of the troops allotted for that service; and, that, while the enemy could draw their supplies from North Carolina and Virginia, the defence of the frontier of South Carolina, even against an inferior army, would be, from its extent, the nature of the climate, and the disposition of the inhabitants, utterly impracticable. The many untoward circumstances, which occurred during the four months succeeding the complete victory of Camden, had entirely confirmed me in this opinion. Our hopes of success; in offensive operations, were not founded only upon the efforts of the corps under my

immediate command, which did not much exceed three thousand men; but principally, upon the most positive assurances, given by apparently credible deputies and emissaries, that, upon the appearance of a British army in North Carolina, a great body of the inhabitants were ready to join and co-operate with it, in endeavouring to restore his Majesty's government.

"The disaster of the 17th of January cannot be imputed to any defect in my conduct, as the detachment was certainly superior to the force against which it was sent, and put under the command of an officer of experience and tried abilities. This misfortune, however, did not appear irretrievable; and to have abandoned, without absolute necessity, the plan of the campaign, would have been ruinous and disgraceful: ruinous, by engaging us in a defensive system, the impracticability of which I have already stated; and disgraceful, because the reasons for the undertaking still existed in their full strength, the public faith was pledged to our friends in North Carolina, and I believed my remaining force to be superior to that under the command of General Greene. That this opinion was well founded, the precipitate retreat of that General from North Carolina, and our victory at Guilford, after his return with Virginia reinforcements, are sufficient proofs.

The unexpected failure of our friends rendered the victory of Guilford of little value."

The march of General Greene into South Carolina, and Lord Rawdon's danger, made my situation very critical. Having heard of the arrival of a packet from Europe, without any certain accounts of the sailing of the reinforcement, I thought it too hazardous to remain active; and, as it was impossible to receive in time any orders or opinions from Sir Henry Clinton to direct me, it became my duty to act from my own judgment and experience; I therefore, upon mature deliberation, decided to march into Virginia, as the safest and most effectual means of employing the small corps, under my command, in contributing towards the general success of the war.

"Whoever reads the correspondence will see, that, since Sir Henry Clinton had declared positively in his first, and in several subsequent dispatches, against the plan

of reducing Virginia, no explicit alternative was left to me, between complying with the requisition (contained in his letters of the 11th and 13th of June) of such troops as I could spare from a healthy defensive station, or engaging in operations in the Upper Chesapeake: The choice of an healthy situation was controlled by other material considerations; for, whilst he stated in such strong terms the imminent danger of New York, or the important effects, which he expected from the expedition against Philadelphia, I did not think myself authorized to detain any part of the troops, he so earnestly required; merely upon my opinion of the difference of the quality of the air of Williamsburgh, York, or Portsmouth; from the latter of which only, as it was already fortified, I could afford an immediate detachment. And with respect to the operations in the Upper Chesapeake, it will be remarked, that, although that plan had been for some time under the consideration of the commander in chief, he did not seem inclined to take more share in the responsibility than barely to recommend it: and many reasons, but particularly my recent failure in a similar attempt, deterred me from undertaking it, without an explicit instruction. Accordingly, that I might be enabled to comply with those orders of the 11th and 13th of June, I passed James River, (my remaining force being insufficient to fortify and maintain a post on the Williamsburgh Neck) and embarked the troops required with all possible dispatch. And it will be seen by the correspondence, that the commander in chief's opinion of the indispensable necessity of an harbour for line of battle ships only, appears in his letter of the 11th of July, after he had been acquainted, that the troops, intended for the expedition against Philadelphia, would be soon ready to sail.

"Hampton-road" was recommended by that order; but, as it was, upon examination, found totally unfit for the purpose desired, every person can judge, whether the order, did not, even in its spirit, become positive to occupy York and Gloucester; the only harbour in the Chesapeake, that I knew of then, or indeed that I have heard of since, in which line of battle ships can be received, and protected a-

gainst a superior naval force: and, as the harbour was the indispensable object, I thought it unnecessary to enter into a description of the disadvantage of the ground, against a land attack, since there remained no other choice."

"I shall make no other remark upon the enumeration, that is made of the troops under my orders, than that a great part of them were dispersed in garrisons, totally out of my reach, and that some regiments had hardly any existence, but in name. I am not in possession of the general returns of the southern district for the year 1781, but those of the corps under my immediate command, at different periods, are annexed to the correspondence.

"During that campaign, I reckoned among the many other embarrassments which I had to encounter, that, on some important occasions, it was impossible to communicate with, or to receive instructions from the commander in chief, in time to enable me to act according to his wishes: but, I trust, it will appear from the correspondence now laid before the public, that our failure in North Carolina was not occasioned by our want of force to protect the rising of our friends, but by their timidity, and unwillingness to take an active and useful part, that the move to Wilmington was rendered necessary from the distresses of the troops, and the sufferings of the numerous sick and wounded, that the march into Virginia was undertaken for urgent reasons, which could not admit of my waiting for the approbation of the commander in chief, that I did not establish the station in Virginia, but only reinforce it, that I occupied the posts of York and Gloucester by order, and was induced to remain in them by the prospect of relief, uniformly held out to me by the commander in chief, and, that, during the considerable interval between my arrival at Peterburgh, and that of the French fleet in the Chesapeake, my corps was completely at the disposal of Sir Henry Clinton, either to be withdrawn, or employed in the Upper Chesapeake, or sent back to the Carolinas,--and consequently, that my conduct and opinions were not the causes of the catastrophe, which terminated the unfortunate campaign of 1781."

Annus Mirabilis, or the eventful Year Eighty-two. An historical Poem. By the Rev. M. Tassler, A. B. Author of the Ode to the Warlike Genius of Great Britain, &c. Baldwin, 4to. 2s. 6d.

WELL may Mr. Tassler call the last year an *eventful* one, and should

his muse not be tired with historical subjects, we may expect another poem on the *eventful*

eventful year eighty-three. The preceding year, however, produced some events which deserved to be recorded, some that reflected honour on the British name, that may be contemplated with satisfaction, and might even afford hopes that the ignominy which the nation shrinks under would, at some period, be removed. The progress, however, of the present year furnishes no such agreeable expectations. All is gloom and darkness. A divided people, distracted counsels, jealousies from the influence of the crown, apprehensions from the encroachments of the popular party, a neglect of all internal regulations, and a contempt for all laws and government, make up the blank account of the present day, and leave room for meditation *et cetera* to madness.

With respect to Mr. Talker's poem, his execution of it is better than the subject, but even the former exhibits many marks of haste and carelessness.

As a specimen we shall select the following lines :

"Mid the full splendors of the solar ray,
As passing clouds obscure an April day ;
So, mid the glories of th' eventful year,
Britain's bright Genius sheds the passing tear,
For most the royal navy is her care.

Where rocky Albion's southern limits end,
And Portsmouth's lofty battlements ascend,
High on a rock, that overlooks the flood,
In pensive thought the weeping Genius stood ;
Saw dire misfortune sweep across the strand,
And, with the pressure of her heavy hand,
(While plaintive sea nymphs all around
her weep)
Plunge Britain's royal vessel* in the deep.
Fam'd ship of war! what now may thee-
avail,
Thy lofty deck, and widely spreading sail.
Where many naval heroes rais'd on high
Th' imperial standard to the wondering
sky,
And forc'd the hostile flags to bend as
they pass'd by—
Thy loss, O vessel! Britain may defy,
One noble Patriot can such loss supply:
Increasing navies Britain yet may boast,
But what can recompence thy Chieftain's
lost.

* Royal George.

+ Admiral Kempenfelt.

[For Anecdotes of Mr. Talker see vol. I.
p. 30.]

The Tragic Muse. A Poem, addressed to Mrs. Siddons. By William Ruffel.
1s. Kearsley.

WE have read better and worse poems than this, at the shrine of adulation: our author's lines are smooth and not inelegant, his thoughts wear a similar dress to many productions of this nature; indeed it would be a crime to sacrifice genius on such an uninteresting occasion. We have better subjects for the poetic muse than an individual, whose excellence is a meteor at the best, and must be forgot, as Colley Cibber justly observes, in a few years at most. By asserting this, we do not mean to depreciate the Tragic Muse, but to put our author in mind of a lesson he has no doubt learned ere this, that no character is entitled to such boundless praise, but that that has acquired laurels in the service of the country of which it is a subject, or one elevated in some leading and brilliant science.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. William Ruffel, the author of this poem, was born in Scotland; he came to

London in the year 1767, and entered into the service of Mr. Strahan, the King's Printer, as a Composer, where he remained but a short while, having turned his thoughts to the Muses. He has introduced into the literary world a number of articles, some of which bear his name: the productions that we know to a certainty to be his, are the following, History of Modern Europe, in two volumes; History of America, in two volumes; History of Women, in two volumes; Tales moral and sentimental. Julia, a poetical Romance; an Ode to Fortune; part of the first volume of the New Annual Register, and the Poem now reviewed. Of all these productions the History of America is entitled to the greatest share of praise: it was published, if we recollect right, in numbers, and had a good sale. He has been heard to relate an anecdote of himself, which we shall take notice of. He waited on Mr. Garrick with a tragedy, built on the same story of Mr. Murphy's Zenobia,
C c 2

Zenobia, at the very time Mr. Murphy's distinguished performance was in rehearsal. severe censure, this vanity of our author.

This Gentleman has been very much censured for gross egotism, accompanied with a degree of heat about his writings, that the judicious have laughed heartily at. Indeed when we review the weakness of human nature, and listen to every Irishman who tells us he is descended from the first Monarchs of antiquity, and to literary Scotchmen, who will have themselves Thomsons, Robertsons, and Blans, we must pass over, with a smile, and without

The greatest part of his labours are compilations, these are within the judgment of every sensible school-boy to execute, consequently a compiler's share of praise is but faint; and as to our author's original composition, and indeed many others of the present day, that rise superior to him what are the effusions of their genius, but what the immortal Sterne justly observes of such writings, "pouring out of one bottle into another?"

An Analysis of the Section of the Symphyxis of the Osса Pubis, as recommended in Cases of difficult Labour and deformed Pelvis. By Dr. Alphonse le Roy, Professor of Midwifery at Paris. By James Rymer, Surgeon. 8vo. Evans. 1r.

THIS writer has taken what in our opinion is the right side of the question, but he has done it in to whimsical and *Skewden* a manner, and with such an intermixture of ludicrous expressions, that his pamphlet can hardly be considered as an acquisition to the cause he has undertaken to defend. "We will take our bible oath, says he, that if Dr. le Roy's operation of the section of the symphyxis of the *pubes* were to be adopted by every accoucheur, many a poor dear soul would perish under the hands of surgical accoucheurs." There is, we fear, but too much truth in this observation, but it loses much of its weight by the loose, flimsy manner in which it is introduced. Gravity of stile is no where more necessary than in medical disquisitions, and the writer who neglects or despises it, will never be attended to.

Mr. Rymer is by no means indulgent to his brethren of the accoucheur tribe. "How many hundreds, says he, in one part of his work, of lovely forms have been injured by the rash and unnecessary application of instruments in the hands of inadequate, ignorant, and abominable fellows, who dare to call themselves Accoucheurs." In another place, speaking of the section of the symphyxis, "Horrid operation! he exclaims--may every distorted pelvis be secured in the single state by the laws of its country; may its uterus for ever remain unimpregnated; and may its owner be blest and happy in celibacy! if unfortunately these ladies should conceive, may God, of his infinite mercy, grant them a speedy abortion. It were better eternally to be

an old maid, than to run the hazard of a split pelvis."

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. James Rymer is a native of Scotland, and for some time was a Surgeon in the royal navy, but a disagreement with his Admiral, while he was officiating in that capacity on board the guardship at the Nore, forced him to quit the service, and gave rise to a whimsical publication, entitled, "Transplantation, or poor Clocus plucked up by the roots," in which Mr. Rymer (of whom an engraved portrait is prefixed to the work) informs his readers, that some satirical lines having been inserted in an evening paper reflecting on the Admiral, and of which he was suspected to be the author, an eclatissement took place, which ended in his dismissal from his post. He is the author of several other tracts, which, like the one we have been reviewing, are written in a loose, rambling, incoherent stile, affording here and there a ray of good sense, intermixed with a great deal of superfluous matter. Amidst all this eccentricity of manner, there are some traits of benevolence in Mr. Rymer's character, which soften the severity of criticism. In his Transplantation, for instance, he laments his loss of affluence, not so much on his own account, as in that of an amiable youth, the son of a deceased officer, who looks up to him for his maintenance and education.

Mr. Rymer has lately fixed himself at Ryegate, in Surry, where he acts in the three-fold capacity of Surgeon, Apothecary, and Man-midwife.

An Analysis of the principal Duties of Social Life: written in Imitation of Rochefoucault: in a Series of Letters to a young Gentleman, on his Entrance into the World. By John Andrews, L.L.D. 12mo.

THE high reputation and merit of Rochefoucault, has given occasion to this performance. But though Doctor Andrews has imitated the plan of this celebrated author, he has not equalled his excellence. The deep penetration of the French writer, his exquisite vivacity, and his sarcastic wit, appear no where in his English imitator. Dr. Andrews, however, has been able to collect many maxims, which are well-founded, and which may be of considerable use to inexperienced readers. In his style Dr. Andrews is sometimes affected; and he is fond of employing uncommon words, where ordinary ones would have suited his purpose much better. As a specimen of his performance, we shall submit to our readers what he has observed concerning temperance and sobriety.

"Daily observation will afford you continual proof, that a regular course of living, like wholesome laws and regulations in a commonwealth, is the only infallible means of giving strength and permanency to the constitution of both body and mind.

"Sobriety and temperance, like venerable families, whose worth and services to the public are recorded in the grateful acknowledgment of men, seem, by their necessity and importance, to have claimed more notice and praise than any of those qualifications whose peculiar intent is to perfect and preserve our personal faculties.

"Like sovereigns eager to reward the merit of useful and deserving subjects, we are lavish in the titles we bestow on sobriety and temperance. Well indeed may we stile them, the purest fountain of health, the source and promoter of cheerfulness and joy, and the support of all internal and external accomplishments; since they alone can lengthen youth, invigorate manhood, comfort age, and, in short, animate life throughout its whole progress.

"Like want of cementing materials in architecture, their absence is an essential detriment to the human fabric, in which nothing can be sound and lasting without them.

"In the same proportion as they are the cherishers of intellectual and moral qualities, and the co-operators in all laudable actions, their contraries are the capi-

tal obstruclors to every virtue, and the foster-fires of all depravation.

"Temperance is one of those amiable endowments that pleases all to the cost of none, and insures to the possessor a capacity to acquire a multitude of other valuable qualifications.

"Temperance well understood is the highest refinement of luxury: by never cloying us, it always keeps our palate on its appetite, and our desires in play; and, like expectation, is itself equal to the pleasure of enjoyment.

"Nature is not prone to intemperance. Imagination, heated by the contagion of example, is guilty of drawing us into excesses, much oftener than depravity of taste.

"When we reflect on the consequences of intemperance, 'tis strange that we should, from mere complaisance, so often submit to the prejudice ourselves, when no future benefit, or even pleasure, can be pleaded as a motive. Nothing can more evidently and forcibly demonstrate the power of custom; and that there is an inherent pliancy in our make, that will not suffer us to be unlike those whom we frequent.

"For this reason, the only certificate of sobriety is to avoid, with abhorrence and detestation, those who have addicted themselves to habitual revelry.

"Many a one would have lived soberly all the days of his life, but for having unfortunately been intimate with only one of this Bacchanalian cast.

"He that is once initiated into this tribe, may be looked upon as a man in a consumption; from whence seldom any body recovers.

"The preservation of peace in domestic society, and that of interior serenity within ourselves, the two grand points to which human wisdom should steer, are absolute strangers to that class of mortals: we are more surprised to hear of their meeting peaceably, than of their quarrels and disturbances.

"The principal pleasure of life consists in a uniform tenor of content and satisfaction, neither swelling to extravagance and excess, nor falling away to apathy and indolence: but persons of this sort are usually either inflated with madness, or sunk in stupidity.

"Intemperance is soonest punished, of all irregularities: its effects are commonly

at no great distance from their cause: youth quickly dwindles into age, by the rapid enervation of the bodily frame, and the speedy decay of the mind.

"The rewards of sobriety, on the contrary, are of an equal duration with our existence; and the sooner they begin, the longer they last.

"The fruits of sobriety are not only remarkable in the strength and vigour of body that keep company even with years, but are still more minutely conspicuous in the vivacity of soul that enlivens the exertion of our faculties while young, and the genial serenity that emulates the cheerfulness of youth in our latter date.

"All exterior qualifications, and all interior excellence depend on temperance, like children on parents, for their birth and nourishment.

"As they flow from the just regulation of body and mind, when these are disordered, or by repeated shocks falling to ruin, they must of course be necessarily destroyed; or, which is much worse, are liable to the most fatal perversion: in the same manner as the unfortunate progeny of the iniquitous are either consigned to neglect and misery; or which is still more woeful, are tutored in all the criminal arts of perdition.

"Without sobriety courage degenerates into ferocity, and proves more detrimental to itself and others, than the basest cowardice, and the most abject demeanour.

"Activity, which, while under the patronage of discretion, moves with security and success; when unbridled by intemperance runs wild, and is the more dangerous in proportion to its owner's aversion to indolence.

"Wit and liveliness, the embellishers of society, whenever they break loose from the bonds of decency and decorum, become the most pernicious nuisance, and often occasion more mischief in one hour than a whole life of dullness could perpetrate.

"While we abstain from intemperance, we cheerfully pursue the course of our vocation: labour sits lightly upon us, and we begrudge not to submit patiently, and without repinment, to the condition which our destiny has assigned to us. In other words, we remain capable of enjoying that portion of happiness which falls to the lot of every human being.

"But as soon as we renounce the path of sobriety, a fatal change is gradually operated: we forget the duties of our calling; our imaginations are elevated above the level of our circumstances; we fret at our

situation, and envy that of others. As judgment and reflection have no seat in our councils, all is transacted according to the whim of the day; and we go on, entangling ourselves in difficulties and distresses, till we sink into irretrievable ruin.

"Intemperance, by setting all the passions at liberty, breaks down all the fences of moderation, honour, and honesty; like an army that mutinies through relaxation of discipline, and want of abilities in the commanders, every irregular appetite is indulged, every evil habit predominates, and confusion inhabits wherever we go.

"As where intemperance dwells no safety can reside, the maxim of self-defence and preservation expels us from the presence of our acquaintance; like those sad objects in whom extinction of reason has kindled a dreadful propensity to all manner of outrageousness.

"Commiseration and pity, being only the lawful claim of the unhappy, are no more due to those who plunge into the horrors of intemperance, than to a man who rushes upon destruction from wantonness and bravado.

"As such a suicide intails contempt on its perpetrator, execration is what these artificers of their own wretchedness have a right to expect, not only from others but also from themselves, when want of opportunities or means to banish consideration obtrudes upon them a lucid interval. Like a severe judge, it puts the sword of justice into their hands, and forces them to become their own executioners.

"In the midst of their infamy, as if nature had ordained that they should pronounce their own condemnation, 'tis common to hear them zealously reprehend in others, that which their very guilt prevents them, through the deprivation of sensibility, from perceiving in themselves.

"Such is the fatal tendency of this abominable vice, that it seldom fails to produce others: like the head of a gang of malefactors, it is perpetually employed in forming associates.

"If it does not assault the traveller on the road, nor break open doors in search of spoil and plunder, yet it unlocks the heart, and divulges your secrets, with those of your familiars and acquaintance. Like a ferocious animal, whose untractable nature no arts can tame, and whose very play is dangerous to unwary carefessers; it often, without design, wounds the peace of families, blasts the character of persons who might have lived unstained but for your indiscretion; sets friends at variance; renders enmity irreconcilable; and breeds

breeds suspicions, jealousies, and hatred, where the most social union had before subsisted.

"Such are the sports and pastimes of men addicted to intemperance. They seldom fail to employ that remnant of capacity to discourse which unluckily survives the death of reason, in topics which repentance vainly strives to obliterate.

"But were intemperance to debar itself the perpetration of mischiefs abroad, it commits enough at home, by the wants, miseries, and distresses, endless to enumerate, which, like ruffians, accompany this merciless dealer of destruction.

"Intemperance, in this respect, is often like a tyrant, who lives in peace with his neighbours, and confines his cruelty and oppression within the circle of his own dominions.

"No condition can secure intemperance from punishment. Present affluence, like a screen, frequently serves but to hide the prospect of approaching ruin.

"As care is inseparably requisite, not only to amass, but also to preserve what has been obtained, that fundamental support of opulence giving way, the whole pile must needs totter and shake, and at last tumble to the ground.

"Hence it is we daily witness the desolation of families, whole wealth, although considerable, was not proof against the imperceptible ways and means that are found to undermine the feeble and crazy devotees to intemperance. Their weak and impotent mind, assailed through those breaches of constitution that have impaired their judgment and reason, like a dismantled town, lies open to the depredations of any enemy.

"But if, instead of riches, fate has stationed you on the field of toil; should intemperance, like a false friend by whose insinuations real ones are discarded, turn industry and labour out of your dwelling; then woe to the woman who bears your name, and to the children who call you father.

"A man whose name is fixed on the list of intemperance, is like one against whom a statute of bankruptcy has been issued; his character remains doubtful ever after.

"Trust and confidence fly from want of sobriety, as travellers from a bad inn, with a resolution never to return.

"Like a house of evil fame, which renders its tenants infamous, intemperance makes it votaries utterly contemptible. Respect and esteem, like visitors ill used, bid them an everlasting adieu; and should they (through a wonderful change) reform

their conduct, the severe world treats them like repenting prostitutes, and gives no credit to the alteration.

"There is not in the whole circle of vices, one whose commencements are seemingly more innocent: they almost coincide with, and are hardly distinguishable from, the convenient and necessary comforts of nurture and refreshment: for which reason we should stand more circumspectly upon our guard, and give admission to no excesses, whatever denomination they may assume, whether of transient indulgence, good-fellowship, festivity, or any other. They only serve to deceive us in the same manner as false colours, which freebooters hang out at sea in order to decoy the unsuspecting.

"A sad concomitant of intemperance is its longevity. Where it once unfortunately fixes, like plants ingrafted on the body of a tree, it takes root, and incorporates with our existence until its final dissolution. When we are past the commission of all other bodily sins, nature still retains the unhappy capacity of degrading itself with this shameful one. To its own peculiar curse of incorrigibility, it adds the more fatal and deplorable one of conferring strength and permanency upon every criminal habit we have contracted: like the pernicious favourite of a deluded monarch, who, not content with gratifying his own profligate disposition, awakens and encourages his master's evil inclinations, and becomes a firebrand of iniquity and mischief to the whole state.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Doctor John Andrews was born at Greenwich, about the year 1737, has travelled in many parts of the world, and written variety of observations on the countries and nations he has seen. His principal studies are history and politics, in both of which he is very conversant. Among other classical attainments, he is a remarkable proficient in French literature; and speaks that language very fluently and correctly.

The publications which the Doctor acknowledges, are, 1. The history of the revolutions of Denmark, with an account of the present state of that kingdom and people.

2. A review of the character of the principal nations in Europe. A comparative view of the French and English nations, in their manners, politics, and literature.

3. Epistolary remarks on the French and English

English ladies, interspersed with anecdotes.

4. Letters to Count Welderem, the late Dutch Ambassador in England, on the conduct of Holland towards Great-Britain, and on the reciprocal interests of both countries.

5. An inquiry into the spirit and manners of the English during the two last centuries.

6. An essay on republican principles, and on the inconvenience of a commonwealth in a large country and nation, illustrated by historical proofs.

7. An essay on Aristocracy; wherein its evil consequences are exemplified from history.

8. An essay on limited monarchy, and its superiority over all other forms of government, historically considered.

The two Mentors: a modern Story. By the Author of the Old English Baron. In 2 vols. 12mo. Dilly. Price 5s. sewed.

THIS work is the composition of a lady; and of works by the fair sex we industriously avoid to exhibit any defects. In the present performance there is much to be praised. Its design is to promote the happiest interests of virtue; and it is our most sincere hope that it may be successful. We shall subjoin the three first letters in this work, as specimens from which the reader may judge of its merit.

RICHARD MUNDEN, Esq. to EDWARD SAVILLE, Esq.

YOUNG MAN!

"I TAKE it very ill that I have not heard from you since you left London!—Do not I stand in the place of a father to you?—Nay, have I not been more than a father to you; for I am no relation by blood, but your guardian only, and the friend of your deceased father?"

"First, I released you from the harsh discipline of a pedagogue, and forbade him to lash you into learning, alias pedantry; which only serves to narrow and depress the spirit of a gentleman or else to make him conceited and overbearing.—Secondly, I followed you with my good offices afterwards, to mitigate the fatigues of education, and to make you an accomplished man, with as little trouble to yourself as possible.

"From my first knowledge of you, I perceived that there were several obstacles in the way of my wishes for you.

"First, an aspect of thoughtfulness and care that gives you the air of a tradesman, instead of the dégagé address of a fine gentleman; and secondly, that mean, sneaking quality of bashfulness, which loses all your consequence in mixed company, and makes you appear like a school-boy trembling under the ferula. To remedy the last defect, I sent you to Westminster School, which has gene-

rally been an effectual cure for it; and I hoped an acquaintance with the world would wear off the first. In the next place I sent you to Cambridge, not to study the mathematics, which are the ton of that place at this time; no, nor yet the classics, which are quite out of fashion; and still less theology, or the civil law;—no, Edward, my design was to introduce you to the acquaintance of the young men of fortune and fashion there, and to pave the way to your preferment in future, by making an interest with them.

"From the college, I brought you to the capital, and introduced you into the polite circle of my friends there. Still I saw the first traces upon you; and my friends saw it also. This will not do for a man of the world, said a certain nobleman; this ward of yours has the air of a college pedant!—What then shall I do with him, said I?—Carry the young man into the company of women of taste and spirit, who know life and the joys of it, said my friend. It is there he must receive the polish, the ton, the finishing strokes of a fine gentleman.—Give him lord Chesterfield's letters to his Son; let him study them closely, they will do more for him than all your schools and universities.—I followed my friend's directions;—he introduced me to Lady Belmour, as the person best qualified to give you this polish so much wanted, and so indispensably requisite—I carried you into her company, that she might observe your person and qualifications: she spoke better of both than I expected. Saville is a fine young fellow, said she; he wants only to converse with our sex, and to receive his finishing from us!—send him to me for one summer, and I warrant I will give you a good account of him.

"I accepted her offer with proper acknowledgments. She did you the hon-

our

hour to invite you with a party of select friends to her country seat; a favour you received with the coldness of a Carthustian friar: however you obliged me so far as not to refuse it, and thus gave me some hopes of you.

"All these advantages have I thrown in your way, Edward; but it depends upon yourself to make a right application of them. You do not want understanding, otherwise I would not stand reasoning with you, and accounting for every step I have taken for your service.—I loved your father: I am inclined to love you. I have no children, nor near relations.

"Spell this, and put it together, if you have sense and spirit in you; but if you disappoint and disgrace me, look to it, Edward!—Your father was a man of spirit; he lived too fast for his health and fortune;—you have not yet begun to live at all.—Open your eyes to the happiness that awaits you:—the world and all its charms are before you; they invite your senses to enjoy them; and you ought to swim in your proper element.

"Lady Belmour's house is the seat of pleasure:—the goddess of love resides there in person; may she touch and polish your heart, and bless you with her beneficent influence?—If you want money, let me know it; and your draft upon me shall be answered immediately.—Attend to Lady Belmour's advice and instructions.—Write to me, or let me hear from her, that you are all that she wishes you to be; and I will call myself your most affectionate friend and guardian.

RICHARD MUNDEN.

The Rev. Mr. JOHNSON to EDWARD SAVILLE, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

"THE pleasure I took in executing the office of college tutor to you here, left an agreeable impression on my mind.—The ingenueness of your heart, and the sweetness of your disposition, engaged my affections to you at the time, and have made me interested in every thing that has befallen you since. I have made enquiry after your situation and conduct, and have gained intelligence of every step you have taken since you left college. Your guardian—good heaven! what a guardian for a virtuous youth!—finding you have not acquired the ton of fashionable life, nor the spirit of vanity and dissipation, has sent you to Lady Belmour to finish your edu-

EUROP. MAG,

cation, and to give you what he calls the polish of a fine gentleman.

"I am told moreover that you have not yet disgraced the character you acquired in the early part of your life, that you have not quitted the path of virtue, and followed that of vice; but that you are in the situation of the young Hercules, balancing between Virtue and pleasure.

"From these circumstances I have formed a wish and a hope, that I might still be of some service to you; by shewing you the dangers that surround you, and pointing out the path whereby you may escape them. You are thrown upon the Island of Calypso,—she orders her nymphs to spread their toils for you, and exert all their wiles to enslave you; nor is the goddess herself without attractions.

"Sensual pleasure is an enchanted cup, it intoxicates the heart, and weakens the reason; while the soul is in this state of incubation, all its nobler faculties are suspended, if not lost. The heart is insensibly corrupted and depraved, it loses by degrees all its finest perceptions, and at length becomes wholly immersed in grossness and brutality. Oh Saville, was your heart made for such a state!—Does not your honest spirit disdain the bondage?—I cannot believe these chains sit easy on you, till you tell me they do. If my conjectures and hopes are well founded, write to me, and either encourage or forbid my future admonitions.

"Lady Belmour is the priestess of Venus, she is the convenient friend of both sexes.—She provides mistresses for youths of quality and fortune, and husbands for girls of fashionable education and doubtful virtue. Old jointured dowagers purchase young husbands, and toothless dotards young wives, through her mediation?—She condescends to accept a consideration for her profligate services. She has methodized pleasure into a system, and conducts her offices with an air of decorum and regularity, that conceals the deformity of vice from its deceived and captivated votaries.

"Beware, oh beloved and amiable youth, of her seducing arts!—If you have hitherto avoided, make haste to escape them. If you have been betrayed into the snare, break your fetters, before habit has rivetted them upon you.

"I will pursue you with my friendship and counsel, till you refuse me with scorn and contempt;—till I am well assured, that you have given up your nobler hopes and virtuous prospects;—

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till

till you become the voluntary votary of vice and folly, I will call myself your affectionate friend, servant, and monitor.

JARVIS JOHNSON.

Mr. SAVILLE to Mr. JOHNSON.

S I R,

"I HAVE been most agreeably surprised by a letter from my worthy tutor and friend Mr. Johnson, and still more gratified by the contents, upon which I have often meditated with renewed pleasure. It is impossible that the qualities he imputes to me, can have given me a place in his memory?—Oh no! It is his enlarged and benevolent soul, that, in pity to my youth and situation, has induced him to lend his hand to my assistance, in order to extricate me from the snare of vice and folly.

"Thus do wise and good men give consequence to those they instruct, in order to lead them into the paths of virtue. A man who thinks himself unable to overcome temptation, will sink into inactivity and despondency; and he who is encouraged to exert his ability will do it effectually.

"Yes, my tutor, my friend, my monitor! I acknowledge the generous artifice you have used with me, which has answered your kind intention; by giving me credit with myself, you have encouraged me to aspire to your friendship. To whatever motive I am indebted for it, I receive it as a gift from heaven. I have often wished for such a friend, though I hardly dared to hope such an one would be granted me. You have held up the light of truth before my eyes, have shown me the dangers that surrounded me, and directed me how to escape them.

"I embrace your friendship with my whole heart;—Continue, dear Sir, your generous cares for me; I will be accountable to you for my future conduct; I will acquaint you with every step I take;—both my actions and motives shall be open to your inspection; you shall be to me as a second conscience, and your admonitions shall encourage or restrain all my undertakings. What Sylph, or what Genius, gives you intelligence of every thing that happens to me?—It is a good spirit I am certain, because he is one of your familiars. He tells you the truth, when he compares this mansion to Calypso's Island; and yet I think it still more resembles the Isle of Cyprus.—The nymphs and swains here

breathe that air of softness and voluptuousness which is so contagious to all who encourage its influence. I have hitherto resisted the charm; but how long I should have continued to do so, is uncertain. My heart, at times, seemed ready to give way; but you have held over me the shield of Minerva; the enchantment is dissolved, and I feel myself delivered.

"As the first proof of that ingenuousness, which indeed is the only quality I presume to claim as my own, I send you enclosed a letter I have lately received from my virtuous guardian. My heart rises with indignation, mingled with contempt, whenever I think on him, and his instructions to me. His company and advice misled my father into courses which brought upon him both shame and sorrow. Upon his death-bed, he severely repented the sins and follies of a life spent unprofitably to himself or others. I have often wondered that he did not alter his will, which gave this man the care of my person and fortune, who ever since has been labouring to contaminate my mind with his own vile principles. God of his goodness gave me a wife and virtuous mother, the greatest blessing a child can receive. Her precepts were the guide of my childhood, and her remembrance will ever be sacred to me. She was taken from me too soon, or she would have been my director and monitor to this hour. But to supply her loss, heaven has sent me a preceptor and friend in Mr. Johnson; by his advice and assistance I trust I shall escape the labyrinth of vice and folly, into which Munden and his emissaries have brought me.

"I will tell you, my dear Sir, all that has passed here lately, if you can think it worth your attention; when you shall be acquainted with all the circumstances of my present situation, you will give me your advice upon it.—If you judge it necessary, I will immediately burst the bonds that keep me here, and come to you at Cambridge: but I have either convinced or persuaded myself, that though I dwell in the land of vice and folly, I am engaged in the service of virtue; you shall decide on this subject.

"Write to me soon; give me your advice, instruction, correction; I will receive them with submission and obedience.—Assure yourself of my eternal gratitude for your friendship and protection to, dear Sir, your pupil, friend, and servant.

EDWARD SAVILLE.

An Introduction to Algebra, with Notes and Observations, designed for the use of Schools, and Places of public Education. By John Bonnycastle. Johnson 3s bound.

WE are not at present disposed to dispute the assertion, whether "application and industry supply the place of genius and invention," or how far it may be true, that "what is obtained with difficulty is remembered with ease," which we may safely leave to the judgment of our intelligent readers. For though we are naturally led to expect a clear account of our author's motives, or a concise view of the manner or method of a work, from the preface; it is common for those who affect to write in a laboured and metaphysical style, to lose themselves and perplex their readers in abstruse expressions and unintelligible phrases.

Our author informs us that his "compendium is formed entirely upon the model of our most excellent writers on this branch of science, such as Newton, Maclaurin, Saunderson, Simpson and Emerson, and is intended as an useful and necessary introduction to them."—From hence we were induced to expect a plain, clear, and familiar treatise on the subject, after the manner of Keil'y, Hammond, Jennings and other celebrated writers in that tract; we naturally hoped that he had led his pupil by the hand, and condescended to model his performance to the object he professes to aim at. But upon advancing to the perusal of the work, we were greatly disappointed in these expectations; not that we wish to be understood, that by these observations, we mean to detract from the author's merit, though, for the reasons annexed, we cannot deem this treatise entitled to our full approbation.

We could have wished that Mr. B. had been more correct at his entrance upon the subject. He defines Algebra to be the art of "computing, by symbols," without so much as intimating what those symbols are intended to represent, or whether they are of one or

more kinds. He tells us that "like quantities are those that consist of the same letters," as if he meant to confine himself to literal Algebra. In our opinion he should have informed his young student, that Algebra consists of two parts, a numerical as well as a literal, and that figures are no more than symbolic characters, and we can by no means subscribe to the propriety of using the positive and negative signs before the characters themselves have been explained. In treating of surd quantities, the problems appear to be confused and indeterminate, and we think that he has been too perplex in the summation of series for a preliminary treatise; we also submit to the opinion of our readers, whether the subject of Logarithms, upon the plan proposed in the preface, would not better have been omitted.

Our limits will not allow us to extend our observations. We shall only remark that if our author had given a more regular and perfect explanation of the necessary terms, it would have been a considerable improvement to his work, though we think it is a much better performance, in its present state, than either of his former publications; but an affected brevity has sometimes occasioned the rules to be very obscurely expressed, which, we confess, is no great recommendation to an introductory treatise. We are sensible that Mr. B. has been charged with plagiarism, of which, though he has been more copious in his acknowledgments of the advantages received from other authors in the present than in his preceding works, we cannot wholly acquit him. But we leave our readers to form their own judgment in matters of this nature.

[Anecdotes of the Author will appear in our next.]

Letters on a Variety of Subjects. Dedicated, with Submission, to the whole human Race. By Palemon. In two Volumes. Vol. I. 12mo. Bew. 2 s. 6 d.

THERE is a great variety in this collection. But it is of a kind not to be commended. The change is from folly to obscenity, from obscenity to superstition, and from superstition to blasphemy. To add to the novelties of this piece it is also to be observed that poems and verses of different sorts are intersper-

ed in it. The following verses may serve as a specimen of the entertainment to be found in this volume.

The Converted Sinner, a Poem.

MY God, my Saviour, and my Friend,
Thy goodness I'll rehearse;
D d 2

T:ll

Fill with thy sacred fire my soul,
And swell the humble verse.

Teach me, in strains that suit the theme,
Thy favour to record;
Till sinners hear, believe, and taste,
The mercies of the Lord.

But how; O how shall I begin
His wondrous love to tell?
How gracious his extended arm,
Who snatch'd my soul from hell;

When winds and waves contending rag'd,
'Midst dreadful billows roar;
Thro' the vast deep thine hand unseen,
My sinking footsteps bore.

When burning fevers, powerful rag'd,
Beneath the Torrid Zone;
Where Death in all his terrors reign'd,
And thousands made his own.

When horror dwelt on ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry eye;
I still remain'd unhurt and safe,
For thou, my God, wert nigh.

Long by the threat'ning foe pursu'd,
Amidst the wat'ry plain;
Thy powerful arm my life preserv'd,
And all our threats were vain.

Still did thy heav'nly hand protect,
And still thy spirit chide;
And still my base unthankful heart,
Thy gracious call denied.

Immers'd in pleasure, sense, and sin,
I boldly ventured on;
Refus'd the tenders of thy grace,
Nor would thy mercies own.

To danger blind I slept secure,
Nor fear'd th' impending doom;
Till God my slumbering soul awak'd,
And came in thunder home.

I felt the terrors of his wrath,
I felt my soul undone:
But the bright beams of mercy rose,
And pointed to his Son.

I saw the Saviour dy'd for me,
I saw my sins forgiv'n;
I felt my troubl'd soul at peace,
My pardon seal'd in heav'n.

Mercy and grace, and love divine,
My raptur'd breast o'erflow;
And sacred flames, unknown before,
Within my bosom glow.

Fountain of unexhausted love,
Complete the work divine;
Be ev'ry sinful thought remov'd,
Be Jesu's temper mine.

Thy image lost, in me restore,
Thy righteousness impart;
And Oh! to all thy other gifts,
Add, Lord, a grateful heart.

A heart that swell'd with sacred joys,
Thy goodness shall adore;
And sing thine everlasting praise,
When time shall be no more.

A Letter to the Earl of Shelburne on the Peace. 8vo. Debrett. 1s.

THIS author endeavours to chastise Lord Shelburne for conducting a peace that is dishonourable, and inadequate; in no common degree. He is very angry; and his remarks are generally well founded. But we must own, that he is unequal to the task he has undertaken. He

cannot find terms of sufficient reproach with which to brand Lord Shelburne. His pen is too feeble to punish; and his declamation only discovers that he had an inclination to perform an achievement that is beyond his strength.

A Letter to the Liverymen of London, tending to prove, that an equality in the right of Election is founded upon the same principles as a more equal Representation; and that the first will be the necessary consequence of the latter. 8vo. Debrett. 6d.

IN this performance the author sometimes seeks for argument and sometimes for wit. In this search he is unsuccessful:

He exhibits neither the one nor the other. His style, too, is vulgar, and abounds with errors against grammar.

Thoughts on the Peace, in a Letter from the Country. 8vo. Debrett. 1s.

THIS is a defence of the Peace; but it holds out no observations which are of any importance. It is lame; and the praise it confers upon Lord Shelburne

will be re-echoed from no quarter whatsoever. If the author is sincere in what he says, he must be friendly to France and Spain.

The

The Blazing Star; or, Vestina, the Gigantic, Rosy, Goddess of Health; being a complete Defence of the Fair Sex. Delivered by the High Priests of the Temple, as written by the Doctor himself. 4to. Bladon. 1s. 6d.

THOUGH the good Doctor's finances might not have been in so respectable a state as they are at present, it is much to be regretted that instead of making feasts of fat things, he had observed the rules of delicacy; as this Lecture, which is polite, sensible and easy, discovers him to be, not as some have termed him, an ignorant

impostor, but a man of genius and education.

We will venture to assure those Ladies who have not attended to this Lecture, that the precepts there given are such as deserve their utmost attention, and we warmly recommend it to their perusal. (ANECDOTES of the Doctor himself in our next.)

Observations on the Honourable Lieutenant General Murray's Defence. By Lieutenant General Sir William Draper. 4to. Debrett. 1s. 6d.

WE remark not in these observations any traces of that academical education which distinguished Sir William Draper in the opinion of Junius. They are plain and unadorned. It is true, however, that, on some occasions, they appear to be pertinent. But the most fortunate instance which Sir William Draper

and General Murray can wish for, is, that their dispute were forgotten. The infirmities of old age will find them sufficient employment, without the toil of altercations and pamphlets which can tend to no purpose, but to inflame their animosities and to lessen them in the eyes of the public.

The Order of St. Patrick, An Ode. Dedicated to the Right Honourable the Earl of Bellingmont. 4to. Debrett. 1s.

A Performance of this kind ought to have been so perfect as to strike every reader. But it is evidently below mediocrity. It wants enthusiasm, invention, and poetry. It has every thing which it ought not to have; and nothing of what was necessary to its success. The three first stanzas will illustrate our opinion.

“ High on a cliff, whose brow sublime,
Frown'd on the wild expanding
flood,

In visions wrapt of future fame,
Hibernia's Guardian Genius stood;
Her mantle green, inwrought with gold,
As wore by kings, and bards of old,
And whilst her harp's enchanted sound,
Swell'd in the winds along the main,
To woods, and rocks, and seas around,
Saw breath'd her bosom's darling
strain.

Descend ye bright, ætherial host,
On thrones of jasper crown'd above,
To shield Britannia's gen'rous coast
And witness grateful Eren's love;
Array'd in glory's new-born light,
Lo; Freedom bursts yon cloud of night;
Emerging from its sable womb,
As when the trump, the last to
sound,
Shall wake the dust within the tomb,
And raise an angel from the ground,

Hail commerce, free as mountain air,
By Nature's charter only bound,
Tis mine thy blessings now to share,
From all the veering winds around;
By thee was science first made known,
Beneath the extremes of either zone;
Thou bidst the kindred world embrace,
And kings who dare on commerce
frown,
Forget, Imperial pride to grace,
The sparkling gem she brings the
crown.

ORIENTAL SCOLDING; extracted from the Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

ALTHOUGH the Hindoos are the meekest people on earth, yet they sometimes quarrel with one another. Will you please to attend to so trifling a

description as that of a Hindoo scolding-match? Storms sometimes display the nature of the soil on which they fall. The enraged parties begin with complaining

plaining of each other's injustice; and retail a great many moral and religious maxims, which, by that injustice, have been violated. They enumerate the acts of violence or of fraud, which their antagonists have committed against others, as well as themselves. They revalue each other's families:—"Your sister went on a certain day to fetch water from the well, and was embraced by a Christian soldier:—"Your rather dying young, your mother did not save her head, but made her elopement with a *sepooy*:"—"From a niggardly disposition, you violated the laws of our holy religion, by making the same earthen pot serve you a whole week." And, you got *it* drunk, on one occasion, with *brabtree* *toddy*, that you not only touched the vessel with your lips, but you bit

it with your teeth." In this manner they kept scolding for the space of some hours: but now the contention becomes fiercer, and the opprobrious terms of *Casie* and *Hallachore* are resorted with great fury. As the last possible insult, they pull off their shoes, spit in them, and throw them in each other's faces. They then proceed to action, tearing each other's hair, and striking each other with the palms of their hands, like women and children. After they are sufficiently fatigued by this exercise, they part, each declaring that he would have insisted on his adversary more severe marks of his vengeance, if he did not consider himself as much polluted by touching him, as he would be by coming in contact with a *servo* of a *Christian*.

brief Account of the singular Religious Sect called MUGGLETONIANS.

THIS extraordinary society originated about the year 1657. The founders of it were Lodovic Muggleton, a journeyman *taylor*, (who thought he could send souls as well as cabbages to *hell*) and one Reeves. They pretended to be the two last witnesses that were to appear on earth. They asserted the gift of prophecy; and assumed an irrevocable authority of blessing and cursing whom they chose. The text of scripture on which they grounded these claims, was, "Then said he, these are the two anointed ones, that stand by the LORD of the whole earth." *Zachariah* ch. iv. ver. 14. They pretended to be these foretold as the two olive trees, which stood one on the right hand, and the other on the left hand of the golden candlestick.

The consequences of that part of their creed which relates to blessing and cursing, have been very singular and curious. In the reign of King William the third, one of their sect was nailed to the pillory for cursing William King.

Some memoirs, which were published about that period, inform us of their cursing certain persons who refused making them presents of Cheshire cheese, and other desirable articles; while they bestowed blessings on such as were liberal in similar donations. An instance is recorded of a master and his servant who both professed the doctrines of Muggleton and Reeves. The former conceiving that the latter did not take sufficient care of his horse, pronounced a curse upon him for his neglect; the latter in revenge cursed the animal, and it died in a few

days after. This event told much to the credit of the servant, and to the disadvantage of the master.

Another singular story is likewise related of this people. It is their custom to meet at certain public houses. At one of these a difference arose between a Muggletonian and a butcher: the first pronounced the curse upon the last, who affected uneasiness at the circumstance, and begged it might be revoked. Remonstrances were in vain. The butcher proceeded to threats, and was preparing to make a martyr of the Muggletonian by throwing him on the fire. The faith of the Saint was but weak—he was not fire proof, and revoked the curse. The knight of the steel then said, "We are now upon a level. While I was under the curse you had the advantage of me; but now we are equal, I am determined to lick you if I possibly can:" which he accordingly did without hesitation. Such are the ridiculous circumstances, to which such a ridiculous creed must naturally give birth.

We mentioned in the beginning of this sketch, that the founders of the sect held themselves as prophesied of under the semblance of two olive-trees. The manners of their followers seem however to contradict this idea. The olive is usually looked upon as the emblem of peace; as such poets describe, and painters draw it.

The Muggletonians, however, are remarkable for a disposition to rudeness, and for quarrelling with persons who do not subscribe to their opinions: meeting likewise

likewise, as has been observed, at public houses, and drinking pretty plentifully of brown burgundy, reason is frequently banished, and riot and disturbance assume her place. We presume, the cyphers they vent upon each other in such cases, are revocable; for, otherwise the society

must be in great danger of perdition. This sect, as a credit to the good sense of mankind, owes its escape from oblivion more to the absurdity of its principles, than to the number or respectability of its adherents.

A N E C D O T E S of Lord and Lady C-

ENVY, malignity, and scandal, with all their hissing serpents, having rioted for some time on the reputation of Lady C. it is doing service to humanity to enter volunteer in Lady C.'s cause, and see from what spring this inundation of inveterate rancour flows. Lady C. at the early age of twelve years exhibited talents in the literary and musical branches that won the estimation of every one who had a taste for either. Among the rest Lord C. paid her uncommon attention, inasmuch that at the early age of fifteen she was married to him. This was by no means a match of her choice, there was very little in his Lordship's manner, or personal attractions, that could make an impression on a young Lady beautiful to a degree, and finely accomplished. Their dispositions being as opposite as fire and water, it is not to be wondered at that they could not agree, yet though the met with his Lordship's inattention, from that period to this, her duty and affection to her children has been perfectly amiable; perhaps no mother existing ever bestowed more attention towards the education of her little offspring than Lady C. Her numerous friends, who have attended her theatrical performances near Newbury, will bear testimony to this assertion, and indeed to another, that Lord C. has been ever the disturber of these rational amusements. Her Ladyship invited some of the first personages in this country to be present at one of these little festivals last Christmas, when lo! Lord C. the evening before the entertainment, ordered his carriage, and drove to London, notwithstanding the entreaties of his lovely little performers, who pressed about his knees and implored his stay. The company consequently dispersed, and the entertainment was set aside. By such flights of ill-nature his Lordship has totally lost the esteem of not only her Ladyship, but those who are acquainted with such a behaviour. Some time since he formed a connexion with a woman, who he sent into France under the title of a French lady, and who has such an ascendancy

over his Lordship, that he submits to her capricious humour in every sense of the word, and though he has the finest children in England, his attention is even turned to the Lady with the borrowed title. There were articles of separation drawn up some time since, at the desire of Lady C.'s brother, who was stung to the soul at his Lordship's treatment; in these articles it was specified that Lady C. should see her children when she thought proper, but this, though assented to on signing the articles, was denied her since.

Her Ladyship is now in England, and resides at Kensington for the benefit of her health, where she is visited by the most respectable characters in fashionable life, who are acquainted with the particulars of her situation, and who do every thing to lighten the burden of affliction his Lordship and his toad-eaters, with a certain military Gentleman at their head, have loaded her with.

It is for the candid, and the candid only, these truths are intended, they are not the offspring of an hireling, but of one who feels for a woman beset with a legion of infernals, who delight in the sacrifice of human blood, and feel no compunction till it is too late. Every fine woman has tasted of the cup of detraction, but none perhaps ever tasted more of it than Lady C. If she has been culpable, her stigmatizers would probably have been much worse, if they tasted such cruel treatment; but every woman has it in her power, if you will give credit to the generality of Ladies, to avoid the calumny of the world; this I will in some measure grant, but this will only rest where no attraction exists, and this is commonly with those who are ever open-mouthed at the vices of their sex. Lady C. and many others to whom beauty has been lavish of favours, may be compared to good fruit, as long as they continue to captivate, birds of prey out of number will be found pecking, till nothing remains but the core.

A F O E T O D E T R A C T I O N .

Portman-square, March 17, 1783.

ON ESSAY WRITING.

Quot homines, tot sententiæ:

TERENCE.

I HAVE heard many Essayists, who, like myself, are troubled with the *caecæthes scribendi*, complain of the diversity of opinions concerning one and the same essay, and how impossible it was to please every reader; but, for my own part, I am always contented, if I find my writings are not rejected by all. A moral essay will be pleasing to the pious and devout, while it will be committed to the flames by the libertine and the rake; a love subject will be considered as excellent by the young and lively, while the ice of old age will cast on it the lowering frowns of winter. "If a man write upon politics, he will be sure to have his admirers and his enemies, who will applaud or condemn according to their own principles and sentiments, without giving themselves the least trouble to enquire after truth."

As I write for amusement, and am unknown to my readers, I freely and equally enjoy the applauses and censures, which are frequently bestowed on my writings by people at the coffee-house I principally visit in the morning. If I write in favour of the ministry (for sure they cannot always be wrong) I am then unmercifully belaboured with the epithets of, hireling, garruliter, and the like, by those of the opposition, and am set down, in their opinion, as a most ignorant and illiterate fellow, but, if I censure the conduct of administration, (for which there are often too many occasions) I am then, by the same party, cried up as a Cicero or a Demosthenes, and my writings considered as the productions of a gentleman and a scholar.

Indeed, I never consider all this as any thing wonderful, since the passions and prejudices of mankind ever have, and ever will, produce the same inconsistencies. It is not in public affairs only that people vary so much in their opinions, but in private and domestic concerns also; and frequently, even between man and wife, with whom every thing should be directed to harmony, peace, and concord, a difference of opinion, perhaps about the most trifling concerns, brings on an acrimonious litigation, which sometimes ends in a separation.

Such are the prejudices we bring with us into the world, that the wisest of us often form our opinions, as it were, at the first

glance, at least before we have entered into any scrutiny on the matter, and often on subjects with which we are totally unacquainted. Nothing is more common than for men in general, who are witnesses of the disputes between private individuals, to confirm their judgment on the matter, on the relation of one side of the question only, and before they have heard what the other party had to advance. Hence it frequently happens, that some men, after having hastily but solemnly pronounced their opinions, find themselves in the end obliged to retract, and acknowledge themselves wrong. There is, however, nothing criminal in this, since it arises from the opinion we are apt to entertain of our own judgment, or from the impetuosity peculiar to the nature of man.

But there are a set of men who are unpardonable, and such are those who will not give up their opinion, even though they are sensible they are on the wrong side of the question. When interest is the cause of their obstinacy, some excuse may be pleaded for them; but when it arises merely from pride or malevolence, all such men ought to be expelled every civil society. Were it not for the obstinacy of opinions, half the suits of court would be abandoned, and we should not hear of so many large estates being squandered away in litigations at law. How many have ruined themselves merely in the pursuit of being the ruin of others? And how many respectable families have been engaged in endless quarrels from the obstinacy of one person?—A wise man will always cautiously survey the premises before he draws his conclusions, and will not be biased by either side, but determine as truth and justice shall direct. If he should at last be wrong in his opinion (for human reason and penetration, at best, are fallible) he will not be ashamed of being convinced of his error, but will with pleasure give way to the superior powers of truth. Were we nicely to examine the many reports propagated to the injury of others, and not give them credit the first moment they are uttered, the voice of slander and scandal would soon be silenced, many a virtuous character would be preserved, and people in general infinitely more happy.

M I N U E T.

SET BY MR. O L I V E.

Corni.



Violino 1^{mo}.



Violino 2^{do}.



Bass.



The musical score is arranged in two systems. The first system consists of a vocal line (soprano) and four piano accompaniment staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The first staff of the piano accompaniment is marked with a 'd.' and a double bar line. The second staff of the piano accompaniment is marked with a '2 d' and a double bar line. The second system consists of four piano accompaniment staves, all marked with a double bar line. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the PROCEEDINGS in PARLIAMENT.

(Continued from p. 146.)

HOUSE OF LORDS.

FEBRUARY 11.

THE Lord Chancellor rose in his place, and informed the House, that having been commanded by their Lordships to deliver then Thanks to a Noble Viscount, [Lord Howe] whom he had then the pleasure of seeing in his seat, he thought it incumbent on him to search for precedents, that he might conform himself, in the most honourable manner, to their intention. In the course of his search he had observed that some of those Noblemen, whose station he had then the honour to occupy, had thought proper to mingle the own panegyric of the praise-worthy object with the commendation of the House; others, (and those the much greater number of his predecessors) had confined themselves simply to the payment of due obedience to the dictates they had received. This latter mode, continued his Lordship, I think it my duty to adopt, not merely because it has the majority of precedents on its side, but because I think it more expressive of the dignity of your Lordships' rank, and of the merit that has occasioned them. The eulogy of an individual on a solemn occasion of this nature, is the twinkling of an eye in the face of noon day. I confess to you, Lordships, that I give myself much pain in restraining myself within the bounds which I have thought it my duty thus to chalk out for my conduct. There is not a man in the Empire (numerous as are the numbers of the gallant Noblemen), who would feel greater happiness than I do, in the indulgence of the language of panegyric on the brilliant actions which he has added to British glory. But, that I may do all justice to his fame, I must not indulge my private feelings. I could expatiate with a warmth that might indeed do honour to my own sentiment, on a subject so splendid as this is; yet I fear I should not thus answer the wishes of the illustrious body, whose common is it is at once my duty and my pleasure to obey. Instead therefore of separating my feeble ray, from the vast lustre of their praise, I shall be content in being the humble medium of a panegyric, whose virtue can only be preserved by being simply conveyed to the object that has attracted it.

The Chancellor hereupon addressed himself to Lord Howe, and thanked him in the name of the Peers of Great-Britain, for his gallant relief of Gibraltar, and also for his brave and skillful manœuvring of the British fleet, after that important object was attained, against the force of a superior fleet; and further he was to request his Lordship to convey the Thanks of the House to the officers, soldiers, marines, and seamen under his command, on the meritorious service alluded to.

As soon as the Lord Chancellor had concluded his eulogium,

Lord Howe rose and addressed their Lordships in a few words, signifying his great sense of the very distinguished honour conferred upon him, which had, if possible, been rendered more illustrious and grateful by the noble and elegant manner in which it was conveyed. His Lordship (who is known not to be deficient in language) by the want of his usual eloquence, on this occasion, impressed all his auditors with the most perfect idea of the fulness of his heart: However, in the conclusion of his speech, when it was necessary to mention the brave men who served under him, his Lordship resumed his wonted tone of animation, and his acknowledged sway of words, and told the House, "that he was impatient to convey to those gallant men whom he had the honour to command, these Thanks, which, while they enshrined their characters for the reverence of posterity, stimulated those, who were to follow them in the race of glory, to exertions deserving similar devotion."

Lord Fitzwilliams moved, that an Address be presented to his Majesty, that he would be graciously pleased to order the proper Officers to lay before the House a list of all his Majesty's ships which were in commission on the 20th of January last, and also a list of all the Seamen and Marines that were mustered and landed on board the said ships at that period; and further, an account of all such ships as should be about on the first of May next.

Lord Stormont said, that he had a Motion to make, coinciding in principle with that of the last Noble Lord, but differing a little as to distinction and date. He would only move the House for an Address to his Majesty, that he would be graciously pleased to order the proper Officers to lay before the House an account of the state of the Navy on the 31st of March last.

Both these Motions were agreed to, *nem. con.*

FEBRUARY 17.

The Order of the Day being read for the Lords to be summoned, Earl Pembroke rose, and, addressing himself to the House, said, that it would be the greatest presumption in him to give any opinion in this House upon an object of such a magnitude, as is that of the Preliminary Articles of a Peace, but he thought he could not ~~be~~ in proposing an Address of Thanks to his Majesty, for having complied with the universal wish of his people in putting an end and that too without the mediation of any neutral power, to an unhappy and calamitous war, the continuation of which, with the immense force combined against us, must, notwithstanding the admirable conduct and brilliant success of Lord Rodney, Lord Howe, and General Elliott, have terminated in irreparable ruin, and have made any terms of peace unacceptable. From the resolutions of the House of Commons, the Independence of America

had already taken place, and Peace was become an absolute, unavoidable necessity; and surely, said his Lordship, we have reason to hope, from the known abilities of the Minister, that every resource will now be cultivated, commerce extended upon the most liberal principles, and these kingdoms restored to their former splendor. He then moved,

“That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, to return his Majesty the Thanks of this House for his gracious condescension in ordering to be laid before us the Preliminary and Provisional Articles of the different Treaties which his Majesty hath concluded, and to assure his Majesty, that we have considered them with that attention which is important a subject requires. To express in the most dutiful manner to his Majesty our satisfaction, that his Majesty has, in consequence of the power entrusted to him, laid the foundation, by the Provisional Articles with the States of North America, for a Treaty of Peace, which we trust will ensure perfect reconciliation and friendship between both countries; that we presume to express to his Majesty our just expectation, that the several States of North America will carry into effect, and satisfactory execution their promises, which the Congress is so solemnly bound by the Treaty to recommend, in favor of such persons as have suffered for the part which they have taken in the war; and that we shall consider this circumstance as the surest indication of returning friendship. And to a knowledge to his Majesty our due sense of that wise and paternal regard for the happiness of his subjects, which induced his Majesty to remove them from a burthen and expensive war, by the Preliminary Articles of Peace concluded between his Majesty and the Most Christian and Catholic Kings. To assure his Majesty, that we shall encourage and promote every exertion of his subjects of Great-Britain and Ireland, in the cultivation and improvement of those resources which must tend to the certain augmentation of our public strength, and that, with these views, we shall most diligently turn our attention to a revision of all our commercial laws, and endeavour to frame them upon such liberal principles as may best extend our trade and navigation, and proportionably increase his Majesty's naval power, which can alone increase the prosperity of his dominions.”

Lord Caermarthen seconded the Address moved by the Noble Lord, and enforced the propriety of agreeing to the Motion, by describing the situation in which this country stood antecedent to the negotiations for Peace. The relative situation of Great-Britain and her enemies warranted the terms agreed to, and he thought them as much, in every extent of reasonable expectation, as could be demanded, or as would be granted.

Lord Carlisle totally differed from the Marquis. He deemed the Preliminary Articles dishonourable to this country, and such as

ought not to be accepted by, or acceded to, in the present strength of both our army and navy.

The Noble Lord who moved the Address had been rather lavish in his approbation; so, when the matter came properly to be considered, there would be found most material and momentous objections to the Articles; such objections as he conceived might warrant an Amendment, which it was his intention to make to the Motion then before the House. Before he read this Amendment, he said, it would be necessary to state, that in his opinion there was one objection of great magnitude to this peculiar part of the Preliminaries where Ministers took upon them to vest a power in the Crown of giving away and alienating a part of the British dominions, equal to nearly all her European possessions. Here the Noble Lord quoted a very high law authority to prove, that such power did not rest in any King of Great-Britain; and that the alienating any land, or heretofore belonging to the British Empire must, by Act of Parliament, by the consent of the people, be ratified by a solemn deed of the Legislature. To able hands, however, the Noble Lord left the full discussion of this great point, and adverted to the Article respecting the Loyalty. Here his Lordship, in a very pathetic manner, described the situation of those unfortunate people, who, warmed with a zeal or ambition for the glory, the benefit, and the laws of this country, had stood forward on the faith and honour of a nation, hitherto not suspected for truth and justice, and had hazarded all that was dear for her sake. But sad was the tale now conveyed to them, instead of meeting the protection which gratitude demanded, — instead of having a friend to comfort them in their affliction, and to relieve them from distress, they find that the very people whom they served had delivered them up to their enemies, and left them at the mercy of those very persons from whose vengeance it was the duty of the country to protect them. He then adverted to the state of our fleet and our armies, and drew a conclusion, which, he said, warranted their Lordships, on due consideration, to agree to the Amendment he then held in his hand, which was to be inserted after the words, *which is important a subject requires, and to be substituted in the place of the remaining part of the Address.* This Amendment was an open disapprobation of the Preliminary Articles of Peace, condemning them in strong and pointed words of disapprobation, and concluded with lamenting that the nation was obliged to concur in accepting terms so derogatory to the honour of Great-Britain, and to the welfare of the Empire.

Lord Walsingham spoke for a considerable time, and entered pretty fully into the merits of the Question. His Lordship thought, that considering the state of our navy; considering the state of our wealth at home, and our respectability abroad, much better terms might have been had. He animadverted on the loss of Minorca, the dissolution of our Newfoundland Fishery,

fishery, the immense track of land given away in Canada, our cession in India, and concluded with observing, that as, in justice to his own feelings, he could not acquiesce in acknowledging the truth of the proposed Address, so he was obliged to give it a negative, and subscribed to the Amendment proposed by the Noble Lord in the green ribbon.

Lord Townshend took an extensive view of the East, the West, of Canada, of North America, and Newfoundland. He mentioned Mr. Oswald being a negotiator unable to cope with Mr. Franklin and Mr. Ligonier, and seemed surprised that the Commander in Chief in America was not included; and that some eminent Merchant was not put out as an assistant to cope with such shrewd American politician. His Lordship spoke for a considerable time, and having joined with Lord Carlisle in respect to the case of the Loyalists, the defection of whom, he said, was a scandal to the Treaty, and a disgrace to the gratitude and honour of this country.

The Duke of Grafton replied to the several objections made by those Noble Lords who supported the Amendment, observing, that every matter in objection to the Preliminaries had been magnified to a most extraordinary degree. He said that Peace was the universal cry of the people, and that the emancipation of America was considered as one of the leading principles to that most desirable object. But no sooner was the end obtained, than a party is instantly roused to cry it down. He begged the Noble Lords to consider the situation of this country, and how it stood in respect to its naval and military strength, as well as to internal resources; and he desired the House to remember the language of Parliament in respect to the accomplishment of this event. Indeed the pressure of the times demanded, and almost every circumstance warranted, what had been done. His Lordship then entered into a detail of our East and West-India settlements, and pointed out the advantages that must accrue to us from both quarters by the present ratification. His Lordship acknowledged that concessions had been made, and he insisted that, without these concessions, we should not have had any Peace. Indeed, concessions were requisite, for it was a matter properly authenticated to him, that there were in the harbour of Cadiz 44 ships of the line, and 16,000 troops, ready to sail for the West-Indies, which were to be joined by ten frigate in the Havannah, and two more from another port; and which armament would, no doubt, soon have disposed of us of that valuable island Antigua, and perhaps have proceeded even much further in their western conquests. As to the Loyalists, they were mentioned in such a manner, that his Grace thought America bound, in strong terms, to take them to their protection; and as in that light it must appear by the Provisional Treaty, so it would be derogatory to common prudence to express any diffidence in the Address, or any suspicion that America

would not hold herself bound to comply with that request. His Grace was up for a considerable time, and strongly defended every Article of the Preliminaries.

Lord Keppel informed the House, that he rose with much regret on the present occasion, to express his disapprobation of the Preliminary Articles of Peace. He said, that, considering the situation of the fleet of this country, considering our brilliant successes, and the fatal blow we had given the enemy in the West, he did not see with the same desponding eye as those with whom he had the honour lately to serve in a very high department. We had at this time 109 ships of the line in commission, and there were upwards of 110,000 seamen. Our enemies were not in so formidable a situation, and we had every reason to conclude, that by exertion, and by the prospect that presented itself, we should have been able to dictate, instead of accepting, the Preliminaries of Peace.

The Noble Viscount said, that the force in the West-Indies had been mentioned: But he could venture to assure himself, at least to hope on good grounds, that if a battle had been fought there, Admiral Pigot would have given as good an account of the enemy as that gallant commander Lord Rodney did. He had no notion, nor idea, of that terrific appearance in which others fancied the House of Bourbon. The Spanish ships were rotten, and ours were all in good condition. As he did not subscribe to the terms of Peace, so he thought proper to resign his office. He was unfortunately an obstruction, and he had an opinion of his own: It was an opinion, however, neither founded on party, nor a slave to interest; it was an opinion that he could not give up, because his mind was not convinced that he was erroneous in his judgment. As to the censure conveyed in the Amendment, it might probably be wrong, but as to the Address, he was confident he ought not to subscribe to it, and therefore he meant to dissent from the Noble Earl who proposed it. As to what fell from the Noble Duke, respecting the preparation at Cadiz, he must in reply say, that on the information he received, the matter wore quite a different complexion. The Spanish ships (and he thought he could rely on his information) were represented to him as wanting masts, and in such a state, by not being careened, as to make them unfit for such a service. He wished, he said, that they had gone to the West, and that they had there met with the fleet prepared to receive them. It would have been a proud day for England, no doubt: Our commanders in that part of the world would have given a good account of the enemy.

The Duke of Grafton rose to explain, and was followed by

Lord Keppel, who demanded attention on the same account; after which

His Grace of Richmond rose, and mentioned his having disagreed in the intention of his colleagues to conclude a Peace on the terms of

the present Preliminaries. His Grace said, that he should not vote on the Question now before the House; that he should be happy to support any Administration, whose intentions were to reform the abuses of the State; but that he meant to oppose, strongly and firmly oppose, a Ministry, in which were concerned any one of those men, to whose corrupt system this country stands indebted for all her present calamities.

Lord Stormont took a full and comprehensive view of the whole Preliminaries in a speech of two hours and ten minutes. He attacked the Provisional Treaty, and dwelt with particular force on that part which described the boundaries of Canada. He insisted, that we had lost our fur trade, our Levant trade, our fishery, and our gum trade: That we had sacrificed the Nabob of Aicut, our ally; given up the Cherokees, whom we had formerly baptised by the appellation of the Children of England; permitted France to fortify Dunkirk, and consequently gave them an opportunity of making a harbour for 60 sail of the line continually to annoy us.

Lord Germain replied to Lord Stormont, and answered him with great precision, and in a very short speech, in which, notwithstanding for rhetoric, he blamed all the Noble Viscount's assertions, as to our sacrifices, and admitted that a better Peace, considering every relative circumstance, could not have been made.

Lord Grantham took up the cause of the Loyalists in particular, and followed, in other respects, the ground which Lord Stormont had traversed.

Lord Howe went into the state of the navy, in order to prove that it was not to be formidable as represented by Lord Keppel.

Lord Keppel replied in support of his assertion.

Lord Howe again answered.

Lord Shelburne, in a very able speech, combated all that had been advanced by the Noble Lords who supported the Amendment. He was called on, he said, on behalf of himself and his colleagues in office, to stand forward and defend the Peace, which he considered, and ever would consider himself happy in having accomplished. As to what had been advanced by the Noble Viscount, Lord Stormont, the matter was exaggerated, an unfair view of the Question was taken, and premises not being properly established, the conclusions were false. His Lordship then entered into the particulars of the Noble Viscount's objections as to the fur trade, which he said was not injured to us; neither could he see how the gum trade was to be lost. In short, he denied all that had been advanced by his opponents, and said, that his conduct, and that of his colleagues, would stand the test of a just, fair, and impartial trial. His Lordship was up above an hour, and defended himself with great ability. He mentioned his wish, and his intention to do nothing for the Loyalists, should any disap-

pointment happen to what the Preliminaries intended.

The Duke of Richmond desired to know if Trincomalee was not to be given up, and likewise Negapatam.

Lord Shelburne acknowledged such was the intention of the Treaty now pending with the Dutch; but he hoped that these matters would be seen in a proper point of view, as absolutely requisite to the perfect establishment of peace in every quarter.

Lord Loughborough rose, and, with his wonted eloquence, travelled over the same ground Lord Stormont had before trodden, and commented, with infinite wit and humour, on the arguments and declarations of Ministry.

The Lord Chancellor opposed this Noble Lord with his usual firmness, and with all those astonishing powers of intellect which seem exclusively his own. He placed the Amendment in the most ridiculous point of view. "What," he said, "thank his Majesty for a Peace, which, in the same breath, you tell his Majesty is dishonourable and incompatible with your circumstances? There is absurdity on the face of this language." And in this vein of pointed satire his Lordship refuted every objection to the original Addict, particularly the arguments of Lord Loughborough, whose legal opinion, that the King could not, in violation of his prerogative, cede that part of Canada he did, and Florida, &c. without the sanction of Parliament—the Lord Chancellor treated with no great respect—Upon the whole, more ingenious or more able speaking, was, perhaps, never heard in the House of Lords, on any occasion whatever. At length the Question was put, when there appeared,

For it	-	55
Proxies	-	4
	Total	59
Against it	-	69
Proxies	-	4
	Total	73

Majority 14, in favour of Lord Penelope's Addicts.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

FEBRUARY 10.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer moved, that the purport of his Majesty's speech which related to economical reforms, should be read; which having been done, he stated the very great necessity of seconding the gracious intention of the Sovereign, in so essential and important an undertaking; there were, in most of the public offices, sinecure places, to which great salaries were annexed, and the nation was burdened to pay officers who performed no services whatever. This was a good ground for reform; and he made no doubt but the House would readily consent to a measure, which had for its object to alleviate the burthen of the public: He then moved for leave to bring in a Bill

Bill for reforming abuses, and introduce new regulations into the Treasury, Admiralty, Tax, and Pay-offices, and other public offices, to be mentioned in the Bill.—The Motion passed without a division.

He next stated, that there was another department in the public service, which he thought of to great a magnitude, as that it well deserved to be considered in a separate Bill; he meant the Board of Customs, where, from the number of fees, and intricate forms of office, the public business was retarded, to the great injury, as well of the revenue, as of the merchants: There were also under that Board a number of patent places, which were become sinecure, of no benefit what ever except to the patentee. The fees he intended to reduce, the patent places to abolish, still making a provision equal to an equivalent, for the patentees' salaries, and a proper compensation to those who were interested in the reduction. This had met the general approbation of the House; and Mr. Pitt having moved for leave to bring in a Bill to reduce the fees of office, and also to abolish certain patent places under the Board of Customs, the Motion passed without a division, as did also another, for a list of officers under the Board of Customs, to be dealt with the fees paid to them, in Great-Britain.

Mr. Fox moved, without any preface, in three separate Motions, for a list of the ships of war, with the names and rates, which were in commission and in service on the 20th of January 1783; and also an account of the framen and masts borne and mustered in his Majesty's navy on the 1st of January, 1783; and a list of the names of such ships as were in such forwardness, that they might be in the way on the 1st of May next. The Motions passed without opposition.

Mr. Bader said, that he wished to take the business up at an earlier period, in order to ascertain whether the navy was in an improving or declining state, when it was handed over by a Noble Earl to his successor, he therefore moved for an account of the ships of war in commission, together with the number of seamen and masts borne and mustered in his Majesty's navy, on the 1st of March last. The Motion was agreed to without any difficulty.

FEBRUARY 12.

Mr. Secretary Townshend said, that in consequence of a notice given by him before the recess, of an intention to make some regulations for the improvement of the police of the metropolis and its environs; he was now going to move for leave to bring in two Bills, to carry that intention into effect. He would propose that all those persons who should be found carrying arms at night, without being able to give a good account of themselves, or in whose possession should be found implements for house-breaking, &c. should, though without having actually perpetrated any criminal purpose, be treated as vagrants, and suffer six months im-

prisonment: According to the law, as it now stands, the most notorious felon in the kingdom, returning to mix with the public, after the expiration of a sentence of transportation, or confinement in the hulks, might have in his possession every implement necessary for plundering his fellow-subjects, and still be out of the reach of justice, till he should have actually committed some crime with them.

The object of his next proposition, was to punish more severely the receivers of stolen goods. It was an old saying, "that the receiver is as bad as the thief;" but if the subject was maturely studied, it would be found that the receiver was infinitely worse, and infinitely more pernicious to the public: In proof of this observation, he adduced the case of the unfortunate young girl, who was lately executed for the robbery in her mistress's house at Tottenham: This young woman, whom he found it was impossible to save, though she would not have been so of herself, but through the advice of other, guilty of the crime for which she died, had opened a bureau belonging to her mistress, and finding there a piece of silk, cut some off, and pawned it with her mother: The mother told him, that she had already done enough to hurt herself, and the only way by which she could escape, would be to have the house robbed, and then the piece of silk being taken, it could never be known that she had cut any of it off; to this end the mother proposed to procure men who should rob the house, and tie the servants to the beds, that it might not be suspected they had any hand in the robbery: Here the receiver had been in fact the cause of the crime, and of the fatal consequence, that ensued. He did not see therefore why receivers in general, who, in his opinion, were at least as guilty as the thieves, should not be treated as severely. He would propose therefore the repeal of the 10th of George III. relative to receivers of stolen goods, and enact the penalty of death on all those who should in future be convicted of receiving stolen goods, knowing them to be such, which had come into the hands of the thief, by burglary or highway robbery, and in these two cases only. Having said thus much, he moved for leave to bring in two separate Bills, for carrying the two propositions into a law; and leave was given without any debate.

FEBRUARY 14.

Mr. Secretary Townshend informed the House, that the ratification of the Preliminary Articles with Spain arrived yesterday, as did the agreement of Holland to the cessation of hostilities; therefore he should move, that the Preliminary Articles should be taken into consideration on Monday next.

Mr. Eden moved, "That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, that there be laid before this House, copies of the powers under which the different negotiators on the late Peace acted,"

Lord Newhaven seconded the Motion.

The Question was put and carried.

The Speaker then put the necessary Question that must always follow such a Motion, which is, "That the said Address be presented by such Members as are of his Majesty's Privy Council," when

Mr. Secretary Townshend not having listened to the Question, and not perceiving that the first Motion had been carried, began to oppose the Motion, by declaring, that he did not believe there was any precedent on the journals of such a thing granted.

The Speaker informed the Right Honourable Secretary, that the Motion having passed, his objections there were too late.

Mr. Eden said, he by no means wished to embarrass Ministers, nor did he suppose that any objection could be made to the Motion; if the Right Hon. Secretary had any doubt on the propriety of the measure, he would withdraw his Motion, if it could be done, on being promised that the papers should be laid before the House in any other way he chose.

Mr. Secretary Townshend replied, that he could have wished the Hon. Gentleman had given him more time to consider the measure, as he did not believe that any precedent could be found on the Journals where such papers had been laid before the House; but he would, if the Motion was withdrawn, bring down on Monday next the papers in question, and no frivolous objection should then prevent him from producing them to the House.

Mr. Fox rose immediately, and remarked, it was truly farcical to talk of searching for precedents in the present case, for none could be found; it was a matter totally new, and in his opinion very proper to be laid before the House. Surely, he said, it would be most proper to have the matter debated this day, and not defer the Question until Monday, when such important business was to come on; a business the most important that ever was agitated in Parliament, and which, from the nature of it, would take a great length of time; and it would be exceedingly wrong to let any other business come before the House that day.

The powers granted to Mr. Oswald and the American commissioners must be new, and it was a matter of doubt to him whether the Preliminaries could be properly described, until the Question was determined whether the power under which the negotiators had acted was right.

Mr. W. Dollen said, the last words of the Hon. Gentleman had made a great impression on him, and he saw the propriety of the Question; for although it was not, he believed, any way material to the discussion of the articles, yet, as the power granted to Mr. Oswald to treat with the American commissioner must be new, he could not in his own mind form a judgment how it could be granted; and he was yet to learn whether the prerogative of the King reached so far as to grant that power; that the

prerogative had a right to make peace or war with a foreign enemy, he was free to confess; and therefore did not dispute that part respecting France or Spain; but with respect to America, where we were giving up five-sixths of the extent of territory belonging to this country, there he was at a loss to know whether such a power existed in the Crown. He said he remembered very well that his Majesty, in his Speech at the opening of the Session, speaking of America, made use of the remarkable expression:—"Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the powers vested in

He remembered perfectly well, he said, that the present Ministry, just before they came in, passed a resolution which was worded to, viz. "That the power of the Crown had increased, was still increasing, and ought to be diminished." Therefore it appeared very strange to him that the first thing they did, on coming into Administration, was to increase that power, which they manifested, and by what his Majesty mentioned in his Speech.

Governor J. Milnes remarked, that the answer given by the Right Honourable Secretary was curious; he had declared, that he would bring down the papers, and no frivolous objection should be made to producing them; that, in his opinion, was saying nothing; for it on that day any substantial objection should have been pointed out to the Honourable Gentleman, he would be at liberty to refute them; but the denying of them now appeared to him absurd, for the Honourable Gentleman ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the contents of the papers, and if they contained any thing wrong, to be able to state what part it was. He ought to have read them over and over again, from the nature of his office.

The Lord Advocate rose, and, in a very ingenious speech, said, if his ears had not misled him, he thought his Right Honourable friend (Mr. Townshend) had given a sufficient reason why the papers should not be laid before the House, until they were first examined into; those papers might contain a part of the instructions, and be blended with other matter, which was exceedingly improper to be laid before the House; surely, he said, no Gentleman then would wish to call for them; for his part, he could not discern what service those papers could be of to the debate on Monday next, they appeared to him to be called for more to embarrass than to clear any point in dispute.

Mr. C. Jenkinson said, he could not agree with the learned Lord, that the papers in question contained any part of the instructions, or could possibly be blended with any thing improper to be laid before the House; it must be plain to every Gentleman, what the power to treat with France and Spain was; but how the power to treat with America runs, he must needs own he was a stranger to, and therefore if it was

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only to satisfy curiosity, he should be for having the papers, as he was certain they could contain nothing improper to be seen.

The question about the Address being presented, was then put and agreed to.

Mr. Sheridan said, that the Preliminaries of Peace were to undergo the investigation of the House in a very short time, it would be necessary that Parliament were furnished with every proper intelligence from the Ministers relative to them, which were not contained in the papers that lay on the table. The matter to be argued was of a very serious nature indeed, and it involved in it the whole interest of the Empire. Ministers had much to answer, and the people much to ask. For his part, he thought it his duty to stand forward on this occasion, and to send some information from the servants of the Crown in respect of negotiations with Holland, and with France as to our Eastern possessions; for it was an evident matter, if Peace was now concluded with France, and that we had not from them a proper security for holding Trincomale, Ministers had acted in a very improper manner. It was possible, and he did not mean to aver the fact, but to suggest the idea, that some secret treaty had been carried on with France, in order to induce Holland to make Peace, in which treaty this valuable island was stipulated to be given up again. This was of such importance to the House, and so absolutely requisite for them to know before they entered on the business, that he hoped Ministers would at least give an answer verbally, if they did not assent officially to the substance of that Motion, which it was his intention to make. Let me suppose, said the Honourable Gentleman, that Government had received some bad news from the East at this day, would it not, in such case, be the interest of this kingdom that Parliament should address his Majesty, praying him not to deliver up the Island of Trincomale, but to hold it in possession as the means of our making a good Peace with the Dutch?

The sixteenth Article of the Preliminaries, was, in his opinion, a very vague one; it mentioned that, in case France has allies in India, they shall be invited, as well as those of Great-Britain, to accede to the present ratification; and, for that purpose, a term of four months, to be computed from the day on which the proposal shall be made to them, shall be allowed them to make the decision; and in case of refusal on their part, their Britannic and Most Christian Majesties agree not to give them any assistance, directly or indirectly, against the British or French possessions, or against the antient possessions of their respective allies; and their said Majesties shall offer them their good offices towards a mutual accommodation. This, the Honourable Member insisted, was no security for the Island of Trincomale; it was no security that Trincomale was not privately resolved on to be given up to Holland; and that the

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stipulations for that purpose were in the hands of France at this moment, as part of the private agreement between the negotiators for settling the public terms of a general Peace. It was this matter he wanted to have perfectly understood, and therefore wished to know the fact from Ministers. He then moved, "That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, to request that he would order such part of the negotiations for Peace, as respected our possession in the East-Indies, to be laid before the House."

Mr. Fox rose and seconded the Motion.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to Mr. Sheridan, said, that he was astonished how so absurd, so preposterous, so unparliamentary a Motion, could be conceived by any Member in the House. Indeed, of late it was to be observed, that Opposition had started up in many different forms, and shapes to almost every proposition that came from Ministers; but in no instance did it take such an unwarrantable stride as in the present. The Motion made by the Honourable Member, contained a requisition contrary to all usage in the House, to all precedent, and indeed, to every degree of common sense and common understanding. He was surprized, he said, that so little attention should be paid to the forms of Parliament, in matters of this kind, as to demand by Motion, the express terms of Preliminaries not signed, and the private negotiations for a Peace, the only leading principle to which, as yet, was a cessation of hostilities. Was the Honourable Member so uninformed in the history of negotiation, as not to know that the very demand which he made was against the sacred oath and honour of the Ministers concerned in that negotiation. If the servants of the Crown declared that Trincomale was to be given up—then it was given up—there was no alternative—there was no going back from the assertion: And, on the other hand, if they declared it was not to be ceded, then a similar predicament became unavoidable. Negotiations for peace were held to be of a secret nature; and Parliament, until the present instance, had never insisted by Motion, however they might have solicited by conversation, any insight into a business of this nature until it was concluded.

The Right Honourable Gentleman hoped that every Member of the House would give him credit when he said, for they all knew the circumstance to be so, that Peace was not concluded with Holland, although a cessation of hostilities was agreed upon. Was the House then to enter on a discussion of Preliminaries that perhaps were not in existence, of Preliminaries that were not, at least, signed—surely not. It would be to decide upon an uncertainty, to call upon Ministers for what, perhaps, they did not profess, and to demand from them an intention which it was probable they did not entertain. In such a doubtful case, it was the result of common sense, it was

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the determination of long parliamentary practice, not to accede to so improper, so unprecedented, and he must again say, so absurd a Motion. He therefore hoped, when the Honourable Gentleman had coolly, had deliberately weighed, what the purport of the Motion might be, and when he saw on what firm and substantial grounds it was opposed, he would withdraw it, and leave the Preliminaries of Peace to take their regular constitutional mode of parliamentary discussion.

Mr. Fox defended the Motion, which he seconded, with great abilities. He observed, that this peace was a particular peace, and not like any within his memory. It therefore demanded more than ordinary attention, and though the concessions were unprecedented in such a situation of affairs, so the discussion of the Articles was entitled to a new mode of argument. He was not led by idle curiosity to know what the state of affairs in India were, or how far we had ceded our possessions in the East, to obtain the good favour of Holland at home. His views were both nationally just, and parliamentarily right. His object was the benefit of the kingdom; and though the etiquette of Ministers might hide it, they should never prevent him from endeavouring to find it out. His Honourable Friend, in his opinion, had made the Motion on very just grounds, and it was therefore that it met his concurrence. The warmth with which the Right Hon. Gentleman over the way had expressed himself, seemed of so touchy a nature, that it could not escape the observation of the House. He apprehended that the Motion was felt, that it would not stand the test or trial on this important Question, and that the pain of the wound hurried the Right Hon. Member beyond the bounds of Parliamentary decency, into a transposition of Ministerial passion. As to the Treaty with France, though he gave some credit to Ministers, yet he gave more to facts, and to well warranted supposition. He believed, and he said, he had reason to believe, that the Treaty with France took especial care to secure peace to Holland, although from secret motives, from private, perhaps substantial reasons, it was not proper yet to let the people into the secret, and to make it publicly notorious, that the terms were to give up Negapatnam, and the territories adjacent thereto; nay, report had gone much further, and it was generally surmised that Trincomalee was also to be ceded. The Right Hon. Gentleman further observed, that he should not be surprised to hear from Ministers, in a short time, that the mode of establishing a permanent peace, was to give up all we had conquered in war, because it then naturally followed, that there could no animosity remain, no longing after that which was lost. Thus, by restoring to our enemies what we had taken from them, they would again become our friends; and to make friends, was a system that Administrations should never forget to adopt. In respect

to the intention which stimulated his Hon. Friend to bring on the Motion now before the House, he was confident that the reasons for making it were, not to oblige Ministers to do any thing unparliamentary as negotiators for peace, but to make them give to the House a constitutional information on that business.

He did not wish to oblige them to accede formally, to the request. His intention was answered, in one respect, by knowing the sentiments of Administration on the business, and in another by endeavouring to discover a matter, that, in his opinion, it was absolutely requisite for Parliament to know. But if his Honourable Friend withdrew his Motion, as he thought his intention so to be, then let Administration triumph in their victory, if they deem a release from embarrassment to be a victory. Let them however remember, that the requisition has been made, and that they have refused to accede to it.

Mr. Sheridan replied to that part of Mr. Pitt's argument, which charged him with unparliamentary language, and defended himself from the imputation of being out of the regular course of moving for papers. He concluded with observing, that as the Right Hon. Gentleman had recommended temper in debate, and modesty in argument, he should have been happy to have found the precept enforced by his example; and as his most ardent wish was for the prosperity of his country, he had only to lament that the same haughtiness of style which defended the Ratification, was not to be found in dictating the Preliminaries of Peace; and he advised the Right Hon. Gentleman and his friends to reserve themselves for Monday next, when it was probable they would find full employment for all the spirits they possessed.

Lord Maitland rose, declaring, that he should not be surprised if Ministry was against the Motion he was going to make; yet he believed there was scarce a man in the nation but agreed with him in declaring, that the reward bestowed on General Sir George Elliott was mean and pitiful, when compared to the eminent services he had done his country. The gallant defence that able General had made at Gibraltar, was the wonder and astonishment of the whole world, and the reward bestowed on him, he believed was the same. He knew of nothing more than a paltry 1300l. per annum, and surely, said the Noble Lord, such great services deserved a better mark of royal favour; indeed every reward which had been bestowed on merit, seemed greatly superior to the present. The Noble Lord mentioned a variety of instances wherein merit had been rewarded with Peerages; but none, he said, in his opinion, deserved reward more than the present; he therefore moved, "That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, that he will be graciously pleased to order some further mark of his royal favour to General Sir George Elliott, for the great and important service he has rendered his country."

Lord

Lord Parker rose to second the Motion, and declared that it was his intention to have moved for something similar a long time since, but he imagined it would not come with so good a grace from him, being a relation; however, he would mention to the House, that he knew the temper of the Hon. General so well, that he would not wish to accept of the reward that had been offered, if he supposed it came as a reward from Ministry; but if he thought it came as a request from his Majesty, he would accept of it as a mark of his esteem. The Noble Lord spoke highly in praise of Gen. Eliott, and said he had received from one of the greatest monarchs in the world, for military knowledge, (the King of Prussia) a letter written with his own hand, acquainting him that he had minutely watched his manœuvres, and was happy in saying, they were the greatest he ever knew. Such an honour, he said, was superior to any pecuniary reward that could be offered, and in addition to that, the satisfaction of having withstood the united attacks of the House of Bourbon, in defending a place, the taking of which was thought too great an honour for a common subject; and therefore prizes of the blood were sent to be present at the conquest, who were obliged to return with no other honour than having beheld his gallantry.

Lord Beauchamp said he did not rise the advocate of Ministry, nor to say the General did not deserve every reward in the power of the Crown to give; but he thought it was the province of the Crown to bestow rewards; and if Parliament was always to dictate, there would be an end to the prerogative: He therefore moved the Order of the Day.

Sir Charles Cox spoke a few words in favour of Lord Beauchamp's Motion for the Order of the Day.

Mr. George Onslow was against the Motion, as it interfered with the prerogative of the Crown, and he thought the red ribbon, and leaving General Eliott to be chosen a Member of Parliament, was giving him an opportunity to be in full as good company as if he was made a Peer. He was an enemy, he said, to taking men of worth out of that House, and looked upon it as taking a main feather out of the wing of a game cock.

General Conway said, he certainly was of opinion, that no honour, however great, could be too much for the General in question; his service required the greatest reward, and he had often wished that there was in this country, what there was in most others, a particular Order for military merit; but he by no means thought it right for Parliament to interfere in what undoubtedly was the prerogative of the Crown.

Mr. Dempster said, as it had been allowed for Parliament to address Majesty in other cases to bestow honours, so he thought they had a right to address to bestow a further mark of royal favour, if they thought sufficient had not been already done.

The Question being called,

The Speaker informed the House that an Address had been moved, since which the Order of the Day had been moved for; therefore the Question he had to put was, "Whether the Order of the Day be now read?" Upon which a division took place, and the numbers were,

Ayes	—	—	90
Noes	—	—	18

FEBRUARY 17.

At half after four the Order of the Day was called for; it was for taking into consideration the Preliminary Articles of Peace: The Clerk read in reply the titles of each paper, *pro forma*, which, as soon as he had finished,

Mr. T. Pitt rose: He said, that on no occasion did he ever feel more satisfaction, or more regret in addressing the House, than he felt at that moment: Satisfaction at being able to congratulate Gentlemen that a ruinous war was no more: Regret, on considering by what sacrifices we had put an end to it. Peace, he said, for which mankind generally pant, never fails, by a strange fatality, to be unpopular, whether the war that preceded it was fortunate or unsuccessful: It was not, therefore, to be deemed matter of surprize, if the present Peace, which, such as it was, had preserved us from ruin, should be unpopular; and he himself was ready to avow, that he felt unspeakable concern, when he reflected at what price it had been purchased. The British empire in America, which extended along an immense coast, from Hudson's Bay to the Gulph of Mexico, was now confined within nearly as narrow limits as were the French possessions on that continent, at the commencement of the last war: But the memory of this loss of territory should be accompanied with this reflexion, founded in truth and necessity, that when one of two nations at war has acquired an ascendancy over the other, the latter cannot expect to obtain peace otherwise than by concession. For his part, he did not wish to raise gloomy ideas in the mind of any man; but he must beg that Gentlemen would attend to him, while he should draw to them a true picture of their present situation, which he would compare with that in which they stood previous to the American war. On the 1st of January, 1766, the interest of the national debt amounted to about 3,500,000*l.* since that period we had expended near 100,000,000*l.* which, at 5 per cent. would increase the interest, payable to the creditors of the public, to upwards of 8,000,000*l.* our unfunded debt could not possibly be less than 30,000,000*l.* which, at 5 per cent. interest when funded, would swell the interest to more than nine millions and a half: To this he must add the peace establishment of the kingdom, which, he was well informed, could not be less than 3,500,000*l.* which, with the civil list establishment of 900,000*l.* would make the annual expenditure of Great-Britain amount to about 14,000,000*l.* per annum. If

such must necessarily be the expenditure of this country from this moment, what must it have been if the expences of another campaign had been incurred? The only prospect that he could see, in such a case, was ruin. After these preliminary observations, he adverted to the particulars of the several treaties; he said that France, notwithstanding the great expences he had been at, and the prodigious exertions she had made, had sat down contented with infinitely fewer acquisitions than could be reasonably expected, when the superiority of the confederacy of which she was the soul, was thoroughly considered; nothing had been added to them but Tobago, Senegal, and Goree, with a trifle of land in the East. What were our losses in the West-Indies? Tobago only: for in return for St. Lucia, which we had agreed to restore to France, we were to get back Dominique, Grenada, St. Vincent, St. Kitt's, the Grenades, Nevis, and Montserrat; so that in fact all that we had lost in that quarter of the world, after a calamitous war, was no more than a single island.—As to St. Pierre and Miquelon, which we were to restore, the French possessed them before the breaking out of the war, and consequently the restoration neither made their situation better, or ours, worse than it was, before the commencement of hostilities. As to the fishery on the coast of Newfoundland, it was what had been secured to them by former treaties; and the present treaty only changed the locality of the boundaries described by former ones. With respect to the treaty with Spain, there was no doubt but it contained concessions; but he would remind Gentlemen, that of the three places ceded to Spain, two of them (Minorca and West-Florida) were conquered by that Crown, and were actually in the possession of the Spaniards; so that we could not well avoid ceding them, unless we could first recover them by force, which we were not in condition to do. As to East-Florida, if we ceded it, we were in return to have the Bahama Islands restored, which had been conquered by Spain. And here he could not help observing, that East-Florida, however valuable it might be in other respects, ceased to be so to us, when West-Florida had passed into the hands of the Spaniards.

The Provisional Treaty with America was next the object of consideration: And here indeed it was that he felt most poignantly that we had been conquered; an empire was torn from us, which formerly was the pride and glory of Britain; but however repugnant it must be to the feelings of an Englishman, to see so immense a country torn from the dominions of England, yet he must not blame Ministers, or their Treaty, for the loss of it: If the Independence of America sounded harsh in the ears of Gentlemen; if they should be resolved to condemn the Treaty, on account of that Independence, he begged, that before they should give a vote on that occasion, they would remember that it was not by that Treaty that

the Independence was established: The Americans had been in possession of it, and enjoyed it, *de facto*, for years; but still, if they had not been possessed of it till last year, it was not completely confirmed to them by the resolution of the House of Commons, by which all attempts to reduce them by force were prohibited: Then it was that the Independence of America was secured; the Treaty had barely recognized what it found already established. As to the Loyalists, their situation gave him unspeakable concern; but it was not for him to say, that he divided this denomination of men into two classes: One of them he would treat as his brethren; with them he would divide his last shilling, and his last loaf; while he would look upon the other class as composed of vipers, of a traitorous race of people. For the former he would willingly have done every thing that justice, that honour, that gratitude could call for; but if America was determined not to do for them, what he would wish her to do, what was his remedy, what was his conduct to be? Was he to prosecute the war, and by completely exhausting the resources of this country, to reduce ourselves to as pitiable a state as that in which they now stand. But if we should be even mad enough to wish to prosecute the war for their sake, in order to force America to do justice, the resolution of that House stood directly in the way of such a measure, and rendered it impossible. But tho' the Congress stood pledged for no more than a recommendation of the Loyalists, and their distresses to the different Provincial Assemblies, still he made no doubt but this recommendation would produce some good to these unfortunate men, for he was confident that the Gentlemen who had undertaken to recommend them, would do it honestly, sincerely, and earnestly: Gentlemen, however, might perhaps ask, why something more than the promise to recommend, had not been demanded and insisted on by the framers of the Peace; to this he would answer, that Ministers could not, and ought not to insist on more than those, with whom they were treating, had it in their power to grant: He did not know the constitution of the American republic; he believed the Americans themselves scarcely understood it: But he believed he had not bad grounds for saying, that Congress have no power over the different states, of whose deputies that assembly is composed; each state being sovereign in itself, the Congress could of course have no other dominion over them than that of influence; and he was thoroughly satisfied, that with respect to the Loyalists, that influence would be exerted; strenuously exerted! But the boundaries given to the United States might give offence to some; for his part, he considered principally that our great object was to cultivate an intimacy, friendship, and brotherly love with the infant republic, he thought it prudent and politic to remove every possible obstacle to the completion of so desirable a work: Hence it was that he greatly

approved

approved of that part of the Treaty, which settled the boundaries; and in fact, he looked upon it to be the great excellence of the Treaty, that so clearly, and so plainly described the limits of the dominions of Great-Britain and America; that it was impossible they could be mistaken; and therefore it was impossible that there should be any dispute between them on the score or boundaries. If the boundaries were more extensive than some Gentlemen might wish, they would produce this singularly good effect from the circumstance of their extent, that the peace, friendship, and connexion of the Parent State, and those provinces which she once called her own, would be the less liable to interruption from those disputes which so often occur between nations on the subject of boundaries. However, while he was admitting that a very extensive boundary had been given away, he would not have Gentlemen imagine that all Canada was gone; enough of it was left for the purposes of trade, immense tracts of it still remained in our hands, which, he hoped in God, would never be settled and peopled from England: The trade of that country was all that was wanted; we had still enough of it for that purpose; and, as for colonization, he was an enemy to it, and never wished to see it take place in Canada, to any extent, from this country. The Americans were, by the Treaty, to be allowed to fish on the coast of Newfoundland, but this was a privilege which they had always enjoyed, and which they were in a condition to insist should be confirmed to them for ever. Upon the whole, he was proud to have it in his power to oblige to the House, that if the territory of this country had decreased, its manufactures and commerce were not in the wane; hence he was justified in drawing one of these two inferences, either that we had found out new channels of trade, or that our manufactures had found their way into the old channels, by circuitous means: In either case we had cause to rejoice, for new channels would take off those manufactures which we formerly conveyed to the old, and we had still more reason to rejoice, if even by circuitous means, they found their way still to the old ones; and with what additional advantages might our trade be carried on, when, freed from the necessity of recurring to circuitous ways, we carried it directly to America?—Thus placing the Treaty in every point of view, and taking into his consideration every thing that ought to be fairly weighed, he was ready to return his thanks to the Ministers who had so happily rescued us from a war, which, if pursued any longer, must have ended in our ruin: If united as we were, we would carry it on merely on the defensive; and it required no argument to prove that nothing could so much waste the strength, and consume the vitals of a commercial country, as a defensive war. He then produced a long Address, which he moved should be presented to his Majesty, returning him their most humble thanks for being graciously pleased to submit to their consideration the Provi-

sional Articles with America, and the Treaties completed between France, Spain, and Great-Britain.

The Address contained two or three other articles relative to the revision of our Trade Laws, and the Motion was seconded by

Mr. Willerforce. He inveighed against the chimerical ideas which had been entertained at the beginning of the war, but which never could have been realized, as the consequence and event had demonstrated. He then descanted on the Treaties with France and Spain, and endeavoured, as Mr. Pitt had done, to show that the Peace was not as disadvantageous to us, as from our melancholy situation we had reason to have apprehended. He then touched upon the Provisional Treaty with America, and dwelt with some emotion on that part of it which related to the Loyalists. He concluded by expressing his hearty approbation of the Peace; and consequently of the motion that he rose to second.

Lord John Cavendish rose next: He said that in great part of what had been advanced by the Honourable Member who made the motion, he perfectly agreed with him, but differed in some points most essentially. That Honourable Member, he contended, had not fairly stated the question that naturally occurred upon the Peace: The Honourable Member said, that the question was, whether such a Peace as we had now got was preferable to the renewal of the war: If this was really the state of the question, he verily believed there could not be two opinions in the House; for no man could wish for a revival of the war; but he took the question to be maturely this: “Whether a better peace than this could possibly have been obtained in our present situation of affairs?” To this question he was not yet prepared to give an answer; it was of great extent, and required very serious consideration; and here a very natural objection occurred to every man, the Address moved for by the Honourable Gentleman stated, that the House had seriously considered the Preliminaries; now he must say that this assertion was not founded in fact; for the House had not considered the Preliminaries, much less had Members considered them seriously. It was possible that the present Peace might be the best that could have been obtained; but this was what the House knew nothing of as yet; it had not yet begun an enquiry into that point: Nay, the business was not concluded; for if the Treaty with Holland was to be considered as a part of the general pacification, the whole work was as yet incomplete; and therefore the House would act wisely by deferring to give any opinion, till the whole should be completed, and before them. As to the resources of the country, for carrying on a war, he would say nothing of them; he was not acquainted with them; but still, let them be what they might, he was ready to go so far in the Address, as to pledge the House to abide by the Peace, such as it was, and, consequently, to renounce all idea of new

newing the war. He concluded by moving, in amendment, that instead of the words, "*bad considered*," should be inserted the words, "*will consider*;" and then, moving that all the rest of the original Address should be left out, he pro-

posed a paragraph, binding the House to abide by the Peace.

The Hon. Mr. St. John made a short speech in support of the amendment.

(To be continued.)

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY 25.

Covent-Garden.

THE comedy of *A Bold Stroke for a Husband*, written by Mrs. Cowley, was performed at this Theatre for the first time: The characters and fable are as follow:

Don Caesar, - -	Mr. Quick.
Don Carlos, - -	Mr. Wroughton.
Don Julio, - -	Mr. Lewis.
Don Vincentio, -	Mr. Edwin.
Don Garcia, - -	Mr. Whitfield.
Se vant, - -	Mr. Wilson.

Olivia, -	Mrs. Mattocks.
Victoria, -	Mrs. Robinson.
Laura, -	Mrs. Whitfield.
Marcella, -	Miss Morris.
Minette, -	Miss Wilson.

The scene is in Spain. Don Caesar, a rich Spaniard, has an heiress, named Olivia, to whom he is impatient to give a husband, that he may have male-heirs, to carry down his name and dignities to posterity. His ardent wishes are, however, frustrated by the young lady, who is represented to be of a violent spirit. She has had numerous lovers, all of whom, she by some means or other, disgusts, but not always by the same methods: For, as her father observes, though she sometimes receives them with good-humour and complacency, yet, notwithstanding her beauty and fortune, they all desert her. Driven almost to madness by these repeated disappointments, he is resolved to shut her up in a convent, and marry the young Marcella himself. He chuses to allow her, however, two chances more, and Don Garcia and Don Vincentio are the youths introduced to her, as the last lovers she is to receive. Her coyness to the first, and her odd taste in music to the last, have the usual effects, and the fair lady is again rejected. It appears, however, that her extravagancies of temper, and other singularities, are assumed. She has been, about two years before, a Don Julio, who touched her with a lively passion: She was a mere girl, just liberated from her convent, and Julio set off the next day for France; so that she had no opportunity to endeavour to inspire him with reciprocal sentiments, or to know what he thought of her. But, being determined not to give her hand to another, whilst she has a chance for him, she resolves on disgusting every man her father presents to her, giving the absence of Julio, and inventing her supplies her with the means, Julio at

length returns; several lively and interesting situations, new to the stage, are the consequence, and their union is cemented. The under-plot, or rather the other plot, for its importance hardly admits of its being considered as subordinate, is composed of the anxieties of married life. Carlos, a dissipated young man, but of a good heart, has left his wife at her castle in the country, and is attached to Laura, a woman of intrigue, but who keeps up pretensions to character. This woman had art enough to prevail on Carlos to assign over to her the last remnants of his shattered fortune, an estate which his wife, Victoria, had made his, too much in love, and too inconsiderate, to secure it to her children. Laura had prepared the deeds; and finding all her arguments and blandishments thrown away in persuading Carlos to be guilty of this cruel injustice to his wife, presented them to him in a state of intoxication, and obtained her wishes.—Meanwhile Victoria, not being able to support her husband's absence, had followed him to Madrid; and concealed in the house of her uncle Don Caesar, makes herself acquainted with the attachment of Carlos to Laura. Having an ardent affection for her husband, she determines to visit her happy rival, that she might learn her art of captivating, and with this view disguises herself, as a cavalier, and in that character visits Laura. But here an unexpected event takes place: The sickle Laura, struck with the charms of the blooming Florio, for so Victoria styles herself, forsakes Carlos, and indulges a passion for his wife. She endeavours to persuade Florio to leave Spain, and go with her to her own country (Portugal); and as a temptation, acquaints her that she is in possession of that fine estate, which became Carlos's by marriage, and which she has agreed to sell, gold being more portable than land. Victoria's distress is obvious; she finds herself and her children reduced to beggary, and her whole soul is now absorbed with schemes, to get restored to her the fatal deed. Carlos suffers all the agonies incident to his situation; we find him miserable in having ruined his family; enraged at the desertion of Laura (tho' no longer loving her); and determined on the destruction of his rival. The different passions and designs of Carlos, Laura, and Victoria, furnish much business, and of the most interesting sort. The husband and wife meet by chance at the Prado, where Carlos had accompanied Julio, to meet Olivia; and Victoria had attended her cousin to meet Julio. She is vexed; and his discovering her, so far from conciliating them, produces much harsh usage from

from Carlos, because he dares not reveal to her her situation, or which he supposes her to be ignorant. Their next interview is at Laura's, where he sees her in a boy's dress, and as his hated rival is going to find her, at the very moment in which, by her contrivance, Laura had destroyed the deers which ruined them. A reconciliation takes place between them; and in the concluding scene they meet at Don Caesar's, where Julio and Victoria appear on the point of union, and the other parties of the drama seem satisfied, by having some difficulties explained to them.

The dialogue of this comedy is lively, animated, and sensible, and is not encumbered with sentimental phrase. There is mystery enough in the plot to keep the attention in an active state, without producing any sort of labyrinth to perplex the mind. The situations are excellent, and not confined to a single act, the comedy abounding with scenes of this description.

The Prologue was spoken by Mr. Whitfield, and was not without merit. The Epilogue fell to the province of Mrs. Mattocks, and in part consisted of singing.

MARCH 14.

Drury-Lane.] The Oratorios commenced this season, with the performance of *Acis and Galatea*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Acis, - - - - Mr. Norris.

Polyphemus, - Mr. Reinhold.
Galateia, - Mrs. Bannister.
Chloris, - Miss Phillips.

The subject of this oratorio is taken from the 13th book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, where Polyphemus, (a giant) envious of the loves of *Acis* and *Galatea*, kills the former, who is afterwards turned into a fountain. This story was originally brought out as a masque at this theatre, by P. Motteux, in the year 1701, and set to music by John Eccles; it was afterwards altered to three parts, consisting of recitative and air, and set to music by our celebrated Handel.

Those who are amateurs of this species of music, will always find themselves well entertained by so great a master, whose compositions are, for the most part, spirited, characteristic, and regular; and, perhaps, conform more with the natural taste of this country, than any before or since his time. If any objection might be said to lie against them, it is in the chorusses, which are generally too long, and sometimes are apt to tire in the repetition.

Mrs. Bannister performed the part of *Galatea*, in the room of Miss Linley, who was taken ill on Thursday se'nnight, and which, in consequence, put off this entertainment a week longer than usual.

After the oratorio, Handel's *Coronation Anthem* met with that applause which it always is sure of receiving when well performed.

P O E T R Y.

A PROSPECT OF POETRY.

To the Earl of CORN and ORRERY*.

By DR. DE-LA-COUR.

(Now first published in England, from his last correct Copy.)

WHAT various styles to different strains belong,
What time to sit, or when to sink in song;

To thee, best judge of this refin'd delight,
O! bairn to genius, lo, the Muses write;
'Tis your's, my lord, to bid each art excel,
And smile on merit which you grace so well;
To make mankind a nobler Brothill sue,
And find their long-lost Halifax in thee:
Few now remain to say who sung before,
Parnel is dead—and Addison no more!
The few remaining time will sweep away,
And Pope and Swift must shortly follow Gay.

* LETTER from the illustrious Earl of ORRERY to DR. DE-LA-COUR.

SIR,

Marlton, Dec. 15, 1733.

I was resolv'd to be so early in my acknowledgments, that I had only allow'd myself cursorily to read over a poem inscribed to me, which a few hours ago reach'd this place*, where I live the world forgetting, and I was in hopes by the world forgot. It was great pleasure to me when I was in Ireland to find the spirit of Poetry rising there with fresh vigour: here it is sinking apace, and seems only kept up by Mr. Pope; but indeed he alone is sufficient to maintain it in its utmost splendor; for which reason I think we ought to wish him immortal in every sense.

I will not despair of returning you my thanks within these few months, in a country to which I should be very ungrateful if she did not possess the warmest wishes of my heart: In the mean time, Sir, though you are happy in many friends already, I hope you will do me the justice to add to them the name of

* Somersetshire.

Your most obedient servant,
ORRERY

These only left of all the tuneful quire,
Garth, Steele, Rowe, Congreve, Wycherly and Prior;

These only left, the world's great loss declare,
And serve to shew us what these wonders were.
To you, my lord, the Muses turn their eyes;
On Orrey the letter'd world relies;
Their ancient honours let a Boyle restore,
And be what'er was Orrey before:
O! chief in courts to lay the peer aside,
Weed vice from dignity, from titles pride,
Great without grandeur, gen'rous without view,
For ever bounteous, and yet ne'er profuse:
No less by nature noble, than by name,
The bloom of breeding, and the flow' of fame;
Approv'd a patron at thy natal hour;
Think'st thou to 'scape the praises in their pow'r?
Tho' from Britannia's strains, and Albion's shore,
You fly to deserts * but to blaze the more;
They'll search you out, discover where you shine,
Publish your worth, and frustrate your design.

So in the gloom the diamond darts its light,
Tho' thick encircled with surrounding night;
The kindling darkness breaks before the ray,
And on the eye-ball bursts the brilliant day.

Stage † Temple writes a spark of native fire,
Excels whatever learning can acquire;
In poetry this observation's true,
Without some genius fame will ne'er ensue:
Such for a while may climb against the hill,
But then like Syphilus are falling still:
I own by reading we may feed the flame,
But first must have that heat from whence it came;
Else like dry pumps whose springs their moisture mourn,
We may put in, but will have no return;
To such, indeed, those rules are ill apply'd,
For such were never on the Muses' side.

Come then, my friends, who like with me
to rove.

The flow'ry mountain, and the laurel grove,
Where god Apollo guards the limpid fount,
And the glad Muse climb the vocal mount;
You whom the voice invites to taste their charms,
Whom verse transports, and tuneful fancy warms;

Before you press the syrens to your heart,
Attend awhile the precepts I impart.

First let your judgment for your fancy chuse,
Of all the Nine, the most unblemish'd Muse:
Soft, yet sublime, in love, yet strictly coy,
Pious to be grave, yet not averse to joy;
Where taste and candour, wit and manners meet,
Bold without bombast, daring, but discreet;
Correct, with spirit, musical, with sense,
Not apt to give, nor slow to take offence:

* His Lordship coming into Ireland.

† Sir William Temple.

First to commend, when others thoughts are shewn,
But always last delighted with her own.

When this is done, let nature be your guide,
Rise in the spring, or in the river glide;
In ev'ry line consult her as you run,
And let her Nais roll the river on:
Unless to please our nice corrupted sense,
Art be call'd in, and join'd with vast expence;
Then rivers wander thro' the vale no more,
But boil in pipes, or spout thro' figur'd ore;
The neighbouring brooks their empty channels mourn,
That now enrich some artificial urn.

Thus ever suit your numbers to your theme,
And tune your cadence to the falling stream;
Or should the falling stream incline to love,
Let the words slide, and like its murmurs move;
Poor were the praise to paint the pulsing rill,
To make it music in the Muse's skill;
Without her voice the spring runs silent by,
Dumb are the waters, and the veses dry;
While chill'd with ice the cool waves creep along,
And all the fountain freezes in the song.

But if a storm must rattle thro' the strain,
Then let your lines grow black with gath'ring rain;
Thro' Jove's aerial hall loud thunders sound,
And the big bolt roar thro' the dark profound:
But should the walkin brighten to the view,
The sun breaks out and gilds the style anew;
Colour your clouds with a vermilion eye,
And let warm blushes streak the western sky;
Till evening thurs in sober-tinted grey,
And draws her dappled curtains o'er the day.

Let vesper then pursue the purple light,
And lead the twinkling glories of the night;
The moon must rise in silver o'er the shades,
Stream thro' your pen, and glance along the meads;

While zephyr softly whispers in the lilies,
And pearly dew in bright description shines;
The little warblers to the trees repair,
Sing in their sleep, and dream away their care;
While closing flow'rets nod their painted heads,
And fold themselves to rest upon their rosy beds.

But if Aurora's fingers stain the lay,
Let Fancy waken with the rising day;
Let Sol's fierce coisers whirl the fiery team,
And from their nostrils blow a flood of flame;
Be sultry Noon in brighter yellow dress,
And bend a rainbow on her burning breast;
Let the rich dyes in changing colours flow,
And lose themselves in one poetic glow!

So the fair Indian crown its gloss assumes,
Dispos'd in tufts of party-colour'd plumes;
The transient tincture drinks the neighb'ring hue,

As if from each th' alternate colours grew,
Where ev'ry beauty's by a former made,
And leads a lustre to the following shade.

Thus

Thus may a smile come in with grace,
And add new splendors to the show'ry piece;
Paint the proud arch so lively to the light,
That ev'ry line reflects a wat'ry light.

Hence to the Garden should your fancy fly,
Let the tall Tulip with your Iris vie;
With a mix'd glory crown its radiant head,
The brightest yellow, ting'd with stream of red;

Next let the Lily in your numbers blow,
And o'er its sweetness shake the downy snow,
In the white garb of Virtue let it rise,
And weave in verse before the virgin's eyes:
On tuneful feet let languid Ivy crawl,
And in poetic measure scale the wall,
While the sharp sheers return a clipping sound,
And the green leaves fall quivering to the ground.

Here in the bow'r of Beauty newly shorn,
Let Fancy sit, and sing how Love was born;
Wrapt up in roses, Zephyr found the child,
In Flora's cheek when first the goddess smil'd!
Nurs'd on the bosom of the beauteous Spring,
O'er her white breast he spread his purple wing,
On kisses fed, and silver drops of dew,
The little wanton into Cupid grew,
Then arm'd his hand with glittering sparks of fire,
And tip'd his shining arrows with desire;
Hence Joy arose upon the wings of wind,
And Hope presents the lover always kind,
Despair creates a rival for our fears,
And tender Pity softens into tears.

Observe, how Sappho paints the lover's pain*,
What various passions animate her strain!
Her colour fades, the saints in tender lays,
Her pulse beats languid, and her sense decays;
Then in a rapid tide of passion tost,
Her weak tongue stutters, and her voice is lost;
Again her soul revives, her breath returns,
Again she shivers, and again she burns:
Each reader's bosom feels her various care,
Warm'd by her flame, or chill'd by her despair.

Tost, as the sea, by passions, let the soul,
Like the frisk sparkle, like the billows roll;
Then anger kindles in the warrior's eyes,
And earth usurps the thunder of the skies:
See how they mount upon the groaning car,
Shake the long lance, and overtake the war;
Aloft in air resounds the whirling throng,
The horses fly, the chariot smokes along;
The foaming couriers piefs upon their heels,
Back run the lines beneath the whirling wheels.

* This lady, more remarkable for wit than beauty, was mistress to Alcæus, yet so cruel to her lover, that one day upon his saying he had something to say to her, but was ashamed to speak it, she replied, that if it was fit for her to hear, he would not be so tedious about it. They both flourished about the 44th Olympiad.

STANTAN'S Hist. of Greece.

EUROP. MAG.

Fleeter than light they flash along the fields,
And sun-b'ry thousands blaze upon their shields!
The twitted serpents round their helmets roll'd,
Must hiss in verse, and bite in burnish'd gold:
The war breaks in—now millions are no more,
And a long groan pursues the gushing gore!
Spears, darts, and jav'lins, launch along the sky,
Plunge into blood! or into shivers fly!—
Thus let your horries rage, by Mars possess'd,
And feel an' thad rising in thy breast!
But soon cement those wounds, let discord cease,
And warring worlds unite in friendly peace.

I D Y L L E,

QUE la campagne est riante!
Que la saison est charmante!

Le rossignol par son chant,
Nous annonce le printemps.
On voit l'aimable bergère
Reposer sur la tougère.
Les bergers sur leurs pipeaux
Font répéter aux échos,
De leurs plaintes amoureuses,
Les tendres et doux accens.
De leurs voix mélodieuses,
Qu'emporte l'aile des vents,
Interprètes de l'amour.
Les oiseaux font tour à tour
Retentir l'heureux bocage,
Où la jeunesse volage
Vient cueillir, ou recevoir
Le baiser, qu'un doux espoir
Ménageoit depuis long tems
Au tendre et timide amant.
L'onde claire et fugitive,
Regrettant d'être captive,
Dans son courant varié
Présente à l'oeil enchanté
Les périodes de la vie;
Et decouvrant à Silvie
Une triste vérité.
Annonce à la jeune Hébée,
Que tout s'enfuit avec l'âge,
Que la faux du tems ravage
Les charmes les plus vantés;
Fussent ils même empruntés;
On voit p. rcer sous leur voile
Les sillons qu'elle dévoile:
Rien ne sert de résister
A son tranchant meurtreier:
Tout se fane, tout périt,
Tout est limité et prescrit.
Sous le jeune cyprès repose
Une fleur à peine éclosée.
Rien ne put la garantir,
Elle ne put prévenir
Un désastre si fatal.
La parque au moindre signal
Exécute avec vigueur,
De la mort l'arrêt vengeur,
Bergère, qui soupirez,
A l'ombre de ce cyprès,
Sur le sort infortuné,
De l'amoureuse Daphné

G g

Na

Ne soyes point réfractaire,
Dès que vous cherchez à plaire.
Pourquoi donner de l'amour ?
Si vous cherchez un détour
Pour échapper au vainqueur,
Qui possède votre cœur.
Sûvez plutôt son penchant,
Écoutez le sentiment,
Dont le poids vous entraîne.
Souffrez qu'une douce chaîne
Vous unisse à votre amant,
S'il est fidèle et constant.

A B S E N C E.

VAINLY I now attune my artless reed,
And vainly now I raise my voice to song;
Thy smiles, sweet maid, that were my wonted
need,

No more, alas! to hapless me belong.

You absent, Myra, why should Strephon sing?
Why should his pipes with amorous notes
resound?

No place, no station can contentment bring,
Nor make his gloomy days with peace abound.

Unnoted Ev'ning lends her modest light,
Or Philomela yields her plaintive lay;
In heart-felt sighs I spend the tedious night,
And weep the melancholy hours away.

Unmov'd I read the tender tale of woe,
My senses damped by dark oblivion's power,
Which oft hath made the tear of pity flow,
Pecus'd with thee, my love, in happier hour.

Thy absence only every thought employs,
Nor leaves the smallest space for other's ill;
Alike to me their sorrows and their joys,
My own misfortunes rend my bosom still.

Come then, oh! come, my fondest hopes restore,
Bids my expecting sight with all thy charms;
Swear thou wilt leave thy dotting youth no more,
But henceforth dwell within his longing arms.

Z.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY AMIABLE
YOUNG LADY.

WHEN hoary Age submits to Nature's
doom,
Short is our grief, and transient is our gloom;
But when fair Virtue in her early years
Blasts our fond hopes, she leaves the world in
tears;

Each kindred heart with double anguish heaves,
And with the friend th' attentive stranger
grieves.

So stream'd the sorrows when in Beauty's bloom
Death snatch'd this bright Perfection to the
tomb,

In whose fair life each grace and virtue met,
Love to inspire and much enhance regret;

Whose heart, the shrine where Innocency dwelt,
Detested Censure, and for Error felt;
Whose voice was wit, by charity express'd,
Which charm'd, not hurt—delight'd, not dis-
tress'd.

O form'd to grace on earth the highest sphere,
Polite with truth—erasing, yet sincere;
Good without gloom, and prudent without art,
Arm'd, ador'd by every generous heart.
For thee how just their focal fires flow,
How virtuous and how lasting is their woe!
Yet while they grieve intent, thy pious own,
An angel's proper flame is Heaven alone.

March 4, 1783.

URANIA.

VERSES on the DEATH of a BELOVED
MOTHER.

THOU dearest shade shall ever call
My tear of dutious love to fall;
Thou purest saint that ever trod,
In spotless form, through gauds abode.

If yet, from seats where angels lie,
Thou view'st a mortal mourn for aye,
Oh, set again the tender part,
And ease a youthful breaking heart.

'Twas thine to lull my infant cry,
'Twas thine to soothe my night sigh;
'Twas mine to cheer thy breast, when old,
And Death has made that bosom cold.

Ah, can the human mind sustain
The complicated load of pain,
When Nature rob our best-lov'd store,
And—Expectation is no more!

But one way Fate could deeply wound,
The cruel Power that pain has found—
Bid thee—repose in endless sleep—
And me—for ever wake and weep.

No more shall Fortune's wanton smile
To specious joy my hours beguile;
These hours must pass in one sad gloom,
Till Death enwrap me in the tomb.

Accept these soul-consenting lays,
The son—affid not the poet—says:
Thy love for him, no limit knew,
Nor shall his sorrows, date, for you.

The sailor, thus, on wild'ring coast,
His much-lov'd mates and vessel lost,
Untaught to weep—and us'd to roam,
Will melt at thoughts of kindly home.

Soon rise that morn, when worldly care
No more evokes the mortal tear;
When Sorrow with the Sun shall die,
And Nature heave a closing sigh.

Then, when the sons of Glory sing,
Thine, too, may wake the grateful string,
And happy parent, ravish'd, know
The humble strains they had belov'd.

L.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

• February 24. •

AN express arrived at the Admiralty from Portsmouth, with advice of the *Hydra* frigate, Capt. Coffin, being arrived there from Jamaica. She sailed from Port Royal the 22d of December in company with the *Ardent*, of 64 guns, and the *Vaughan* sloop, with a number of ships under convoy, viz. 33 for London, 8 for Bristol, 9 for Liverpool, 5 for Glasgow, 1 for New York, 1 for St. Augustine, and 5 for Bayonne, in France, with prisoners. On the 4th January 48 sail of which were clear of the Gulf, and on the 17th following they met with a heavy gale of wind, which separated the fleet, and on the 19th there were only 32 sail in company. A few days afterwards the *Ardent* man of war bore away for Antigua with five feet water in her hold. At the same period the *Eagle*, Captain Blair, parted from the fleet for New York; the *Devonshire*, Captain Curling, for London, was then in company, but very leaky; the *Swift*, Bryan, for London, foundered the same day the gale happened, but the crew were saved.

The Lords of the Admiralty have ordered the sum of 100*l.* to be presented to Mr. Hill, who commanded the *Hawke* letter or manue, the vessel which saved the crew of the *Hector* man of war, when sinking, as a reward for his activity and attention, in preserving the lives of the *Hector*'s company, at the hazard of his own safety, and that of his people. They have also ordered the sum of 950*l.* to be paid to the owners of the *Hawke*, for the loss they have sustained in throwing over a great part of her cargo, to make room for the crew of the *Hector*.

26. A cause was tried before Lord Mansfield, at Guildhall, wherein a sailor on board a merchant-ship, bound from the West-Indies to London, was plaintiff, and the owners defendants. The action was brought for the recovery of a sum due to him for wages, according to their agreement, to be paid by the run. He proved that he navigated the ship, with the rest of the crew, as far as Gravesend, where the port is customarily admitted to begin. The defence was particular, and afforded some information as to the management of a ship after her arrival at Gravesend. The note of hand given to the plaintiff for payment of his wages was contingent, and payable only "upon her safe mooring in the port of London." On account of the press, it is customary for the sailors to hire *privileged* men to work the ship, and stand on deck, in their stead, and so to conduct her to London. The ship unfortunately stranded in the instant of this exchange of the sailors and hired men: the mate was on board at that time, when the sailors, of whom the plaintiff was at the head, left the ship, contrary to his (the mate's) remonstrances, who told him that the ship would be lost, and her cargo also, which was alone to pay their wages. He deposed,

that the greatest part of the cargo, which consisted of sugar and rum, was lost, which might have been saved if the plaintiff and the crew had lent their assistance; that out of 400 hogsheads of sugar, not 40 were saved. On his cross-examination he said, the captain was gone to London sick; that he wrote to the owners, who came the day after, and brought down assistance. The captain deposed, that the navigation from Gravesend to London is the most difficult in the voyage. On which Lord Mansfield, in charge to the Jury, took occasion to say, that this aggravated the plaintiff's neglect; that it was a matter of the highest importance to commerce; that such a practice as this of changing the men should not be suffered; where there is any inferiority in their ability; and that where a sailor is guilty of desertion of duty, there he should be precluded from his wages. The Jury, after remaining out an hour, brought in their verdict for the defendants.

The Sessions began at the Old Bailey, when 15 prisoners were tried, one of whom was capitally convicted, viz. James West, for assaulting Mary Spalding on the highway, near Stepney, and robbing her of a linen gown, a handkerchief, &c.

A letter from Bourdeaux says, that the famous light-house, standing on a rock, at the mouth of the river Garonne, called La Tour de Cordova, by some means took fire, and was entirely consumed, with two men in it; notice of it was sent to Bourdeaux, that the captains of ships might be acquainted with the same.

27. Two prisoners were capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, viz. Edward Wooten for robbing Miss Mary Holder on the highway, at Twickenham, of a silk purse, containing one guinea, and other money; and Edward Mullin, for dealing 14 guineas in money, and 20 yards of Irish linen, and other things, the property of John Ward, in his dwelling-house.

28. Came on at Fishmongers-hall, Thames-street, the election of an Alderman for the Ward of Bridge Within, in the room of Thomas Woolldridge, Esq; removed, dismissed, and discharged from the said office, when James Sanderson, Esq; citizen and draper, was unanimously elected; after which Mr. Sanderson addressed the Ward in a long and elegant speech.

At the Old Bailey three prisoners were capitally convicted, viz. Thomas Hughes, for stealing a horse, the property of John Belch; George Claie, for privately stealing in the warehouse of John Leigh, in Bread-street, two pieces of cotton dimity; Michael Nowland, for stealing a black horse, the property of William Hill.

March 1. Being St. David's Day, the Right Hon. Lord Vernon, President; Hon. General Vaughan, Thomas Parry Jones, Esq; Vice-Presidents; Treasurer, Vice-Treasurer, and Stewards of the Honourable Society of Ancient

Britons, met at the Welch Charity-School, in Gray's-Inn-road, proceeded from thence to St. George's Church, Hanover-square, where an excellent sermon, in the behalf of the charity, was preached by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Bristol. After church they proceeded to Mr. Willis's Assembly-room to dinner. The collections for the benefit of the charity were, viz.

	£	s.	d.
Collection at church — —	17	6	6
His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales — —	105	0	0
Right Hon. Lord Vernon, President	50	0	0
The Honourable General Vaughan, Vice-President — —	20	0	0
Thomas Parry Jones, Esq; ditto.	20	0	0
Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart's annual donation — —	25	0	0
Thomas Powell, Esq; Vice-President of the Charity — —	20	0	0
Right Hon. Earl of Plymouth's annual donation — —	10	10	0
Reverend Robert Carter Thelwall's second donation of — —	20	0	0
Sent by Sir Charles Kemys Tait, Bart. — —	5	5	0
Ditto by the Right Honourable Lord Godolphin (annual donation)	20	0	0
Collection at different tables — —	115	18	6
	<hr/>		
	469	0	0

Same day the Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when six convicted received sentence of death; eighteen were sentenced to be transported to America; eighteen to be kept to hard labour in the house of correction; seven to be imprisoned in Newgate; four to be publicly whipped, and twenty-four were delivered on proclamation.

Mar. 3. Came on a second time to be tried, before the Earl of Mansfield, and a Special Jury of Merchants, a cause, wherein Mr. John Carvick, of Bank-street, was plaintiff, and Mr. Abraham Vickery, of the Bank of England, defendant. The action was brought to recover the amount of a bill of exchange drawn by Mr. John Maydwell the elder, and Mr. John Maydwell the younger, payable to their own order, directed to, and accepted by the said Mr. Vickery, which bill had originally been obtained by one Nixon, without a valuable consideration, and only indorsed by John Maydwell the younger, one of the drawers. The question, therefore, to be determined, was, Whether the bill, in that state, was negotiable? when the jury were clear of opinion, the plaintiff ought not to recover, the bill not being negotiable; which opinion the noble Judge immediately entered in his book, and read to the jury. This was a question of the utmost importance to the commercial part of this kingdom, for by this decision it is settled, that where two persons, not in partnership, draw a bill of exchange, they must both indorse it, before they can negotiate the same.

5. A meeting of the Freeholders of the county of Middlesex being called this day at noon, at Hackney, about a quarter before one the Sheriff, Sir R. Taylor, was voted in the chair, after a short contest between the Freeholders, some of whom were clamorous for Alderman Townsend, and others for the Sheriff. —Mr. Byng rose first, and informed the assembly, "That the business on which they were met was to consider of an Address to his Majesty on the Peace, and as it was his wish that unanimity might ever reign among the Freeholders of Middlesex, it was now his earnest desire that no division or contention whatever might take place."

His motive, in this his first short address, was evidently to prevent any disunion among his constituents; on account of Mr. Wilkes and himself having taken contrary sides, in the late division respecting Peace, which happened in the House of Commons.

Mr. Wilkes spoke next, and entered with considerable precision into his reasons for acting as he had done. He said his instructions from his constituents, the very last time he had the honour to receive their instructions, were positively for Peace. He described the ruined state of the finances of this country, and the superiority of the navy of Bourbon, who had one hundred and thirty ships of the line; that Holland the next campaign would have thirty more, and that Great-Britain, from accounts lying on the table of the House of Commons, had only one hundred and five. He defended the Peace on the two contested points of the grants made to France in the East-Indies, and the boundaries of Canada. He affirmed it to be absolutely necessary to the very existence of the East-India Company, and that the boundaries remained now as they had been settled at the Peace of Paris in 1762. He spoke of Lord Shelburne, as of one whom he positively believed to have the national reforms on the two great points insisted on by General Conway, February 1782, entirely at heart, and that therefore he held it his absolute duty to support him, because he deemed himself acting in perfect consonance to the wishes of his constituents, as their instructions had ever been uniform to him on that head. This speech was very animated, and expressive of the self-conviction of the rectitude with which he acted.

Mr. Byng rose again, to justify himself for differing from his worthy colleague on this head; which, he said, was the only one on which they ever had differed; and his reasons now were an assurance in his own breast, that a better Peace might have been obtained. He affirmed that he should ever act on Whig principles, and that if a Tory (alluding to the coalition between Mr. Fox and Lord North) should come over to Whig principles, he should willingly act with him. He read an anonymous set of Queries, addressed to him in the Morning Papers, signed a Freeholder, and desired, if any such Freeholder was then present, he would stand forth, and he would give him his reasons.

No person, however, answered, and he replied to them in rotation. He finished with an assurance to his constituents, that he would consider himself as dismissed, whenever they should tell him he had acted contrary to their wishes.

Mr. Wood said he had the honour to represent them formerly in Parliament, which he esteemed the greatest happiness of his life. It was natural, therefore, to suppose he had the interest and welfare of the county nearly at heart: He would therefore move, if it was agreeable, that a Committee should be appointed to draw up an Address to his Majesty, as that would be undoubtedly the best way of settling the business.

Mr. Townsend made many pertinent remarks on the different leaders of the opposition to the Peace, which shewed that their conduct was inconsistent on this occasion, and directly opposite to those principles they supported before both in public and private.

The motion was now put for a Committee, when the following Gentlemen were chosen to compose it:

Mr. Wilkes,	Mr. Ladhroke,
Mr. Byng,	Mr. Hussey,
Mr. Alderman Town-	Mr. Plumber,
send,	Mr. Bradille,
Sir Robert Clayton,	Mr. Rogers,
Sir P. Jennings Clarke	Mr. Brand,
Sir John Jarvis,	Lord Geo. Cavendish,
Mr. Baker,	Mr. Shove, and
Sir Watkin Lewes,	Mr. Wood.

The above Gentlemen retired for about an hour, when they returned with the following Resolution, which was moved, and agreed to, and ordered to be delivered to his Majesty by the Representatives of the County.

To the KING's Most Excellent Majesty.

"We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders of the County of Middlesex, strongly impressed with an ardent sense of your Majesty's Royal attention to procure us the restoration of the blessings of Peace, most humbly profess our duty and gratitude to your Majesty for the care and anxiety you have expressed for the happiness and prosperity of your people; and we trust that no endeavours will be left unemployed to establish a system of internal economy, whereby the resources of the State may be improved to provide for the great load of the national incumbrance. We therefore with the circumstances on which the blessings of Peace are restored, may render it lasting and adequate to the security of the happiness and commercial interests of these kingdoms; and we assure your Majesty of our faithful and unalterable attachment to the principles of the Revolution, which established your Majesty's glorious House on the Throne of these realms, and on which we rely for the security of our civil and religious rights."

"5. Was decided at Guildhall, before Lord Mansfield and a Special Jury, a cause wherein Merchants and Under-writers are materially in-

terested, and upon the event of which many other trials were depending, which are now finally determined. The case was briefly thus: Several ships were left behind at Jamaica, thro' a mistake, by the unfortunate *convoy*, which suffered so severely in September last; the *Gloireux*, of 74 guns, was also left behind, and the ships at the Island took the opportunity of the *Gloireux's* sailing, to follow the fleet, which they joined before they had got through the Gulf of Mexico, where the matters of the merchant vessels went immediately on board the admiral's ship, to get sailing orders, which they had not before received. In the storm which afterwards happened, many of these ships were lost, and others taken, which the Under-writers refused to pay for, the policies being warranted to sail from Jamaica with *convoy*, which they alleged was not done, as the *Gloireux* was a chance ship, and not regularly appointed for that purpose by the admiral on that station; and tho' this ship, when joined, constituted part of the *convoy*, yet the Jury gave a verdict in favour of the Under-writers, agreeing, that joining a fleet at sea, and then receiving sailing instructions, was a deviation from the policy warranted with *convoy*, let the junction be made under any circumstances whatever. By this determination, many of the Jamaica captains and mates are great losers.

6. A letter from St. Ube's says, that a Spanish frigate, from Cadiz, put in there in distress, by which it was learned, that a fleet of men of war was getting ready to cruise in the Mediterranean, to clear those seas of piratical vessels, as there is such a number of them, that they have put a stop to the trading ships sailing from thence without a strong *convoy*.

7. Were executed, pursuant to their sentence, the following convicts, who were convicted in January Sessions, viz. John Merchant, for robbing William Delaporte on the highway; John Kelly, for assaulting and robbing Edward Adamson in a public street, in the parish of St. Ann, Westminster; and James Smith, for stealing a piece of muslin in the dwelling-house of Richard Ellis.

14. The packet-boats which are to carry over the French mails, began to pass between Dover and Calais for the first time.

Lord Howe set off for Portsmouth, in consequence of an express received from Sir Thomas Pye, giving an account of fresh irregularities having prevailed among the seamen, and crews of many of the ships had, it seems, paraded about the streets with bludgeons, in a most tumultuous manner, to the great dread of the inhabitants, who were under the necessity of continuing confined to their houses, to avoid danger.

By the late general returns of musters from New-York, the number of men killed in the British service, amounts to 43,633 men rank file, exclusive of the officers which have fell in the field, or have lost their lives either naturally or accidentally.

Extract of a letter from Newcastle, in Staffordshire, March 15.

"The lawless rioters in this neighbourhood increased in numbers, at Etruria, situated upon the canal navigation, about one mile distant from Newcastle, on Thursday, and stopped two boats loaded with coin, flour, and cheese, going to Manchester, and gave out that they would sell the contents the next day, (and therefore left a guard with it all night) which they began to do accordingly, and that at two-thirds of the market-price; several of the navigation clerks received what they chose to give them, not all that was sold being paid for: They continued selling all day, as likewise on Friday, and on Saturday three or four Justices went to them, desiring and entreating them to disperse, but to no purpose. The Justices entreated the master-potters (whose men they principally are) to try if they could have any effect upon them; but their endeavours were ineffectual: On Saturday the Carmarthen militia came to Newcastle in their route, and staid to protect the market on Monday, on which day the county militia arrived; and the Justices went again to Etruria, to disperse the rioters, but to no purpose, they being still resolute; this being the case, they sent for the Carmarthen and county militia, which the Justices were in hopes would intimidate them, but they did not.—The soldiers were then drawn up, with orders to fire, on the word of command from the Justices; the riot act was then read, the effect of which was, that the rioters said they durst not fire; and they told Major Sneyd, that if he did fire, they would pull down Keel-hall, (the seat of his father, near Newcastle) and threaten to burn down Newcastle. The Justices finding the soldiers could not fire without killing the innocent as well as the guilty, desisted; but the rioters had placed the women and children in their front; so they all returned to Newcastle without having done any thing: But on the Thursday night they met, and took two of the ringleaders in their beds, and sent them directly to Stafford goal; and as the assizes are begun, it is supposed one, if not both, will be hanged, and that near the place where they stop the boats at Etruria. On Wednesday every thing was quiet, and they expected a troop of horse the next day. The Carmarthen militia have left us."

17. Being the day appointed for the Installation of the Knights of St. Patrick, proper precaution having been taken to guide the line of carriages and of spectators, and the streets being lined with the regiments on Dublin duty, his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, preceded by his own carriage, containing his Household, the Esquires of the Sovereign, and the Peer, who carried the Sword of State, and attended by a squadron of cavalry, set forward from the Castle, followed by the Knights Companions, each in a coach attended by their Esquires: No other carriages, save those of the Knights, were allowed to move in the procession.

At the door of the Cathedral of St. Patrick, his Excellency was met by the officers of the Church and of the Order, who attended him to the robing-room. His Excellency alone being in the full mantle, habit, and collar of the Order, the other Knights in the furcoat only, and with their caps and feathers in their hands; their mantles, collars, and swords having been previously sent to the chapter room.

As soon as his Excellency had notified his pleasure, the procession was made to the choir in the following manner, viz.

Singing Men.

Prebends.

Messengers.

Keble Diums.

Trumpets.

Pursuivants.

Pages.

Gentlemen at Large.

Gentlemen of the Bed Chamber.

Gentleman of Horse, Chamberlain and Gentleman Usher.

Steward and Comptroller.

Esquires.

Heralds.

Knights.

Usher, Register, and Usher.

Genealogist, Chancellor, Secretary.

Prelate.

Sword of State, carried by Senior Peer.

Lord Lieutenant.

Peers Sons.

Train Bearer.

Colonel of Battle Axes.

Battle Axe Guards.

Upon entering the choir, the Trumpets, Pursuivants, and other officers attending the procession, proceeded to their proper places, as did his Excellency's suite. The Esquires, three abreast, made their reverence to the altar when they came opposite to the stall of their Knight, and then wheeled off to their respective places: The Knights then entered two and two, and after the same reverences proceeded to their stalls, where they remained standing till his Excellency was seated, when they bowed all together, and seated themselves. The Choir then performed the Coronation Anthem; after which the Usher, King at Arms, Heralds and Pursuivants, attended with the three Esquires of the Senior Knight, went out with the usual reverences for the Insignia of the Order, with which they returned in manner following, viz. The principal Esquire bearing the banner furled. The two other Esquires bearing the Mantle and the Sword.

Usher carrying the great Collar of the Order upon a blue velvet cushion.

When they had proceeded to the center of the choir, they remained there while the four great officers of the Order proceeded to the stall of the said senior Knight, after the usual reverences.

rences to the Sovereign's stall: The Knight then descended into the middle of the choir, where he was invested with the sword, the mantle, and the collar by the Chancellor and Register, after reading the admonitions prescribed: viz.

Upon putting on the sword, "Take this sword to the increase of your honour; and in token and sign of the most Illustrious Order which you have received, wherewith you being defended, may be bold strongly to fight in the defence of those rights and ordinances to which you be engaged, and to the just and necessary defence of those that be oppressed and needy."

Upon putting on the mantle, "Receive this robe and livery of this most Illustrious Order, in augmentation of thine honour, and wear it with the firm and steady resolution, that by your character, conduct and demeanour, you may approve yourself a true servant of Almighty God, and a worthy brother and Knight Companion of this most Illustrious Order."

Upon putting on the collar, "Sir, the loving Company of the Order of St. Patrick hath received you a brother, lover and fellow, and in token and knowledge of this, they give you and present you this badge, the which God will that you receive and wear from henceforth to his praise and pleasure, and to the exaltation and honour of the said Illustrious Order, and yourself."

They then conducted him to his stall, with the usual reverences to the Sovereign, and he seated himself with his cap upon his head: Immediately after which the Square unfurled the banner, and the Knight standing up covered, Ulster repeated his title in English, and a procession was made to the altar, of the Regular and Officers at Arms attended by the Esquires with the banner, which was delivered to Ulster, who presented it to the Register, to be placed by him within the rails of the altar. After which, with the usual reverence, the Esquires proceeded to their places, and the Officers at Arms proceeded with the Esquires of the second Knight in like manner as before. And when these ceremonies were finished, the Choir performed the *Te Deum*; after which a procession was made in like manner as before to the chapter-room, and from thence to the Castle, where the Knights refreshed themselves till dinner was served; when a procession was again made from the Presence-chamber to St. Patrick's Hall, where the Knights took their seats covered, viz. The Grand Master in the centre, the Prince's chair on his left hand, the Prelate and the Chancellor at the two ends of the Sovereign's table, and the Knights on each side; and the Esquires remained standing till after grace was said, when they retired to the seats prepared for them.

Towards the end of the first course, when his Excellency stood up uncovered, the Knights rose uncovered, and the King at Arms proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that the Grand Master and Knights Companions of the most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick drank the So-

vereign's health. The second course was then brought in with the usual ceremonies; after which his Excellency again stood up, and the Knights uncovered, Ulster again proclaimed that the Grand Master, in the name of the Sovereign, drank the healths of the Knights Companions. And at the end of the second course, all rising again uncovered, the Queen's health was drank, and proclaimed in the same manner. The desert was then brought in, and during it the Officers at Arms, with the usual reverences, cried *Largely thrice*, and first proclaimed the title of the Sovereign, and afterwards of each Knight Companion, who respectively stood up during the said proclamation. After which the Knights, Esquires and Officers attended the Grand Master to the Presence-chamber, where the ceremony finished, and the Esquire and Officers retired to the diners prepared for them.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Naples, Feb. 18. This court and capital are in the utmost consternation, every hour bringing fresh account of the dreadful havoc that has been made in the whole province of the Lower Calabria, and in the parts of Sicily nearest the continent, by a violent earthquake that happened the 5th instant, and was continuing at intervals the 7th and 8th, the date of the last accounts. From the most authentic relations, the calamity has been general, and most distressful, on the whole coast of Calabria Ultra, extending upwards of 150 miles. From Tropea to Squillace most of the towns and villages appear to have been either totally, or in part overthrown, and many of the inhabitants buried in the ruins; but as the first shock happened in the day-time, about noon, the mortality will, it is hoped, prove much less than is generally represented. Notwithstanding that this government, on the very first notice of the calamity, took the wisest and most humane measures for the immediate relief of such of the poor sufferers, who, having escaped from their ruined habitations, were wandering about without either food or shelter, it is to be feared that many will be starved before that relief can arrive, the wind till yesterday having been contrary, and the roads being almost impassable. One of his Sicilian Majesty's frigates, arrived here from Messina, the captain of which was on shore at the moment of the earthquake, and with difficulty escaped on board his ship. He declared that the city is actually covered with a part of the citadel. The sea rolls very considerably on the Sicilian coast, and retired from that of Calabria; and it is remarkable that the houses in Sicily fell in a direction from the sea, and those in Calabria towards it.

Caserta, Feb. 25. The mortality in Calabria Ultra and Sicily, from the three violent shocks of an earthquake, on the 5th, 7th, and 8th of this month (though very great) is much less than was at first represented. At Scilla, however, no less than 2000 people, who, with the Prince of Scilla were on the shore, having just escaped from their ruined houses, were swept

off at once, and drowned by the sudden rise of the sea; but from the fright and confusion of this heavy calamity occasioned on the spots where it fell, no distinct accounts have as yet been received; and the persons who have been sent from Naples with such succour as this government thought necessary, have not yet had time to make their reports.

The first notice of the misfortune did not reach the capital till the 14th instant, owing to the distance and badness of the roads; and as it must be some days before the succours could reach Calabria, it is greatly to be apprehended that many more lives will be lost from these unfortunate circumstances. It appears from several accounts, that the earth opened in many parts; that a mountain has been split in two; and that the course of a great river was stopped for some time.

BANKRUPTS.

Edward Holden, of Christ-Church, Middlesex, cheslemonger—John Styles, or Nicola-lane, packer—James Tellam, or Great Peter-street, Westminster, victualler—Robert Goodair, of Pontefract, Yorkshire, linen-draper—John Castleman, of Gosport, merchant—John Court, of Red-lion-street, Clerkenwell, insurer—William Ireland, of Great Poulnev-street, bricklayer—Thomas Chapman, of Blackman-street, Southwark, coach-maker—Stephen Newton, of Hayle, Yorkshire, merchant—Benjamin Beach, of Ludlow, brick-maker—Thomas Mulgrave, of Bishopsgate-street, ironmonger—John Daniel, of Coventry, coach-maker—Reuben Coldwell, of Barugh Darton, Yorkshire, corn-factor—Abraham Clifford, of Havenfordwell, merchant—William Webb, of Pembroke, merchant—John Stenson, of Exeter, hatter—Thomas Cope, of Fleet-lane, dealer—Abraham Brown Whitley, of London, merchant—Benjamin Wilkinson, of Heckmondwicke, Yorkshire, clothier—Tho. Rowley and John Ellis, of Louthbury, merchants—Robert Lowry and Thomas Hale, of New-street, Carnaby-market, brokers—Arthur Scuse, of Rotherhithe, founder—Joseph Tuckwell, of Wallingford, ironmonger—Richard Stanier, of Cannon-street, insurer—John Lattow, of Newgate-street, tobacconist—Joseph Davies, of Hampstead, coach-maker—George Clement, of Kidwelly, Carmarthenshire, merchant—William Wells, of Bradford, Yorkshire, grocer—Samson Cosgane and Watton Wilcox the younger, of Little-gate-street, ship-chandlers—Thomas

Squire, of Piccadilly, victualler—John Pyke, of Combe St. Nicholas, Somersetshire, clothier—Thomas Dibble, of Broadway, Somersetshire, tanner—John Ballard, of Great Malvern, Worcester-shire, vintner—John Walker, of Salford, Lancashire, merchant—William Daniel, of Bristol, salesman—Vincent Palosi, of Bristol, merchant—John Smith, of Durham, linen-draper—William Ross, of East-street, Ratcliff, scrivener—James Tuck, of Avon Southampton, dealer—Isaac Pettit, of Epping, brewer—Ezekiel Egerton, of Bread-street-hill, merchant—Dennis Lenham, of Aldermanbury, linen-draper—Jonathan Andrews, of Pall-mall, perfumer—Polly Butler, of Chertsey, grocer—Elizabeth Metcalf, of Wickham Market, Suffolk, shopkeeper—Aaron Bannet, of Little Somerset-street, dealer—Henry Harrison and Henry Noah, of Crosby-square, merchants—Nevil Silverlock, of Chichester, hatter—Abraham Brown Whitley and John Robinson, of North Shields, grocers—John Williams, of Carnarvon, merchant—Samuel Buxton, of Cross-lane, Clerkenwell, distiller—Thomas Patrick, jun. of Bury St. Edmunds, victualler.

MARRIAGES.

Hon. Richard Bagot, brother to Lord Bagot, to Miss Fanny Howard, daughter of Lady Andover—Hon. Edward Ward, of Castleward, in Ireland, to Lady Arabella Crobie.

DEATHS.

John Nichols, at Darlington, in Durham, aged 107—Mr. Fludyer, of the Stamp-office—Rev. John Wickens, D.D. Rector of Petworth, and Illington, and Prebendary of St. Paul's, Chichester and Wells—Mr. Wiench, gardener at Fulham, aged 101—Mr. Nathaniel Hillier, of Pancras-lane—Mr. Thomas Lowe, singer at Sadler's Wells, formerly belonging to Drury-Lane Theatre, and Vauxhall Gardens—Lady Mary West, sister to the Earl of Stamford—Mrs. Rich, relict of the late John Rich, Esq;—Hon. Miss Elizabeth Courtney, daughter of Lord Courtney—William Mouton, Esq; aged 74, Examiner of the Out-port books in the Custom house—Mr. Joseph Champ, aged 77, who was one of the Wardens of the Tower 60 years—In the 71st year of his age, the Hon. Dr. Frederick Cornwallis, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of all England—Mr. Christopher Pinchbeck, aged 73—Thomas Randolph, D.D. President of Corpus Christi College, and Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in Oxford.

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12.	136½	shut	68	—	87½	—	2c½	13½
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L O N D O N

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ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to Mr. Robertson's Enquiry concerning the Poems, written by him, to which we alluded in our last, we reply, that we have been informed he was Author of some Poems in a Paper printed many Years ago, called THE OLD MAID.

Augustine may, if he chooses it, direct his Correspondence to a rival Magazine as he threatens.

Henricus's Hint shall be considered.

G. G. jun. W-bit-r Norfolkienfis, Lemoine, and other Favours are received, and under Consideration.

Our Correspondent Clio has had his Time too much taken up, by a Matrimonial Expedition, to favour our Readers this Month with a Continuation of his Sentimental Tale of Henry and Eliza.

In the Shrubbery, Part. I. for the Signature P. R. read S. R. Vol. 2. p. 175. line 5. after county, add that he did not recollect himself; line 13. for reflections read reflection; p. 411. line 6. omit the word on; p. 412. line penult, for principles, read principle.

M U S I C.

Just published, in London, and to be had of the Publisher of this Work, and at Preston's Music Shop, No. 97, Strand,

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Authentic Anecdotes of Doctor HUNTER, Doctor of Physic in the University of Glasgow, Member of the College of Physicians, and of the Royal Society in London, Professor of Anatomy in the Royal Academy of Arts; Member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and Physician Extraordinary to her Majesty. — Accompanied with an elegant engraved Likeness, from a Model in the Possession of Mr. Pingo, in the Lower

IN a former magazine we gave some account of this illustrious anatomical lecturer, which we shall now bring forward, and prefix to what his numerous admirers wish to be acquainted with, namely, the account of his death, and a sketch of his private character, drawn up by a gentleman, who for many years enjoyed the friendship, and was happy in the society of this universally lamented personage. We have to return thanks to this gentleman, for the liberty he showed in favouring us with these interesting anecdotes.

This celebrated anatomist was a native of Kilmarnock in the county of Ayr. His father attended him for the Scotch church, but when, at a proper time, to the college of Glasgow, but having spent five years in regular academical attendance there, he began to feel strong objections to theological studies; and happening to become acquainted with Dr. Cullen, the present famous professor at Edinburgh, who was at that time just established in practice at Hamilton, he was persuaded by Dr. Cullen, to apply himself to physic. Dr. Cullen's friendship made it easy to obtain his father's consent. He was taken into the doctor's house, where he lived two of the happiest years of his life. Dr. Cullen at all times was happy in communicating knowledge to his pupils, and more remarkable still for inspiring them with an enthusiastic love of study. This was a most fortunate circumstance for Mr. Hunter.

In Scotland, if we except Edinburgh, there is not that distinction between the branches of physic that prevails in England. The physicians generally dispute their own medicines, and likewise practice surgery. Dr. Cullen, though an enthusiastic cultivator of physics and chemistry, had always a dislike to the surgical part of his practice. It was therefore agreed between himself and Mr. Hunter, that the latter should go to the colleges at Edinburgh, and then to London, in order to see the practice of the hospitals, and improve himself in anatomy and surgery, and that at his return to Hamilton a partnership should take place between them.

Mr. Hunter brought with him to London a letter of introduction to his countryman, Dr. James Douglas, who was at that time in high reputation as a physician, and man-midwife; and who is well known by his *Treatise on the Muscles*, and other works.

Dr. Douglas recommended it to him to attend at George's Hospital; and Dr. Nieuwenhuis's lectures as a perpetual pupil, for the opportunity of knowing all his arts in making anatomical preparations. At the close of the season, when he was preparing to set out on his return to Hamilton, Dr. Douglas persuaded him to change his proposed plan, to assist him in his anatomical pursuits, to go to Paris, and to Holland with his son, at that time a student of physic, and afterwards to settle in London, and to teach anatomy. Mr. Hunter communi-

cated this proposal, and the arguments which Dr. Douglas used to Dr. Cullen, who believing that it was a fairer prospect, with his usual generosity, readily gave his consent.

At this very juncture it happened that Dr. Cullen having been accidentally consulted by a Scotch nobleman of high rank, and having cured his grace of a troublesome ophthalmia, the duke observed to him, that it was pity a man of so much skill should live in obscurity at Hamilton, and soon afterwards procured for him a professor's chair in the university of Glasgow.

After the death of his patron, Dr. Douglas, Mr. Hunter began to teach anatomy in London. His easy, agreeable manner of lecturing, the new and clear points of view in which he placed the different parts of his subject, added to the number, and, till then unknown, elegance of his preparations, drew to him a great number of pupils.

About the year 1747, Mr. Hunter was admitted a member of the Surgeon's Company. His anatomical reputation soon procured him an extensive practice, particularly in the midwifery department; and when he came to be established, the University of Glasgow, proud to reckon him amongst her sons, complimented him with the degree of Doctor of Physic. In 1756 he was admitted a member of the College of Physicians, and soon afterwards was elected into the Royal Society, to whom he had made himself known by an ingenious paper on the structure of cartilages, published in their transactions so early as the year 1743. He has since, at different times, communicated several other valuable papers to the Society, which have been printed in their works.

When our present amiable queen became pregnant, Dr. Hunter was consulted, and, at the same time, honoured with the appointment of physician extraordinary to her majesty. When the Royal Academy of Arts was founded, he was nominated professor of anatomy to that institution; and lately, upon the death of one of the eight foreign associates of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, he was elected to fill up the vacancy.

Employed as Dr. Hunter has been for a long series of years, by persons of the highest rank in the country, and consulted as an anatomist in difficult cases of surgery by all ranks of people, and from every part of the kingdom, his

gains must have been immense, and he has employed it in a manner of all others the most liberal, the improvement of science. Having never married, and being averse to ostentation and luxury, he has always conducted his domestic expences on a plan adapted to his profession; and his accumulated fees have been expended in erecting and furnishing a museum, which, considered in every point of view, is certainly not to be equalled in Europe; the expences of which are said to have approached near to 100,000*l*. If every other labour of the Doctor's life were wanting to exalt his character, his splendid work on the gravid uterus, would raise him to just distinction.—It is a desideratum on the subject, and will remain an honourable proof of the doctor's skill and abilities.

Notwithstanding the very abstemious manner in which the Doctor always lived, seldom tasting any wine, and never exceeding one glass, he had been at times, for several years, afflicted with a wandering gout, sometimes affecting one part, sometimes another, seldom remaining twenty-four hours in one place. With this complaint he had been troubled some days; when, finding a heaviness in his head, and his stomach much disordered on his return from a visit he was obliged to pay on Saturday, March 15; he went to bed, and suffered for some days, both in his stomach and limbs, rather more than he had been accustomed to; but, on the Thursday following, he got up; when finding himself able to stand, he determined to give a lecture that day, notwithstanding the earnest intreaties of his friends to the contrary: this fatal lecture he went through, but, owing to his weak state of body, was so much spent and fatigued with the great exertions, he made for more than an hour and a half, that he was obliged to be carried up to bed by two servants; he passed a very bad night; and from the symptoms next day, the worst consequences were dreaded: in the beginning of the week all expectations of his recovery were given up; and he died about thirty-five minutes past two on Sunday, March the 30th, in the 67th year of his age; and was buried in the vault of St. James's church, the Saturday following.

Thus, by too great an attention to his duty as a lecturer, died one of the greatest ornaments of the age in which he lived.

Though I am unwilling to undertake, as I am conscious I am unable to execute

cute with that elegance it deserves, a character and accurate description of the qualifications of Dr. Hunter; yet, I shall just mark out the great outline, and leave the particular features to be filled up by some able hand.

Nature had blessed him with a clear and enlarged understanding, above the common level of mankind; he had a quick comprehension, a strong and solid judgment, a good memory, easy and unassuming to strangers, a methodical persuasive manner of reasoning; and as a lecturer, he certainly was in this country without a rival.

As to his professional abilities, both as an anatomist and accoucheur, they are to generally known and acknowledged,

that there is scarce a village in this kingdom, or a great town in Europe, but can supply the most honourable testimony in this respect, to his memory. His museum, whether we regard the noble collection of scarce and useful books, medals, or any other part of this superb treasury, will not only be a lasting monument of his great taste and judgment, but will be the best lesson to young men, to teach them, what great industry, joined to abilities, may do; as Dr. Hunter, with a very small patrimony, had amassed so large a fortune, that had he not expended it in his museum, but accumulated the common interest, he would have died worth about two hundred thousand pounds.

EXHIBITION OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

No. III.

Mrs. CRAWFORD.

WE must beg leave to be *unfashionable*, and place this lady foremost in Melpomene's exhibition of originals. We leave it to others to sacrifice at the shrine of bribery and adulation. We have seen Mrs. Crawford make a number of tragic characters to be objects of admiration and applause, that have in other hands found a miserable support, and it is but doing her justice at this time to prop her public character with all our might.

This estimable actress was born at Bath, in the year 1734, and is the daughter of an eminent apothecary in that city. Her father being a man of a social disposition gave into all the pleasures of Bath, which his daughter, as she grew up, sharing in, she became an object of admiration: her person was pleasing to a degree, and her face very engaging. We have been informed, when she was about seventeen years of age, she was particularly noticed by a young gentleman of very extensive fortune, and the brother of a noble Lord, who was then at Bath. From seeing her only in the rooms, he was so struck with her manner, that he contrived to drink tea with her at a third person's house. Here her conversation established what her exterior charms had begun; and after a few visits, he formally asked permission of the father, to become his son-in-law. So advantageous an offer was readily embraced by all parties—the parent was flattered with the idea of

noble connexions—the daughter with engrossing the object of her affections.

Whilst things were in this train of maturation, an unexpected letter arrived, advising the lover of the death of an uncle in London, which required his immediate attendance. He unwillingly obeyed, after having pledged his affections for his instant return. But, alas! How changeable are lovers' promises. The air of London soon dissipated his vows; whilst the object of them, after waiting two months in expectation of hearing from him, had nothing but sighs and painful recollections to comfort her. The chagrin she was thrown into on this account, so visibly impaired her health, that it was thought advisable, by her physicians, to go into the country. A near relation in Yorkshire, made an offer of his house, which was accepted: and as people usually run from one extreme to another, she entered at first with fictitious vivacity into every species of amusement, till by degrees she caught the sprightliness of the place, and perfectly recovered her spirits.

Amongst the amusements of the country, the Yorkshire play-house, which was only distant a few miles from where she resided, was not overlooked. An entertainment so congenial to her own sentiments, could not escape her. Here she got acquainted with Mr. Dancer, who conducted that company; and whether it was from the irresistible impulse she had of appearing on the stage (as is generally thought to be the case); or the desire of banishing, by these means, the dear *ingrate*, who might have still flattered

tered about her heart; or any particular *penchant* she had for Mr. Dancer; she, after a little time, married him. Her relations, on the first news of this, were inconsolable. Their very great affection for her, aided by the pride of family, determined them on seeking every opportunity to prevent her disfiguring them by her appearance on the stage. To this purpose they first prevailed in dislodging them from York; and as their diligence did not stop here, wherever the unfortunate couple went, they found themselves precluded from the benefits of their profession, by an order from the magistrates. In this dilemma they turned their thoughts to Ireland, as a clime more favourable for them to enjoy the fruits of their talents:—here then they shaped their course;—and Mr. Barry and Mr. Woodward being at that time about opening Crow-Keeet theatre, they readily got admittance at genteel salaries.

When Mrs. Crawford made her first appearance at York, very little was expected from her theatrical abilities; her *person* and *voice*, seemed the only requisites in her favour; and even the *latter*, though naturally melodious, was rendered somewhat *flat* by her extraordinary diffidence. Mr. Oldfield's first essay was exactly similar.

The Dublin audience, who are unquestionably the most judicious in the world, perceiving Mrs. Crawford possessed of internal powers, called them out by every little indulgence, which in the course of a season had such an effect, as to give her a very considerable estimation as an actress.

Whilst she was thus rising in the opinion of the town, and rapidly gaining the height of theatrical reputation, it would be forfeiting the precision of biography, to omit the following anecdote:

There was a dancer on the Dublin stage, one Poiteur, who, from the intimacy he had with Mrs. Crawford and her husband, proposed taking an excursion into the country with the former, and another lady, for a few days; to which the husband consented. She had been away but the second day, when it was rung into the husband's ear, by some malicious person, that they went off together. Finding his honour so closely concerned, he instantly pursued them; and, as a little village about twenty miles from town, got intelligence that they were at the principal inn. Here he lost sight of his *prudence*; and rushing into the house, demanded his wife Mrs.

Crawford, who with the other lady and Mr. Poiteur, were drinking tea in the dining room, alarmed at his threats, threw herself for protection, on the gentleman; who imprudently (as it gave some colour for suspicion) locked her up with herself, in a bed chamber adjoining. The husband shut the door, and threatens destruction to the parties, whilst the other as resolutely defended the pair. However, it was at length backed open; but whether from seeing the pangs of his heart in distress, or the fears of meeting the contents of a prison, which his antagonist held in opposition to his, he quietly conducted her out of the room, placed her in a post-chaise, and drove to town.

This anecdote fed, for a while, half the tea-tables about that capital, with scandal. All the little caricatures and sneers were at work; and every news-paper produced a fresh pun or epigram. Among the number that are since consigned to oblivion, the following only is preserved:

When Rosalind chose from Champagne
to fly,
None had blam'd, had she pleas'd, on her
ear, or her eye;
For who for that fair-one lost pity can
feel,
Whose passion's not fix'd on the head,
but the *heel*?
Her first choice, 'tis true, shew'd corruption
of taste,
But an utter depravity reigns in the last.
Then how for her taste or her sense can
we answer,
Who twice in her life, went off with a
Dancer?

But a greater *apropos* than this, happened from mere accident. On the night after her arrival in town, she played Sylvia in the Recruiting Officer, where Evelinda's first salutation to her on her appearance is, *Welcome to town cousin Sylvia*. The house instantly found out the allusion, and bestowed on it all that applause usually given on these occasions.

Soon after this event her husband died, and left her in the possession of every thing but money. She had youth, beauty, and great theatrical merit; nor were the gallant world insensible of them. She had many amorous *tendres*; among the rest, one from the Earl of K—y, who offered her a *charte blanche*. But these offers were rejected with contempt. Mr. Barry had secured her heart; and, like a second Stella, under the vehicle of tu-

tion, she took in the poison of love. From this period we find her rising to the top of her profession: her proximity with the manager secured her all the capital puts; beside, she received such instructions from him in private rehearsals, that, in a little time, she added all his fire to her own instincts.

In the year 1766, she came to London with Mr. Barry, and played under the auspices of Mr. Foote, at the opera-house in the Hay-market. Mr. Barry made his appearance in *Othello*, and our heroine in *Deidamia*; and their labours were crowned with uncommon applause. Mrs. Crawford gave a consequence to *Deidamia*, never observed before; and both continued to draw crowded houses, though in the burning months of July and August. Mr. Garrick saw, and was captivated with Mrs. Crawford; and very wisely secured her and her husband for Drury-lane theatre, where they played for many seasons. In the year 1774, they made overtures to the managers of Covent-garden, which were readily agreed to; and by this step they gained an increase of salary of two hundred a year. Here they continued till the death of Mr. Barry, which happened on the 10th of January, 1777. Mr. Barry's death was followed with a total eclipse in the firmament of *Melpomene*; his widow, it is true, retained her amazing powers; but the gentlemen of the magic band were such cyphers, when placed beside Barry's incomparable abilities, that, when Mrs. Crawford was off the stage, it was all rant, whine, and insufferable bombast; and the beil of the aspiring gentlemen, when playing with her, put the audience in mind of a barn accon payin, his devours to the tragic muse. This falling off, to a proud woman like Mrs. Crawford, who was conscious of her great abilities, and of the universal impression

they had made, was felt by her with the most pungent affliction. Still she might have retained her high renown, if the very worst star that ever ruled the fortune of any one, had not tempted her to give her hand in marriage to a man, who had nothing but his exterior to recommend him. This faux-pas instantaneously damned her in the estimation of the discerning world. Her behaviour since, is of too recent a date to mention it here. She made him play the fool on the stage in England and Ireland; and has been known in Dublin, while he ranted in the character of *Pierre*, to seem transported with ecstacy; and cry out, at the side-wings of the stage, repeatedly, "bravo! bravissimo!"—But what will not a doating woman fancy?

We come now to speak of her in competition with Mrs. Siddons, and we can do this in a few words. The merit of Mrs. Siddons, beside that of Mrs. Crawford, may be compared to a painter, who has, in the course of his life, painted one good portrait, which he and his silly admirers set up with enthusiastic extravagance, in opposition to all Sir Joshua Reynolds ever executed. By one good portrait, we mean *Isabella*; let Mrs. Siddons appear in what she will, out of this character, there is a sameness throughout, that leaves her very far indeed, behind the astonishing excellence of Mrs. Crawford. Let Mrs. Crawford appear in what she will, there is a variety in her action, voice, and deportment, that has not been seen on the British stage, since the reign of Mrs. Cibber.

In our portrait of Mrs. Abington, we spoke of her private life, we would do the same of Mrs. Crawford's; but, as she has never been distinguished for one estimable action, we shall drop the curtain here.

The HAIR-DRESSER; or, HERALD of ANECDOTE. No. II.

THIS evening I was sent for to dress Mrs. Tattle, a widow lady, not a hundred miles from Portman-square. Well, Mr. Fitz, says she, as soon as I entered, what news do you hear? any thing stirring in the fashionable world? what has scandal said in the course of your walks? come, I know you have an excellent memory, disclose instantly.—Upon my word, madam, replied I, I have heard nothing in the course of my walks worth communicating. What, nothing of Miss Easy, or

Mrs. Slip, you used to bring me pleasing intelligence about these ladies; have they bribed you to be secret? O, yes, I can read it in your countenance, but your customer, Lady Sponge, has been before hand with you, she was with me two hours this morning, and communicated the whole affair about your delivering the letter from Miss Easy to Lord Squander.—Who I, madam, upon my word you have been misinformed! misinformed! I should not have thought of your contradicting a lady of

of distinction! it must and shall be so; upon my honour your name shall never be brought upon the tapis through me, so don't be alarmed. It was in vain for me, gentlemen, to assert my ignorance of the affair, the lady was all obstinacy, and persisted to make me acknowledge what I knew nothing about. This is a slight sketch of this lady's character, who, leaving domestic concerns to her vassals, will sit down coolly and deliberately to invent some laughable, or malignant tale, and then fether it on her Hair-dresser, her Footman, and often on the Chaplain that generally visits her.—I had not half dressed her, when Lady Betty Bon Mot made her appearance;—Well, you good creature, said the lady under my hands, what have you picked up in your walks, any thing high seasoned. A very little, indeed, said the visiter, taking a chair: I took a turn or two this morning in Hyde-park, in company with Sir Harry Repartee; you know, my dear, he is excessive lively, and is a library of anecdote.—I was highly tickled at his relation of three or four good things which I never heard before, and which you shall have for amusement, while under the hands of the intelligent Mr. Friz.

The P. of W. meeting Lord S. in a room where there was a number of faded portraits, he asked 'his Lordship who the Painter was, for the style seemed to be the same throughout? his Lordship replied, they were all painted by Sir Joshua Rey-

nolds. Then, said the P. Sir Joshua will be in a worse situation in a few years than Mackbeth, for instead of a dozen ghosts haunting him, he is likely to have an army of ghastly shades.

Excellent! excellent! upon my honour, says Mrs. Tattle; I'm sure its new, for I never heard it before. Nor I indeed, my dear, and the next is equally excellent.

A noted Surgeon of our acquaintance being in a large company, where the leading subject turned on the different degrees of women; the majority of the men gave the preference to a full-sized woman, like you and I, while the Doctor insisted, all women that were not small and delicate, were insufferable. Lady P.—, who was present, observed, "Your attachment, Sir, to those apologies for women, can only arise from your great affection for skeletons, of which we all know you are a distinguished and professed admirer."

Bravo! bravissimol! said Mrs. Tattle, very good indeed! and new, I am positive. I do not, my dear, now recollect the others, but you shall have them the next interview; I must now bid you adieu, till we meet at the route this evening. Her Ladyship retired just as I had done. It being late in the month I hurried home to furnish you with the conversation.

And am, Gentlemen,

Your devoted servant,

GREGORY FRIZ.

THE MAN OF THE TOWN. N^o XI.

NOT having seen my social and intelligent friend, George Essay, at the Chapter Coffee-house for some weeks past, I set his name down in the list of my sick friends, and called at his lodgings in the course of the day to hear some intelligence of him. A lady came to the door, with a face expressive of the deepest sorrow, and informed me, my poor friend, after a violent fit of sickness, which tortured him for nine days, was dead. The damp this information threw upon my spirits has continued ever since; recollection, every hour, exhibits some amiable trait of poor George's character, who, through life, though in possession of one of the best hearts in the world, never advanced a step beyond those limits, where a slender competence is to be found. A few days after I attended his funeral, his widow sent me a parcel of manuscripts, many of which have never appeared in print. On looking them over, I found

the following unfinished sketch of his life, which, with a tear to his memory, I shall beg leave to present to my readers.

I was born, and passed the early part of my life, in a very ancient city that was ornamented with three churches; one of them, the cathedral, was called St. Mary's. This church was without a roof for many years, though I have heard my grandfather assert a hundred times, the corporation of this city collected five hundred and forty nine pounds (and I remember the pious old man added farthings to it) for new-roofing it; which sum the said corporation expended in tavern dinners and suppers. This corporation consisted of doctors, parsons, officers, country gentlemen, and citizens. Every Thursday evening, the instant the 'Change clock struck six, the fingers of the aforementioned church went to work ding-dong to invite such of those gentlemen as were in town to feast upon the sacrilegious plunder.

This

This assembly they called the True Blue Club. By True Blue they meant a club staunch to the Protestant religion, but not to the church, nor its parishioners, which oft the dripping garments of the congregation testified.

When I had read as much of the world in books as I thought necessary, for thro' this literary microscope a man (if he is not very dim-sighted indeed) can see a great way, I departed for my father's.

Thrice did I wave my hand when I got out of the city gate, and bid adieu to that sink of Europe; if pride, slander, sloth, and poverty deserve the epithet, I may turn up my nose here with as much disdain as the celebrated Rosina does when she meets any of her acquaintance, to whom she dropt a curtsy and saluted with a smile five years ago.

When I arrived at my father's, who lived in a village upwards of fifty miles from the city; it is necessary to inform the reader, that this was my first visit to this author of my being. From my cradle to about three weeks before this period I lived with my grandfather, who died and left me a small fortune.

I found my father was known to his intimates in and about the village, by the name of Cæsar; a name given him for his partiality to a song in praise of the Marquis of Granby.

He had been at the taking of the Havannah, and the Lord knows where last war, and acquired a little money; the polish of a navy academy; which is but very so so; large promises that were not worth a groat; and a volume of BLESSINGS, which he had neatly bound and gilt, as a present for Lord Al——le: but his Lordship died before he had the honour of presenting him with it; so the book remains with my father to this day.

He commissioned me to sell it long since, but the devil a chap could I get to give sixpence for it.

Every person I offered it to cursed the contents with as red a cheek as indignation, or a Romish clergyman in the act of excommunication, could possibly wear.

Whether it was the injury my father received from this broadside, or something of earlier date, sailing round a certain point, that made him regardless about me, I know not; but certain it is, his attention towards me was of the same complexion of Horace W——c's towards poor Tom Chatterton.

I would often steal a glance to see if his eye wore that fine brilliancy that I have seen when a father looks at his only

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child; to see if I could perceive a tear of rapture stealing down his cheek, or a father's bosom overflowing with expectations of a glorious nature—his son sitting on the wool-sack—or scattering such a quantity of patriotic flowers in the British senate that the members found it as much as they could do to pick them up, and the newspaper editors hurrying with extacy at midnight to exhibit them next morning to an astonished world. But I might as well this moment, that my candle is just expiring, look for the lamp that Seneca wrote by—all was an universal blank of nature and affection.

Heavens! I would cry as I'd take a solitary walk by the sea-side, is an only child such a trifle to a parent? At that instant reflection would present my dear friend R—y and his seven children to my view—What pleasure swimming in the father's eyes! What a transport at heart on beholding their gambols on the green! And what a sweet return of affection was imprinted on his lips every hour.

Young as I was, I had more than once tasted the sweets of the following excellent lesson, which I could with every reader would study attentively, and never lose sight of:

Honey,
Our money
We find in the end
Both relation and friend:
'Tis a helpmate for better for worse:
Neither father, nor mother;
Nor sister, nor brother,
Nor uncles, nor aunts,
Nor dozens
Of cozens,
Are like a friend in the purse.
Still regard the main chance;
'Tis the clink
Of the chink
Is the music to make the heart dance.

Preslo, says my pride; what do you do here?—I instantly took wing, and arrived in London a few days after.

Here I found myself for some time as solitary a sojourner as if I had taken up my residence in a city of dumb people.

I found every man busy about his own affairs, not other people's; the contrast pleased me in some respects.

I found the good folks in the lodging over my apartments; and those beneath me, knew no more about what I had for dinner, or breakfast, how I lived, or whether

ther I was sick, or well, than if I had not lodged in the house.

I consulted my thoughts upon this difference of manners, and found every one paid attention to their own business, and found it as much as they could do.

But what surprised me most of all was, the sight of a hearth, that stood at the door of my lodging. I never heard a word of any one being dead in the house. I shut down my window, and rung for the servant, who instantly made her appearance.

Have you got a corpse in the house, Liddy?

"Yes, Sir."

How long?

"Five days, Sir."

Why didn't you let me know it?

"I forgot it, Sir."

'Tis strange I have not heard any stir about this affair in the family.

"Lord, Sir, we never makes any stir, when any thing is dead, no more than the thing itself."

Then you are an ungenerous baggage, cried I.

"Dear me, Sir, what would you have us do with a corpse? I couldn't, if I was rubbing it till doomsday, put life in the poor thing, as they often do to drowned persons. So I never attempted to disturb the poor thing; not I Sir. Besides, when it's dead, you know, Sir, 'tis all over."

But, who was the deceased, Liddy?

"My master's son, Sir."

Your master's son!—You may leave the room.

I could not help turning this last information of the girl's, in my thoughts, a hundred times in half an hour. I compared this indifference of a parent to barbarism—to a disregard of every thing divine and human.

But, tut, says I, recollecting myself, every one here mind their own business: I wonder they broke the system; they should have left the poor fellow in the winding-sheet, to bury himself.

I had not been in London six months when my genius took wing to Parnassus. Here I found such a crowd, from all quarters of the world, that it was with the utmost difficulty I obtained a few flowers that introduced me to the principal literati of this ingenious island.

This immortal wreath has been prized highly, not to say extravagantly, by all the admirers of superlative elegance; from the anatomical author of the fustian, to the Goliath Centor of Britain, Dr. J——.

Crowned with this magnificent tiara of applause, I was on tip-toe in every public assembly. I looked for a salute from

every Peer that passed me, but I found their eyes directed another way. I did not consider this a want of respect for me, for that thought, that was ever uppermost, of every man minding his own business settled the reason of their inattention at once.

It was about this time the Morning-Post made its appearance in the world. I found this daily babbler knew the secrets of every man and his family, could tell the conversation of the remotest circle, and set as many together by the ears, every day, as the envenomed tongue of a village gossip could do in a year.

I now began to find the people had forgot to mind their own business; the system was reversed; else, how could the editor of this popular paper, this British pasquin, furnish the rancorous world with so many thousand paragraphs of calumny in the year.

While I was stirring my fire one night, en solitaire, I cast my eyes on a chair opposite to me—I wished for a worthy woman to fill it.

It is a miserable thing, says I, to live alone; I will do it no longer; I see all my friends hurrying to the altar; and those that have returned from it, find a comforter if their finger but aches.

I will instantly marry: Do, says my companion, stirring before the fire, for I long for a mistress!

I would have this companion understood here, a favorite spaniel, that I reared from a puppy, who was remarkably fond of a woman; and who could never see me speak intently to myself, but he cast one of the most expressive looks in nature at me: at my mentioning the word wife, I thought he wore a livelier look than usual.

I was married in less than a month, for I hate to keep Hymen with his link burning for a year, putting it in and putting it out every week of the time.

This is mere children's play.

I was resolved to attend him while I found him in good humour; and I am happy I did so, for he gave me as gay a soul for a wife as pleasure ever dangled on her knee with rapture, or the sound of a violin ever captivated in a country dance or an allemande; which she was famed for dancing with much elegance.

Our first child was as sweet an infant as the lowliest pledge of felicity could be, or as conjugal souls could doat on. She lived somewhat better than six months, when we had the affliction to mix our tears with her infant ashes.

END OF THE FRAGMENT.

THI

The MAN MILLINER. No. XII.

To the Man Milliner.

My dear Sir,

I HAVE a singular character in the fashionable world to introduce to you this month; among your illustrious customers you have, ere this, heard of the distinguished Lady BELINDA Whimsy, whose conduct, since she quitted the nursery, has been of the most extravagant kind. She is beautiful to a degree, a bewitching form, and possesses the most captivating airs to entrap the hearts of mankind, I ever beheld in any woman. Not content with all this, my dear Sir, she is ever studying new arts, and consulting those that she thinks can give her any information. This morning she dispatched her woman for me, to ask my opinion of her new frock and fash. I could not help expressing the highest approbation at it; she is of the first of fine forms, it became her vastly, indeed much better than any lady I had seen in the same dress in Bath. After desiring her woman to withdraw, she pressed me to sit down by her, and taking my hand, "My dear Sir, says she, you know I entertain a high opinion of your taste, I have followed it since my arrival in Bath, and I have found it in every polite circle highly admired. Now, my dear girl, I wish for your approbation of one matter. This morning I met with this divine volume of poems, written by Shakespeare, in which I found the following charming light:

Hide, O! hide, those hills of snow,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears.

Now, my dear Sir, this must have been the fashion in Shakespeare's days, or he would not have mentioned it. Don't you think it would add very much to the present dress, the frock and fash, to expose those pinks, the poet speaks of, to public view?" "I think, Madam, replied I, it would be stepping beyond the bounds of decency; the world would be loud in its reproaches, and insult, in all probability, would attend such a proceeding." A fig for insult, rejoined she, what do we people of fashion care for insults; Are not the best characters existing insulted every day in the public prints? Have not a number of illustrious characters lent money to literary reptiles, to purchase shares

in the London papers, that they may have an opportunity of lashing their intimates on all occasions? No, says she, I was determined before you came, to introduce this fashion, but I wished to know (as you have an excellent opportunity of observing) whether any other lady in Bath made her appearance in it; if so, I would not be the second. Did you get your list of fashions from London last night? Yes, Madam, I knew you would be anxious to see it, and the instant it arrived, I put it into my pocket for you. Let me see, Straw continues still the fashion in almost every thing, I can see nothing this month but what was wore in the last. I'm astonished your fertile brain has not thought of something to banish these straw ornaments. I am heartily sick of their being so long the fashion. The first change that happens, give me early intelligence of it, and you shall find me very liberal. I will keep you no longer; but I request you will call to-morrow morning, when my stays will be altered, to give me your opinion. I complied with her request, and gave a flat disapprobation to the whole proceeding, which so provoked her, that she declared she would never send for me again. That afternoon she came into our shop, with Sir Harry Simper, and displayed her April Pinks without a single blush; and, to my astonishment, the next day, a lady who had been in the shop when she entered, appeared with her frock, fash, and April Pinks, to the full as shameless. I have another singular character in view, which you shall have a sketch of some other time; I must now bid you adieu, as I am called to attend some ladies in the shop.

Your ardent admirer,

CECILIA BONNETBOX.

Bath, April 20, 1783.

SQUIBS of the Month, and Fashionable INTELLIGENCE.

Miss T—le has received great benefit from the Bath waters, and a total renunciation of her *musical passion*: her *conversational manna*, however, has not designed once to correspond with her, since her sudden departure for the continent!

Lady C— has declared herself pregnant; and this offspring of her Ladyship's amorous follies will, it is said, occasion a violent schism between the *law* and the *gospel*—a certain *Prælate* expecting the

will claim for it archiepiscopal protection, at the same time that her noble Lord is resolved on making it a *ward of Chancery*!

The indefatigable manager of the summer theatre in the Hay-market is at present fully employed, in order to commence the ensuing summer theatrical campaign with *vigour*; a *new piece of his own*, called the *Guardian*, or, *Two better than One*, is in great forwardness, which the literati, who are in the secret, speak of as that gentleman's *chef d'œuvre*.

A bet of a *rump and dozen* was lately made, that Lady Worlesley should not trot a horse twelve miles within an hour. The day proving wet, the gentleman sent his compliments to the Lady, "that as the weather did not answer, she might be off if she pleased." Her Ladyship replied, "as some friends were invited, she wished to decide the proposed entertainment, and that both should spend something. I'll find the *rump*, says she, if he'll stand the *dozen*."

On Sunday night the concerts of sacred music, with which the Countess of Hume has favoured the great world, concluded for the season. The oratorio of the Messiah was performed to a splendid company, composed of the first persons in the empire, in which Mrs. Kennedy displayed her wonderful powers, and was received as she has been through the whole course of the concerts, with the most distinguished applause. Mr. Arne was also very much admired. Mr. Arne has conducted these entertainments; and he and all the performers received on Sunday night the thanks of the company for the pleasure which they had afforded.

Ranelagh opened on Easter Monday evening, as usual. Considerable improvements have been made in the edifice and

gardens; and if the performance was an object to a company, who go for the refined and insipid purpose of a promenade, the managers have prepared a very fine band. The company was but small, owing to the thinness of the town; for the fine weather of last week, and the recess in parliament, drew all the *haut monde* into the country.

The perverse appetite of fashion, which acts in opposition to that of nature, has now established it as a rule, that there is no air so good as that of Hyde-park, when the wind, the horses hoots, and the carriages have raised the dust. The walk in Kensington-gardens has every thing to recommend it that the beauties and perfection of art and nature can give it; but Kensington-gardens are not fashionable. St. James's-park was quite the ton while the mall was in a ruinous condition; but as soon as it was made pleasant by a thorough repair, it was deserted, and it now presents a beautiful wilderness, into which no woman that pretends to fashion dare presume to enter. But the delightful dust of Hyde-park, the charming exercise of walking among the horses' hoofs; where, at every step, a fine lady has the elegant dangers to apprehend of being kicked, run over, or squeezed to death by the horses of a prince, or of an apprentice: it is superior to every other satisfaction; and while these are the invitations of Hyde-park, Hyde-park must be the scene of fashion.

A gentleman meeting one of the servants of the Countess of H—, alias the Queen of H—, asked him if her Ladyship's *Oratorios* were over. When the half-starved poor fellow replied, "Yes, your honour, but her Ladyship's *lent season* is not, that will continue with her domesticities the whole year!"

THE COUNTRY CURATE. No. VI.

IT is not to be wondered at if the peace, that folder of foot and eggs—that 'plaster of Paris,' which has been lately begged by the Tinkers—by the Lazars of the State, has become a subject of discussion, even at 'The Tub.' Like the poor Player, who had lodged all his moveables with his uncle, and came at last, presenting his emaciated figure, demanding him to draw his profile, and take it in pledge for a dinner; we, if our temporalities are

few, and those by rapacious hands impaired, have yet our persons to lose, some things still dearer than the goods of fortune, to pawn with the brokers of our country.

"Shades of our fathers! hasten to the waters of Lethe; if ye have not yet imbibed the oblivious draught, drink deep of the lake; cover your heads with the lazy weeds that mantle the pool, and hear not the pain-giving cry of one of your children,"

while he wishes to bury, with you, the sorrows of remembrance in the forgetful stream. Hasten to the waters of Lethe, shades of our fathers! For is there a grove so thick, in the regions below, that the scream of infamy cannot penetrate; where the fury that hath maddened the nations with all his snakes, shall not break in on your repose—with the tale of ruined England, and the tame submission of your daftard sons!"

These were thy words, O Christopher Cissack! if it be Kakadox to hold such language, I am blameless; for the literary taste, and the political events of the present times, would make me, had I no better cause, to believe that all the classic fables I learned in my youth were a fable. I wish not to be tedious; for why should I, by such a difference, offer a causeless affront to the rulers of the land? We are all embarked in one little vessel. There was a time, when she could stem the fury of the tides, with the proudest bark that plowed the ocean. But her trim is miserable now! her pennants flutter no more in the wind—her top-gallant-sail clings to the mast, and many a worthy mariner has been washed overboard. Yet the crew that remains are mirthful as monkeys in a wood; and why should I sit moping by the binnacle? We shall be cast a wreck on some shore—we may then dance with the natives! Let me lose the comforts of imagination, though, if I would not still rather desire to be drove on the coasts of Cornwall, than on the rising ramparts of Dunkirk! Ye friends that delight in faithless bosoms, what tortures shall ye invent for the betrayers of their country? At our club we denied ourselves some gratifications, in order to compose a present for a man of the name of ELLIOF; and this we found the more needful, as being neglected by a society, which we believe more numerous; we are certain is not more honest. Daniel Deplorable, whom, for his capacity in seeing things in the most dismal lights possible, we sometimes dignify with the appellation of The Cat of Discernment, has not scrupled to suggest, that had the Governor of Gibraltar been less brave, he might have been better rewarded. This our Vicar and Squire received with a groan, which was re-echoed, in doleful sound, from a huge iron back, that, not being so easily handled as the dogs and tongs, is not preserved so clean, but contains more solid value. The Squire, not to be behind hand in courtesy, groaned again; and in tolerable language, in manner more de-

cently urgent than usual, thus gave utterance to the passion of his heart. "Mr. Hood, the beer which you praised the other night to my dame, was bottled in seventy-five. I have kept myself, like one of the bottles, ever since. It was a year wherein malt was good, yeast plenty, and my old maid, Mashing Moll, prudent; when England's honour was not damaged, its resources many, but its servants a parcel of rogues—the brewings of the one and of the other have come to different effect—the produce of the operations in my house you have all tasted, and called palatable; that which Squire North, from the bungling arrangement of his coolers and boilers, has given the nation, is converted into ale-gar, worse than crab-juice, which yet sets every honest man's teeth on edge. I have kept myself, I say, like one of the bottles of mine own beer. In defiance of thunder and frost, I have kept reasonable, even the lightnings of that year when Newgate afforded an emblem of the conflagration of an universal prison, which I need not name to Parsons, did not spoil me of my temper. But I have been diuine at by a set of butler's apprentices of the state—who, the more sipping has been the weather, have only corked the harder—and while I paid some respect to the impression of the wax with which their rindy hollowness and rottenness were covered, have been corked and corked—in breach of every principle of elasticity! I expected Pitt would have searched his father's pocket for his patent-screw, wherewith to give ease to an oppressed spirit. Fox talked long that he had got one at the service of every body—on trial it is found blunted—and the spring grievously suspected of ambilaterality. In the impatient thirst of the constitution, the head is, at last, knocked off—and I have got fizzing vent."

Hence the Squire was interrupted by a plaudit of his associates, all of us declaring, that by his having kept up the metaphor so well, he seemed in a fair way of becoming expert in the dove-tail work of rhetorical machinations; an excellency of progress, for which he stood indebted to our learned converse. The compliment, though a divided one, was grateful to its object, he declaring, that this circumstance enhanced either its intrinsic value, or else his relish of it—he always hating to smoke his own pipe, when those of his companions were gone out.

When I bethink me, continued he, elevating his voice almost to the pitch of our Lady Bell, of the rapidity with which

the rights and possessions of this country have been despoiled, if not sacrificed and given up, I can hardly help thinking that the statute of mortmain was totally unnecessary for this generation. It was mockery worse than damnable, to restrict the non-existing race of Englishmen from endowing, with the produce of their lands, protestant churches or protestant charities, if the fee-simple is to be surrendered unconditionally to France! A peace, to speak in no uncommon mode, is now on the carpet. The side on which we—the corner on which we are permitted to walk, is strewed with thistles and wormwood—the thimbling of a negotiator, employed by our sweet ministers; stands fumbling for a stool behind the dumb waiter. A maid with a striped petticoat is twirling her mop in his face; the Don is looking out at the window—Monsieur is condescending to vouchsafe an answer now and then from his water-closet—while Mynheer, as in duty bound, is taking out from the Briton's pockets some Indian paper, the most of what he has got indeed, and sorting it for the occasions of his lord. No bad picture! Franklin will himself lift up his eyes from the studies on which he is intent, and call it a woeeful one for England. If England be not already a province, governed by a præfect from the continent, why send to Paris for a peace? Nay, not only for a peace, but for every order a steward needs from his landlord? Are the tenants to be convened, to consult the good of the whole manor—to treat about repairs, and settle anent suits at law? The steward can do nothing—his hands are tied up—his best wishes attend the general interest; but as the matter is at some distance, all that can be done is to dispatch a special messenger to wait his communications and commands, and they shall know the issue by return of post. Meanwhile, they are desired to avoid the tricks of London, to retire like sober villagers to their beds at their inns—to abstain from laying wagers, or losing their money at the old games of nine-pins and Porto-bello, as there is no knowing but there may come an order for some abrogated grassums, some advance of their rents, or a trifling present to pay doctor Peryphymosis' bill.

You gentlemen, acquainted with ancient people and their histories, pray tell me where it was that your Grecians and Romans made their treaties. That great warrior Alexander, a character in such esteem with me, that, by an express and uncontroverted order, the foremost horse

of every team I have goes by his name, wrote his preliminary articles, I have been told, with the long spears of a set of long-armed (they had no occasion to be long-legged, mind ye) fellows, called a phalanx, and signed them conclusively with his sword. Nay I myself have read in a little book, as dear to me as to the king of Prussia, though we may have it in different languages, that all the answer made by the conqueror of the world to some pert old counsellors of Scythia, was for them to go home and eat their own horse-hams, not interfere in his cookeries; for that he was determined to make use of his own gridiron, and employ his old butchers. Was not your Cannæ affair a matter pretty much as serious to the Romans, as your York-Town or Saratoga business could be to us? Did that people dispatch any oily imprecator to the stern Carthaginian? They were on the eve of it, according to an Old Poor Robin that I have by me, but they could not, my record adds, get a soul to accept the employ, save a drayman's ossler at the equiline gate, and he smelt to insufferably strong of his vocation, that even the tribe of leather-sellers voted against his mission. I know what I will do if I live four years longer, and this same famous parliament does not die sooner; I will interrogate our member, whether he knows any thing about a mason word, which is shrewdly suspected among the great ones of the earth? Whether we enjoy any remaining shadow of power in this country, but as a delegation upon sufferance, a tenure to be held *durante bene placito*, as our law books say; and whether foreign nations do not now look upon us as such very gudgeons, as not to think it worth their while, any longer, to bait the hook. I will ask him, why he did not move that the person, who could be so daring as to intimate a possibility of presuming to notify the surrender of that fortress defended by Elliot, cemented, where the rock is not a native rampart, with English blood, should be committed for breach of privilege. Is the carking of a pamphleteer to be consigned to importance by persecution? and is the manifest voice of villainy to grate its discord unexecrated? You, Hood, shall ask him, if there be Pharisees in the Synagogue of St. Stephen's that strain at a gnat, and yet find throats wide enough to gulp down a camel? Surprize, there, shall enquire of the oracle of Derby, concerning some such voice as this, in the House of Commons, I would not that the French should take offence at our present squabbling;

squabbling; it militates nothing against the peace they have granted us; it is only about who are to be ministers; and give us a detail of the response. To be understood by us real country gentlemen, it might, methinks, as well have been worded thus: John the butler, Will the groom, and Tom the postillion, make not such a clatter with laying your plates, nor such a pother about taking your places, lest our master should hear above stairs, and know that we have kept any thing back from his supper—squinching Dick, may venture up,

and beg leave to know of my lord's gentleman, whether, after he has done with the cheese, he will permit us below to nibble on the pairings. Or, to rise a little from the kitchen, "Let the master of the puppet-show be made acquainted that any whisperings he may hear, are by no means the harbingers of discontent, or forebode any, the least, inclination to dispute his orders, that they solely arise from a small private bickering among us underflappers, his very obsequious humble servants all, who shall be promoted to the post of Merry Andrew, and indulge the soothing dignification of wearing the bells."

"House of Commons.—In an old sheep-skin deed, whereby I hold my best oak hanger, dated, Methusalem knows how many hundred years ago, I find there is mention made of a collection of orderly people that went by the name of Wit-and-Age-met; and they took care of the young and the wise; but if our parliament pretend to be any thing tantamount to such a convention, I would only recommend to them, they are all, God mend that mark, they are all, men of taste, to compare the portion of Christmas-day with the face of Shrove Tuesday, to learn humility from judging, of the difference, and prepare themselves, as they have woe-fully prepared us, for lent and amendment. Deplorable! Dost thou droop? Give him a sup of crank. When the water willow hangs too much one way, 'tis but providing a larger pool on the other side. What thinkest thou of the peace? Nay, grumble not; out with it, man!"

"The partridge, replied Daniel, the partridge, is a senseless bird; she accounteth the cat, her natural enemy, and maketh a league with the owl of darkness. Her ally, and her esteemed foe, meet in the twilight, they plan her death and effectuate it by night and The domesticated lioness's alliance of her sister, conceals her armed neu-

lity in the fur of her paw, till her claws, adapted to torture, tear the miserable flesh of her unfledged young. 'Madam! Screech' makes her nightly meal of her insatuated confidante, and while she perseveres in her cruelty to death, adds mockery to the sense of pain, by insulting the victim her arts have undone; with the hooting sarcasm, that she designed every thing friendly to her most excellent good neighbour, but that really the colours of her feathers made her be taken for a mouse, her natural prey; and that the best reparation for accidental misery, was to put the sufferer out of pain. I am a refugee, but you will bear me witness, I differ materially from my class: I have told this country no lies, and I have fingered none of its money, unless it be that poor pittance for which my hands, I would say my pained tongue, and my wearied feet, have laboured. I know I might have been paid for my silence, if I would have acted as a runner to a shoe-black of the state. But I was born in Britain, and my mother's milk was not tempered to nourish the flamina of a constitution passive to injury. Like hounds savage for blood, our ministers began the chase. When they found themselves at fault, they tracked every hedgehog and badger to his hole, to satiate their senses with sink! The huntman Ambition, Oppression his whisperer, and Poverty the yeoman of the kennel, urged them on, till in a blind thicket they happened on farmer Lewis's traps, and now beagles and harriers, in duration, return howl for howl. There should have been no peace, till peace was better than war. By losing his poise, endeavouring to maul his own son America, the man once called, and then worthy to be called, John Bull, had his heels kicked up by the Frenchman, who watched behind the advantageous occasion of such a blow. The Spaniard gave his shoulder for his brother to lean upon, while he beat the prostrate Englishman with his foot. The Dutchman smoked out his pipe, and emptied the embers on the posterior of a very good friend. This, like the ultimate of all, revived some sparks of active resentment in the receiver of the rude attack. He stretched his sides—found, his breath left in his belly—he essayed to rise—he rose—and setting his side against a Galpian but his side was black and blue. He new down, or might soon have been able to throw down all his oppressors. If he had lost some blood; so had adversaries, and he might have suf-

ferred them, after the treatment he had received, to have first cried out, 'Quarter' But there came by a travelling catholic, methodistical, calvinistical priest, and told him to be a good universal Christian—Swop he threw himself down at the feet of the foe he had banged, and bought their a nity, in terms, that a rabbit in the warren of nature would not have us'd with the first spoiler that ever nature, in pangs, was forced to confess her son Get to your hookeries, my brother parsons! Little heeded are the daws that caw amid the

treble of your bells A raven of hapless omening has croaked away the Genius of England, and is heard from one of the last fluted oaks of her neglected forests, in the ear of weeping Patrioticists to cry, Woel woel woel—"And curf d," said Deploable, "and curled," said we all rising, (but the 'squire, who had the gout, and he, being unable to rise, said curled twice) be the wretch—the enemy of his country though he live on her fruits, who shall dare to add, or think to realize, an

AMEN!

ON CALCAREOUS CEMENT.

THE ingenious Dr. Higgins, in his treatise on this subject, which is the result of many experiments, observes, that the strength and duration of all buildings depend chiefly on the goodness of the cement, particularly in a country where the weather is so variable and trying, and the mortar commonly used so bad, he has therefore investigated the principles on which the induration and strength of calcareous cements depend, as a means to recover or excel the Roman cement, which in aqueducts, and the most exposed structures, have withstood every trial of 1500 or 2000 years.

Calcareous stones, which burn to lime, contain a considerable quantity of the elastic fluid, called fixable air, and which indeed forms a great part of the weight of those stones, and the difference between lime-stone or chalk, and lime consists chiefly in the retention or expulsion of this matter.

The excellence of the Doctor's cement, depends on the purity, size, and purity of the sand, on the goodness of the lime, the choice of lime-stone, in the perfect burning, and in the preservation of it from the air, in his method of

slaking, and in the separation of heterogeneous parts; also on the use of strong and pure lime water, in the place of common water; on the due proportions of sand, water, and lime, the manner of mixing them, the knowledge of ingredients, and circumstances which are injurious and useful, the use of bone ashes of determinate sizes; all which particulars are very minutely set forth in the specification, in consequence of the Letters Patent that have been granted.

This excellent cement, whether used as mortar, or as stucco, and which is cheap, elegant, and durable, is particularly applicable for preserving and decorating houses, churches, colleges, halls, and other public and private edifices; or in military works, artificial stone, &c. it may be executed either in plain or ornamental works; and is equally a saving, whether applied to new or old structures.

It gives a building the appearance of stone, is executed at an expence considerably below any attempt of the kind, and surely far superior to the pointing, and use of by bricklayers, in the repair of old buildings.

THOUGHTS ON WISDOM, RECTITUDE, &c.

GREAT merit and great pride, seldom harbour long together: the one soon expels the other.

The ends which pride proposes to itself, are respect and deference. but its unavoidable consequence, is aversion, and very often contempt.

Pride has so frequently been defined, and may still admit of so many more definitions, that no other evidence can be more convincing, that it is a complication of all bad qualities in one.

Pride is like an imperceptible poison, working secretly by slow but sure de-

grees; it sours the whole mass of our internal make, and renders it nauseous and disgusting.

Like a wrong headed minister of state, who has taken possession of his sovereign's ear; it keeps admonition and fidelity at a distance, and insensibly seduces all our friends to the necessity of abandoning us, and often of becoming our foes.

Self-love and pride are like two injudicious friends, zealous to serve each other, and yet always crossing the mutual purposes.

(To be continued)

The

The NEW PYGMALION.

The beautiful accompanying Copper-plate, represents a young Girl of twelve Years old, picking up Cinders; a young Man of Fashion, happening to pass that Way, is struck with the Symmetry of her Features, and enquires after her Parents:—She answers—"I am an Orphan, Sir."

A Young gentleman of rank and fortune, in one of his morning walks through Paris, was struck with the appearance of a beautiful little creature that was earning her daily pittance by traversing the streets for cinders! Notwithstanding she was in tatters, and disfigured with dust, her eyes were brilliant and expressive. The youth was captivated with so uncommon an object, and his humanity pleaded powerfully in her favour. What, said he to himself, should hinder me of being serviceable to this unhappy object! Perhaps her person might make her fortune: I should then make two happy. After this short colloquy, he enquired where her parents lived! She replied, I am an orphan, Sir; a neighbour took me into her house, and I endeavour to get a bit of bread that I might not be sent to the workhouse.

But you would be much better there, than as you are now.

O Sir, one of my companions, who is there, says, she would rather starve than be obliged to live in such a place.

Well, my child, if you like it, I will take care of you in future; I will provide you a mistress, who shall clothe and instruct you in some business more creditable; and all I require of you is, to profit by the expence I shall be at on your account.

The little creature, delighted with the offer, begs to shew him her house. He accompanies her to a fruiterer's, where he learnt her docility and application. This poor, but industrious woman, had taken care to have her taught reading and writing; and here he found that this orphan was the daughter of an exciseman, who died in extreme indigence, and that her name was Louisa Passementier.

Our new Pygmalion, pleased with this information, intimated his views respecting Louisa, agreed to allow her a certain annual sum for the time she had taken this orphan into her house, and ordered her to be decently clothed.

The man who has found a valuable diamond incruited with dirt, could not be more overjoyed than the protector of Louisa, when he saw her clean, and under the hands of the mantua-maker. Nothing can make a greater impression

upon the heart of a young girl, than in taking care of her dress! Louisa shewed her gratitude by her looks—her gestures, and the pleasure she felt in seeing the person who had made her so happy. Mr. De M— was delighted. He signified his pleasure of breakfasting with Louisa and the two women: he then conducted her to a reputable milliner's, where she found a new mistress, that was the model of taste, regularity, and good breeding.

Madam, said Mr. De M—, I here bring you a niece. Be not surprized that she is so much attended by a woman; she is an orphan, and I, who am her guardian, am still a bachelor. In placing her under your care and instruction I give you all the authority of a parent. I resign to you all mine, only reserving that of paying you liberally for your expence and trouble. I wish her to be treated upon the same footing as your own children. I have not a doubt but you will find her worthy your attention; and that she will love your daughters as if they were her sisters. In taking his leave he observed to this lady, that he should never desire to see her alone, or to take her out unless accompanied by her daughters. This arrangement meeting the entire approbation of her mistress, Louisa was immediately taken into her family and highly cherished.

Mr. De M— had declined taking with him the fruiterer and mantua-maker, in order that it might not be known the state of misery in which he had found this fortunate orphan. He was some time without seeing his adopted ward, and upon his paying the second quarter for her board he was surprized with her progress. She had already acquired an air, which rendered her pretty face still more interesting; and her modesty in seeing her benefactor, gave her additional charms.

Mr. De M— could not help exclaiming to himself, happy Pygmalion! The gods animated thy statue, render them divine honours, and respect their present! He then seated himself opposite to Louisa, and conversed with her in the respectful language of a guardian to his

ward, in order to inspire her with an elevation of sentiment. In a private conversation, her mistress said, she was a treasure of beauty, sense, and sensibility. Louisa, Sir, is all sweetness and condescension. She seems thoroughly sensible that she owes her present happiness to your attentions. Her address is uncommon and gracious; and her docility and comprehension surprizing for her age.—Mr. De M—— left the house in a kind of rapture.—Happy Pygmalion! What a beautiful statue has the bounty of the gods animated by thy care and assiduity!

The following evening he was somewhat earlier in his visit; and brought with him a pretty present, consisting of a pair of ear-rings, a neck-lace, a pair of bracelets, with a pair of handsome shoe-buckles, inclosed in an etui made of gold.

I wish, Miss Louisa, to give you an instance of my friendship, by presenting you with these trifles; and by so doing I hope to gain a place in your's.

You have no necessity, Sir, to have recourse to such expedients—since the favours I have already received, will never be effaced from my memory.

You are, I believe, as good as you are lovely. I often speak of you to Miss Henrietta Monclar (her mistress's eldest daughter); she says, you are my guardian angel; and were I to tell her all—

No, Louisa; that secret must remain where it is. You must forget it as fast as you can.

Forget it, Sir! That's impossible.—If I dared to tell you what I think—

Why not, my dear Louisa?

It is, Sir, that for some months past, on reflecting on the state from which you have taken me, I tremble with horror; particularly so, when I compare it with my present situation.

These reflections are singular for one of your age, Louisa.

I had a mother, Sir, that was as kind as she was affectionate, and was very capable of bringing me up; and I still remember those things she taught me.

My dear little maid—open your etui, and see what I have given you, (she opens and examines every thing).

Ah, Sir! This is too fine for a poor orphan.

If these articles are too fine for an orphan, they are not so for my daughter—yes, Louisa, it is the name my heart avows; and since I have taken the title of father, I shall most sedulously discharge its duties. Be therefore free from

any inquietudes; your happiness will be a duty and a pleasure to me.

Mr. De M—— admiring the work he had undertaken, could not refrain from articulating, Heavens! How beautiful is that creature grown! If I had ever seen so lovely an object among the circle of my acquaintance, could I refrain from adoring her?

The next day, an unexpected affair prevented him from seeing Louisa. He was obliged to set out immediately for one of his estates in the country, where his presence was absolutely necessary. Here he was detained for six months; and during this interval, he received no less than two letters from his ward, inclosed in those of her mistress.

These epistles were couched in the following terms:

Dear Papa,

“ Permit me to complain of your very long absence: I assure you, that the day becomes very tedious when I do not see you in the evening. Your visits were but a few instants; but these instants were agreeable, and much desired on my part. Pardon, dear Sir, the liberty I take, in scribbling upon the letter of Madam Monclar: but she has given me the permission. I am, with the most profound respect,

Your dutiful daughter

LOUISA PASSEMENTIER.

Dear Papa,

“ Your having been so kind as to express a pleasure in reading my scrawl, emboldens me to send you a second. Can you, my dear papa, never return to Paris? I often wish I had the wings of a bird, to fly to the place where you are; I should then see you; chat with you for a few hours; and return contented. This idea gives me no small satisfaction, notwithstanding it is ridiculous. You are too much beloved by your daughter, not to regret your long absence. You should not have been so kind to me, nor visited me so often—there is a tear for you. I am glad that it is fallen on the paper; you will see it, and as you are the best of men, it will make an impression upon your heart. I have written this in a very small character, that I might have the more room, but I must stop here in spite of my efforts. I am, with—what I cannot express, dear papa,

Your &c.”

Mr. De M—— was extremely affected with his ward's attachment. As soon as

his affairs were sufficiently arranged, he hastened back to the capital, where he found Louisa in the blooming charms of all conquering fifteen. Her beauty now made a forcible impression upon his heart. He felt it's powers, and began to feel its consequences. His visits became more seldom, yet he could not divest himself of his feelings. Louisa, on her part, became passionately fond of her protector; and as she saw no harm in giving way to her penchant, she expressed herself, on all occasions, with a *naïveté* that was irresistibly seductive.

One evening, after a serious reflection, Mr. De M—— appeared in the presence of Louisa, with a cloud hanging on his brow. She drew near to him, and with an accent of the liveliest concern, said, dear Sir, you seem to have some cause of uneasiness—would to heaven I could relieve you from it—

Louisa, my dear Louisa, it quits me when I see you; but it returns when I am going to leave you.

Ah, dear papa! do not then leave me. That's impossible—

No, that is not impossible. I am yours, I only live, I only breathe, but to be instrumental to your happiness.

Lovely creature! Can a daughter at your age content herself with living in my house?

Why not, Sir? Cannot I live with my papa—if it be necessary for his repose—

Louisa, you are too dear to me, that I should so expose your reputation.

My reputation—dear Sir, explain what you mean.

Louisa, thou art my child, and yet I dare not take thee under my roof. Hear me, dear Louisa, hear me. I have a name, a title, and a large estate; my rank requires that I make an alliance with a family of equal pretensions; and to make a marriage state happy, it is necessary to love the person to whom one is united, and I can love no other woman than my Louisa. This is the reason why I am a prey to inquietude. My Louisa, I adore thee—thou art the work of my hands; I have, in fact, called thee into existence; and I love thee as a father, a brother, and a lover. I shall be wretched without thee; I shall be a monster if I abuse thy innocency; and, if I marry thee, my family will hold me in execration. This is my situation, thou too bewitching creature. Pity me; it is all that thy friend, thy too enamoured friend, requests.

During this discourse, Louisa was a prey to a thousand new ideas; she scarce comprehended the language of her protector; it was, to her, a chaos of incoherent sentiments.

Can I possibly make him wretched who has rendered me so completely happy! Can I then do nothing for him who has treated me as his daughter! Certainly I can; but you conceal it from me through a motive of generosity. Will you not then relieve me from this cruel perplexity?

Louisa, my kind Louisa, my affectionate daughter, since you are the choice of my heart, be tranquilized; my reason will suggest a remedy for my present situation. Adieu; I will see you again to-morrow.

Mr. De M—— after this visit was plunged into a painful irresolution.

Shall I marry Louisa! My heart says yes; but the world, reason, prudence, the age in which I live put a negative to the measure. My family, my relations, my friends oppose such an union.

Instead of flying from the object of his affection, he resolved to see her every day, and accustom himself to her poison, in order to bid defiance to its malignity. And thus he reasoned: Louisa is a fever; this disorder should then be treated as such. The beginning is in a manner imperceptible, but the crisis violent in the last degree; after this it diminishes insensibly. I must then suffer with courage; the victory will be crowned with happy consequences, and there will be left no room for repentance!

This line of conduct being adopted, Mr. De M—— was regular in his visits; and Louisa was the happiest of women. The passion made a rapid progress in the heart of the guardian; who endeavoured like a philosopher, to combat its efforts.

This conduct of the guardian and his ward, soon opened the eyes of Madam Monclar. Louisa made no mystery of her inclinations; on the contrary, all her words and actions demonstrated the fervour of her feelings. In his absence, her sighs, her tears, revealed the state of her heart, and her joy was no less conspicuous in seeing him. That bosom, virtuous and susceptible, was alive to all the ardour of the most glowing passion, united to gratitude, esteem, respect, and attachment.

My dear child, said Madam Monclar, I fear you love too well your guardian. Take care! for this partiality

might one day become fatal to your repose.

Ab, madam! that cannot be: for every thing which relates to Mr. De M. must be instrumental to my happiness.

But child, he may be induced to marry.

If, madam, he should experience his felicity in that state, I shall rejoice in his good fortune. In that case, he might perhaps be induced to make me a companion to his lady, whom I should love with the greatest tenderness.

If these are your sentiments, Louisa, I have nothing farther to say.

This conversation was related to Mr. De M— word for word. He confessed the ardour of his affection, yet was irresolute in the conduct he ought to pursue.

To make her my wife is certainly the noblest procedure—and perhaps the most prudent, since my happiness hinges on the event. But my family—the world—the court—will see with different eyes. She has an honest parentage, and if I were but a private gentleman, I could marry her without slander or detraction:

as I am now situated, my heirship to titles and distinctions, require that I make choice of a woman among the higher order of *noblesse*, or one whose riches can cast a veil upon her original obscurity. Strange and unnatural prejudice! The world will applaud me for espousing the daughter of a vile financier, who has fattened upon the spoils and exactions of whole provinces; yet the model of virtue and female perfection in a more humble line of life, is deemed unworthy of my regards.

Sir, your conduct to Louisa at this very hour, is that of a man of the nicest honour; consult but your own heart, for that is the only counsellor you should—

That heart madam, will instantly declare in favour of Louisa. But I will consult this lovely creature in person; I will shew her what can be said for and against a measure of this nature; and by this means I shall hear the advice of beautiful nature in all her purity.

Having said this, he desired to speak with Louisa in private.

(To be continued.)

THE SHRUBBERY. A TALE. PART III.

IT was not till three years after, when Melmoth returned from making the tour of Europe, that he had an opportunity of revisiting his friends. He had written to them several times on his travels, but had never received any answer, and he concluded that his letters had miscarried. Interesting as were all the various scenes which had passed under his eye during that interval, they had not once diverted his thoughts from the beloved subject of their contemplation: Julia mingled in every idea;—he had passions, sighs, sentiments, and sensations only for Julia. As soon as he arrived in London, he obtained his father's consent to ask her hand, and instantly set off for Westmorland. It was toward the close of the third day when he reached the banks of the lake, and he ordered the post-chaise to drive to the by-path, intending to walk up to the house through the shrubbery, that he might surprize them the more agreeably.

When he opened the wicket, he was presented with a scene embellished with all the beauties of the spring. The lilac was in full blow, and the laburnum dropped its golden clusters in a grand profusion; while the softer blossoms of the apple and the almond appeared above the rest, and were finely relieved by the

fresh verdure of their foliage. Melmoth recognized every object with the feelings of a friend. Every tree and shrub recalled to his mind the ideas they had inspired when he first walked under their shade, and he bade them welcome with as much ardour as if they had been animate. He looked down, as he passed, at the bench on which he sat, when the voice of his Julia first broke upon his ear; and his heart exulted as he looked. But his impatience would not suffer him to indulge the idea. He had a thousand things to say, a thousand little incidents which he had treasured up in his memory to tell of. Every minute seemed an age which did not bring the interview along with it, and he quickened his pace at every step.

When he came to the house, he found a servant sitting in the porch, and he enquired eagerly if Mr. Haston was within. "No Sir," she replied, "he is just gone to speak over his daughter's grave." "Whose grave?" interrupted Melmoth in a faltering voice. "Miss Julia's, Sir; she died last week of a consumption. That gate opens into the church-yard."

Melmoth felt the intelligence in every nerve. It was as the cold point of a dagger at his heart. He did not utter a word in reply, his feelings would not let him;

him; he stood motionless as a statue, gazing on vacancy, and lost in the sensations which harrowed up his soul. All the fond hopes, which he had cherished so long, were now extinguished, and in the very moment when he expected their completion. He walked up to the gate, but he could not open it; it led to a scene which he knew would quite unman him—he let the latch fall and burst into tears.

An interval of reason succeeded—it was an interval of patience, humility and hope—but it was short. The frenzy of his soul returned, he burst the gate open and rushed violently through.

As he hurried along the path that winded among the tomb-stones, his eye looked round involuntarily for the objects it most dreaded to fix on; and it soon found them. A number of mourners had ranged themselves in a little circle round a grave on one side—it was an interesting group, and Melmoth drew near to examine the weeping figures that composed it. They were villagers, whose families Julia had been enabled by her father to keep from want, and who had asked leave to pay this last tribute of gratitude to her memory. Mr. Hartop stood advanced a few steps before the rest, with the volume of inspiration in his hand. There was a manly resignation expressed in his countenance, and a firmness in the tone of his voice, which shamed Melmoth for his weakness—except now and then, when a tear stole down his cheek and melted his accent. He had lost all that was dear to him in this world, and his soul was now ready to take its flight. A good man, struggling with adversity and rising amidst all its efforts to depict him, is an object on which angels may look down with delight, and which the divine Being must contemplate with peculiar complacency.

As soon as the funeral service was over, and the mourners had departed, Melmoth stepped up to the grave, and looked eagerly in. The frantic wildness of his air struck the sexton, who was preparing to throw the earth into it; and he stood fixed in silent astonishment with his foot lifted up on his spade. Melmoth kept bending over, with his eye chained to the inscription on the lid of the coffin.—Within it were the remains of one whom he had chosen from the rest of the world—she was indeed his world—he had seen her walk—Her eyes, now for ever closed, had once—and who could not have interpreted their language

—had once conversed tenderly with him. The thought cut him to the soul—he could not bear it—and he walked hastily away—but he had not gone ten paces when his strength failed him, and he turned back to take another look.—He was too late—the sexton had already fallen to work, and the coffin was to be seen no more, for the last spadeful of earth had covered it. A tear started into his eye at the disappointment—he looked wistfully at the man a moment, but he had not the heart to reproach him for it—every feeling within him was tuned to tenderness; he fetched a deep sigh and walked slowly away, weeping as he walked.

In his return to the Parsonage he met some of the mourners who had been conducting Mr. Hartop home, and he commanded firmness enough to enquire the particulars of an event, the sudden disclosure of which had so unhinged him. Mr. Hartop, they said, had been confined, the year before, by a long and dangerous illness; and the closeness and anxiety with which his daughter had attended him during that period, had brought on a slow fever that soon threw her into a decline.

When Melmoth came to the gate, he felt himself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter, and he took a turn in the garden in order to compose himself. But Julia had not left the shades, which she had rendered so dear to him. They were all full of her. He saw her in every object, he felt her at every step, at every instant he heard her well known voice

“Sweet as the shepherd’s pipe upon the mountains.”

In every wood-scene her gentle figure appeared at a distance among the trees; she sat on every bench and stood listening beside every waterfall. He took a path that soon brought him to the edge of a small pool hung round with willows. It was a scene in unison with his feelings, and he threw himself on a seat to indulge the melancholy which had taken possession of his soul. He looked back on the past, and every sensation within him accused him of folly in his conduct to the Hartops.—To have delayed an alliance, even for a moment with such virtue, would have shewn him unworthy of it; but to go abroad, to linger so long in a foreign country, to seek the society of strangers, while Julia was alive, this betrayed such insensibility that he could never forgive himself. He was rising in an agony of vexation

vexation and despair, when happening to turn his eye towards the tree round which the seat was fixed, he observed his name cut on the bark of it. His heart instantly told him who had done it.— Julia did not forget him, though he deserted Julia.—The idea of his having wronged her was more than he could bear;—every better feeling revolted at it. He took out his penknife, and, wiping away the tear that dimmed his eye, he cut Julia Hartop close under his own name. “The tree,” said he, “shall not bear such a memorial of her affection and name of mine.” By the time that he had finished, he had acquired some degree of composure, and he ventured to return to the house. When he reached the door, he found it open, and he stepped into the hall. He waited a few moments for a servant to introduce him, but none happened to come, and after a little hesitation, he walked softly into the parlour. The first object that met his eye was the venerable figure of his friend, sitting by a table, and leaning on his hand, with his eyes cast down, in the attitude of meditation.—The sight of the room in which they had last met, gave him back the sensations he felt then.—When he looked round on the furniture and saw every chair and table, every flower-piece and drawing, just in the places he had left them, Julia entered his bosom and touched at a thousand points—he trembled, and would have given the world to go back. He made an effort to speak, but the voice, he would have uttered, was lost.—Mr. Hartop lifted his eyes from the ground. At the sight of Melmoth he started from his seat—he took his hand—he looked him full in the face—the tears came at last. “You are come, Sir,” said he, “to a house of mourning, but I hope you will not repent of your visit; the obligation it confers is deeply felt.—I have suffered severely in my family since I saw you last—I have lost a daughter, and such a daughter!”—he paused.—“I have had the distress to see her die by inches before my face—and with such angel meekness did she bear it all!”—he paused again; nature melted within him at the thought; it revived the images of tenderness in his memory, and all the father rushed into his eyes. He could not “but remember such things were, and were most dear to him.”

“But I am not without consolation,”

he added, pointing with a triumphant action of the finger, to a bible that lay open on the table, “I am not without hope. That book assures me we shall meet again—meet in a better and a happier world, never, never to be parted.”

He cast a look upwards as he said this. A silence of a few moments followed. He stepped up to the mantle-piece, and taking down a portrait—the portrait of Julia, he presented it to Melmoth. “I was charged,” said he, “to deliver this to you, Sir, as soon as the original was

She drew it herself, a little before she died; and, in her last moments, she entrusted it with me, as her legacy to one, with whom she had once wished to be united.” Melmoth gazed on the miniature with a kind of weeping rapture that wants a name. He dwelt on every feature till imagination gave it life. He saw again, that face with all its touching sweetness of expression, which his heart had just told him, he should see no more; and he forgot, for a moment, that he held only the semblance in his hand. Mr. Hartop felt himself overcome. Every nerve that he had was shaken; and he walked up to the window to conceal his emotion: a robin, at that instant, flew down to pick up some crumbs that had been thrown on the grass-plot.—He burst into tears.

The good old man did not long survive his daughter. A shock so severe, soon broke a constitution which time had already shattered;—and when he died, he left his little all to Melmoth. He was buried, as he had desired, in the same grave with his wife and daughter; and one plain stone, with as plain an inscription, marks the spot.

Melmoth immediately returned into the active scenes of life. A natural gaiety of temper, and a fine flow of spirits, soon dispelled the gloom which hung over his mind: but the loss he had sustained was never forgotten; and often, in his brightest moments, when the image of his Julia crossed his mind, he would step aside into the shade, to dwell on her virtues, and feel the melancholy luxury of tears.

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium orrus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatenem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

S. R.

THE TEMPLE OF WISDOM. A VISION.

AS I was the other night perusing one of the long exploded and obsolete systems of ancient philosophy, and pleasing myself with the hopes of seeing it restored to that dignity and authority among philosophers, which it once possessed: In the midst of my speculations, I was suddenly surprized with a deep sleep, which gave rise to the following remarkable and interesting vision. I thought that by some invisible power, I was in a moment translated from my chamber into the midst of a large wood, whose deep shades obscured the splendor of the meridian sun, and almost rendered the passage thro' it impervious to mortal steps. In this situation, though single, and unacquainted with the road I should take, I was inspired with an unusual calmness and intrepidity, and prompted by no vulgar curiosity, to explore the utmost extent of this gloomy and solitary recess. I had not prosecuted my journey far, when I found myself arrived at the extremity of the wood, tho' still remote from any public road, and without the least appearance of any human habitation: A long and narrow valley now presented itself to my view, which seemed to invite my steps by the charming melody of the birds, and the sweet perfume of the flowers, which issued from its verdant sides. I had no sooner gained the entrance of this delightful vale, than I found by the impression of human feet in the sand, (which were almost obliterated by time) that the road had been once traversed by beings like myself. Animated by this assurance, I continued my march with alacrity and speed, till, at the extremity of the valley, I discovered the most magnificent edifice my eyes ever beheld: As I approached nearer, the splendors reflected from the walls, which appeared of solid silver, almost deprived me of sight, and I was obliged for some time to turn from the intolerable rays. The basis of the temple (for so it appeared) was of immeasurable extent, and its summit was too exalted to be discerned by mortal eyes. As I was deliberating with myself, whether I should retreat from this glorious mansion, or attempt to explore its contents, a person of the most venerable and engaging aspect approached me; gravity and serenity were most admirably blended in his countenance, and his whole deportment was expressive of the noble fire of youth, united with the mild benevolence of age. Perceiving my embarrassment, he thus as-

suredly accosted me: "Whoever you are, O stranger, whose steps have been fortunately directed to this happy, though unfrequented abode, if any ray of science ever enlightened your mind, and if the desire of knowledge is not yet suppressed by the meaner concerns of the world, follow me, and I will discover to you the penetralia of yonder magnificent temple, and, if properly disposed, ensure you the possession of treasures, alone adequate to the vast and immortal desires of the mind." Charmed by the grace and dignity of the speaker, and animated with the most pleasing hopes by the conclusion of his address, I replied, "that the love of truth had never yet forsaken me, but that, on the contrary, I wished to value life itself for no other purpose, than as subservient to the acquisition of intellectual good." "While you possess such sentiments, said he, you shall find in me a constant instructor and friend." We were by this time arrived at the entrance of the building, which my guide informed me was called the Temple of Wisdom. After ascending a prodigious flight of steps, we entered a great hall, in the midst of which I observed six marble pillars, of an astonishing height: On the first was engraved in Greek characters, *Wisdom*, on the second *Cause*, on the third *Disputation*, on the fourth *Being*, on the fifth *Distinction*, and on the sixth *Comparison*. "The meaning of these words, said my guide, you must perfectly understand, previous to your admission into the inner parts of the temple, or you will not comprehend the more mysterious appearances; for from the general infirmities of human nature, said he, that which is first in the arrangement of things, is last in the progressions of finite understandings: Hence from your association with matter, it is impossible to pass directly, and without a medium, to that which is immaterial, since, by such a conduct, the same consequences would ensue, as they experience, who from a dark abode pass immediately into open day-light, when, on the contrary, they ought to advance gradually, and proceed from places moderately enlightened, to the most luminous of all. *Wisdom*, then, (said my venerable instructor) whose treasures this building contains, contemplates the first causes and principles of things; and such objects as by nature inherit the most illustrious certainty and evidence: By primary causes, I do not so much understand the first principles

ciples of sciences, as of things, whose knowledge Wisdom unfolds; and these are those supreme and glorious beings, who inhabit that bright and happy region, in which the lofty summit of this temple ends. And here it is necessary to observe the six conditions which respect the votary of Wisdom: The first, That from inferior disciplines, he should know every human concern subservient to this master science, and such as are divine, so far as allowable to mortals. The second condition is, That he should know the most difficult things, I mean such as are imperceptible to mortal eyes, but obvious to the brighter eye of the mind. 3d, The wise man possesses the most certain science, since the objects of his contemplation are subject to no instability, like the fluctuating forms of sensible particulars. 4th, The wise man can assign the causes of every science, since it is the business of Wisdom to determine the causes of the principles of every subordinate science, and much more the causes of the conclusions. 5th, The wise man possesses a science especially desirable for its own sake; for since all men by nature desire knowledge, the restless spirit of enquiry meets with no check or stay, till it arrives at the first principles of things, and then only can perfectly repose, when it reaches the great first Cause of the universe, the divine intellect; here desire ends, and knowledge receives its most perfect completion: However, inferior sciences may

be pursued, as subservient to the good of the mind; yet they are not alone desired for their own sakes, but always point to Wisdom, to which like so many steps they finally lead; just as moral virtue is desirable as a good for its own sake, and for active felicity as its end. 6th, The wise man possesses a science the most principal and liberal; for as he is free in the most distinguished sense of the word, who is subject to none, but supreme over all others, so Wisdom, to which every other science is subservient, holds the first rank by the dignity and freedom of its nature, and is the original source from which all human knowledge proceeds. Again, previous to your further progress, it is necessary to know the difference between the artist and the expert, and that the first is more honourable than the second: The artist operates from causes, but the mere expert, who is unacquainted with science, is only guided by particular facts. The artist is capable of instructing others, the expert requires instruction himself. The artist is guided by the knowledge of intellect, the expert by the instructions of sense: and hence we conclude in favour of the artist, that he is as much superior to the mere expert, uninstructed in the principles of art, as the architect who plans a building, is to the mechanic who hews the stones, and forms the cement from which it is composed."

(To be continued.)

THE CONTINENTAL RAMBLER, No

LETTER II.

Dear Sir,

THERE is no capital in Europe which produces such a number of periodical publications in the line of criticism, as Paris. Here is your *Journal des Savans*—*Journal de Sciences et des Beaux Arts*—*Journal Politique et Littéraire*—*Journal de Théâtres*—*Journal des Tribunaux*—*Année Littéraire*—*Mercur de France*, &c. Notwithstanding, if it were not for the hawkers, the Parisians could not have the least knowledge of a vast number of important works printed in foreign countries, or even in France itself. The journalists do not purchase or criticise certain productions which displease the government, the clergy, the monks, the financiers, and a literary faction; for to give the public extracts, would be tacitly to acknowledge they

have merit; for this reason, these ambulant bookellers are the only people for vending new productions. This preamble will naturally lead me to speak of the learned and literary characters in this city: This, indeed, is not an easy task, but as I have alluded with this class of people more than any others, I have been enabled to make my occasional remarks upon what I have gleaned from their conversation. Some of these anecdotes are extremely curious, but at the same time not a little mortifying for modern philosophy. If we credit those who pretend to be in the secret, no one in this capital can pass for a man of letters, without enlisting himself into certain parties. Every thing is carried on by intrigue; and by paying one's court to a cabal, the most stupid writer might pass for an author of great talents. He may compose the most

wretched

wretched verses, and pass upon the world as an excellent poet, I mean among the bookellers, who are in fact the only deposes; for the discerning public will not easily give up their judgment in matters of a literary nature.

The Parisian censors of books are the most moderate upon the continent. There was a time, indeed, when the magistrates, either through hypocrisy or ignorance, followed the traces of the inquisition, and, by a stupid censure, consigned to oblivion every work tending to enlarge our ideas and develop truth. These were powerfully supported by the monks, who bought and directed their judgments.—But this period is now passed, books are now publicly and safely exposed to sale, notwithstanding they have been prohibited by Parliament, and honoured with the censure of the Sorbonne, and the monks of every denomination. As a proof of what I advance, there is scarce a stall in Paris, where one cannot find the History of ancient Government by Boulainvilliers, replete with satire upon the French monarchy. Among many striking passages, the following are not the least: Louis XIII. was accustomed to shut his ears with his hands, when any one dared to cite any established rights or certain principles inherent in the people, and roared out that this was a privilege contrary to his will. Louis XIV. deprived his subjects of all their rights and privileges, and the government had so far degenerated in his reign, that there was not a single Frenchman worthy the name of his ancestors.—In fact, under a good and amiable king, these satires against the government in times past, turn immediately to the praise of the present administration.

Of all the catholic countries in Europe (Italy excepted) France has been the most overwhelmed with feasts, fasts, and a too numerous clergy. The following list will evince the truth of the assertion, which makes 18 archbishopricks, 109 bishopricks, 770 abbeys for men, 317 for women; with no less than 14,953 convents, and 22,291 parish churches. The abbot of St. Peter relates in his political annals, that in his time there were in the kingdom 40,000 beneficed clergymen, 60,000 unbeneficed priests, 100,000 monks, and 100,000 nuns. It is said, that since that period the number of secular ecclesiastics has augmented two fifths, whilst, on the other hand, population has decreased at least one fourth. The revenues of the clergy mounted, in the year 1655, to three hundred and twelve mil-

lions of livres; and at present to four hundred millions. From this estimate it appears, that the revenues of the clergy, who contribute but a small portion of their substance to the public expences, surpass that by which the king supports his fleets and armies, with the expences of the civil list.

In the barbarous ages the French clergy had, by the aid of superstition, almost annihilated the civil magistrate. They cunningly invented a string of sophisms, by which they drew to their tribunal almost every species of process between subject and subject; and had nearly renewed the power and authority of the ancient druids, who united in their persons the priest and the magistrate, by which they became the scourge of mankind. Succeeding generations, however, have seen with their eyes open, they have manfully refuted these sophisms, and restored the secular power to its wonted rights and privileges. This present age has gone even farther, for it has subjected the very clergy to their jurisdiction in all affairs temporal, civil, or criminal. They have likewise diminished the usurped power of the Pope, who, in order to be the supreme head of the ecclesiastics, pretended to govern even kings. "There are, however, says a celebrated writer, whole provinces where the husbandmen are slaves to one convent. The head of a family who dies without children, has no other heirs than the Bernardins, or the Chartreux, of which during life he was only the vassal. A son who does not inhabit the paternal mansion at the death of his father, sees his inheritance pass into the hands of the monks. A daughter who being married, and not having passed her wedding night under her father's roof, is driven from her family, and obliged to ask charity of the monks, who possess the property of her father. If a vassal should make an establishment in a foreign country, and there acquire a fortune, this fortune appertains to the convent. If any man of another province reside a year and a day upon the manorship of the convent, he becomes their vassal." Abbé Reynal, however, has assured me, that the number of convents and monks is prodigiously diminished within a few years; and that the latter do not now exceed 26,000, and that their total revenue does not exceed 21 millions.

I shall renew this important subject in my next letter: In the mean time believe me to be,

Dear Sir, &c.

EUROPEAN MAG.

L I

AN

AN ACCOUNT of the CITIES and principal TOWNS destroyed by the late EARTH-
QUAKE in SICILY and NAPLES.

(Continued from page 173.)

REGGIO in the district of Faither Calabria was rebuilt by Cæſar on driving Pompey out of Sicily, but has suffered very frequently from the Turks, and has, before the late misfortune, been several times hurt by earthquakes. Though situated near the sea, it was a seaport for none but small vessels, and these exposed to all winds; and, though an archbishopric, neither large, rich, trading, well peopled, nor well fortified. The streets narrow, buildings old-fashioned and mean, the cathedral small; yet neat, and had this singularity, viz. Its pavement had such a declivity from the high altar down to the west front, that not one drop of water would stand on it, but run to the lower end. In it was a noble chapel, with a stately cupola, to make which complete, marble, porphyry, and good workmanship, conjoin. Here was a Jesuit and a Dominican convent. Here was a singular manufacture of what they call sea-wool or fish-wool. It is taken from a shell-fish not unlike our large muscles; but whose shell is said to be hairy; and this hair, which is longer or shorter according to the fish's age and bigness, being well soaked in fresh water and washed, is carded, spun, and knit into waistcoats, petticoats, hose, stockings, gloves, caps, &c. and, though lighter than silk or cotton, is so warm to the skin, that cold winds in severest winters cannot penetrate it. Such quantities were manufactured here and in this neighbourhood, that they sold cheap, but its price extravagantly raised in the great cities of Italy: the wear of it being esteemed good against deafness occasioned by colds, rheumatic aches, &c. as by its extraordinary warmth it both preserves and promotes the natural heat, and by it perspiration. It stands on the Strait of Messina, 6 miles almost E. from it, over against Sicily on the opposite coast of the Pharos of Messina, 80 S. of Cozenza, 180 almost S. E. of Naples.

In order to give our readers an idea, however inadequate, of the dreadful havoc made by the earthquake, we shall annex an authenticated list of such places as have suffered, and the number of inhabitants in each place and its neighbourhood that lost their lives on this melancholy occasion:

<i>Places destroyed.</i>	<i>Number of dead.</i>
In Monteleone, that part of the town called Terra Vecchia, the castle and the flat of Donna Marianna Fabina	9
Calabro — — —	26
S. Calugero — — —	35
Calimero partly destroyed — —	1
St. Pietro di Militodo — —	1
Canerama, destroyed — —	21
Rosarno, totally destroyed — —	36
Drosi, ditto — — —	47
Riziconi, ditto — — —	76
St. Cristina, ditto — — —	900
Casofetto, ditto, besides the Prince and his family — —	200
Sutizano, destroyed — —	256
Lubio, ditto — — —	100
Aquero di Sanpoli, ditto — —	300
La Madonnaido, ditto — —	600
Oppido, ditto — — —	2500
Seminari — — —	5600
Palnu, ditto — — —	4000
Bagnara, ditto — — —	4000
Scilla, half ditto — —	2400
St. Procopio, destroyed — —	900
Pedavoli, ditto — — —	300
Pallagoria, ditto — — —	600
Sciro, ditto — — —	150
St. Pio Giorgio, ditto — —	200
Venapoli, ditto — — —	300
Tiisilico, ditto — — —	900
Catelluci, ditto — — —	130
Calanna, ditto — — —	16
Terra Nuova, ditto — —	2000
Reggio, ditto — — —	17
Radicina, ditto — — —	2000
Caval Nuovo, ditto — —	8300

(Including the Princess of Gerace) in all — — } 35,521

Besides the above account, which is as exact as could be made up, being by order from the Court of Naples, there is a list of 21 more towns and villages, which have been destroyed; but the number of dead cannot be ascertained.

The earthquake does not appear to have affected the country above the narrow neck of land that lies between the gulphs of St. Euphemia and Squillace, but to have ranged over the whole of what is generally called the Toe of Italy, affecting the nearest corner of Sicily, and the Lipari islands. Measures

are taken to procure more authentic accounts of this dreadful calamity.

We will close the description of this recent calamity, with the account of the dreadful earthquake at Calabria, in 1638. It is related by the celebrated Father Kircher, as it happened while he was on his journey to visit Mount *Ætna*, and the rest of the wonders that lie towards the south of Italy. We need scarce inform the reader that Kircher is considered, by scholars, as one of the greatest prodigies of learning.

"Having hired a boat, in company with four more, two friars of the order of St. Francis, and two seculars, we launched, on the 24th of March, from the harbour of Messina, in Sicily, and arrived, the same day, at the promontory of Pelorus. Our destination was for the city of Euphemus, in Calabria, where we had some business to transact, and where we designed to tarry for some time. However, Providence seemed willing to cross our design; for we were obliged to continue for three days at Pelorus, upon account of the weather; and though we often put out to sea, yet we were as often driven back. At length, however, wearied with the delay, we resolved to prosecute our voyage; and, although the sea seemed more than usually agitated, yet we ventured forward. The gulph of Chirevius, which we approached, seemed wide as a plain in such a manner, as to form a vast hollow, verging to a point in the center. Proceeding onward, and turning my eyes to *Ætna*, I saw it cast forth large volumes of smoke, of mountainous sizes, which entirely covered the whole island, and blotted out the very shores from my view. This, together with the dreadful noise, and the sulphureous stench, which was strongly perceived, filled me with apprehensions that some more dreadful calamity was impending. The sea itself seemed to wear a very unusual appearance; those who have seen a lake in a violent shower of rain covered all over with bubbles, will conceive some idea of its agitations. My surprize was still increased by the calmness and serenity of the weather; nor a breeze, not a cloud which might be supposed to put all nature thus into motion. I therefore warned my companions that an earthquake was approaching; and, after some time, making for the shore with all possible diligence, we landed at *Tropæa*, happy and thankful for having escaped the threatening dangers of the sea,

"But our triumphs at land were of short duration; for we had scarce arrived at the Jesuits College in that city, when our ears were stunned with an horrid sound, resembling that of an infinite number of chariots driven fiercely forward, the wheels rattling, and the thongs cracking. Soon after this, a most dreadful earthquake ensued; so that the whole tract upon which we stood seemed to vibrate, as if we were in the scale of a balance that continued wavering. This motion, however, soon grew more violent; and being no longer able to keep my legs, I was thrown prostrate upon the ground. In the mean time, the universal ruin round me redoubled my amazement. The crash of falling houses, the tottering of towers, and the groans of the dying, all contributed to raise my terror and despair. On every side of me I saw nothing but a scene of ruin; and danger threatening wherever I should fly. I commended myself to God as my last great refuge. At that hour, O how vain was every human happiness! wealth, honour, empire, wisdom, all mere useless sounds, and as empty as the bubbles in the deep. Just standing on the threshold of eternity, nothing but God was my pleasure; and the nearer I approached, I only loved him the more. After some time, however, finding that I remained unhurt, amidst the general confusion, I resolved to venture for safety, and running as fast as I could, reached the shore, but almost terrified out of my reason. I did not search long here till I found the boat in which I had landed, and my companions also, whose terrors were even greater than mine. Our meeting was not of that kind where every one is desirous of telling his own happy escape; it was all silence, and a gloomy dread of impending terrors.

"Leaving this seat of desolation, we prosecuted our voyage along the coast; and the next day came to *Rochetta*, where we landed, although the earth still continued in violent agitations. But we were scarce arrived at our inn, when we were once more obliged to return to the boat; and, in about half an hour, we saw the greatest part of the town, and the inn at which we had set up, dashed to the ground, and burying all its inhabitants beneath its ruins.

"In this manner, proceeding onward in our little vessel, finding no safety at land, and yet, from the smallness of our boat, having but a very dangerous con-

tinuance at sea, we at length landed at Lopizium, a castle midway between Tropæa and Euphæmia, the city to which, as I said before, we were bound. Here, wherever I turned my eyes, nothing but scenes of ruin and horror appeared; towns and castles levelled to the ground; Strombolo, though at sixty miles distance, belching forth flames in an unusual manner, and with a noise which I could distinctly hear. But my attention was quickly turned from more remote to contiguous danger. The rumbling sound of an approaching earthquake, which we by this time were grown acquainted with, alarmed us for the consequences; it every moment seemed to grow louder, and to approach more near. The place on which we stood now began to shake most dreadfully; so that being unable to stand, my companions and I caught hold of whatever shrub grew next us, and supported ourselves in that manner.

After some time, this violent paroxysm ceasing, we again stood up, in order to prosecute our voyage to Euphæmia, that lay within sight. In the mean time, while we were preparing for this purpose, I turned my eyes towards the city, but could see only a frigid dark cloud, that seemed to rest upon the place. This the more surprised us, as the weather was so very serene. We waited, therefore, till the cloud was past away: then turning to look for the city, it was totally sunk. Wonderful to tell! Nothing

but a dismal and putrid lake was seen where it stood. We looked about to find some one that could tell us of its sad catastrophe, but could see none. All was become a melancholy solitude; a scene of hideous desolation. Thus proceeding pensively along, in quest of some human being that could give us some little information, we at length saw a boy sitting by the shore, and appearing terrified with terror. Of him, therefore, we enquired concerning the fate of the city; but he could not be prevailed on to give us an answer. We entreated him with every expression of tenderness and pity to tell us; but his senses were quite wrapt up in the contemplation of the danger he had escaped. We offered him some rewards, but he seemed to loath the sight. We still persisted in our offices of kindness, but he only pointed to the place the city, like one out of his senses; and then running up into the woods, was never heard of after. Such was the fate of the city of Euphæmia: and as we continued our melancholy course along the shore, the whole coast, for the space of two hundred miles, presented nothing but the remains of cities; and ruins scattered, without an habitation, over the fields. Proceeding thus along, we at length ended our distressful voyage by arriving at Naples, after having escaped a thousand dangers both at sea and land."

A F R A G M E N T.

YOU have desired an explanation of the drawing of the *Curtain*. Laughable and pleasing ideas rush upon me; and I will indulge my fancy in the following story, written for your private amusement; and if any need can be drawn from it, sufficient to elucidate the mysterious expressions of my former letter, the intent will be answered.

Florio was the only child of respectable parents. They observed the growing faculties of the infant with infinite pleasure; and, indeed, others less partial, might have found some agreeable attractions in him. He was lively and witty at four years old. The fond pa-

rents of the world were procured to instruct him. He made a rapid progress in all that he attempted. At the age of sixteen he rivalled the most accomplished. But his ambition led him to excel.

To attain which, it was necessary for him to make the *grand tour*, without which, he did not suppose he had the same advantages as his competitors. His desires were communicated to his indulgent parents, who only lived in the happiness of their child; and, therefore, they readily embraced every proposal that was probable to render him any satisfaction, or permanent advantage. Proper persons were appointed to attend in his retinue, which was grand and elegant. He took leave of his parents, and left England, and soon arrived at Paris, without an adventure necessary to be related for the unravelling my story. Never before properly initiated in the mysteries of the Cyprian corps, he panted to become a votary of Venus. An opportunity soon offered. The lady of a person of rank observed the florid complexion of Florio;—(nature had not yet written man in his face)—and sought means

means for an interview. *Florio* saw the lady; and had the same desires she conceived. The next day, while *Florio* was contemplating the beauty of this unknown goddess, he received a letter from his father, full of parental love and instruction, advising him to guard his heart from the impression of love, in the strongest and most affectionate language. *Florio* sighed, and determined to suppress the rising passion in his breast. A prudent resolve. His father had also sent a letter directed to the Marquis de Brittany, husband to the lady already attached to *Florio's* complexion. *Florio's* father strictly enjoined him to deliver the Marquis's letter himself, as it was a commendatory one; and from an intercourse with so great a man as the Marquis de Brittany, the greatest advantages were likely to accrue. So it will appear in the sequel.—*Florio* took great care to appear before the Marquis in his most elegant clothes, as he had been taught maxim, "That the first appearance makes an impression." He had not yet attained the ease of the French; and his elegant clothes appeared awkward upon him. Notwithstanding, his recommendation was so very strong, being on the part of a man than the Prime Minister of his kingdom, that the Marquis received him with politeness and affability; assuring him, that nothing should prevent his going, which lay in his power, to serve him;—at the same time, he introduced him to his lady, who received him with a gracious smile. The Marquis, after a polite apology for the urgent state of business he was necessitated to perform, took his leave; and left *Florio* to the care of the most accomplished woman in all France.

Florio appeared in a new world; and his "prudent resolve" instantly gave way to the soft sensations of a tender passion. His heart panted, and he did not know why. He attempted to speak; his speech failed. His pulse forgot its motion;—he was languid and feeble; ready to sink under his feelings. The Marchioness observed his confusion; and conceived the most inexpressible pleasure, as it convinced her of the power of her charms over an Englishman, for whom he already felt a growing passion. She spoke with such a winning grace, that *Florio*, who seemed lost in contemplating her beauty, started. The sound of her voice instantly set his blood off, shooting through his veins, like perforating needles, and all gathering to-

gether, penetrated his hitherto cold heart. The wound was large and deep. He now gaped, and again shut his mouth without speech. All the whole artillery of love was drawn out, and attacked my hero. He made a strong resistance, but, I must confess, was at last conquered. He so far recovered himself as to be able to speak with tolerable fluency long before he left the Marchioness. To a not disagreeable deportment was added an art of deep-designing adulation, and my hero was already a proficient in science; having, before he left England, vanquished several house-maids, and two or three farmer's daughters, who fell victims to his flattery: but the Marchioness, more artful than those, perceived his desires, which, however, were not disagreeable to her, for she had drunk deeply of love's poison. They did not part before it was late, and then with regret, but mutually pleased.

He traveled home, and retired to his apartment, in a pensive humour. *Marphoeus* yields to *Cupid*, who is a superior god, and my hero did nothing but ruminate on the lovely Marchioness. Love's liquor he drank plentifully, which set his whole frame on fire. He exclaimed, "Her lips are of coral, and enclose two rows of ivory as white as blanched almonds." "The down of the peach on her chin," he said, "must be delicious to taste.—I wish I could have a bite!" (I observed before, that my hero was witty, and, although in this deep reflection, he could not avoid a witticism). The sweet suffusion overspreading her delicate turned cheek, he thought more pleasing than the housemaids, or farmer's daughters. The heart-piercing eye of the Marchioness, made him feel the sweet passion of love more sorely than any other nature hitherto mentioned. Her eye brows formed two semicircles; and her alabaster forehead was smooth and prominent. His imagination conceived more amorous sensations, while he fondly thought he saw her elegant turned back to the tune of love. In short, he wished her any thing but the Marchioness de Brittany, as his honour placed an insuperable bar between them. It is not necessary to relate every little incident; suffice it to observe, that the oftener they

met, the more they were drawn together, and he sighed for her.—He was continually with her; and the Marquis's business prevented his impertinent intrusion. One morning my hero, after a

restless night, while the image of the dear object of his love engrossed his whole soul, thought he was consumed by fire; he knew the cause, and was apprehensive of the most dangerous effect; for which reason he determined to quit Paris, and for ever lose sight of the Marchioness. But, he thought it necessary to take his leave—with this intent he visited the Marquis and his lady. The Marquis was already out; and his lady had not yet made her appearance. He was musing on his melancholy situation; and the sorrows he should feel after he left Paris, when a thought came into his head, that

he must once more view the paintings in the gallery. Being alone, and no other probable means to ease the tumult of his soul, he walked into the gallery; and while he was looking on the picture of Venus and Adonis, he heard a sigh, which seemed to come from the inmost recesses of a heart peculiarly affected: and turning round, he saw a door half open; approaching the place with the best motives, he saw the Marchioness seated on the side of a bed, loose, unattired, unguarded, ruminating on his own picture. It is necessary here, *to draw the curtain.*

ON THE PROPER USE OF RICHES.

Opes, artemque fructu.

HOR.

IT is not the abundance of a man's possessions that can make him happy, but the manner in which he applies them. For this reason, Horace was not contented with praying to the gods for riches; but he likewise besought them to give him the art of enjoying and making a good use of them. It is perhaps as difficult a matter properly to conduct ourselves in times of prosperity, as in those of adversity; and we may form a tolerably good judgment, on seeing a man in one of these situations, how he will behave in the other. The man who is restless, peevish, and impatient under misfortunes; who is mean, fawning, and servile; and ready to submit to the most abject means of procuring a better lot: such a man will, in prosperity, be the haughty and insulting tyrant. On the other hand, the man who is firm, resolute, and unshaken, amidst all the storms of adversity, and who despises the idea of attempting to disperse them by any dishonourable or unmanly means; such a man, when the sunshine of prosperity darts around him, will diffuse cheerfulness, plenty, and happiness in his family; his delight will be, to relieve the miserable and the wretched; and one of the principal pleasures he will receive from affluence, will be the consideration, that he has it in his power to do good. It must indeed be confessed, that the man of affluence is often unjustly censured as wanting charity; for there ever was, and ever will be, a set of abandoned people, who, totally destitute of prudence or industry, neglect the concerns of their families; and, having thereby brought themselves to want and poverty, think

they have a right to be supported from the purses of the rich, and exclaim against them when they do not liberally distribute their bounty. To distinguish between the deserving man and the impostor, is not always an easy task. the abandoned class of mankind, are forward, bold, and pressing; while virtue in distress endeavours to conceal its wants, and hide its miseries from the world. Hence, it is no wonder, that the truly charitable and beneficent are too often imposed on, and the bad character relieved instead of the good one. The affluent part of mankind have not now the same opportunities as formerly, of properly distributing their bounty. In former times, the rich and great, lived on their own estates in the country, and were there considered, among their tenants and neighbours, as so many little kings and princes, to whom they looked up for assistance, and from whom they never failed to receive it; for, when the gentry resided on their own estates, the characters of their tenants and neighbours were well known to them, and they were under no danger of being imposed on by impostors, or false representations. Alas, how is the scene shifted! The quiet and peaceful abode of their country habitations is now forsaken and deserted, and some of their meanest servants are left to enjoy the pleasures of a stately mansion, and all those beauties which nature and art can unitedly produce in their groves and lawns. Ambition, wretched ambition! has enticed the owners of those delightful mansions to riot away their lives in the miseries, profligacies, and debaucheries of the metropolis. Here they sacrifice

sacrifice peace and repose at the shrine of folly and dissipation; and the continual round of the false pleasures they are engaged in, permit them not to perceive the folly and danger of their pursuits. To support the extravagancies of their town connexions, their tenants are pushed hard for their rents, or their estates sold to pay their debts of honour. That attention they formerly paid to the necessities of their neighbours, they are now obliged to turn to their own wants; and, instead of that state of peace, plenty, and happiness they once enjoyed, they now themselves experience that worst of all evils, genteel beggary. How much happier the man, who, with a moderate income, enjoys all the sweets of rural in-

nocence; who sighs after neither balls, malquerades, nocturnal revels, nor any of those destructive and inebriating pleasures, which enervate all the faculties, and prove destructive to the fortunes of our lords and gentry! It is not, therefore, to be possessed of a fortune, but to know how properly to enjoy it, that constitutes human happiness. The miser, who has not a heart to use what providence has given him, is in fact more miserable than a beggar; who, though he seeks his bread from door to door, is often more merry than a lord, more contented than a prince, and more happy than a king, since he never dreads a fall from his present situation!

R. J.

THE HIVE. A COLLECTION OF SCRAPS.

Exercet sub sole labor—
—et in medium quæsitâ reponit. VIRG.

THE Czar of Russia, perceiving Sir Jeremy Bowes, the Ambassador of Queen Elizabeth to Moscow, with his hat on in his presence, thus rebuked him,—"Have you not heard, Sir, of the person I have punished for such an insult?" (viz. he had punished him very savagely by having his hat nailed to his head) "Yes, Sir," answered Sir Jeremy, "but I am the Queen of England's ambassador, who never yet stood bare-headed to any prince whatever; her I represent, and on her I depend to do me right if I am insulted."—"A brave fellow this," replied the Czar, turning to one of his nobles, "who dares thus act and talk for his sovereign's honour:—Which of you would do so for me?"

FATHER PAUL's Injunction for keeping LENT.

Six weeks you must fast, says the pious Divine,
But then you must feast on fish, women, and wine.

ANECDOTE.

In the Duke of Newcastle's time a gentleman who dined with his Grace, having an extraordinary taste for gardening, gave the Duke his ideas of lawns, vistas, groves, &c. &c. but observing when he was going out two rows of servants in the hall, he called out to his Grace at the head of the stairs, "Don't you think, my Lord Duke, *those rows had better been thrown into clumps?*"

EPIGRAM.

A drunken old Scot by the rigorous sentence
Of the kirk was condemn'd to the stool
Of repentance.
Mends John to his conscience his vices
Laid home,
And his danger in this, and the world
That's to come.
Thou reprobate mortal; why dost thou
Not know
Where, after you're dead, all you drunkards
Must go?
Must go when we're dead? Why, Sir,
You may swear,
We shall go one and all where find the
Best beer.

On reading BURNET's and EACHARD's HISTORIES.

Gil's history appears to me
Political anatomy:
A case of skeleton's well done,
And malefactors every one.
His strong and keen incision-pen
Historically cuts up men:
And does with lucid skill impart
Their inward ails of head and heart.
Lawrence proceeds another way;
And well-dress'd figures does display.
His characters are all in flesh:
Their hands are white, their faces
Fresh;
And from his sweet'ning art derive
A better scent than when alive.
He made his wax-work for those sons,
Whose fathers were Gil's skeletons.
The

The copy of a BILL lately given to a married lady, by a gentleman well known in the literary world under the signature of BOB SHORT.

Mrs. K**** Dr. to BOB SHORT,
mental physician and apothecary
to all his afflicted friends.

1782.

Dec. 6. For 3 oz. of advice infused in the water of friendship, and administered in the cup of words - - -

£. s. d.

1 1 0

10. For a glister of recommendations, applied with a pipe of the tongue, and attendance two hours to see how it operated -

0 10 6

14. For 6 draughts of conversation, with a mixture of friendship and good-humour -

0 15 0

17. For applying a blister of expressions with a bottle of talking drops

0 4 0

21. For 2 draughts of congratulations on her happy recovery -

0 3 6

 £. 2 14 0

Dec. 24. Received the contents of this bill in two pounds worth of friendship and fourteen shillings worth of esteem

£. 2 14.

BOB SHORT.

It is said that the new mistress of an Indian, who had murdered his wife, was led by an elephant to the place where the body lay, which having uncovered with his trunk, and shewing the marks of violence it had received, thereby declaring the danger she was in when her paramour was weary of her, he covered the body again, and conducted the woman home.

EPIGRAM.

It blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion

The sailors all hasted to get absolution;
Which done, and the load of the sins
they'd confess

Transferred, as they thought, from themselves to the priest;

To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,

They tost the poor father sowse into the ocean.

Old Liotard the portrait painter, at different times resident in England, and well known about town for the extreme singularity of his figure and attire—a long white beard and a loose robe, is now resident in his native city of Geneva, where he is newly married, and abated somewhat of this extreme singularity in appearance; having, according to a stipulation of the lady on becoming his bride, cut off his beard, and habited himself like his neighbours.—The beard has been deposited, not without solemnity and form, in a peculiar box!

A NECDOTE.

When Garrick was last at Paris, Preville invited him to his villa. Preville was reckoned the most accomplished comedian of the French theatre. Our Roscius, being in a gay humour, proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that go to Versailles, on which road the villa of Preville lies. When they got in, he ordered the coachman to drive on, who answered, that he would do as soon as he got his complement of four passengers. A caprice immediately seized Garrick; he determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively plying for passengers, Garrick slipped out of the door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of countenance, a power which he so happily displayed in Abel Drugger, palmed himself upon the coachman for a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted each time into the coach as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville! He whipped out a third time, and addressing himself to the coachman, was answered in a surly tone, "that he had already got his complement," and would have drove off without him, had not Preville called out, that as the stranger appeared to be a very little man, they would, to accommodate the gentleman, contrive to make room!

When a certain D—e came into office, he hired a French cook, and dinners then became much more frequent than had formerly been usual in his mansion. A late revolution of affairs, however having produced a diminution of revenue, the heat of the kitchen has since fallen down to the standard of ancient economy. This induced Mr. *Fricassee*, the other day, to tell his G—e that he intended to look out for another place, as, if he continued longer where he was, he must soon forget his business!

THE
L O N D O N R E V I E W,
AND
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L

Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

The History of the Reign of Philip III. King of Spain. By Robert Watson, L.L. D. Principal of the United College, and Professor of Philosophy and Rhetoric, in the University of St. Andrews. Robinson. 1 l. 1 s. Boards.

IN an advertisement prefixed to this publication, we are informed that "the first four books, which contain the progress of the war in the Netherlands, the establishment of the truce with the Dutch, and the expulsion of the Moriscos from Spain, are printed literally from the manuscript of Dr. Watson; but that the two last were written by the editor of Dr. Watson's manuscript, at the desire of the guardians of his children. This was deemed an attention due to the curiosity of the reader: a curiosity, it is added, which, in the present important æra, may be supposed to be somewhat enlivened by the great events which have lately happened in the world." Here, therefore, are two different writers, and we proceed to give a brief account of their respective portions of the work before us.

Dr. Watson, in his life time, attained to a very considerable degree of celebrity, nor has this posthumous work detracted in the least, but on the contrary, added to his fame. A laborious attention to truth, a cleanness of arrangement, a minute circumstantiality of description, a solid rather than refined judgement, a lively sensibility to the differences in moral character and conduct: these are generally allowed, with reason, to mark the character of the reign of Philip II. and these also distinguish what Professor Watson has written of the reign of Philip III.

The materials for writing modern history are so copious that it becomes the business, and forms the chief merit of an historian, not to hand down to posterity, like Herodotus, all the facts and reports concerning his subject, that lie within the circle of his knowledge, but, to make such a selection as shall exhibit to mankind, in general, but particularly to those who are intrusted with the government

of nations, a picture at once entertaining and instructive. It should be interesting in order that it may be read; and instructive that it may be read with advantage. Men of poetical fancy, and a turn to speculation and refinement, expatiate freely in the fields through which they pass, and contemplate or glance at whatever is great or affecting. If their digressions are not too numerous or disproportionate to the body of the work; if they arise naturally from the subject, and are in perfect unison with the natural genius, and the tone which is assumed by the writer, they bestow a dignity, a variety, an interest on a composition which never appear in the writings of men of moderate genius, and cold tempers, however solid their judgment, or however just their taste. But, in compositions on this high scale, it is difficult to combine the excursions of genius with that unity of design which is demanded by the judgment. It is an arduous task for the historian or the poet, while he travels over the variegated surface of things, to keep still on wing, and, without interrupting his flight, now to soar over rocks and mountains, and now to sweep along the humble vale.

Dr. Watson has not attempted so bold a flight: nor is there any reason to imagine he would have succeeded, if he had. But he is intitled to the praise of plain, simple, and perspicuous narration: and if he seldom rouses and agitates the soul, he nevertheless, supports the curiosity of the reader, and never loses sight of the events and scenes which it is his object to record and describe. What seems most censurable in the writings of this author is, his affectation of military knowledge; the tedious minuteness with which he describes the sieges of so many towns, and the simplicity, or rather vul-

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garity of the few reflections that appear in his narrative. These are in truth so obvious that to have hinted, them at all was perfectly unnecessary. Fine writing consists in sentiments that are natural, without being obvious.

The following is Dr. Watson's account of the conclusion of the famous truce between Holland and Spain.

"The commissioners, together with the French and English ambassadors, had meetings every day in the Hotel de Ville of Antwerp; and there was still considerable diversity of sentiments among them with regard to certain articles of the treaty, and particularly with respect to the time during which the truce should subsist. It was at length agreed, that it should be concluded for twelve years from the present period; and as soon as this and the other points in dispute was settled, and the treaty drawn up in the usual form, it was transmitted to Brussels and Bergen op Zoom, to receive the sanction of the archdukes, and of the states; and was finally concluded on the 9th of April 1609.

"It consisted of eight and thirty articles, the most important of which were those which have been already mentioned. The rest had been prepared by Barnévelt, and were equally calculated to promote the security and interest of individuals and of the state. No individuals had merited so highly from the republic as those of the family of Nassau; and all parties readily concurred in giving them proof on this occasion of their respect and gratitude. By one article of the truce it was provided that none of the descendants of William, the first prince of Orange, should be liable for the debts which that prince had contracted from the year 1567 till his death. And by another, that such of his estates, within the territory of the archdukes, as had been confiscated, should be restored, and his heirs permitted to enjoy them unmolested during the continuance of the truce.

"The archdukes engaged that these and all the other articles should, within the space of three months, be ratified by the king of Spain; and the king's deed of ratification was accordingly delivered to the states a few days before the expiration of that term, to transfer to his brother and his children the several high employments which he held, at whatever period he should think fit. These resolutions of the states seem to have originated from the French monarch, and were formed at the instance of Bar-

nevelt, whom Jeannin had engaged to enter into his master's views. No person questioned that prince Maurice's family were well entitled to every mark of favour which the states could bestow; it was rather unfortunate however for the prince's character that, after so violent an opposition to the truce, his acquiescence in it was so quickly followed by pecuniary rewards. But although his enemies were disposed to insinuate that these rewards were rather to be considered as the price of his silence, than as rewards for his former services, there is nothing to justify these insinuations in the numerous letters extant in Jeannin's negotiations, either of the king or the ministers of France.

"The Dutch were henceforward considered as a free and independent people. Having gained immortal honour by the magnanimity which they had displayed during the continuance of the war, they were now considered as having obtained the reward which their virtue merited, and were every where respected and admired. Their ministers at foreign courts were now received with the same distinction as those of other sovereign powers; and their alliance was counted by nations who had formerly regarded them as rebels, that must speedily submit to the yoke which they had shaken off.

"On the other hand, the reputation of the Spanish nation received a mortal wound; and their power ceased to be regarded with the same dread as formerly. They had been foiled by a handful of their own subjects, and would not, it was supposed, any longer pretend to give law to other nations. The high spirited nobility, and the people in general, were secretly mortified by the concessions which the Dutch had been able to extort; and were ready to ascribe the humiliation which the nation had suffered, not so much to any insurmountable difficulty in the contest in which it had been so long engaged, as to misconduct and want of vigour on the part of government."

Dr. Watson's narrative of the expulsion of the Moreoscos from Spain is exceedingly affecting; and unites the masculine features of truth, with all the feminine charms of romance. This narrative takes up the whole of book iv. which is the best that Dr. Watson wrote.

"The Moreoscos, conducted by his (the viceroy of Valentia's) troops, and many of them accompanied, from compassion and humanity, by the barons whose vassals they had been, were every where

here in motion, and hastening in crowds, with their wives and children, to the coast. The ships which had been provided for transporting them, having been found extremely inadequate to the purpose, many more were collected from the sea-ports in Spain, Majorca, and Italy. Of these many were hired by the Moreoscos themselves, who desired, as soon as possible, to emancipate themselves from the power of the Spaniards; while the greater number went on board the ships provided by the king. And in a few weeks about a hundred and twenty thousand men, women, and children had embarked.

"Many of these were persons of substance and condition; some of them, on account of their early profession of Christianity, had been raised to the rank of nobility by the emperor Charles V. And the elegance and beauty of the young Moreosco women is highly celebrated by a contemporary Spanish historian, whose bigotry often prompts him to exult in their distresses.

"Widely different from the sentiments of this bigotted ecclesiastic were those of the Valencia barons; who gave their vassals, on this melancholy occasion, every proof of generous compassion and humanity. By the royal edict they were entitled to all the property belonging to their vassals, except what they were able to carry about their persons: but the barons, despising this right which the edict bestowed on them, allowed the Moreoscos to dispose of whatever part of their effects could be sold for money, and likewise permitted them to convey their most valuable furniture and manufactures on mules and in carriages to the ships. Many of them accompanied their vassals in person to the shore, and some of them, having embarked along with them, saw them safely landed on the coast of Africa.

"But this kind attention of the barons served only for a little time to mitigate their distresses. Their exile from their native country, which justly excited in them the most bitter regret, and gave them so much ground for anxiety with regard to their future fortune, was soon succeeded by still greater calamities. Great numbers were shipwrecked on their passage, and never reached the African coast; while many others were barbarously murdered at sea, by the crews of ships which they had freighted; this latter calamity befel only those who had chosen to transport themselves in private ships, and instances are recorded of such

inhuman cruelty exercised against this harmless, persecuted, and defenceless people, by the owners and crews of these ships, as equals any thing of the same kind of which we read in history. The men butchered in the presence of their wives and children; the women and children afterwards thrown alive into the sea; of the women, some, on account of their beauty, preserved alive for a few days to satiate the lust of the inhuman murderers of their husbands and brothers, and then either slaughtered or committed to the waves; such were some of the horrid deeds of which these barbarians were convicted upon their trial, to which they were brought, in consequence of quarrelling with each other about the division of their prey; and such, if we may credit a contemporary historian, was the unhappy fate of a great number of the Moreoscos.

"Nor was the fate of the greater part of those who reached the coast of Barbary less deplorable. They had no sooner landed on this barren inhospitable shore, than they were attacked by the Bedouin Arabs, a wild banditti who live in tents, and support themselves by hunting and by plunder. The Moreoscos, unarmed, and incumbered with their wives and children, were often robbed by these barbarians, who came upon them in numerous bodies, amounting sometimes to five or six thousand men; and, as often as the Moreoscos attempted, with stones and slings, their only arms, to make resistance, put great numbers of them to the sword. Still greater numbers perished of fatigue and hunger, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, from which they had no means of shelter, during their tedious journey through the African deserts, to Mofagan, Algiers, and other places, where they hoped to be permitted to take up their residence. Few of them ever arrived at these places. Of six thousand, who set out together from Conastal, a town in the neighbourhood of Oran, with an intention of going to Algiers, a single person only, the name of Pédralvi, survived the distress to which they were exposed; and a whole hundred and forty thousand, who were at this time transported to Africa, there is ground to believe, from the concurring testimony of persons who had access to know the truth, that more than a hundred thousand men, women, and children, suffered death in its most heinous forms, within a few months after their expulsion from their native country.

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" Compared to the dreadful fate to which this unhappy people were doomed by the Spaniards, it would have been an act of mercy on the part of the king, had he either commanded them to be put to the sword, or committed to the flames; as their misery would, in this case, have been of short continuance. The knowledge of what had befallen them ought,

at least, to have deterred him from exposing the rest of his Moreſco subjects to the like calamities."

The remaining part of this publication, which forms nearly two fifths of the whole, was written by the editor of Dr. Watson's manuscript.

[To be continued.]

The History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic. By Adam Ferguson, LL. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In three Volumes. Illustrated with Maps. 4to. Strahan and Cadell.

THE plan of this work is different from that of the historians who have preceded our author on the subject of the Roman story. He neither follows upon the steps of Hooke, nor of those who have been ambitious to take their materials from that industrious writer. His design deserves to be unfolded upon account of its singularity; and it will be best understood from his own words. For this purpose, he has employed the following passages;

" The Romans, who made their first step to dominion by becoming heads of the Latian confederacy, continued their progress to the sovereignty of Italy; or, after many struggles with nations possessed of resources similar to their own, united the forces of that country under their own direction, became the conquerors of many kingdoms in Asia and Africa, as well as in Europe; and formed an empire, if not the most extensive, at least the most splendid of any that is known in the history of mankind. In possession of this seeming advantage, however, they were unable to preserve their own institutions; they became, together with the conquests they had made, a prey to military government, and a signal example of the vicissitudes to which prosperous nations are exposed.

" This mighty state, remarkable for the smallness of its origin, as well as for the greatness to which it attained, has, by the splendor of its national exertions, by the extent of its dominion, by the wisdom of its councils, or by its internal revolutions and reverses of fortune, ever been a principal object of history to all the more enlightened nations of the western world. To know it well, is to know mankind; and to have seen our species under the fairest aspect of great ability, integrity, and courage. There is a merit in attempting to promote the study of this subject, even if the effect should not correspond with the design.

" Under this impression the following narrative was undertaken, and chiefly with a view to the great revolution, by which the republican form of government was exchanged for despotism; and by which the Roman people, from being joint sovereigns of a great empire, became, together with their own provinces, the subjects, and often the prey, of a tyranny which was equally cruel to both.

" As in this revolution men of the greatest abilities, possessed of every art, and furnished with the most ample resources, were acting in concert together, or in opposition to each other, the scene is likely to exhibit what may be thought the utmost rage or extent of the human powers; and to furnish those who are engaged in transactions any way similar, with models by which they may profit, and from which they may form sound principles of conduct, derived from experience, and confirmed by examples of the highest authority.

" The event which makes the principal object of this history, has been sometimes considered as a point of separation between two periods, which have been accordingly treated apart—the period of the republic, and that of the monarchy. During a considerable part of the first period, the Romans were highly distinguished by their genius, magnanimity, and national spirit, and made suitable attainments in what are the ordinary objects of pursuit—wealth and dominion. In the second period they continued for some time to profit by the attainments which were made in the former, and while they walked in the track of the commonwealth, or practised the arts and retained the lessons which former ages had taught, still kept their possessions. But after the springs of political life, which were wound up in the republic, had some time ceased to act; when the state was become the concern of a single person, and the vestige of former movements

ments were efficed, the national character declined, and the power of a great empire became unable to preserve what a small republic had acquired. The example, whether to be shunned or imitated, is certainly instructive in either period; but most so in the transition that was made from one to the other; and in the forfeiture of those public advantages, of which the Roman people, in some part of their course, availed themselves with so much distinction, and which, in the sequel, they abused with so much disorder at home, and oppression of their subjects abroad.

"With this object before me, I hasten to enter on the scenes in which it begins to appear; and shall not dwell upon the history of the first ages of Rome; nor stop to collect particulars relating to the origin and progress of the common-wealth, longer than is necessary to aid the reader in recollecting the circumstances which formed the conjuncture in which this interesting change began to take place.

"For this purpose, indeed, a general description of the state and its territory, such as they were in the beginning of this transaction, might have been sufficient; but as it is difficult to fix the precise point at which causes begin to operate, or at which effects are complete, I have indulged myself in looking back to the origin of this famous republic, whether real or fabulous, and shall leave the reader to determine, at what time he will suppose the period of authentic history to begin, or at what time he will suppose the causes of this revolution to operate, and to produce their effects.

"As it is impossible to give, in mere description, a satisfactory account of a subject which is in its nature progressive and fluctuating, or to explain political establishments without some reference to the occasions from whence they arose, I have, upon these accounts, endeavoured to give, even to the first part of my labours, the form of narration; and, together with the progress of political institutions in the state, remarked its territorial acquisitions and conquests, in the order in which they were made. In proportion as the principal object of the history presents itself, I shall wish, as far as my talents and the materials before me allow, to fill up the narration, and give to every scene of the transaction its complete detail. When this is done, and the catastrophe is passed, I shall wish again to contract my narration; and as I open

with a summary account of what preceded my period, close with a similar view of its sequel."

Such is the plan according to which this work is executed. It is, of consequence imperfect; and the reader who wishes for an exact, a regular, and a circumstantial detail, of the Roman story, from the origin of Rome to the extinction of the republic, must not seek for it in this performance.

The celebrity which the author had acquired by his *Essay on Civil Society*, excited the expectation of the public with regard to the present performance; but that expectation we are fearful will be disappointed, as it does not appear to us that any part of the history is placed in any point of view that has escaped the penetration of former writers. The style of the author does not seem calculated for the historic pen; an affectation of simplicity in his narrative, too often sinks him below mediocrity; and when he attempts to rise to a dignity of sentiment, it occasions such an inequality as is disgusting to a critical ear. It is to be wished, that he had continued in a track of study, and in a department or plan of literature which he had tried with so much success. But while we offer with freedom, our opinion of these volumes; it becomes us to give an extract from them.

Dr. Ferguson exhibits the following account of Augustus Cæsar.

"Augustus had made his will about sixteen months before he died, bequeathing two thirds of his estate to Tiberius, the other third to Livia, with an injunction to take the name of Julia and Augusta. In succession to Livia and her son he substituted the younger Drusus, the son of Tiberius, for a third; and overlooking Claudius, one of the sons of the elder Drusus, and grandson of Livia, he bequeathed the remainder to the brother Germanicus Cæsar, and his offspring, already consisting of three sons and as many daughters. To this numerous list of heirs he substituted an ostentatious catalogue of principal citizens and senators. But perspired so much in his severity to the unhappy Julia, as to forbid her a place in his monument. As a legacy to be distributed to the Roman people, he bequeathed four millions of sesterces, or about thirty three thousand pounds sterling; as a fund for the tribes or wards of the city, to defray their respective corporation expences, he bequeathed three millions five hundred thousand sesterces, or about

about twenty-nine thousand one hundred and sixty-six pounds sterling; to the *Pætorian* binds one thousand sesterces, or about eight pounds sterling a man; to the *Cohorts* of the city five hundred, or about four pounds sterling a man; to the *Legions* three hundred, or about two pounds ten shillings a man. These sums he ordered to be paid immediately; leaving money in his coffers sufficient for this purpose. Other legacies, of which some did not exceed a hundred and sixty, or a hundred and seventy pounds sterling, he directed to be paid at different times, and alleged the scantiness of his estate, from which his heirs were not likely to draw above a hundred and fifty millions Roman money, or about one million three hundred thousand pounds sterling. The sums which he had received in legacies, amounting to about eleven millions sterling, he had expended in public works.

"After his will was read, four separate memorials were produced. The first contained instructions for his funeral; the second, a list of the actions which he wished to have recorded on his tomb; the third, a state of the republic, including the military establishment, the distribution of the legions, the revenue, the public disbursements, the money actually lodged in the treasury, the arrears of taxes that were due, with a reference to the persons in whose hands the vouchers were to be found.

"The fourth memorial contained political instructions or maxims, in which he dissuaded the people from the too frequent manumission of slaves, and from the too easy admission of foreigners to the dignity of Roman citizens; and recommended filling offices of state with persons of experience and reputation. The public service, he observed, never should be entrusted to a single officer, nor all the powers of the commonwealth be suffered to accumulate in the hands of any one person. Such exclusive trusts, he said, must lead to abuse, and end in a scarcity of persons fit to be employed. Such were the arguments of *Carulus* and *Cato*, when they pleaded against the exorbitant powers of *Pompey* and *Cæsar*; and the reasonings now ascribed to *Augustus* seem to be borrowed from theirs, and with too little regard to the difference of persons and times.

"It is said, that in this memorial the emperor concluded with an injunction not to attempt any farther conquest, or any farther extension of the empire.

"Such are the principal circumstances upon record, from which we are able to collect the character of this celebrated reign. The immediate effects of it, in many parts, appear to have been splendid and salutary. Among these we are to reckon the cessation of wars, and reformation of government in the Roman provinces. Under this establishment, instead of *Consuls*, who, being annually elected by the people, as often renewed the passion of their country for war and conquest, there began a succession of emperors who were addicted to sloth and sensuality, more than to ambition; or if disposed to war, who in youth, or in some particular period of life, exhausted their passion for military fame, and became from thenceforward a powerful restraint on the ambition of their own officers. These they considered as rivals and objects of jealousy, or as dangerous instruments, ever ready to involve them in wars abroad, to disturb their government at home, or to divert their revenue from those pleasurable applications in which they wished to employ it.

"Whatever was lost to citizens of rank or high pretension at Rome, by the establishment of the monarchy, was gained to the other subjects of the empire. The provinces, from being the temporary property of individuals, and strict to enrich a succession of masters, became the continued subjects of a sovereign, who, as often as he understood his own interest, protected them against the oppression of his officers, and spared or nursed them as a continual source of revenue and power to himself.

"While these desirable effects naturally resulted from the new establishment, many circumstances of great lustre in the history of the age were ascribed to the sovereign. The seeds of ingenuity and of liberal arts, which had been sown, and which were already sprung up with so much vigour under the republic, now began to be reaped in a plentiful harvest.

"Literature, and all the more agreeable fruits of ingenuity, received under the first emperor a peculiar degree of attention and encouragement. *Augustus* was himself a proficient in letters, willing to be amused with the pursuits of the learned, read his own productions in the circle of his friends; and, what is more difficult for an author, heard without jealousy the compositions of others, by which his own were probably far excelled. He had saved from the wreck of his enemy's party, protected from the oppression

oppression of his own, and selected, as his counsellors, the most ingenious men of the time. By his munificence to these, his own time, as well as that of his ministers, became proverbial in the history

of Rome, and is deeply inscribed on monuments which can never perish, except by some calamity fatal to mankind.

"The provinces greatly diversified in respect to situation, climate, and soil, as well as in respect to the arts which they respectively possessed, having the benefit of general peace, and the protection of a common sovereign, reaped the advantage of an easy communication and a flourishing trade. All the surplus wealth of the more cultivated parts of the earth being drawn to the capital, and being at the disposal of single men, was expended in works of magnificence, and if not of utility, at least of splendid caprice. From this fund, were erected those magnificent fabrics, of which the ruins still mark the place on which stood the capital of the western world. The empire, at the same time, in all its parts, received those improvements which are the ordinary attendants of opulence and peace. The lands were cultivated; cities were built, adorned, or enlarged.

"The rough and vigorous hands by which this great empire was formed, had carried the balance and the sword of state before they could manage the tools of the more ordinary and inferior arts, and had given empire to their country, before they had provided for themselves the ordinary means of accommodation or pleasure. A Roman citizen was not an artist, but he was a man fit to command every artist. He was possessed of courage, penetration, sagacity, and all the advantages which constitute the personal superiority of one man over another. As a warrior and statesman, he was the reverse of those ingenious and feeble subjects, of whom each professes a particular part in the science or practice of human affairs, but of whom none is qualified to direct the whole.

"In proportion, however, as this nation of masters forced into their service the industrious and the learned in different parts of the earth, the practitioners of every art, and the professors of every science flocked to the capital. Their productions, though spurned and rejected at first, were received by degrees, and in the reign of Augustus, found the most ample rewards. By these means, the practice of every art was introduced at Rome, even Romans were taught to be-

come artists and mechanics, and, by following a multiplicity of inferior pursuits and occupations, were taught to lower the haughty spirit of the conquerors of the world, to the level of the nations they had subdued.

"In the times immediately preceding the civil wars, foreign letters, though fondly received by many of the first citizens of Rome, were still a novelty, and considered by the people as a foppish affectation. But the leaders in this fashion being the first officers and greatest men of the state, as Lucullus, Cicero, Cato, and Cæsar; such illustrious examples soon removed every prejudice, and engaged, in the pursuit of learning, every talent that could be diverted from the more violent pursuits of ambition or pleasure.

"The civil wars for some time retarded the progress of letters; but when brought to an end, left the public in possession of the bias it had received. Octavius himself having, in his youth, received this bias, was probably in his patronage of the learned, more led by inclination, and less by mere policy, than he was in other parts of the conduct with which he gained the favourable opinion of the world. He loved correctness and accuracy in all his compositions, and never delivered his mind on any serious matter, even in his own family, without memorials or written notes.

"Although the effects of this reign, therefore, in many of the particulars we have mentioned, were the sequel of mere peace, and of the respite which the world began to enjoy from the disorders with which it had been lately afflicted, much likewise may be ascribed to the personal character of the prince. After the secure establishment of his power, his government began to be distinguished by appearances of moderation and justice, supported, in this part of his life with a regular and ordinary tenor, which does not warrant any doubt of his sincerity, or any suspicion of an intention to impose upon the world, some purpose different from that which he professed to have in view.

"In his character of legislator, he generally submitted his intended acts to public inspection, encouraged persons of every description to offer amendments, and sometimes adopted those which were offered to him. In the exercise of the executive power, he took the assistance of a chosen council, with whom he deliberated

liberated on the ordinary measures of state. In accepting of the honours which were offered to him, he checked instances of extreme servility, and acquitted himself with great liberality or moderation in the use of the powers, which the flattery of dying persons frequently gave him over their families and estates. He became the guardian, rather than the collector, of the orphans, with whom he was joined in the fathers will. Some he put in the immediate possession of the whole inheritance; others, while under age, he treated as his wards, and brought up with every advantage to the enjoyment of their fortunes, which they often received with considerable additions, made either by his care or by his bounty.

"But what is of all other circumstances most peculiarly characteristic of this reign, was the judgment and address with which the emperor repressed the

licence of the military, to whom he owed his own elevation; the astute policy by which he affected to restore some fragments of the civil government that he himself had broken down, and the caution with which he retained the character and profession of a civil magistrate and of a citizen, while he governed as master. Joined to these, we may reckon the able choice which he made of officers fit to be trusted in the different departments of the public service; the constancy with which he persevered in employing them, and the liberality with which he made them feel that the prosperity of his fortunes was their own. While he gave these indications of a great mind, and possessed these powerful supports of a prosperous life, he dispensed with much of the flattery that is paid to princes, and in conversation encouraged the manners of a free and equal society."

A History of the English Law, from the Saxons to the End of the Reign of Edward the first. By John Reeves, Esq; Barrister at Law. 4to Brooke.

THIS is the first Volume of a work which, though not perfect enough to be recommended as a finished performance, may claim some degree of merit as an outline to be hereafter filled up. A history of the English law is, perhaps, too arduous a task for any one person to execute completely; and whenever it is again undertaken, it may probably be advisable to divide the work between the drudge, who collects the materials; the philosopher, who accounts for and reasons on the various changes in the legal system, and displays its approach or deviations from perfection; the man of accuracy, who shall arrange and methodize the collections; and he who is qualified to give them the polish of fine composition. A work, conducted upon this plan, would furnish both entertainment and information, and prove a lasting honour to English literature.

Mr. Reeves informs us, that it was the chapter at the end of Sir William Blackstone's Commentaries, which first led him to this undertaking; "It seemed," says he, "that after a perusal of that excellent performance, the student's curiosity is naturally led to enquire further into the origin of the law, with its progress to the state in which it now is. These sentiments operating upon a mind that had been much in the habits of application and research, induced me to attempt something of the kind, as an ex-

ercise which I thought more conducive to the end of study, than general reading, however well conducted, without a determinate object.

We have little doubt but the author derived advantage to himself in this mode of executing his design; but we wish, when he gave his work to the public eye, he had considered the subject more as a philosopher than he has done. At present a dry detail of facts and law cases pervade the whole volume. It may however be perused with benefit by lawyers, though the pleasure which the general reader can receive will be comparatively but small: indeed every page will furnish room to lament that this noble design had not fallen into the hands of a gentleman who would have done great justice to it, we mean Sir William Jones, now one of the East India judges.

As a specimen we shall select what he says of the punishment of *penes forte et dure*.

"We now come to the statute which makes the first mention of any thing like what has since been called the *penes forte et dure*; a punishment to be inflicted on such as refused to put themselves on a jury, to be tried for the felony of which they were indicted. The statute ordains, "that notorious felons, and who are openly of evil name, and will not put themselves on inquests of felonies with which they may be charged before

before the justices at the king's suit, *sunt mys en la prison forte et dure*, shall have strong and hard imprisonment, *come ceux qui refusent etre al a commune ley de la terra*, as those who refuse to stand to the common law of the land. But this is not to be understood of such prisoners as are taken upon light suspicion." Great difference of opinion has arisen upon this provision. Some have thought that the punishment of *peine forte et dure* was ordained first by this act; and that at common law, a felon standing mute should upon a *nihil dicit* be hanged, as it is, at this day, in case of treason; others have holden, that at common law, in favour of life, he should neither have *peine forte et dure*, nor have judgment to be hanged, but be remanded to prison until he would answer. Lord Coke is of opinion, that the *peine forte et dure* was a penalty at common law, and not such a one as any judges could have framed upon the general direction of this act, which says, they are to be sent to *prison forte et dure*; and that the words of this act were designed to refer to a subsisting species of penance, which was sufficiently intimated in these words, though the mode of it was not described.

"The statute says, that those who will not put themselves on inquests of felonies, shall be treated as those who refuse to stand to the common law of the land. The difference between these two kinds of refusal, is a difficulty not less perplexing, than the manner in which the latter were punished.

However, though this statute, by the manner of its expression, does not seem to have introduced this penance, but rather speaks of it as a thing already known; yet it does not appear, that it is taken notice of in any antient writer, record, or case, before the reign of this king. On the contrary, some instances are to be found in the preceding reign of persons arraigned for felony standing mute, who were nevertheless, not put to their penance, but had judgment to be hanged. The practice at that time, which was in 5 Hen. III. was, it should seem, of the following kind: If a prisoner stood wilfully mute, a jury of twelve men was impanelled; and if they found him guilty, another jury of twenty-four was chosen to examine the verdict of the former; and if they were of the same opinion, the sentence was for the prisoner to be hanged.

It should seem, then, that this method

of treating felons who stood mute, was introduced sometime between the 5 Hen. III. and 3 Ed. I. and was not established by this act. That it existed upon some other sanction than this act, is plain from the constant practice, which has allowed this penance to hold in cases of appeal, tho' the act only speaks of the king's suit, and those authors who wrote nearest the time we are now speaking of, such as Fleta, Britton, and The Mirror, mention the penance without referring to this statute.

"The manner in which this penance is described by Britton is as follows: "If they will not put themselves upon their country, let them be put to their penance until they pray to do it; and let their penance be this: that they be barefooted, unguided, bareheaded, in their coat only, in prison upon the bare ground, continually, night and day; that they eat only bread made of barley and bran; that they drink not the day they eat, nor eat the day they drink; nor drink any thing but water the day they do not eat; and that they be fastened down with irons." In Fleta it is stated in a similar way: *Morti tamen non condemnabitur, sed gaole committetur sub dieta sulvo custodiendus, donec instructus petat inde se legissime acquiescere; consideratio vero erit talis, quod unico indumento indutus, et discalceatus, in nudâ terrâ, quadrantalem panem bordeaccum tantum pro duobus diebus habeat ad victum, non tamen quod quolibet die comedat, sed altero tantum, nec quod singulis diebus bibat, sed die quo non comederit, aquam bibat tantum, et hæc dieta omnibus LEGUMARIIS tantibus injungatur donec petant quod prius contempserint.*

"The penance stated by these two authors, is a rigorous method of compelling the criminal to undergo a trial; yet very different from the cruel way in which felons standing mute were treated in after-times. The alterations this penance received, and the causes that led to such alterations, will be considered in their proper place.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Reeves is one of those few who unites the character of a man of letters, with the occupation of a practising lawyer; and suffers neither his studies to intercept his business; nor, as we plainly see by this performance, his business to deprive him of all leisure for study.

N n Mr.

Mr. Reeves was educated on the foundation at Eton; but not succeeding to King's College, became a member of Merton College, Oxford; where he took his bachelor's degree, and was afterwards elected to a scholarship at Queen's; where he is now a fellow. Mr. Reeve having adopted the law for his study and profession; became a member of the Middle Temple, and in February 1779, he published his *Chart of penal Law*; a work that has greatly contributed to make that complicated part of our jurisprudence more obviously intelligible than it was before. The *Chart of penal law* is on an historical plan; a method which seems a favourite with our author, as he has followed it in the present work in a more enlarged way, thinking it probably the best for conveying a clear idea of any branch of our law.

The present publication seems to have been in contemplation some time. Last winter there was an advertisement in the law catalogue, of a history of the English law, from the time of the Saxons, down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth by Mr. R. We may suppose the present to be a part of that work; and that if he proceeds as he promises to do in his preface, (should this meet with success) he will carry it down to that time.

Though it seems that an enquiry which promises to be more interesting, as it approaches the present time, should not

be stopt at so early a period; yet, we do not doubt but the author has sufficient reasons for so doing, which would be very satisfactory if given. Should he be afraid of involving himself in a work that will take up too much of that time, which he must in prudence allow to his professional engagements; it is a reason that must be assented to by every one, and lamented by those who are fond of enquiries into the origin of our law and constitution.

Mr. R. is about thirty years of age, and three years standing at the bar; and that is a crisis when some time must be allowed to practice, as well as study. If Mr. R. thinks, that in collecting materials for his history, he has, as he intimates in the motto of his book, been pursuing the *just tie quas*; he must know that it will be convenient for his pocket to attain the other part of it, the *litigand vias*, notwithstanding the slur he seems inclined to put upon those who are more lucratively, though less learnedly employed than himself. Mr. R. was made a commissioner of bankrupt about three years ago, by the late chancellor; in acknowledgment for which favour, probably he dedicated his history to him. The *Chart of penal Law*, has acquired our author some reputation as a crown lawyer; and the present work shews, his studies have been equally assiduous in the civil part of the law.

Human Happiness; or the Sceptic, a Poem, in Six Cantos. By Thomas Holcroft. Davis. 3s.

HOWEVER few the poetical productions of the present age, which may justly lay claim to the higher classes of merit, may have been, we cannot say that it has proved barren in pieces of humour. The public taste has been debauched by whole porter-loads of poems on subjects of sensibility, written without simplicity, without nature, without feeling; merely composed of tinsel in the expression, whining rant and affectation, and often downright nonsense, in the sentiment. Above a dozen of poems of this description have within these few years, buzzed about our ears, like summer flies, and like these glittering noisy insects, one winter has generally killed them. But though on tender and sentimental subjects our late productions, with all due deference to our female geniuses be it spoken, have been miserably *Frenchified*; in poems of genuine humour, and laughing satire of the true

Horatian school, the present times have far excelled that which is falsely called the Augustan age of our English poetry, the reign of Queen Anne. And among the publications which lay claim to that species of wit called humour, the poem before us ought to hold no inconsiderable rank. The subject is, an enquiry into the *Reality of Human Happiness*. Sir Thomas, a wealthy knight, possessed of every "worldly blessing" is discontented, and displeased with the insatiability and futility of every enjoyment. He supports the tenet that,

"The more we search, the more we find,
We're feeble, foolish, vain, and blind;
This only certain seems to be,
We're all absurd uncertainty.
Our joys are false, and false our tears,
False are our hopes, and false our fears.
Our pleasure, like the rainbow, shews
Then only beautiful when not close;
Tho

Tho', glorious in its shining birth,
It seems to reach from heav'n to earth,
Approach to touch it, and you'll see
'Twill vanish in nonentity!"

his friend William a humble dependant cousin, is for more reality. On William's surprize that the knight should be unhappy with such an ample fortune, Sir Thomas replies,

" 'Pshaw William, you're a simple tony,
Because you're poor you think that money
Will exorcise each human evil,
And send it packing to the devil—"

William's philosophy however, tho' sometimes founded on better arguments than those drawn from riches and titles, or even the present enjoyment of active pleasures, is, as shall be observed anon, rather vague, and too submissive. But in pursuance of his sceptical opinion of human happiness, one of the most common topics of all ages, our author has hid the art, to give a pleasing air of novelty to the colouring, diction, and manner of the arguments of Sir Thomas; and the whole poem, contains much of the spirit of Matthew Prior. William, who knew that

" —he who means to keep his patron
Must unmolested let him chatter on—"

keeps his distance while he controverts the knight's opinions, which are in a word, that nonentity is better than human existence; that life is

" A dream of phantasies and lies
Which no man wakes from till he dies;
Or rather, still to speak profounder
From which he wakes by sleeping sounder.
A nauseous draught that's never swallow'd,
Or by succeeding potions follow'd,
An everlasting bitter bolus—"

And again in the following very apt simile, which we believe is new;

" Better had man his being end—
Better, than thus to sit hum drum,
Like country schoolmaster become,
Who hammers at each stupid cub,
To teach him ab, eh, ih, oh, ub—
And, 'midst a squawling, wrangling
crew,
Doth everlastingly pursue
His d—d dull ba, be, bi, bo, bu."

And our knight in vindication of this

estimate of the value of life, appeals to the transitory fruition of love, the wild vagaries of imagination, the private unhappiness and wretched characters of heroes and patriots, (who are the boast of fame and the admiration of the multitude) and the miserable uncertainties of philosophy and sciences, concluding with this moral,

" So short a time are mortals twirl'd
About this transitory world—
For he who taries longest in it,
Can scarce be said to live a minute."

and, " so futile and incompetent," is every thing belonging to human life, that he who could perceive it, and yet act unworthily, contrary to his own " self applause" ought to be despised as the greatest of fools.

Such is the outline of this agreeable poem, which, however a favourite upon the whole, we cannot dismiss without hinting some objections. We are sorry that the sceptical arguments of Sir Thomas, appear to be too much our author's favourite side of the question. Had it been otherwise he certainly might have aimed William with better weapons. When one talks of the transitory fruition of a certain appetite, what reply is easier than to appeal to the fixt esteem and affection of virtuous love, which are ever present to their possessor, with

" —all the dear charities
Of husband, father—"

and when one talks of the madness and wickedness of heroes and patriots, what can be more obvious than an appeal to that durable satisfaction which every good man feels on the recollection of a disinterested and benevolent action? In short William's character, by being too submissive, as before hinted, is deprived of that terceness both of manner and argument, which we apprehend it ought to have assumed, and which would have better become it.

Besides the merit of humour, the descriptions of a horrid unhappy dream, and that of a delightful and pleasing one, in the fourth canto, have peculiar merit. The circumstances are well selected, happily fancied, and the colouring is poetical.

Regard for our author, and our hope of his future attention to chafter rhymes, prompts us to point out the following awkward blemishes. It is an ignorant

vulgarism in the pronunciation of some people to clap the letter *R* to every word ending with an open vowel. For example, the *Cockney* calls window, *winder*; and your clown calls Jeremiah *Jeremiar*; tobacco, tobaccur, &c. &c. We were very sorry to find several of our author's rhymes requiring this very vitiated pronunciation. In page 10, he has.

"The seventh and tenth of Nehemiah
Will likewise prove that man a *liar*—"

And in page 41.

"—though the bed it will besmear
Is sweeter than your *diarrhæa*—"

"Some liquorice love, and others lecker
Their grinders with quid of *tobacco*."

P. 54.

And in page 65

"Burn tables, stools and chairs to cinders
And toss the house out at the *windows*."

Did not other instances prevent the plea, the last might have been called a designed allusion to the vulgar pronunciation of London, in which case it would have been allowable. But it is hoped our ingenious author will forgive this censure, and profit by these hints.

(For Anecdotes of the Author, see Vol. I. p. 48.)

Coombe Wood. A Novel: in a series of Letters. By the Author of Barford-Abbey and the Cottage. 2 vol. 5s. Baldwin.

IT would be an undertaking worthy a man of taste and letters, to trace the variations which have happened in this species of writing; and to point out the different shades of colouring of each nation, with its influence on the manners and gallantry of succeeding ages. We would most willingly accompany an ingenious sprightly writer into the regions of romance, when the heroism of ancient chivalry elevated the passion of love into a kind of religious ecstasy, and the lover thought it an indispensable duty to encounter a world of difficulties, ere he presumed to kiss the hand of his fair mistress. Notwithstanding some might affect to despise compositions of this kind, they have, and always will be a source of mental entertainment to men of the first literary reputation. It is perhaps endless to repeat the names of those distinguished geniuses who have shown a predilection to works of this nature:—Milton, La Fontaine, Fontenelle, Helvetius, and others, may be easily adduced, as well as the authority of a Rousseau, who considered a well written romance, the last effort for reclaiming a degenerate age.

If on the contrary, we were disposed to imitate some of our brother critics, we should in their language *scout* the idea. Every production of this kind we should consign to oblivion, ere we had scarcely glanced over a page or two, and characterise them with some wanton sally, some miserable pun, or, as we may think propriety observation; in order to show our brilliant parts, and excite the

laugh of ignorance or ill-nature. We are candid enough to declare that we think that a well conducted novel is one of the finest productions of the human mind; and for its moral and great utility, it might be easily proved superior to history.—This branch of literature, like many others, is often dishonoured by a mob of ignorant, inelegant, and sterile writers; yet we will venture to assert that a Fenelon, a Richardson, a Fielding, a Sterne, and a Rousseau will rank among the first poets of this or any other nation.

Coombe Wood is not, however, one of those well conducted romances, as may be seen by the following outline:

Miss Altam, the heroine of the piece, is left at her father's death five thousand pounds, deposited at a banker's that became insolvent. Previously to this failure, she has a Lord Edwin for her admirer, and a Miss Moor who is her friend and *confidante*; and who of course, by way of contrast and incident, must be deceitful and perfidious. Her treachery occasions the reciprocal distresses of the lovers. A Lady Lucy Blank, a flirt of great fashion, who is in some measure beggared by her father's dissipation, makes a kind of underplot, and is the most agreeable part of this novel, by her humorous descriptions, and ridicule of a retired life. The denouement hinges on the return of Miss Altam's relation, from his travels, who, upon being informed of Lord Edwin's procedure, after a promise of marriage, sends him a challenge; this challenge of necessity produces

duces an eclairecissement that terminates in a speedy marriage.

Our heroine's epistles are, generally speaking, sentimentally dull and languid; perhaps one of the best is that in which she mentions the arrival of Lord Edwin to Elgin Castle, without his knowing her being there.

"What will become of me?—Oh! my dear Lady Arden, I am frightened to death—What will become of me? What shall I do? but the countess—I hear her on the stairs—I must fly to Lord Fairfield's nursery—I cannot speak—I cannot bear to be spoke to—

"She was too quick for me—she is breathless with concern, with compassion, with anxiety. Thank God, I have prevailed upon her to conceal me.

"Dear, dear Lady Arden! Lord Edwin is in the castle—his father, too, Lord Lexington, is here—how I tremble! *how blue my nails are turned!* I shall certainly die! It is impossible I should support the shock!

"It is vain for me now to attempt more—I can no longer hold my pen—but, before I sleep, I will make another effort.

"In continuation.

"This is a silent hour—I fear no interruption—the clock strikes one—Lord Edwin in the next room—unsuspecting the wretch he has robbed of happiness is only divided from him by a thin wall-paper.

"I am alarmed! what can it mean? H! he opens the window-shutters. Whilst I hear his step my fingers refuse to direct my pen.

"In continuation.

"I have been all attention—I held in my breath, lest it should pierce the thin partition.

"It is a bitter cold, dark night—the wind whistles complamant notes—it moans and bewails as if it was sent to sympathise with me.

"A few hours! what may one not experience in a few hours? But now to the distressing particulars."

These distressing particulars are ushered in with a coach, drawn by *six white barjes fleet as the wind*, FRANCING up the avenue, and Lord Edwin stepping from the carriage with the pale languid hue of sickness. Then follows the engagements to Lord and Lady Orly—Lord and Lady Woodberry welcoming Edwin and Lord Lexington, and the little Lord Fairfield hanging about the neck of our heroine, and the hurly burly about the

concealment of her person, till the very candles put out their last faint ray, and obliged her to feel her way to bed. This being the principal business of ten pages, we resume her own words in continuation.

"Lord Edwin has left the castle! He is gone from us. He is gone without seeming—without speaking to his father—without even a message to Lord Woodberry.

"The servants have just found a note on the table in his bed-chamber—it is to Lord Lexington—worse and worse! My gracious God! I live this moment, too, your Ladyship's letter—My cousin come home: Lord Edwin gone off expresses! I bid adieu to every thing but affliction. He saw Mary! Poor unthinking woman! I am in a state of distraction. How dreadful for the body to live when the mind is in convulsions!"

Lady Lucy Blank's manner shews the author can be natural, sprightly, satirical, and diverting.

A country assembly is thus described. "Old men of a hundred with laced waistcoats, embroidered waistcoats, and tambour waistcoats: wigs as large as gooseberry bushes, and bags tied to them that covered half their backs—young men, or young monks, call them what you please; the veniest flights in nature—old women in negligees, not unfolded since the last general election, perhaps since the flood, and their poor grey hairs tortured into what they here call gun curls—grey guns—pretty artillery: but the propriety they had observed in adapting their fiks to the season, was the most diverting thing in nature: here sat a thing dressed in a thick tulle, next her a painted taffety, then my eye was caught with a heavy brocade, and when I turned from them, expecting something better, my teeth *was* on edge with the sight of old velvet drels suits, and the glare of a set of ill-chosen shot lustrings, turned me heart-sick. In short, I was sick of the flights before I had looked them half over, and when I saw such shoals of brats in hanging sleeve coats, sidgung in by the sides of their mothers, I lost all patience, and, in a whisper to Lord A—, exclaimed—"Heavens! is this your hall?"

"Why, yes! (he returned, shrugging up his shoulders) it is the best we can muster.—But your Ladyship will see some very genteel people when the grand jury are dismissed, and I perceive two or three very elegant young women just come in at the bottom of the room."

"Let

"Let me see them (I returned) we can go that way to the card room: I long to have a peep at your *misses*."

"Elegant, pretty, young women! the man is a fool: pretty enough to be sure, but nothing to make such a fuss about: poor blushing things! I thought they would have crept through the wall when he began his nonsense—I had no patience to hear him talk to them—honour—pleasure! is that a stile to speak to such girls in before people of rank? I was monstrous angry, and when he joined me I asked him, if flattery was in the list of bribery and corruption: "If it is (said I) sin on, for I find there is no keeping a dirty borough without it."

"Just as we reached the card room I heard a vast bustle, and instantly saw a vast number of gigantic, heavy-looking figures entering from the opposite door: but, before I could ask whom or what, Lord A—— turned to me; and with a smile I perfectly understood, said, "The grand Jury."

"Greasy faced creatures! I wonder he had the stomach, so nice as he says he is, to go bowing quite up to their noses. The monsters stared, and rolled about their unmeaning eyes egregiously when they passed me, to take shelter under the wings of their mothers—then grandmothers—and their wives. Well, to the day of judgment, if there really is such a day, never can I believe will be seen such a sight again."

"Behold me now led out by Lord A——, in a moment the vacant seats all occupied—every eye directed to the dance—women bridling—children basking time with their fans—men, some staring and standing like statues, others, more animated, in loud whispers expressing their admiration, whilst a few of the *elect*, just arrived from heaven in a sweet advancing attitude, looked nothing but love and rapture."

"The minuet ended, Lord A—— brought up Sir William Moyle; but judge my surprise! judge my pleasure, when I discovered the very identical young officer I remarked in the ridiculous church-yard."

"He is monstrous odd—monstrous handsome, and dances like an angel. The creature, I believe, is cross: that is—in short, I can't tell what it is—he is polite, civil, unaffected, yet you don't see the son in him."

"I was glad he asked me to dance country-dances; not that I intended to dance more than two; for, in a place like this, it lets one down shockingly to be jumping about three or four hours, and with such a miserable set, it cannot be made supportable. Only think of the mortification to have one's hand touched every moment by God knows who—gallipot-boys—perhaps—things that sell sugar and nutmegs—venders of cloth and tape—and dirty bodies that spread plaisters—Faugh! I am sick with the thoughts of it."

Lady Lucy closes Coome Wood with the portrait of her two hundred thousand pound lover.

"A greasy black skin—an ugly flat face—claws, for I will not call them hands, ornamented with brilliants fit for the finger of a prince—his empty pite, plastered with powder and pomatum, and so riled by wool at the top, and so expanded at the ears, that nothing which creeps or flies can possibly be like him, except a frightful bird I once saw in a menagerie."

"Have you never seen an abject thing, creeping from room to room, his body in an attitude to return a profound bow to the slightest notice of a superior—his eyes watching for a look from great people—his mouth half open, to assent to every thing they say—an eternal grin over his face, to denote the joy of his situation—and a detestable dapperdaint, wedged into his whole person."

"The sketch is short and imperfect, but enough to make you understand the sort of animal matter Cupid has introduced to my acquaintance."

"I am this moment in the act of contemplation! I bring before me the price of pleasure. It must be purchased—it will be paid for, a fashionable way, and I care not what I hate to possess it."

"Two hundred thousand pounds!—It sounds well—eyes, ears, and heart re-sonant; but to such impetinent intermeddlers, I am deaf, insensible, and blind."

"I have made up my mind—I have a thousand pretty things in embryo; hasten my dear Jane to town, and be assured I am sincerely yours."

From these *flimsy materials*, assisted with black lines, spaces, and broken-pages, we have a couple of jemmy volumes, which the reading masters and misses of the age can devour in less time than they remain under the hands of *Monsieur le Perruquier*.

Memoirs of the Manstein Family, Pathetic, Sentimental, Humorous, and Satirical.
In two Volumes. Lowndes. 5s. sewed.

IN these memoirs, notwithstanding the professions in the title page, there is very little pathetic, sentimental, humorous, or pointedly satirical. The end proposed, or the moral of the piece, is indeed virtuous, and therefore intitled to praise. "I shall be happy," says the author, at page 3, if any thing contained in the following pages shall preserve innocence from seduction, repress the falshies of unbridled appetite, confute the reasonings of false honour, restrain the tumult of unruly passion, and display the folly as well as misery of extravagance." These are in truth, according to the author's motto, serious objects, but they are not attained in any tolerable degree, by the trifles by means of which he proposes to advance them. *Hæ nugæ; granted. At serâ ducunt;* that we deny. The following letter is a just specimen of this frivolous composition:

"My dear brother, your account of the university, I confess, differs not a little from the ideas I had formed of it; but I expect to hear with pleasure the brighter side of the picture, and wish, as in every other case, to balance the comforts and conveniences we find, against the disappointments we must be content to put up with.

"The Stewart family after which you enquire, are truly amiable. The two daughters are in the flower of youth, and beauty's prime, unlike in complexion, though their features mark them sisters. Julia, the eldest, is fair, her flaxen locks fall in natural ringlets on a neck of ivory, tall, dances gracefully, and has a most engaging address, gentle in her manners, mild in her spirit, with more seriousness of deportment, and less vivacity of discourse, than her sister.

"Fanny is a brunette, her hair dark, but glossy, fine eyes, sparkling and animated, well made, but of the inferior size, lively, quick at repartee, and always carries a face of gaiety and good-humour.

"Ah, Jack! you cry, this is the last, I find! No, Will, not for me, she is promised, so I am a year too late, if I longed for her. Julia would suit you to a hair. But! ah, how my uncle would shake his grave noddle, and moralize on the comforts of a wife without money; she has, I hear, little or no fortune, and as you are never very likely to see her, you can be in no danger.

"Fanny is engaged to my friend Captain Barker. You know you wished me a friend in your place, not to supplant you in my affection, for that no creature can for a moment do, but to supply your absence. I shall say nothing of my other messmates, who are very polite to me; only that I do not think either swearing, drinking, or wenching, constitute any part of the character of a gentleman, at least not of that model, on which I wish to form myself.

"Barker is a very sober, sensible man, and loves reading; he is about five-and-twenty, and captain-lieutenant in our company; his situation in life is something similar to my own, as he has great expectations from an uncle. In one point, he has the advantage of me, possessing a small paternal estate of about two hundred pounds a year, which renders him rather more independent; but as he is afraid his uncle, who like our own, thinks money a woman's chief excellence, will not see the amiable Fanny with his eyes, and being very aged and infirm, his attachment to her is yet a secret; and as his own fortune and commission are but a slender provision for a family, they wait in expectation of a better.

"He is a frequent visitor, you may suppose, at the colonel's; and I, who have the honour of his good graces, am often of the party. Sometimes we walk, ride, or read to the ladies while at work, wait on them to the assembly, or make an excursion into the country. The colonel himself often entertains us with some accounts of the world, which he has passed through, and throws out useful observations for our future conduct; though advanced in years, he has all the fire and vivacity of youth, and is never happier himself, than in contributing to the enjoyments of those around him.

"We went last Sunday together, as usual, to the kirk, and were witnesses to a scene, droll as uncommon. A noble lord, in a quain of conscience for some past incontinence, desired to do public penance, which he performed with great gravity. I could not help observing to Barker, that I thought it a greater scandal to society, to have it publicly known that he was criminal, than to have been so, and that so far as conscience was concerned, humble confession before God in secret,

secret, must be more effectual to obtain pardon and peace, than being seated on the stool of repentance.

I shall impatiently expect to hear the agreeable side of a college life; as it would

damp all my own enjoyments, if I thought you were not comfortable.

Ever affectionately

You brother,

Stirling.

J. MANSTEIN."

An Enquiry, by Experiments, into the Properties and Effects of the Medicinal Waters in the County of Essex. By W. Martin Trinder, LL. B. at Oxford, and M. D. at the University of Leyden. 8vo. Rivington.

WE have had many county histories of late, but this is the first we believe on the subject of mineral waters. We hope to see the example followed by Physicians in other counties, as such pursuits would lead to the discovery of many valuable remedies, and those medicinal waters which are already discovered, would be more accurately examined, and better understood.

The waters treated of in this pamphlet are the Tibbury-hall water—Tibbury water from the Rector's well—Gidea-hall water—Horn Church lane water—Forest water—Weald-hall water—Upminster water—Witham water—Springfield water, and Little Dunmow water.

The author's experiments in the analysis of these waters seem to be consonant to good chemistry, and his remarks and cautions relative to their medicinal properties and the manner of using them are judicious.

In his preface he recommends the dancing of country dances in a morning as the best kind of exercise for mineral water drinkers, and condemns the fashionable custom of introducing French and German dances into our assembly rooms,

as they exclude many persons from this very agreeable exercise.

ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

William Martin Trinder, M. D. was the descendant of a considerable Tradesman, at Shadwell, in the county of Middlesex; and, of a numerous progeny, was the only son who survived him. His maternal grandmother was married to Mr. William Martin, an Attorney, of Shadwell, who, at his decease, bequeathed his whole fortune, amounting to about 30,000*l.*, to our author. Dr. Trinder was originally designed for the church, and, after the usual academical preparations, was entered at Exeter College, Oxford, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He married the daughter of the late Dr. Frank Nichols, and grand daughter of Sir Richard Mead, Bart. About the year 1781 he turned his thoughts to the study of medicine, which he prosecuted with the greatest assiduity and success, and in 1782 was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Medicine by the University of Leyden; and is now settled at Rumsford, in Essex.

Some Thoughts on the Relaxation of Human Bodies; and on the Misapplication of the Bark in that and some other Cases. 8vo. Nicoll. 2s.

THE writer of this work seems to be a man of observation, and many of the facts and remarks he introduces in the course of it, are interesting; but he is defective in what is called method, and from what he says of the late influenza, of which he gives a short history, and the cause of which he seems inclined to attribute to nitrous particles sent to us from some of the planets; we suspect him to be too fond of hypothesis.—The following judicious remarks on cold bathing, well deserve to be quoted.

"Little good can be expected from cold bathing, which, if continued long, will deprive a tender female of her gracefulness and complexion; and which can never, perhaps, give a permanent bracing to any body whatever: since it is found, by experience, that the habit wakes by its

continuance; and the glow which in strong bodies succeeds the momentary immersion, (and such an immersion only is recommended) does not so much demonstrate it has done good, as that it has done no hurt; as it only proves that nature has recovered herself, and that the fluids, driven to the centre, now circulate again in the extremities.

"In confirmation of this, the late eminent Dr. Huxham assured me, that he knew an instance where the muscular power of the heart, after the contraction from the cold shock, was not sufficient to overcome the resistance. And I knew myself a land officer, who, immediately after bathing, as soon as he came out of the water, complained of the head-ach, grew delirious and convulsed, and died a few days after. Add to this, the hazard many
run

run of giving a shock altogether unnatural to the abdominal viscera, and thereby subjecting the person to a protrusion of the intestine; as lately happened to a coachman, now living with a gentleman of North Buckland, in the county of Devon. This coachman, a large bowelled man, though perfectly well when he went into the sea, felt at once the intestine pushed out near the navel; an instance, perhaps, rare, yet the fall on his immersion, may be worth recording.

"The lungs also, so subject to rheums and fluxions in young and tender people, whose pulmonary vessels are so liable to be ruptured, may suffer by this process. Some, after plunging thus into cold water, remain hot, with head-ach, till they have slept and perspired; some recover no heat till they have taken wine, or some other cordial; and some are obliged to go from the bath to the bed. All abhor, in general, the first shock; and we may justly suspect, that what the senes in general disapprove, cannot be agreeable to nature. He who swims long in the water, will be so enfeebled, as to be scarcely able to stand when he comes out of it. Nor does this weakness proceed so much from the action of swimming, as from absorption of water

by the pores of the skin; Antonius Musa, though he was said to have cured Augustus by cold bathing, failed in success with Marcellus.

"Cold-bathing, however, in a warmer climate, like that of Italy, might be less exceptionable. It may injure the stomach, by forcing off too much, according to Huxham; and throw the robust into phrenzy, by sudden congestion of the fluids on the brain, according to Boerhaave; especially if the head be not immersed as well as the body. The pampered may carry the load of yesterday into the bath as indigestible, at least as injurious, as the peacock's flesh, or die, as Alexander did, by plunging full of meat and wine, into the water. All may suffer by the indiscriminate use of it. I have for many years made observation on those who have constantly used it, and declare I have seen more ill than good effects from it, particularly with delicate and ailing women, for whom this lotion is calculated, and not for robust men, who need not the physician.

The author's objections to the use of the bark in nervous and other cases, though perhaps carried too far, merit the attention of the medical practitioner.

An Inquiry into the Principles of Ecclesiastical Patronage and Prebendary.

THE only portion of this publication which is worthy the attention of a liberal mind, is that which points out the connexion between civil and ecclesiastical liberty. In Scotland the enthusiasm of religion nourishes a spirit of freedom, which would be otherwise unknown in that part of the united kingdom. It was this spirit which brought the Scotch to the aid of the English parliament in the civil war in the reign of Charles I. and this spirit may perhaps again prove the firmest support of the civil rights of the people of Britain.

The genius of Scotland is displaced, at the present time, in a very remarkable manner. While every other part of the empire contends for some civil advantage, Scotland cries, Give me the choice of my ecclesiastics. That party in the church which encourages the people in their pretensions to elect their ministers, sent up one of their number last winter to wait on Lord Shelburne for the modest purpose of inducing ministry to deprive the crown, the nobility, and other lay patrons of the right of presentation to church livings, and to transfer it to the people. This de-

puty, who is a person, as it said, of singular effrontery, harried the lord with a speech upwards of an hour long to no purpose. It is the chief object of this publication, which is divided (although it consists of only 194 of great formality, into three) into three numberless sections, to prove, that the people ought to have the disposal of those lands and revenues, which the party of kings and private persons had bequeathed for the good of their souls to holy mother church. All the common arguments on this subject are digested with great method, and urged with great power. The following is an extract from a portion of this treatise, which is wholly unworthy of notice.

"It will be allowed, that, from a want of the exercise of legislative powers, many of the landholders, however respectable, have but very faint and imperfect ideas of the value or extent of civil freedom. This doctrine is more peculiarly applicable to the common people of Scotland; which must be sufficiently obvious to every one who has ever glanced at the structure of the civil constitution of the country.

"It is true, that by the form of this constitution, few landholders, comparatively speaking, possess legislative powers; all landholders, however, exercise certain rights naturally connected with their properties; which give them some ideas of the nature and value of civil liberty, and of their own importance. But the whole body of the common people of Scotland are totally excluded from enjoying the smallest share of power, with regard to the direction or administration of public affairs. In relation to these, they have no more power than the oxen they drive, or the horses they ride; and, of course, can have no just ideas or impressions respecting the nature or advantages of civil liberty. This part of the constitution we mean not, greatly, to censure; for, although we are convinced that it has produced, and will produce, pernicious consequences, yet we know not how the defect could be remedied, with propriety and security, considering the incapacity for public affairs, that will naturally accompany the human character, when placed in certain situations.

"From the circumstances which have been mentioned, we mean only to conclude, that the whole common people of Scotland, are, from the necessary operation of political causes, in such a condition, that they can have no just conceptions or impressions of the nature or extent of political liberty, except alone, what ideas of freedom may arise from the enjoyment of their spiritual or ecclesiastical rights. Of this proposition, the evidence depends not on speculation alone; for, upon attending to the occurrences which pass daily before us, it will be found, that very recent experience affords a still clearer demonstration of the truth of the assertion; and it would be easy, were it necessary, to appeal to facts of a more ancient date, or more certain decision.

"Within these two years, when a bill was brought into parliament, to repeal the penal laws against persons professing the Roman Catholic religion, the people took the alarm. They were afraid that their religious liberties might once more be sacrificed upon the altars of popish superstition. Hence, a violent and universal opposition of the people arose, with what propriety or liberality of sentiment, we pretend not to judge. The spirit of religious liberty, introduced by the reformation, which had never been completely extinguished, recovered, as it were, for a moment, its original strength, and

took a fast hold of the minds of the people, so that there was no degree of danger which they were not prepared to encounter, in defence of their religious rights, and of that purity and simplicity of worship, which has ever distinguished the Presbyterian persuasion.

"But view the conduct of the same people, when an attack upon their civil liberties and properties is threatened, and threatened, too, in such a manner as might have awakened the feelings of political liberty, had they not been utterly extinguished. The Dutch are reported to be on the coast, and prepared to invade the country. The alarm is spread. Warning is given by administration to every seaport town; and the whole country is directed to arm for its own defence! Upon this emergency, was there any number of the common people of Scotland, who took arms into their hands, from the one end of the country to the other? If there were any, they were so few and inconsiderable, that they merit no attention, and we know not a single man who took arms upon the occasion.

"The manifest difference in the conduct of the people upon these two events, is surprising only to those who look not at the effects of natural causes upon the minds of people. All men are, by the fundamental principles of Christianity, upon an equal footing, with respect to the nature and extent of their interest, in the Christian system. The people, besides, had, since the reformation, which separated Christianity from superstition, enjoyed a considerable share of religious or spiritual freedom. From the influence of these two causes, they were impressed with a deep concern for every thing relating to religion; and therefore, when they dreaded an invasion of their spiritual rights, they naturally felt with violence, and their actions were, in every respect, suitable to the nature of their feelings. But when an invasion only of the civil constitution of the country was threatened, as the people did not enjoy any share of the civil administration, having little or nothing besides a mere existence in the state, they could not feel an equally deep interest in its preservation; and, of course, could not act with the same spirit and vehemence on the occasion. For it is plain, that where men do not enjoy rights, they cannot feel their importance, nor can their minds be elevated and prepared for manly exertions in their defence.

"Such is the situation of the common people of Scotland, with regard to their sense

sense of civil liberty; and it appears to be sufficiently plain, however much to be regretted, that they have no just conception of liberty of any kind, excepting what is derived from the source of ecclesiastical freedom.

"The question then is, whether, by an implicit submission to the law of presentations, the ecclesiastical or spiritual liberty of the people is likewise to be extinguished; so that, henceforth, there shall not remain in Scotland a trace or impression of either civil or religious freedom among the great body of the people.

"Were such a plan of conduct to be adopted, the consequences would be more alarming, perhaps, in the end more fatal, than either a French or a Dutch invasion. In the hands of an interested individual, possessed of power, what use might not be made of a great body of people having no just sense of either civil or religious liberty! We chuse not to paint every pernicious consequence, which this prospect opens to the mind of every man who reflects upon the condition of his country."

A Letter to the Author of the History and Mystery of Good-Friday.
Rivington, 1782. 1s.

IN reviewing this letter, we must necessarily recur to the occasion of it, that is, the pamphlet to which it is an answer. The author of the history and mystery of Good-Friday is supposed to be a dissenting clergyman of Cambridge, though in his little history he has shewn at least as much wit as divinity. After having in his three first paragraphs explained the intention of the Protestant reformers, who "broke open the papal cabinet exposed his pretended titles to public view, and did all in their power to simplify religion, and reduce it to its original plainness and purity." After saying how far they durst proceed, what they did, and what they expected their descendants to do, he adds—"Far from entering into this just and liberal design, we seem to have lost sight of it, and to have adopted principles subversive of the whole. We seem to have discarded piety, incorporated luxury, and the few who have not given up all sense of shame, endeavour to conceal the scandal under a cover of superstition. Thus we affect modesty, and dance naked in a net to hide our shame." We need not point out the wit and satire of this, particularly of the last period.—Again, speaking of Christ, he says,—"There are more than one hundred and thirty opinions concerning the year of his nativity, and the day of it has been placed by men of equal learning in every month of the year. There is a like variety of opinions concerning the time of his crucifixion. Let us respect the silence of the oracles of God."—This, however seriously intended by the reverend author, is the keen irony of Voltaire. He tells the following story in the same strain.

"In the seventh century, one of our petty kings, Oswy, having been instructed in the Christian religion by Scotch monks,

kept Easter after the Asian fashion, while his queen, who had been taught by a Roman priest, observed it in the western way; and it sometimes happened, that his majesty was joyfully celebrating our Saviour's resurrection, while the queen was fasting on account of his crucifixion. To get rid of this inconvenience, the king summoned a council to meet at Whitby to determine the original time of Easter. The clergy on the one side rested their cause on tradition derived from St. John, while the clergy on the other urged that which came from St. Peter. The king was judge, the balance inclined neither way, and long was he perplexed with authorities quite equal; at length being informed, that, however great St. John might be, St. Peter kept the keys of the kingdom of heaven, the king very prudently took care of the main chance, declared for St. Peter, and Easter has fallen on a Sunday in England ever since."

The pamphlet abounds in passages which we might quote to shew the author's turn for ridicule: the purport of it is to examine the history, the authority, the piety, and the polity of church holidays, which he decides against by arguments that discover great reading, and a philosophical mind, except in those instances where the non-conformist and the high-churchman are brought in competition; there the philosopher sinks, and the dissenter rises in his place. He is likewise occasionally, and we are sorry to say with too much justice, exceedingly severe against the clergy of the church of England.

We shall speak now of the letter in answer to the above quoted history and mystery of Good Friday, the author of which is no contemptible adversary. He begins his attack according to the old can-

ning trick of rhetoricians, by declaring himself void of art, and that he places his dependence upon truth:—"I" says the author, "have perused no acts of parliament—I have studied no homilies—I have read no decrees of convocations or assemblies. The Scriptures contain all things necessary to salvation: I have made them my chief guide in this production. If I am wrong in my conclusions, you, Sir, will pardon and pity me, and if I should be thought presumptuous in attacking a man skilled in all the wisdom of the Ancients, I have nothing to urge in excuse, but my zeal for that religion, which you, alas, have laboured to destroy." It appears, however, in the sequel, he is not quite so ignorant as his exordium would insinuate; though, it is true, he rests his main arguments on the authority of the Scriptures; but he does not neglect to take up the two-edged sword of ridicule, which had been so successfully brandished by the reverend Good-Friday historian, whence, it is evident, he knew this author, from which he derives some advantage by personal attacks, and the retort courteous on the non-conforming clergy, as the following quotations will prove.

"Has not the Reverend Mr. R—', meeting-house in Cambridge been opened for divine worship, till within these few years, every Thursday as well as Sunday? Has not notice been given from that gentleman's pulpit, that on such a day Mr. S—, and so, will deliver a lecture at this meeting; and have not printed hand-bills been delivered through the town of Cambridge to the same effect? Why is this notice given, and why are these hand-bills distributed? Not to inspire Christians with

a fervent zeal for the glory of God; not to rouse them from a sinful lethargy," &c. &c.

"Again, though you will not allow 'the church hath power to decree rites and ceremonies,' a dissenting minister hath power to make a shew-room of his meeting-house if he pleases, and suffer hand-bills to be distributed, like the people who have wild beasts to be seen, as for instance, 'This evening, October 24. at half past six o'clock, Mr. Murray of Newcastle, author of sermons to asses, and the history of the American war, will deliver in Mr. Robinson's meeting a lecture upon Daniel xii. 6. *How long shall it be to the end of these wonders?* In this lecture will be given some curious demonstrations upon chronology, worthy the attention of every one. Things *strange* and *new*, and unexplored before, will meet the ear.' And it may be *hinted* at the conclusion of the discourse, that it will be necessary for the congregation to *put sumnery in the plate*, to defray the expenses of the preacher's journey, &c.—Excellent doctrine! Faithful shepherds! Pious preachers!—It is written, "My house is the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." Luke xix. 46.

With respect to the merits of the controversy, whether Good-Friday should or should not be observed, we, in our critical capacity, have no opinion. The different pamphlets shew, that much may be said on both sides: the only rule perhaps is; the dictates of conscience; and certainly toleration is a principal duty of religion. "Is he the God of the Jews only? Is he not also of the Gentiles? Yes; of the Gentiles also." Romans iii. 29.

An Attempt to balance the Income and Expenditure of the State, with some Reflections on the Nature and Tendency of the late political Struggles for Power.
By John Earl of Stair. Stockdale. 1s.

THERE is in all the publications of this noble autho., a magnanimity, an air of candour, an unaffected zeal for the welfare of his country, and something highly interesting and venerable. In the pamphlet before us, the Earl, by comparing the sum total of the annual national disbursements, with the annual national income, shews that "either by a better mode of regulation and management of the present taxes, or by new taxes, or partly by both, the public revenue must be increased in the net tangible sum of four millions three hundred and se-

venty-one thousand three hundred and forty-six pounds yearly, or the creditors of the public must receive proportionally to the deficiency of our income less than their demands on the public: for it does not appear to me to be the interest of anybody, and least of all of the creditors of the public, to cut off any part of the expence that is necessary for the public security, or even what is requisite to give a certain degree of dignity and reputation to the nation amongst foreign nations. The natural result of such false economy is a war, solicited by the advantage our weaknefs

weakness offers, which consumes more in a year than can be saved by such misfunderstood parsimony in twenty."

Lord Stair concludes in a very remarkable manner, "I thank God, that, being a man, I have still a heart that feels for human woe; still a tear to bestow on the an-

guish of a mother and a Queen, should all her cares and virtues be ill requited. For a father's wrongs, if he is wronged, I have likewise a tear; and a tear, and something more, for a gracious King, should it be attempted to degrade him."

Thoughts on the Difficulties and Distresses in which the Peace of 1783, has involved the People of England; on the present Disposition of the English, Scots, and Irish, to Emigrate to America; and on the Hazard they run (without certain Precautions) of rendering their Condition more deplorable. Addressed to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox. By John King, Esq. Fielding. 1s. 6d.

THESE thoughts are addressed to Mr. Fox, who is treated with great freedom and severity by this rough, unpolished, lively, and shrewd writer.

Having warned and apprized the English, Scotch, and Irish, who are disposed to emigrate, that they are not wanted in America, and that if they go there, they will be disappointed, neglected, and perished, Mr. King goes on in this manner, "The emigrants of America say differently. They are dispersed through England, Scotland, and Ireland, to inveigle our husbandmen and mechanics; at the head of these is the good, the simple, the undesigning Mr. Laurens; and he has various subordinates employed in the same way, more active and diligent in their endeavours than Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, or Colonel Fitzpatrick, in the intervals of their occupations at the gaming-table. After America, like a grateful child, has shaken off all connection with the mother country, she is embowelling the nation of her most useful inhabitants; and should Lord Shelburne, Lord North, Lord Gower, Lord Carlisle, Lord Thurlow, Lord Ashburton, Mr. Fox, and his immaculate associates, and even the pompous offspring of Lord Chatham, be offered to Mr. Laurens for the use of America, he would at heart condemn the useless offer, though he would cant the rejection in an American compliment; he would not take them in exchange for so many athletic negroes. A rising commonwealth can yet require no heads to plan out ways and means; no inventions for fresh loans and new taxes. Laurens wishes them to remain here, to perplex and embarrass the state with cabals and contentions, in parcelling out power and places. If Laurens could people some district of America with our factious par-

tizans, and patriotic impostors, unanimity and peace might again predominate; but he seeks the quiet and useful members of the community, to establish and improve their manufactures: and thus on the restoration of peace, renders more essential injuries to England, than the most vigorous and expensive continuance of the war."

The whole performance is in this style, blunt, animated, and sensible.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

John King, Esq. of Dean-street, Soho, is, by birth, a Jew. His education was so blended with lessons on the Talmud and Hebrew Bible, that it retarded his progress in polite literature, and he quitted the schools with little other knowledge than mere reading and writing. With these slight endowments, and an enterprising genius, he launched into the annuity business at the age of seventeen; and from that moment to the present time, he has maintained a very aged mother, and several needy relations. In days of wealth and plenty, he made such a rapid fortune, that he was worth twenty thousand pounds before he was twenty years of age. He has now totally quitted the money business, and applied to the law, in which, if he makes the same progress he has done in every other pursuit, he will be soon highly distinguished. As to his religion, it is impossible for his most intimate friends to speak of it with certainty; he observes no Jewish ceremonies whatever, and it is impossible to pronounce him a Christian, because he has not formally abjured the religion in which he was educated. His writings are certainly spirited and spleen did, and do him infinite honour.

An Heroic Epistle from Sir Roger Sugar-Cane, to Lady Maria C*****. 1s. Yardley.

Poetical bagatelle, fit for the break- for whom it was, no doubt, writ-
fast table of the Cyprian Circle, ten.

Twenty Minutes Observations on a better Mode of providing for the Poor; in which it is rendered probable that they may be effectually relieved, in a Manner more agreeable to the general Feelings of Mankind, at the same Time that two Millions Sterling, or more, may be annually saved to the Nation. By Richard Pew, Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine, Edinburgh. Bew. 1s.

THE plan here proposed is worthy the attention of the legislature. It is not being injurious to our statesmen to say, that twenty minutes of their time is perhaps sometimes worse employed.

Monitory Hints to the Minister, on the present State of the Nation—The Disincumberment of the Empire—The necessary Alteration of the Constitution, &c. In a Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Shelburne: With occasional Observations elucidating many Passages in a Pamphlet lately published, entitled, A Defence of the Earl of Shelburne, &c. Bew. 2s.

THE minister here addressed is the Earl of Shelburne. The Monitory hints are mock advices. This pamphlet is not without a degree of humour.

Reports of the Huryane Society, instituted in the Year 1774, for the Recovery of Persons apparently Drowned, for the Years 1781—2. J. F. and C. Rivington.

THESE Reports are well authenticated, and contain many surprising instances of restored animation. The methods by which such recoveries have been effected are in many cases described. Dr. Hawes, of whom we have so many pulls in newspapers, seems a very active person in this Society.

A Probation Sermon, preached before the united Parishes of St. Magnus the Martyr, and St. Margaret New Fish Street Hill, January 12, 1783 (on a Vacancy in their Lordship, and soon after the Opening of their newly repaired, and beautified Church). By the Rev. Thomas Jones, A. M. Price 1s.

WE think the author could not give the parishioners a worse proof of his abilities. The work is not worthy our criticism; nevertheless we beg leave to lay the following extracts before our readers, by way of mirror to some gentlemen of the church; who, like Mr. Jones, frequently deliver from the pulpit improper discourse.

“With respect to this holy place of worship, you have repaired and fitted it up with a zeal, highly becoming you as christians; and with a neatness, elegance, and beauty, equal, I think, if not superior to any thing of the kind, in this great metropolis; and such as cannot but do great credit to the taste and mature judgment of all those, who have been concerned in the planning, superintending, and executing of this so pious a work. With respect to your ministry, you have at present a vacancy in your afternoon lectureship. And may that gracious and good God, who is alone the author and giver of every good gift, give you his grace, to proceed in such your choice,

with that caution, deliberation, circumspection, and careful examination, of all the candidates, which a matter, so very important to you, requires. Let no friendship for man, lead you into enmity with God. You will remember and consider, that it is a sacred trust committed to you by God himself, of which you must shortly expect to render a solemn account.

“Fourth and last place, Consider the necessity and inestimable benefit of such our beloved Lord’s coming. I am very well aware, that I have already trespassed too much upon your time; but, as the extensive nature of the subject in some measure demands it; and this is the first time I have had the honour of preaching before you; and as this is also the first favour of that sort, which I ever have asked of you, and may probably, unless you are very kind to me indeed, be the last; I trust I shall be pardoned, for taking this christian liberty with you.

To

TO the EDITORS of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IN your anecdotes of Mr. James Rymer, published in your last month's Magazine, you say that he was "dismissed from his post" of surgeon to his majesty's ship *Conquestadore*. As this assertion (into which, I have no doubt, you have been misled) may prove injurious to the character and interests of a most humane, ingenious, and deserving man, I trust you will give place to the following facts in your next publication:

The matter was briefly thus: when Mr. Rymer was surgeon of his majesty's ship *Conquestadore*, a Spanish sixty gun ship, then a guardship at the Nore, they had generally from six hundred to one thousand men on board. It happened, in the hot summer of 1779, that they had upwards of thirteen hundred poor fellows on board, suffering every distress from loss of liberty, social connections, and the most common benefits of life.

Mr. Rymer's official representations of the alarming consequences to be apprehended from so many men being kept so long crowded together, having had no effect, and the Earl of Sandwich coming down in a yacht to view them outwardly, (for he did not go on board, but merely passed them, and then hauled his wind up the river) without having given any orders to distribute the men on his return to the Admiralty, Mr. Rymer sent a few lines to the printer of the *St. James's Chronicle*, which were inserted. They had no view, no design whatever, but to publish the distresses of his fellow-subjects, and to shew the uncommon and unpardonable heedlessness of superiors in high offices.

Shortly after this, Admiral Roddam sent a message to Mr. Rymer from his house at Sheerness, (for the Admiral did never live on board) by the master of the ship, "that if Mr. Rymer would accept of a fine seventy-four gun ship, there was one at his service, for that he was desirous to have a gentleman who had formerly served with him appointed in his room." Mr. Rymer returned this compliment with satisfaction to his own feelings, and immediately wrote to some friends in office, requesting he might be superseded, which was soon after complied with.

Mr. Rymer has since served two campaigns in North America, surgeon of a

sixty-four gun ship, and was in the two last actions under Admirals Graves and Hood with the French fleet off the Chesapeake, and from the year 1770 to 1782 his conduct in his Majesty's service has been uniformly such as to acquire the love of the sailors, the esteem of his equals, and good will and friendship of his superiors, the above instance only excepted.

It is but justice to remark, that Mr. Rymer has been productive of much good to the public service. His pamphlet on the more effectual Means of preserving wounded Seamen, was the cause of a greater number of tourniquets being ordered to all his Majesty's ships; and his pamphlet on the Prevention of the Scurvy is acknowledged, by experienced men to be really deserving notice; but merit is not always rewarded, the above matters cost him much time and attention, as well as money, and his own unique tourniquet, much approved of by the late Dr. Hunter, by Mr. Cruickshank, and other eminent men, was not adopted by the commissioners of sick and hurt seamen, who continued their contract for the old ones, and were ever strenuous to oppose all Mr. Rymer's measures. They put him to the expence of a number of his tourniquets to be laid before them, which were rejected, and all the satisfaction and reward which he obtained, was, that the commissioners were under the necessity to order an additional number of the old ones to all the king's ships. It was the desire of the admiralty, and of Mr. Stephens, that Mr. Rymer should be rewarded: the forms of office required the opinion of the commissioners of sick and hurt, who, in their reports to the admiralty, were the means of preventing him from receiving any for the several plans he had laid before them, except copies of the reports, which the lords of the admiralty desired Mr. Stephens to transmit to him.

April 16, 1783.

A. F. M.

Mr. Rymer studied physic and surgery at the university of Edinburgh: he attended the lectures of the late Doctor William Hunter, and completed his midwifery under Doctor John Leake.

D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

JOHN BULL and his Cousin PADDY,

In St. JAMES'S-STREET.

(Embellished with a humorous Engraving)

BY my own shoul, cousin Bull, you have had your own fun in England this la't quarter; what with your ministry and no ministry, and now your ministry again; your Foxites, your Shelburnites, and Bedfordites; your peace-makers, ambassadors, and little kings of old Ireland: by the blood of my Milebian ancestors, you make very great asses of yourselves; for look'e, my dear cousin Johnny, what will our enemies abroad think of such proceedings? And how will my spirited countrymen on the other side the Liffey relish your sending 'em a king this evening, and calling him away to-morrow morning?

Why faith, Paddy, there is a great share of Quixotism in it, it must be allowed.

Quixotism! by my own shoul, if we were to play the fool in this manner on the other side the herring brook, as we call it, your brothers and sisters in this kingdom would swear we were not only wild, but bedlamites! But what the devil animal is that that has overset poor Britannia, the fish-woman, and the baker, who has taken to his heels?

That is an American buffalo; if we don't take care he'll be the ruin of us too; them reptiles you see scrambling for the loaves and fishes, have fed him secretly for some time, and now he is so pampered, sleek, and full of mettle, that he seems determined to requite their services.

I wish, my dear jewel, you would give me some account of these cormorants; by the splendor of G—! as William the Conqueror used to say, I never saw such greedy devils in the shape of men, before

The gentleman you see kicking the lawyer, and who looks so like one of the Israelites of Duke's-Place, is one of the wildest Foxes of the age.

You need go no further, my dear, I know him, he has been hunted often enough, and will be so again very soon, though he seems so snug now in cover.

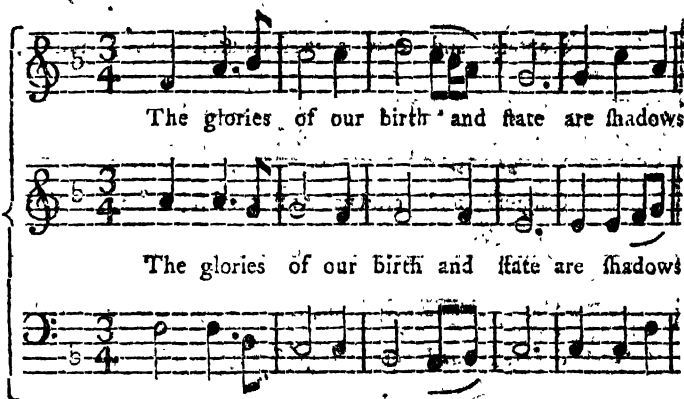
The next is a gentleman far North, as we say to a man who has cunning enough to smile in your face while he picks your pocket.

The man with the big wig, is—My dear, I know him very well, I heard him speak a few days ago as fine as Father Fleming, our great orator priest in Dublin, when he got up after sitting upon the wool—k.—Pray who is that gentleman in blue and gold, that seems contending with Mr. Fribble for the largest share?

That is Admiral Lee-chore, a seaman of uncommon prowess; you see he fights yard-arm and yard-arm, to put the beholders in mind of the glorious 12th of July! His antagonist is the cock-boat of nobility, and dances after the Britannia when his friends rule the helm. I believe the smiling gentleman in the window will find these ungovernable hounds, though he now seems highly delighted at the sport they have occasioned. The other characters are not worth our attention; so I'll let 'em divert themselves in the dirt, while we regale over a pot of Calvert's.

With all my heart; and my first toast shall be, may the plunderers of poor Britannia meet an ax on Tower-Hill, and a halter at Tyburn

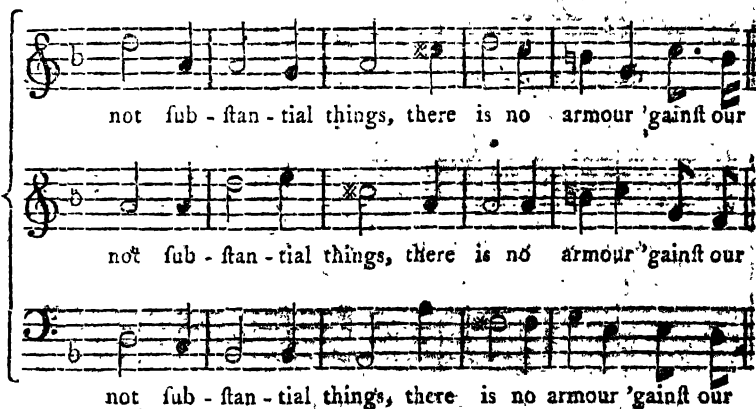
SET BY MR. EDWARD COLEMAN.



The glories of our birth and state are shadows

The glories of our birth and state are shadows

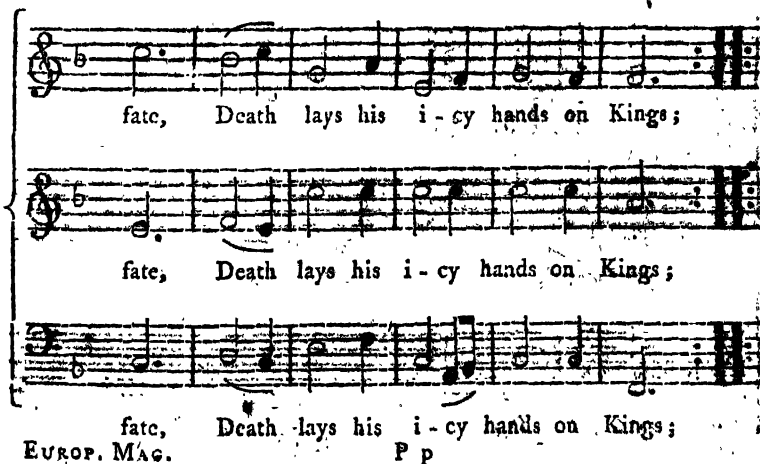
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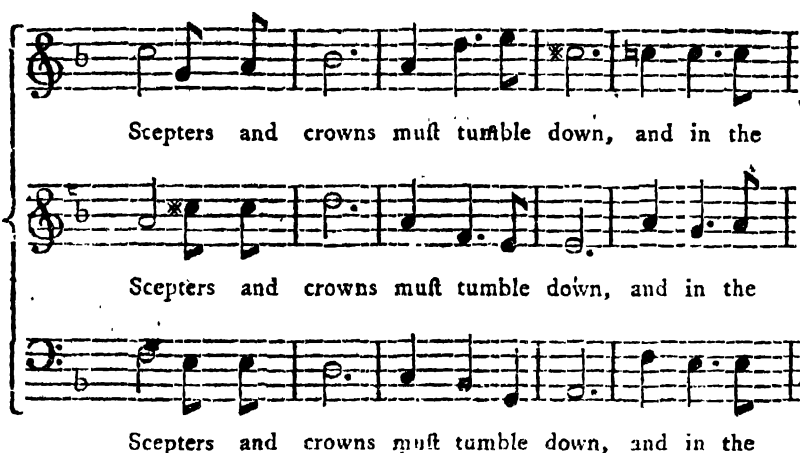


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EUROP. MAG. P p



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SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the PROCEEDINGS in PARLIAMENT.

(Continued from p. 230.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

FEBRUARY 17.

LORD North declared, that, during the thirty years he had served his country in that House, he had never felt more concern than he felt at that moment: It was his firm intention not to have delivered any opinion on the Peace; and his friends knew perfectly well, that it had been all along his earnest wish not to be obliged to deliver his sentiments on a Peace, which, at bottom, it was out of his power to approve. But as the motion before the House compelled him to give his reasons, why he would not approve of the Peace, he would state them as briefly as he could. In the West, he understood St. Lucia had always been looked upon as a counterbalance to Dominick, St. Vincent's, the Grenadines, and the other cedar islands; he was therefore convinced, that nothing could have induced the French to treat with us on the principle of *uti possidetis*, because while St. Lucia remained in our hands, together with such other islands as we are this moment possessed of, we unquestionably held the balance of power in the West-Indies; and therefore it would have been unsafe for the French to make Peace, without recovering that island from us; the consequence was, that we must, or rather ought to have been masters of the terms of the Peace; but instead of this, the French so far dictate to us, that we absolutely lose the advantage that ought to have arisen from the possession of that valuable island.—The Honourable Member who had moved the address had said, that with respect to the right of the French to fish on the Coast of Newfoundland, they had always enjoyed it; and that on the present occasion the locality only of the exercise of that right had been changed; but surely in this point, if the Honourable Member had told the truth, he had not surely told the whole truth; for the difference between the extent of coast on which the French had enjoyed the right of fishing formerly, and that on which they were to enjoy it in future, bore just the proportion of seven to 192 miles; for formerly they could dry their fish along a part of the coast, no more than seven miles in length; but now, by the change of locality only, as it was said, they could dry their fish on a coast no less, than one hundred and ninety miles in extent.—The restoration of Grenada and St. Kitt's might be thought so valuable as to induce Ministers to restore St. Pierre and Miquelon to France: But how was that restoration to take place? Formerly, at the first dawn of the war, these two places lay at our mercy, and the French fishery never failed to be destroyed; but now, as they were to be permitted to fortify Miquelon and St. Pierre, we shall no longer have that check upon the French for the preservation of the peace, which for-

merly we enjoyed. From this point, therefore, he would argue, that there was not a place restored to us for which we had not given value;—thus St. Lucia for the three islands he had already mentioned; Miquelon and St. Pierre, with the right of fortifying them, together with an extent of coast for fishing, of 190 miles, instead of seven miles, might be thought an equivalent for Grenada and St. Kitt's; as Goree and Senegal, were for what was left us on the coast of Africa: Thus it was that the French got value for value for every thing they surrendered, in the West-Indies, and were able to keep Tobago in the bargain. With respect to India, he must in conscience say, that we had made still greater concessions in that quarter; for we had restored to the French the whole trade they formerly enjoyed there, as far as Cape Comorin, together with the right of raising fortifications. Here he was in particular called upon to refuse his approbation to the Peace, till he should know whether we were actually at peace with France in that part of the world or not.

The next thing he would consider was the Treaty with America: Unsuccessful as we had been in the war with that country, he was certainly prepared for concessions and sacrifices: He did imagine, that among the concessions which this country would be obliged to make to America, would be that of the dependence of the latter upon the former; but he had never dreamed of those concessions, which were now to be made: If a boundary was to be given to America, where had been the necessity that twenty-four nations of Indians should be ceded to the Americans? The Ohio was the natural boundary. The second article of the Provisional Treaty contained some very remarkable things; it states that a line drawn through the Lake of the Woods, "through the said Lake to the most north-west point thereof; and from thence on a due west course to the River Mississippi." Now this being duly considered, would be found to be absolutely impossible; for this line would run far beyond the source of the Mississippi. The mouth of the river is in the hands of the Spaniards; its source in the possession of the Americans; one side of it is within the boundaries ceded to the Colonies, the other is in the hands of the Spaniards: Thus the river, the half of which is given to us by the Treaty, belongs wholly to other powers, and not an inch of it, either at north or south, at west or east, belongs to us. He next observed that the Honourable Member of the address had said that the boundaries of the Colonies had been extended solely for the purpose of taking away all handle for future quarrel or discontent: Did the Hon. Member imagine, that putting all the carrying-places into the hands of the Americans, was the most effectual way to prevent quarrels? In his opinion,

nion, no more effectual mode could be devised for creating dissensions: Giving up old friends and allies, and bringing the Americans to within twenty-five miles of Montreal, did not appear to him the means most conducive to peace and tranquillity. But above all, he objected to the article relative to the Loyalists: These gallant, but unfortunate men, were not, and ought not to be considered as traitors and rebels; because when they took up arms, it was at the call of their King, and in obedience to that allegiance which they had sworn to him: Their loyalty, therefore, should have met a better return, than that they should be made the subject of an odious exception; that those who had deserved of this country every grace, every favour that it could bestow, should be abandoned to the impotent recommendation of a Congress, whose authority to levy money was disputed and denied by every state in the confederacy. Here he felt the degradation of this country; here he saw the glory of America reared upon the ruins of Great-Britain. With respect to the right of fishing on the coast of Newfoundland, which was to be secured to the Americans, it had been said, that they used always to enjoy it: It was truly said, but then it was because they then were British subjects; but while the Americans were to have this fishery secured to them, there was no provision whatever for securing to his Britannic Majesty's subjects of Newfoundland, Canada, the Bahamas and Bermuda Islands, and Nova-Scotia, that right of fishing, which they also used formerly to enjoy on the coast of America.

He next considered the Treaty with Spain. The Honourable Gentleman who moved the address had said, that East-Florida was no longer of any use, since West-Florida was in the hands of the Spaniards; but as for himself, he would certainly argue very differently; for he would say, that the one had become more valuable since the other had passed into the hands of the enemy. Exclusive of the natural value and fertility of East-Florida, it would have been the means, in our hands, of providing for the Loyalists, and all those friends of ours in the Colonies, who would wish to quit the dominions of Congress, and take shelter in ours.

Last of all he took notice of Dunkirk, which the Honourable Member, who moved the address, had passed over in total silence. It had formerly been considered of infinite moment to this country, that there should be no fortification there; and it must not be immediately inferred that the French no longer think it of consequence, because they did not fortify it this war; the fact probably was, that they might have other reasons, different from those which might be supposed to arise from an idea that the place was of no consequence. In former wars, the French fortified it as much as they could during the war; but at the peace, they were obliged to destroy all the fortifications. While the event of the present war remained uncertain, they probably did not wish to lay out immense sums in raising fortifications, which at

the peace they might possibly be obliged to demolish; but as they were now free from any restraint on that subject, there was little doubt but they would avail themselves of the Peace to place those fortifications again on a respectable footing. Upon the whole, if the Peace really deserved approbation, he certainly was one of those who would most heartily approve of it, if, on due deliberation, he should find it deserving of praise; but many things remained as yet to be explained, and, until they should be explained, it would be absurd indeed to approve of the Preliminaries. That part of them which related to the cutting of logwood, was as yet a matter of obscurity to the House, and to the nation; and he was afraid, that, from the manner in which the fourth article of the Treaty with Spain was worded, the logwood trade would be greatly cramped, if not nearly destroyed. The article states, "his Catholic Majesty shall not, for the future, suffer the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, or their workmen, to be disturbed or molested, under any pretence whatsoever, in their occupation of cutting, loading, and carrying away logwood, in a district of which the boundaries shall be fixed; and for this purpose they may build without hindrance, and occupy without interruption, the houses and magazines necessary for them, their families, and for their effects, in a place to be agreed upon either in the Definitive Treaty, or within six months after the exchange of the Ratifications; and his said Catholic Majesty assures to them, by this article, the entire enjoyment of what is above stipulated, provided that these stipulations shall not be considered as derogatory, in any respect, from the rights of the Sovereign."

From this article it appeared, in the first place, that for at least six months after the exchange of the Ratifications; and in the mean time the trade must suffer exceedingly; the boundaries of the district were not known; nay, the very district itself was not known; so that such an one might be assigned to our logwood cutters, as might be absolutely useless. This, surely, required an explanation; and to say before hand that we approved a peace, which afterwards we might be obliged to condemn, would be folly in the extreme.

His Lordship concluded by informing the House, that as soon as they should have disposed of the amendment of the Noble Lord, to which he assented most cordially, and the more so, as it was calculated to support the prerogative of the Crown, in making Peace, and the faith of the nation, in adhering to it when made, he would move another amendment, stating the claims which the brave and unfortunate Loyalists had for support on the justice and humanity of this country.

Mr. Powys made a short speech in favour of the original motion: He said, that though the Noble Lord who had moved the amendment wanted time to consider the Peace, and examine the different articles, yet he was free to declare for himself, that he was at that minute

ready to pronounce his unequivocal opinion of the Treaty, which was, that taking the good and the bad together, he was perfectly satisfied with it. It was with no little surprise that he saw so strong a coalition, as he discovered by the amendment proposed by one Noble Lord, and supported by another: that still strange confederacies might not now a-days be subjects of surprise. Great and arbitrary monarchs of Europe had stood forth the protectors of an infant republic, and from what he this day saw, it was quite consonant with the spirit that it had induced these monarchs to take the part they had done, that the high and mighty sticklers for royal prerogative should make an intimate alliance with the humble worshippers of the Majesty of the people. As to the person who was supposed the head of the present Administration, he would say nothing of him but this, that he had no very high opinion of his character; but let his character be what it might, the Peace he had made, such as it was, was a blessing to this country, and should have his support.

Lord Mulgrave said, that since the Peace was made he would abide by it, how great soever should be his disapprobation of the terms, because it was necessary for the well-being of the country; that as the Constitution had vested in the Crown the right to make war and peace; as his Majesty had set his name to the Treaty; and as the national faith stood pledged for the maintenance and support of it, the King's personal honour, the honour of his crown, and the interest of his people required that the Peace should be inviolably observed.

The debate lasted till seven in the morning, at which time the House divided on the question for the amendment, when there appeared,

For it	—	—	224
Against it	—	—	208

Majority for the amendment, and consequently against the address in approbation of the Peace	—	—	16
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FEBRUARY 19

Mr. Secretary Townshend rose to move that the Bill "for removing and preventing all doubts that have arisen, or might arise, concerning the exclusive rights of the Parliament and Courts of Ireland in matters of Legislation and Judicature; and for preventing any Writ of Error or Appeal from any of his Majesty's Courts in that kingdom, from being received, heard, and adjudged, in any of his Majesty's Courts in the kingdom of Great-Britain," be read a second time.

Mr. Percival rose, and reminded the House that he had on a late occasion called their attention to the subject of the Bill. What he could not at that time obtain an attentive hearing to, he wished now to be permitted to state; the principle of the Bill, if he understood it correctly, was to abdicate and renounce all claim to the right of legislating for Ireland,

and exercising the power of judicature. Did the Bill go to the abdication of the criminal jurisdiction, as well as the civil? The question was material. They all knew that it had, in a variety of instances, been adjudged, that persons committing treasons and other crimes and felonies in Ireland, were triable here. They all knew that the statute 25 Henry VIII. had been repeatedly adjudged to extend to Ireland, and the famous case of Lord Maguire, who had been denied a trial by his peers, but had been tried and executed here for treasons charged against him in Ireland, was upheld by the authority of that statute. Mr. Percival mentioned other cases, and said that were it necessary, it would be easy for him to cite a variety of instances from Edward I. downwards. What he had said was enough, however, for his purpose; by it he trusted the House would see, there was an absolute necessity for putting the matter out of doubt for the future. He meant, therefore, when the Bill came to the fit stage, to move the insertion of a clause, the purport of which was to confine the trial of criminal matters committed in Ireland to Irish Courts of Jurisdiction.

What Mr. Percival had said, occasioned a slight conversation, in which

Mr. Burke declared his concern that the Hon. Gentleman should introduce any clause in this Bill likely to produce any contention, or totally irrelevant to the object of the present Act, which might be considered a preliminary measure from which are naturally to arise a variety of subjects proper to be adjusted between the two countries: And if there was anything which human invention could suggest peculiarly calculated to introduce debate and embarrassment, it must be the pressing on the House the import of the clause now explained and proposed to be adopted. It had no connection whatever with the present business, though it might come hereafter properly enough before the House, among an infinite number of other matters which appertained to that country; and this, which must be finally (as far as human wisdom and foresight can determine) canvassed and decided, when the political and other momentous subjects of imperial consideration shall afford time and leisure.

Lord Newhaven united in the same opinion of the necessity to enter into an adjustment of an infinite variety of points relative to commercial regulations, which he had no doubt, from the temper and good sense of the people of both countries, would be happily terminated to the mutual interest and satisfaction of all ranks and descriptions of men on this, as well as the other side of St. George's Channel.

The Bill was read a second time and committed.

Mr. David Hartley rose, to state some reasons for adjourning the Call of the House, but the House being impatient to be called over, and Mr. Rolle declaring he would divide the House upon the question, if any motion was made to adjourn it, Mr. Hartley concluded with

with moving, That the House be now called over.

Lord North said, he thought the subject of equal representation, which a Right Hon. Gentleman had declared he should bring forward shortly, was an ample reason for adjourning the Call; and he rather proposed it, as he understood a new Call must wait for six weeks before it could be made, so much notice being required to be given by the rules of the House. His Lordship pressed, that the motion for an equal representation might be made as soon as possible, for the sake of its being made in a full House; at the same time he meant not to hurry the Hon. Gentleman; as the motion was to shake the Constitution, to unhinge it, too much preparation could not be taken, previous to the proposition to Parliament, to adopt a measure of such infinite magnitude. He wished therefore the Right Hon. Gentleman to mature himself upon the subject as much as possible, and thought it fair to say, that there was not in that House a more determined enemy to the idea than he was; he was for no alteration whatever; that ever had, and he believed ever would remain, his fixed and unalterable opinion. From the importance of the subject, however, he wished it to come on in a full House; and as the nearer to Easter the motion was made, it would be more likely to be made in a thin House, he hoped it would be made early; and as the suspending of a Call was thought to secure a full attendance, he felt that to be a strong argument for adjourning the Call then, instead of calling over the House that day.

Mr. Fox said, he was about to commit again the high and enormous crime of voting with the Noble Lord in the blue ribband, because he thought the fuller the House, when the subject alluded to was brought forward, the better. When that day came, it would then be found, that no two men could differ more on one and the same measure than he and the Noble Lord should. The Noble Lord had assured the House, that he was the determined enemy of the motion intended; the House would find him as firmly its determined friend. Mr. Fox paid Mr. Pitt some high compliments on the very able manner in which he had opened the subject, when he had made his motion last Session; and said, his manner of treating the subject then, had not only excited the admiration of the whole House, but convinced them that he had made himself so completely master of it, that he was persuaded the House would agree with him, that no pains could add to his information upon it. Mr. Fox urged the necessity of having a full House when the day for making the Motion in question should arrive; and therefore though, under that peculiar circumstance, the adjournment of the Call necessary.

A loud expression of "Call! call!" came from all part of the House.

Mr. Byng, and some others, mentioning that the Call had been last adjourned upon a solemn promise that it should be enforced as

yesterday, the House agreed to enforce it then, and proceeded to call the names immediately.

FEBRUARY 21.

Lord John Cavendish rose to open the business of the day. He began with observing, that, by some unaccountable means, it had been reported abroad, that the majority of that House, on the division which took place, in consequence of the amendment he had proposed to the address on Monday last, had absolutely voted against the Peace. In order, therefore, completely and effectually to destroy every report to the contrary, and to defeat the designs that some men might wish to answer, by countenancing such a report, he had drawn up some resolutions, which he would submit to the House, declaratory of the strongest determination to maintain the Peace. The relative situation of the affairs of this country, and of the belligerent powers, was a ground which would support him in declaring, he thought the Peace inadequate to what we had a right to expect. Every part of the three Treaties was marked with concessions, which were the more mortifying, as we were in a situation to have resisted them. It had been urged that our finances were in a bad condition. It was true; but Ministers ought not to have attended solely to the state of their own finance; they should have taken into the scale the condition of the finances of the enemy, which they would have found such, as would have deterred the Ministers of the different belligerent powers from reducing us to the desperate alternative of accepting a dishonourable Peace, or resolving to prosecute the war, which latter measure our naval superiority in every quarter of the world might possibly have tempted us to adopt. With these objects before his eyes, he had drawn four propositions, which he would read to the House:—

Resolved, 1st, That the public faith having been pledged to the maintenance of the Treaties with France and Spain, and of the Provisional Treaty with the United States of America, this House will inviolably adhere to these Treaties, and faithfully support his Majesty in maintaining them.

2d, That this House will concur with his Majesty, in improving and rendering permanent the blessings of Peace, to the encouragement of trade, and the advantages of his people.

3d, That in recognizing the Independence of the United States of America, his Majesty had acted according to the powers vested in him for that purpose, and conformably to the sense of Parliament.

4th, That in the above Treaties greater concessions had been made to the enemies of this country, than they had any right to expect, considering the relative and comparative state of our affairs and theirs.

To these propositions he would add a 5th, which humanity and gratitude would equally approve; and that was—That this House will concur with his Majesty in making such compensation to such of the American Loyalists, as shall

shall appear, on due examination, to have deserved it. Having read these five resolutions, his Lordship concluded by moving the first.

Mr. St. John seconded the motion.

Mr. Secretary Townshend said, as to the first proposition, it was certainly such as met his warmest approbation; it was not only proper, but, in his opinion, absolutely necessary, at a time when reports were circulating, that the House of Commons disapproved of the Peace. The Noble Lord said, that he meant to maintain the Peace; but he must give him leave to think, that the consequence of his amendment on Monday, and his 4th resolution this day, if carried, would tend much more to shake, than confirm it. With respect to the second and third resolutions, he would not oppose them; the second, indeed, did not appear to him very consistent with the conduct of those who patronized the amendment, and condemned the Peace; for, to improve the blessings of a Peace, which they called disgraceful, dishonourable, and ruinous, was to suppose that ruin and dishonour were blessings: To the third resolution he could have no objection; the nation at large had panted for the end of the American war, which could not be attained but by a recognition of the Independence of the Colonies; and that Independence his Majesty was justified in recognizing by an express Act of Parliament: The 4th resolution, which condemned the Peace in direct terms, he was determined to meet fairly, and have it determined either in the affirmative or negative. As to the last resolution, relative to the Loyalists, he was of opinion, to say the least of it, that it was premature; and therefore he would put the previous question upon it.

Sir Peter Burrell declared that he concurred most heartily in every one of the resolutions that had been read by the Noble Lord: But more especially in the 4th, which conveyed a direct censure on the most disgraceful, the most infamous Treaties that had ever insulted that or any other House of Parliament; Treaties which contained almost as many concessions as they did articles. The framers of this Peace had (one might imagine, by way of mockery) declared in the Provisional Treaty, that it was to be founded in mutual interest and reciprocity; but that reciprocity was darkened with such deep shades, that it was absolutely impossible to discover it. We were to give to the Americans Independence; New-York, Charles-Town, the most of the province of Canada, the liberty of fishing on the Coast of Newfoundland, and drying their fish on the unsettled parts of Nova Scotia: And what was to be given to us in return for all these concessions?—Nothing. He spoke not from party zeal, but as an independent country gentleman, who, unconnected with party, expressed the emotions of his heart, and gave vent to his honest indignation; feeling, therefore, as he did, it was not at all wonderful that he should declare, as he then did, that all the propositions of the Noble Lord should have his most hearty support.

Sir Horace Mann said, he was free to say, that the Peace appeared to him humiliating beyond any degree that we had a right to expect; for our navy being in a flourishing state, there was no reason whatever for our submitting to dishonourable terms, except our resources were so thoroughly exhausted, that we could no longer raise the necessary supplies for the war. He admitted that our resources were not such as they had been; but much less would he admit that they were exhausted; but let them be in ever so bad a state, we should not keep our eyes on them alone; we should look round, and see in what condition were the finances of the other contracting parties.

Sir Cecil Wray said, that when he voted, on Tuesday morning, for the amendment proposed by the Noble Lord, it was because he could not approve of a Peace, apparently a bad one, until he should have had an opportunity to judge whether or not it was the best that we could have made in the present situation of our affairs. He had expected, therefore, that the Noble Lord would have this day moved for papers, which would have enabled the House to form a judgment on so very momentous a question. Gentlemen might therefore grieve at his surprise, when, instead of seeing any papers, or of getting any information, by which it might form a judgment on the question, he was called upon to express the most marked disapprobation of a measure, which he had never had an opportunity of fairly considering. He made no doubt but the part he was going to take that day, and the sentiments he had uttered already, would prejudice him in the opinion of many of his constituents; but if acting to the best of his judgment would offend them, he should be sorry for it; still, however, he would follow the dictates of that judgment, let the consequences be what they might; and if he should find that his constituents should be offended at his conduct, he would continue to serve them to the end of the present Session, when he would return back the trust which they had reposed in him, and thereby afford them an opportunity of finding and choosing a representative, who could accommodate himself entirely to their wishes. For the present, he would content himself with saying, that he would vote against the 4th resolution for censuring the Peace, because he never could consent to any vote or measure which might tend to throw the government of the country, or any part of it, into the hands of the old Administration, by which the empire had been brought to such a state, as to be under the necessity of submitting to such a Peace as had lately been concluded.

Here the Speaker interposed; he said, that the motion before the House did not meet with any opposition from any quarter, and therefore he submitted it to the House, whether it would not be better to dispose of this motion, and then take the debate on the 4th resolution, which had been read by the Noble Lord; it was to that resolution that gentlemen were speaking, though it had not yet been moved: He

He desired therefore to be informed whether he should put the question on the motion then before the House, the House reserving the debate for the 4th resolution, when it should have been moved? But Mr. D. Huxley stated a difficulty; he said, that if the three first propositions should be carried, and the fourth rejected, the former would amount to a complete approbation of the Peace; if this should not be the case, he had no objection to those three passing *sub silentio*.—This produced a short conversation, in which

Governor Johnstone said, he would consent that the question should be carried in the three first propositions without debate, provided he should not be precluded by the forms and orders of the House from replying to what had fallen from an Hon. Baronet on the floor (Sir Cecil Wray); for the question once put on each motion, put an end to the debate on that motion; and if in debating the 4th proposition, he should reply to any thing said on any of the three first, he knew he should be liable to be called to order, for speaking on any thing said on a former debate; but if it should be understood, that the House would not tie him up by this order, he would consent to the passing of the three first propositions immediately. This was received by the House with marks of approbation, and the question having been put on the first proposition, for resolving to maintain the terms of the Peace inviolate, it passed *unanimis contrariis*.

Lord John Cavendish then moved his second proposition, for resolving that the House would interfere with his Majesty in improving the blessings of Peace: And before he moved it, he just remarked that he had not, in his various propositions, advanced any sentiments which he himself did not feel. This resolution passed also without any opposition. On the third proposition, declaring that his Majesty, in recognizing the Independence of America, in the present circumstance of affairs, had acted by virtue of the powers vested in him, and conformably to the sense of Parliament:

Lord Newhaven said, he was a stranger to the powers by which his Majesty was said in this resolution to have acted; for he did not conceive that he had received any such powers from the Act of Parliament passed last Session; and he was as yet to learn that by virtue of his royal prerogative, he could dismember the empire.

Sir William Dolben followed his Lordship: he said, that whether it was from an unreasonable and invincible obstinacy of temper, or from some better cause, he knew not, but he had not been convinced by any arguments that he had ever yet heard, how the King became vested with powers to declare his American subjects Independent.

Mr. Wallace replied: He admitted that he knew of no prerogative of the Crown which gave his Majesty a power to dismember his dominions, or to declare his American subjects free from allegiance to him, and obedi-

ence to the laws; but at the same time he was as ready to maintain, that the power of recognizing the Independence of America was fully and amply vested in the Crown, by the Act which he had the honour to bring in last year. And he must declare, that in framing the Bill, he intended to enable the Crown, by any means, to put an end to the war in America; and therefore it was, that he had called the Bill, a Bill to enable his Majesty to make a Peace or Truce with America: In the first place, the idea of making a Peace or Truce with any people, necessarily includes his other idea, that the people with whom a Peace is made, is a sovereign people: For a sovereign cannot make a Peace or Truce with his subjects: Hence it was clear, from the very title of the Act, that the object of it was to grant Independence to America: And though in bringing in the Bill, it was his intention to empower the Crown to acknowledge the Independence, still he had purposely omitted the word Independence; because if it had been in the Act, the Crown must have acted in conformity to it; and Independence being once mentioned in the Act, it would be impossible to treat afterwards upon any other principle, than that of Independence: But that the Honourable Baronet should not entertain a doubt, but that the right or power of acknowledging the Independence was vested in the King by that Act, he begged he would recollect that the Act stated, that this power should be vested in the Crown, any law, statute, matter or thing to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Sir W. Dolben declared, that he was so unfortunate as not to be convinced by the arguments of the learned Gentleman. So great a power as that of freeing millions of subjects from their allegiance, ought not, and could not be vested by declaration or construction of law; and he confessed he was not possessed of sufficient foresight, or rather sense and light, to be able to discover an Act of Parliament, in which there was not a word of Independence, a power to acknowledge the Independence of America.

The Attorney-General insisted, that the Act of Parliament alluded to, vested in the King the most absolute power to acknowledge the American Independence; but he differed, at the same time, from the learned Gentleman, on the question of prerogative; for he would readily meet any lawyer on the subject, and undertake to prove, that, by virtue of the royal prerogative, the King could have declared America Independent.

Mr. Lee, in opposition to the doctrine of the Attorney-General, laid it down as a principle of law, that the King could not declare his subjects free from their allegiance, and dismember the empire, but he admitted, at the same time, that the Act of Parliament alluded to, supplied the defect in the royal prerogative, and gave his Majesty a power which he did not possess before.

Sir Adam Ferguson agreed, that the Act of Parliament

Parliament gave the King a full power to recognise the Independence of America.

Mr. Eden said a few words in favour of the motion, in which he stated the propriety, of the conduct of Administration, in adopting the spirit and intention of the Act of Parliament which had been passed.

Lord North, after having gone very fully into the consideration of the Articles of Peace, what they were in their nature, and comparing them with what they ought to have been in effect, comforted them in the severest terms of reprehension. His Lordship insisted, that from the actual situation of this country, and the relative one of the late belligerent powers, the nation ought to have had a far better Peace. The concessions, that had been made were disgraceful and humiliating; he was sorry to look upon them without the power of redress. It was well known that America, long before hostilities had ceased, was panting for a cessation of arms. The navies of France and Spain were not to be considered as of consequence, after having obtained what they wanted, they would have been laid up and useless. If Ministers could justify the Peace on any ground whatsoever, let them immediately let about it, and give the public that satisfaction which nothing but the strongest proofs that the best Peace that could be had was really obtained. The question seemed to be, whether it was better to have the war we had been engaged in, or the Peace we had obtained? It was not true that any kind of a Peace was better than carrying on the war. Though some articles of the Peace might be less objectionable than others, yet they were not what they ought to have been.

Mr. Secretary Townshend replied to Lord North. He said, if Gentlemen would consider all things, the Peace would be found as good as the situation of the country would admit of, or that there was any right to expect. The Noble Lord and Gentlemen might imagine, that if the war had been continued another campaign, something more might have been done; but it was the opinion of many others, high in respect and profession, that before the end of another year, there would have been greater danger, had hostilities been continued, of America's being in possession of Quebec. To contend against so many confederated powers, was not like contending against one only, and the negotiation was equally difficult in the same manner of comparison; add to this, we are unaided, and had the tears of a large armed neutrality upon us. The Noble Lord, in his own Administration, had not been able to prevent these combined armaments of the neutral powers, which, in the course of things, must have operated to the disadvantage of this country, and to the efforts of those who had to negotiate on behalf of it. The Noble Lord had, on Monday, expressed himself to be unprepared to speak his mind fully upon the terms of the Peace, but, since that time, had seemingly collected wonderful information, every information necessary to speak decidedly, and

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in the fullest manner, to that which on Monday he confessed himself incompetent to do. He could by no means suffer the words in the motion to pass.

Governor Johnstone, in order to prevent future impositions of the Crown from drawing down the recognition of American Independence, as a precedent in support of an unbounded and unconstitutional prerogative of the Sovereign, moved, that after the words, "powers vested in his Majesty," be added, "by Act of Parliament;" in order to show that it was not by virtue of his prerogative, but under the authority of an Act of Parliament, that his Majesty had declared America independent. This amendment was received, and the third resolution thus amended, passed without opposition.

Lord John Cavendish then moved the 4th resolution, which declared, That the concessions made to the enemy were greater than the enemy had a right to expect, from the relative and comparative strength of this country, and that of the belligerent powers.

Captain Keith Stewart admitted our Navy to be in a very flourishing condition; he admitted also, that we were possessed of the superiority in the West-Indies; but he said he was afraid this superiority would not last long, when he reflected on the great force of the French and Spaniards at Cadiz, ready to sail at the time the Preliminaries were signed: The combined fleets in that bay at the time alluded to, amounted, according to the best information he had been able to obtain, to upwards of sixty ships of the line. From very good information he was able to say, that, in the spring, the Dutch would have been able to send to sea 25 sail of the line; these would have completely turned the balance against us. We had reason to rejoice, that the Peace had opportunely been made, to save us from the calamities of another campaign, and therefore he would vote in favour of the Peace, and consequently against the motion.

Mr. Powys rose also to oppose the motion. He wondered that an enquiry was not instituted; the Address had been opposed on Monday, in order that the House might have time to consider of the Peace; and now, without consideration, they were called upon to censure the Peace: He did not say that it was a good Peace; he believed there were objections in it which ought not, and need not to have been made; but still, taking the good and the bad together, he liked the Peace, and thanked the Minister who made it; not because it was a good Peace, but because he had broke the confederacy which had nearly ruined us. He then adverted to the coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox, and their friends: He said it might be necessary there should be some alloy in the coin, but Gentlemen should take care how they debased it: There was, some time last summer, something like a sterling principle, which formed the basis of Administrations; he should be sorry to see its lustre tarnished by a disgraceful coalition.

Q9

Lord

Lord John Cavendish said, the Hon. Member's wit had outrun his judgment. He then entered upon a defence of his friends, and an explanation of their system. As to the supposed coalition, he begged that Gentlemen would recollect the state of affairs in the year 1757, when this country was torn with parties infinitely more than it had been within the last five years, inasmuch so indeed, that there was not an Administration in the kingdom during so long a period as eight months; at length the necessity of the public affairs made them begin to forget parties; they were brought into good humour by long resistance; they became united at last, and out of five different parties was formed an Administration, that caused the glory of the country to the greatest height; and he was convinced that the country could not be prosperous, till all the House should shake hands, and unite cordially for the good of the community.

Mr. Wilbraham Boorle freely declared himself to be dissatisfied with the Peace, though he was willing to abide by it.

Sir Edward Attkley was willing to abide by the Peace, and to vote against the resolution: He inveighed against Lord North's Administration, but it is possible, still more against those who were forming a junction with him.

Mr. Fox insisted, from the state of our navy, there was no reason whatever for making an ignominious Peace. It had been on a former day said by the friends to the Peace that it was become necessary, from the weak state of the navy; but the truth of this position he most strenuously denied. The late First Lord of the Admiralty, conscious that the navy was in a flourishing condition, had resigned his employment the moment he found that such a Peace as the present one was made; this clearly proved how highly that Noble Lord thought of the navy; but ~~he~~ ^{he} said he, prove the state of the navy: During the last campaign the British navy had been augmented with 17 ships of the line, while that of France had decreased 13: Admiral Pigot would have had, by this time, 54 sail of the line in the West-Indies, a force that would have left us perfectly at ease with respect to our possessions in that quarter, particularly when the state of the Spanish navy was considered; and having 24 ships of the line at home, we had but little cause to be uneasy on the score of the insufficiency of our marine. He then spoke of coalitions between parties, and proved that according to the principles of those who were offended at the idea of such a coalition, no Administration whatever could exist in this country: He stated the necessity of forming such an Administration as would enable this country, proud of her unanimity, to speak in a high tone to foreign powers: Such an Administration was at present necessary, because there was no doubt but that Noble Lord who was at the head of the Treasury, must go out. It had been insinuated, on a former day, that the Foreign Ministers had appeared shy in treating with the present Administration, on those af-

fairs which remained still to be settled in the definitive treaty, and that this shyness proceeded from the doubt occasioned by the vote of Tuesday morning, whether the Peace should last, or not; but was it not equally fair to suppose, that this shyness was occasioned by the doubts which the Foreign Ministers entertained; whether the present Administration should exist long enough to perfect the Treaty?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer rose in reply to Mr. Fox. He began with a most elaborate eulogium on the Honourable Gentleman's abilities, and especially his great oratorical powers. He lamented, at the same time, that there was such a waste of the finest and most finished eloquence, on a cause in its own nature so little calculated to justify such an able and singular exertion. Much had been said on the strength of our navy. He was unwilling to depreciate its strength, its value, or its importance. But he would speak only on the best authority. A state of the navy was on the table, and to that he would appeal. Our strength in the West-Indies, after all the pompous descriptions we had of it, was not very superior to the enemy, or at least could promise us no very decided superiority in that quarter. Admiral Pigot had not, at present, above forty sail of the line, and a few months hence perhaps might, by various accessions, muster fifty: This was not so very effective as we might conceive, when it was considered that the combined fleets of the enemy were greatly superior. He shewed that our strength, in the aggregate, had been very much exaggerated, and asserted, that the naval force of Great-Britain consisted of something less than an hundred ships of the line. From these facts he was astonished to hear any stress whatever laid on the argument from the superiority of our fleet, as contrasted with that of France and Spain. The finances of this country were not in a state that would easily or safely admit of improvement or experiment. Even this, compared with that of our enemies, he was afraid, would be found very inadequate to the support of that high and elevated tone which Gentlemen were so fond of assuming. He was very free to acknowledge, for his own part, that the concessions made by this country, whether adequate or not to her present political circumstances, were indispensable. It was impossible to do without a Peace, and a Peace was not to be had on any other terms. The state of the navy lay on their table, that of the army was also well known. He would only remark, by the way, that the army of this country was not calculated for foreign though they could have been spared from domestic service. And he submitted the fact to all who know their circumstances and situation. We had still a great extent of territory to defend; and they were not by any means adequate to it at all. So that in every sense of the word we were not entitled to withhold our assent from such a Peace without deserting the solid and substantial interest of our country. There was undoubtedly a time

a time when we might have held a more stately and supercilious language. England was not at this time triumphant, and her neighbours were not disposed to suffer her to continue her insolence. They were determined to humble or mortify her, and fate itself could not prevent her feeling her inferiority. But let those who reduced her answer for what they have done. The present Administration had found her in circumstances peculiarly derogatory of her dignity and honour. They saw the absolute impossibility of carrying on a war. The voice of the public was for Peace: Their circumstances demanded it loudly, and they must have acted altogether incompatible with their inclination to have rejected them. He could appeal to the public and to the House for the consistency of his political conduct; but he was not a little apprehensive, that much of the opposition now made to Ministry originated in a wish to force the Earl of Shelburne from being at the head of the Treasury.

Mr. Hill (Member for Shropshire) said, with respect to the Peace, he thought it a very good one. It was found fault with by two parties of men, or descriptions of them. By one who had brought on the War, and by one who wanted Peace on any terms. But a short time since, one of the Honourable Gentlemen, who censured the Peace, told that House, we

must have Peace on any terms, or we were ruined; we were no longer able to support the war. Now we have got a Peace, and upon his own terms, he was dissatisfied with it. With respect to the coalition of parties that he had heard of, he had a strange idea. They were like the mixture of two chemical compounds, which as soon as put together, put all into a ferment, but destroyed the power of each other, and in the end became of no effect.

It now being past three o'clock, the Speaker put the question,

"That the concessions made to the Adversaries of Great-Britain, by the said Provisional Treaty and Preliminary Articles, are greater than they were entitled to, either from the actual situation of their respective possessions, or from their comparative strength."

When the numbers were,

Ayes	—	—	207
Noes	—	—	190

Majority for censuring the Terms of Peace — } 17

Lord John Cavendish then withdrew the motion relative to the Loyalists, as it was contained, he said, in the body of the address already presented to his Majesty.

(To be continued.)

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH 24.

• Drury-Lane.

A New Farce, called "The Adventures of a Night," was performed at this Theatre for the first time, the characters of which are as follow:

Morecraft, a Justice,	Mr. Parsons.
Diaper, a Citizen, -	Mr. Baddeley.
Hastings, - - -	Mr. Palmer.
Fairlove, an Officer,	Mr. Barrymore.
Sprightly, an Uni-	} Mr. Bannister, jun.
versity Student,	
Crab, a Constable,	Mr. Wrighten.
Capias, Morecraft's	} Mr. Barton.
Clerk, - - -	
Mrs. Morecraft, -	Mrs. Hopkins.
Mrs. Crab, - - -	Mrs. Lo e.
Lucy, - - -	Miss Collet.
Harriet, Diaper's	} Miss Phillips.
daughter - - -	

F A B L E.

Diaper being averse to the marriage of Harriet, his daughter, with Fairlove, between whom a mutual affection has long subsisted, they agree to elope to Scotland. In her way to the place of appointment, Harriet meets with Sprightly, who is just returning from the tavern, and seeing her without a man to protect her, it being night, supposes her a woman of no reputation;

and accosts her accordingly. Hastings, who by chance passes by, assists and rescues her, at the instant that the constable comes up, and mistaking him for the person who caused the alarm, carries him and Harriet before Morecraft, a trading justice. After a scene between Morecraft and his wife, Harriet and Hastings are introduced, and the justice threatens to commit him for some expressions he uses, tho' Harriet will not accuse him; but is dissuaded by Mrs. Morecraft, who represents the danger that may attend it, and he desires her to talk to him on the subject.—Morecraft is now left alone with Harriet, and supposing her (from the constable's account) a girl of the town; persuades her to put herself under his protection, which, as the only chance of escaping, she pretends to agree to, upon condition he will permit her to send a note to a friend, who will be alarmed at not seeing her.—In the next scene Hastings and Mrs. Morecraft are discovered, who is about to release him privately; but the coming of the justice prevents her, and she desires Hastings to conceal himself under her toilette; and on Morecraft's enquiring for him, tells him she has dismissed him. He pretends to have done the same by the girl when at that instant Sprightly (who is the justice's nephew, and lodges in the house) pursues Harriet into the room. Mrs. Morecraft reproaching the justice, Harriet owns she was writing to her friends, when Sprightly affronted her a second time. On this he perceives it

is Fairlove's mistress, and, to bring himself off, pretends to be drunk, when the justice questions him on the subject, and he makes such answers as provoke him to lift up his cane, to avoid which he staggers backward, overturns the toilette, and discovers Hastings. The justice, in a rage, now orders Crab to take charge of his prisoner, and Mrs. Morecraft doing the same by Harriet, the act ends with their both being taken into custody.—Harriet, in the second act, has received a letter from the justice, promising to visit her at the constable's house; to prevent which she has written to her father, acquainting him with her situation. The constable now enters, and introduces Sprightly and Fairlove, whom Sprightly had informed of her confinement. Fairlove desiring to see the gentleman who protected Harriet, Crab introduces Hastings, who proves to be an old acquaintance of Fairlove's, whom he had known in the West-Indies, where he was married and settled, but his wife dying, he had left the place, and just arrived in London. Fairlove tells him of the letter Harriet has received, and he replies he has received just such another from Mrs. Morecraft; on which Sprightly says she has a thought come into his head, which, if he can gain the constable, bids fair to out-wit them both.—Daisy now arrives, and discovers Hastings to be his son, whom he had formerly disinherited for going into the army, and receives him again into favour on his acquainting him he had quitted it, a rich planter's widow having married him, on condition of resigning his commission, and changing his name for her's. At Hastings's request also he consents to the marriage of Harriet and Fairlove. Sprightly now enters, and informs them his uncle and aunt are come, the constable gained, and every thing succeeds to his wishes. In the next scene the justice is discovered, waiting for Harriet, who enters, and, after a short conversation, which lays the foundation for future resort, Morecraft is prevailed on, for fear of a discovery, on seeing somebody coming, to go into a closet. Mrs. Morecraft and Hastings now enter, and, after a while, the being alarmed on hearing a noise, Hastings say, to prevent surprise, he will remove the light, and unlock the door, but goes out and secures it on the outside. Morecraft now comes out of the closet, sitting all quiet, and he and Mrs. Morecraft mutually mistaking each other for Harriet and Hastings, at the instant the justice falls on his knees, and kissing his wife's hand, the whole company come in with lights, thus caught they submit, and the justice is beguiled, on promise of immediate restoration, by making the honourable example of his greater pit or his brethren the model of his future conduct.

APRIL 7.

Covent-Garden.] A pastoral romance, called "The Shamrock; or, the Anniversary of St. Patrick," was performed, for the first time, at this theatre, the characters in which are,

King of the Liprechains (a Fairy)	Master Edwin.
Fairy Frank,	Miss Morris.
Pat,	Miss Kennedy.
Dermot,	Mr. Brett.
Phelim,	Mr. Davies.
Darby,	Mr. Edwin.
Fathol Luke,	Mr. Wilson.
Norah,	Mrs. Bannister.
Kathlane,	Mrs. Martyr.
Shelah,	Mrs. Morton.

F A B I. F.

This piece opens (supposed at dawn of St. Patrick's day) with the view of Carton village, and the Duke of Leinster's seat, situated about ten miles from Dublin; after a wild symphony, a number of Leprechauns or Fairies, are seen at a distance scampering through different parts of the landscape; and by degrees, in a sprightly chorus, gain the front or the stage, where they are informed by Frank (the principal Fairy) that their king has, the preceding night, slept in a pail, which had been inadvertently left out at the door of a cottage, they perform some antic gambols round the pail, through which the King rises, is saluted by Fairy Frank, and dismissed by the rest, wishing good-morrow to his Majesty's night-cap. The King acquaints them with his business at the village, which is to effect a separation between four lovers, and promote a union more consonant to their several dispositions; as Pat, a sprightly peasant, loves Norah, who is of a grave cast, and Dermot, a melancholy shepherd, is in love with Kathlane, a merry country girl; the King, supposing if they match thus, from their difference of temper, they must ever be unhappy, endeavours by a spell, to turn the affections of the merry Pat to the sprightly Kathlane, and melancholy Dermot to the grave Norah; for this purpose, he places a charm in the milk-pail which belongs to Kathlane, and in a Shamrock; this done, they vanish.

Dermot, the grave peasant, now enters, and sings a serenade under his sweetheart, the merry Kathlane's window: She descends, and after a pleasant scene, which displays their contrasting tempers, she desires him to carry her pail, and he presents her with the magic Shamrock, which he finds under it. No sooner is the Shamrock pinned to her breast, and the pail on his head, than the charm which they contain begins to operate; a mutual disgust instantly taking place of their affections, they separate in a wrangling duetto.

Norah, the pensive shepherdess, now appears, and in a long sweetly pathetic, lament the absence of Pat, her merry lover, who had gone the day before, on some business, to Dublin; he now enters, and a love scene ensues, but expressive of their opposite dispositions: They go off in a song by Pat, the subject of which is, that all his joys are comprised in his little girl, his friend, and plecter. Darby, a simple peasant, now appears, surrounded by a crowd of villagers,

villagers, who all have their several demands on him, for commissions which he had promised to execute for them in Dublin, he being just returned from thence with Pat; and after being teased and perplexed with a number of questions, he is relieved from his embarrassment by the entrance of Father Luke, who is priest of the parish, and his clerk, the priest sends them out of the way, and then Darby discloses his passion for Shelah, to whom Father Luke is guardian; and on Darby's promise of a fat sheep, for his content and assistance, the priest gives him his hand, that he will have her, and recommends him strongly as a husband to Shelah, who now enters, after being extremely lavish and whimsical in his commendations and praises of Darby's personal accomplishments. Unfortunately for the lover, Phelim (whom Shelah likes) now enters, and promising two sheep to the priest for his consent, he instantly changes sides, extols and recommends Phelim to his ward, as a proper husband, and withdraws his influence from poor Darby.

The first act now closes with a quartetto, expressive of their several situations. Norah begins the second act with a song; complains of the wildness of her lover; but on his entrance a tender love-scene ensues; in the midst of their fondness the King, unseen by them, throws two Patrick's crosses (which are worn in Ireland on that festival) in their way; each seeing writing on the back of the several crosses, are tempted to read it; that on Pat's informs him that Norah is false, preferring Dermot to him, with whom she has an assignation in the elm-grove; the writing in Norah's cross imports, that Pat entertains a passion for Kathleen; both inflamed with jealousy by this spell, part in a sweet and affecting duet.

Darby is now discovered over a mug of ale, as he remarks that sorrow is dry, and chaunts out a love madrigal. Father Luke desires him to be a Christian, and not fret for Shelah, who now enters, and hearing her name mentioned, steps aside to listen. Father Luke promises his consent to Darby's union with her, on condition that he takes her without a fortune; and to influence Shelah in his behalf, lays a scheme that he shall that night come under her window, disguised as the ghost of her father, the old Piper; there being a report in the village that he had been, since his death, playing his pipe in the elm-grove. Shelah, determined to counteract this device, runs off to consult with her sweetheart Phelim on the means. The four lovers are now discovered in the elm-grove; Pat having brought Kathleen with him to surprise Dermot, in his supposed assignation with Norah; and Norah having informed Dermot of Pat's imagined appointment with Kathleen; each now seeing the other come to the spot with the supposed rival, are confirmed in their mistake. A wrangle, near to pulling caps, takes place between the two females, which terminates in tears; this nearly produces a quarrel between the ladies; true female affection now elucidates the poet's moral,

and bursting forth in a bright gleam, love triumphs over jealousy; for when Pat espoused Kathleen's quarrel, forgetting her resentment the steps in between. Norah, from the same impulse, acts much the same part by Dermot, when he threatens her beloved Patrick; this brings on a mutual explanation, their former tenderness returns to its proper objects, and suspecting, as is the case, that the crosses must have been some Fairy conjuration, they fling them away with fear and abhorrence. Aërial music precedes the appearance of Fairy Frank, as ambassador from his King, who justifies and applauds their true love; acknowledges his error in supposing that his power, or even jealousy, could shake it; recommends mutual faith to secure it; sings a sprightly air, and vanishes with a train of Liprechans.

The last scene, Father Luke offers in Darby, equip'd for the ghost of old Tom the Piper; Darby's fear communicates, by degrees, to Father Luke, who, notwithstanding his power over all orders of hobgoblins, flinks off, and leaves poor Darby to their mercy. Phelim, having been prevailed on by his sweetheart, Shelah, like wife to assume the phantom's form, this counter-act works as they could wish it; for poor Darby, on seeing Phelim, imagines him to be the real ghost come to punish his temerity: Father Luke, at the sight of the two ghosts, is struck with the like panic, and repenting his intended fraud in behalf of Darby, determines to atone for it, by giving his word Shelah to her lover Phelim, who now appears. The latter having slipped off his disguise, they are joined by the true lovers, who come to request a cast of Father Luke's function, in joining their hands; and the piece concludes with a *finale*.

The above is said to be the production of Mr. O'Keefe's pen. The music was adapted by Mr. Shields.

The following are the most approved airs in the above romance:

A I R. MRS. MARTYR.

Since love is the plan,

I'll love it I can,

Attend, and I'll tell you what sort of a man,

In address how compleat,

And in dress spruce and neat,

No matter how tall, so he's over five feet;

Not dull, nor too witty,

His eyes I'll think pretty,

If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

In a song I ear a bob,

In a glaze, hob-nob,

Yet drink or his reason his noddle ne'er rob;

Tho' gentle, he be,

His man he shall see,

Yet never be conquer'd by any but me,

This, this is my fancy,

If such a man can see,

I'm his, if he's mine, until then I'll be free.

A I R. Mrs. BANNISTER.

Dearest youth, why thus away,
And leave me here a mourning !
Ceaseless tears, while thou'rt away,
Must flow for thy returning.
Winding brooks, if by your side
My careless Pat is straying,
Gently murmur, softly chide,
'And say for him I'm straying.

Meads and groves I've rambled o'er
In vain, dear youth, to find thee :
Come, ah ! come, and part no more,
To leave thy love behind thee.
On yon' hill I'll sit till night,
My careful watch still keeping ;
But if he does not bless my sight,
I'll lay me down a weeping.

A I R. Mrs. KENNEDY.

The Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
Its dear falling waters, and murmuring ca-
cades,
Its groves of fine myrtles, its beds of sweet
flowers,
Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty
maids.
As each his own village will still make the most
of,
In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not
wrong,
Dear Carton, containing what kingdom may
boast of ;
'Tis, Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my
song.
Be Gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice
broots on,
The horses to start at the Carrugh of Kildare ;

Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits
on,
Lac'd waistcoats, white gloves, and their nice
powder'd hair,
Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean, humble
station,
For gold or for acres he never shall long ;
One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a
nation,
From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my
song.

A I R. Mr. EDWIN.

Tho' late I was plump, round, and jolly,
Tho' now I'm as slim as a rod ;
Oh ! love is the cause of my folly,
I soon shall lie under a sod.

Sing Natherum doodle,
Nagetty tragedy rum,
My dadtherum hoodle,
Fidgeetty nidgeetty mum.

Dear Sheilah, then why do you flout me,
A bad that's for coyle and wrim,
With every thing handsome about me,
A cabin and snug little farm.
Sing Natherum doodle, &c.

What tho' I have scrap'd up no money,
No duns at me chimble at end ;
On Sunday I ride on my pony,
And still have a bit for a friend.
Sing Natherum doodle, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,
The sparrow, the pigeon, and dove ;
Oh ! all this courting confounds me,
I look, and I think of my love.
Sing Didtherum, &c.

P O E T R Y.

THE C O Q U E T.

By Dr. HOULTON.

CORINNA, aged forty-five,
Did not of marriage yet despair,
Tho' she her charms had kept alive
A dozen years, by art and care.

Full oft she many a generous youth
Had trick'd and treated with disdain,
But now she wish'd, in earnest truth,
'To add a link to Hymen's chain.

To Strephon, then, who, day and night,
Did heretofore sincerely woo,
She condescended thus to write,
'You've conquer'd, Sir, I yield to you.'

Strephon, whose mind sweet peace possess'd,
Who long had ceas'd to love and sigh,
Gave quick for answer, thus address'd,
'Read it, Corinna, and apply.

' The rising sun I've oft admir'd,
' Till pleasure has to rapture grown,
' His noon-tide beams my breast have fired,
' With glowing bliss, to words unknown.
' But Sol, so bright, at eve declines,
' When all men see his course is run,
' With ruddy face still, still he shines,
' But ah ! his heat and beams are gone.

She read—the paus'd—Reflection's glass,
Quick as the forked lightning's dart,
Show'd her with painted haggard face,
O sad conviction to her heart !

No more at balls or routs she's seen,
No more each borrow'd art the ties,
A victim now to hips and spleen,
All day she hides, all night the sighs.
Then let not slip, ye lovely Fair!
Youth's prime, and Beauty's blissful date,
To generous lover, be finer,
Lest you should meet Corinna's fate.

C A R T O N. A Descriptive Poem.
Inscribed to his Grace the Duke of LEINSTER.

By NEWBUGH BURBOUGH, A.M.

CHARM'd with the scenes that crown thy
Imaging plains,
Where Nature in primal beauty reigns,
And scatters with a rich, unsparring hand,
Her partial bounties o'er the favour'd land;
The rural mode, that haunts the secret shade,
(Too long her lowly tribute left unpaid)
Thy aid invokes to patronize her theme,
And grace her humble lays with LEINSTER'S
name;

And while she brings thy various worth to view,
(A theme still copious and for ever new)
Bids Inspiration lend her sacred pow'rs
To court Description from thy blissful bow'rs.
Where ev'ry scene some native charm displays,
Where every shrub a secret grace betrays;
Where still new wonders strike the ravish'd sight,
How shall th' uncertain Muse attempt her flight?
What chosen beauties from the crowded throng
Select, to raise and dignify her song?

Behold the stately tow'r majestic rise!
From whose aspiring top, that meets the skies,
The wide, bold prospect rushes on the sight,
In carlets grandeur and confus'd delight.
Here the enamour'd eye excurive roves
O'er painted landscapes and declining groves;
The flow'ry meads, the cultivated plain,
Where smiling Ceres leads her laughing train,
The gently-swelling hills that skirt the dale,
The winding streams that thro' the woodland
steal;

The shining villas rear'd with stately pride,
The low-roof'd cots, that deck the mountain's
side;

The ruin'd column, tott'ring to its fall,
The antique tow'r, rough rocks and mould'ring
wall;

There Lyon's lofty brow, whose awful shade
Throws a deep gloom on the interior glade,
Till higher still the backward mountains rise,
Swell from the plain and mingle with the skies.

Lo, yon tall spire, by pious hands prepar'd,
Which Charity design'd and Fancy rear'd,
When angry Heav'n stretch'd forth her chast'n-
ing hand,

And spread pale famine o'er the sinking land,
In icy chains bound up the stubborn soil,
And check'd the Peasant in his daily toil;
Virtue in form of CONSCIENCE appear'd,
The idle hand employ'd, the wretched cheer'd;
The grateful hands, this goodly fabric raise,
The lasting tribute of their honest praise,
Which serves not to exalt the founder's fame,
But borrows lustre from so bright a name.

So when some splendid pile erects its head,
Rear'd to the memory of a hero dead,
With letter'd lines and fair inscriptions grac'd,
War's shining spoils and sculpture's polished taste,
Thou' ev'ry ruin'd art adorn the tomb,
These cannot save it from oblivion's gloom,
The sacred dust its mould'ring walls contain,
Preserves the pile and consecrates the fane.

Faith by the brook, that thro' the cultur'd
lands

Iriguous glides, the neighbouring village stands,
Rang'd in gay order o'er the glaucous green,
Each cheerful mansion animates the scene,
The humble seats where peace and health repose,
Which toil endears and innocence bestows.

Where yon tall pine, extend their hallow'd
shade,

See the plain Church in sober grace array'd,
Whose antique wall, with creeping ivy crown'd,
Shades the lone aisle, and throws a gloom
around,

With ivy-trend front the Castle's tow'ring height,
In ruin'd majesty attracts the sight,
And a wul gives to the surrounding scene,
A solemn, silent, melancholy mien.

In ancient times, o'er this unconquer'd land
E'en royal Henry rul'd with mild command;
Here liv'd, in princely pomp and regal grace
The fam'd forefathers of the LEINSTER race,
With rank adorn'd, with large possessions
crown'd,

For ev'ry great and glorious deed renown'd,
For worth illustrious as for noble blood,
And zeal unwearied in their country's good.
Wide round then walls gay Plenty's genial train
Fair Faith and white-robb'd Justice held their
reign,

Spread their glad influence o'er the happy soil,
And bid the barren rock and desert smile,
Till the blind fury of a barbarous age,
Inflam'd by frantic zeal and party-rage,
With jealous fears a tyrant reign possess'd,
And wak'd dire envy in a monarch's breast,
Shook the fair pile with aged honours crown'd,
And her proud turrets level'd with the ground.
(To be continued.)

E A S T E R - M O N D A Y.

M Y D—— dances at the Easter Ball,
The pride, the glory of th' Egyptian Hall;
By hosts of swains surrounded and ador'd,
From City's Prentice, to the Knight and Lord,
All that behold will fond admirers prove;

"For who can see the fair one and not love?"
I fear—but cease! n bids my fears to cease,
"Her love, her prudence, will secure thy
peace,"—

Reason in vain my resolution arms;
My fearful heart still fondly feels alarms.
By worthier swains her heart may yet be won,
And should she prove another's, I'm undone.
Ye heavenly powers, who faithful lovers guard
Who give to virtuous flame its sweet reward,
O deign that night my D—— to attend,
Her dear desiring heart: from all attacks de-
tend!

Let neither Fortune, nor the glare of dress,
The grace of motion, nor the deep finess,
Tempt her her faithful Edwin to desert;
O! still secure that first of gems, her heart!
Return her safely to my anxious breast,
Your grateful vot'ry will indeed be blest!

O D E S U R L A P A I X.

DESCENDS de la voute eternelle,
Viens, tonable divinité,
Au son de ma voix qui t'appelle
Faire notre félicité.
Suspend le gloire de la mort;
Rétiens cet heureux accord,
Qui joint les nations entre elles;
Enchaîne le monde à l'étré,
Que la discorde et les querelles
Repassent d'un sang regretté.

* Hélas! qu'est devenu ce tems,
Où regnoit partout l'abondance;
Où l'univers en admirant
Venoit contempler ma puissance.
Mon nom inspiroit la frayeur;
Mon bras repardoit la terreur.
Les peuples étoient étonnés
Lors qu'on racontoit mes victoires;
Et mes ennemis consternés
En voyant l'éclat de ma gloire.

Cette gloire comme un beau songe,
Hélas! n'a duré qu'un instant:
L'illusion et le mensonge
Par leur fatal enchantement
M'ont enivré de leur poison;
L'orgueil a séduit ma raison
Plutôt que d'écouter mon cœur
Qui m'inspiroit de pardonner,
† J'ai frappé d'un glaive vengeur,
Ceux que je devois épargner.

Cent peuples armés contre moi
Ont en vain conspiré ma perte;
J'ai vu leur ligue sans effroi:
§ La mer même s'est ent'ouverte
Pour engloutir leurs combattans;
Cent bouches de feu de leurs flammes
Ont vomi l'épouvante et la mort
Dans leurs bataillons dispersés.
† J'ai pitié le malheureux sort
De ces pauvres infortunés.

Mais à qui me sert tant de gloire;
Lorsque je m'en puise au dedans,
S'il me faut dévoir la victoire
A la ruine de mes enfans.
Des trophées ensanglantés,
Furent toujours trop achetés,
Lorsqu'ils firent verser des larmes;
Et qu'on éxaminat de près,
Que ce n'est point sans alarmes
Qu'on est couronné de succès.

* C'est l'Angleterre qui parle.

† Les Américains.

§ Le siège de Gibraltar.

‡ Le Général Lillo.

L I N E S addressed to a F R I E N D.

"**B**E but my friend," I ask no dearer name,
Such was the meed in gentle Shenton's
lay,

No other title do I wish to claim,
But let that last beyond a little day.

Thou'lt milder virtues which thy heart can boast,
For me exerted, claim the heart-felt praise;
But from thy breast estrang'd, thy friendship
last,

Sorrow shall bid, the Muse resume her lays.

In early life depriv'd parent il care,
Adversity my infant steps puru'd;
Her throats steep'd deep in keen affliction's tear,
And happiness at distance only view'd.

Joy once appear'd with pleasure's smiling train,
For as the light of heaven arose my fame;
To seize the fleeting good I strove in vain,
And slander's pois'nous breath bet ay'd my
shame.

Hence sprung my woe, hence fled each tender
eye
Of brother, lover, and of friend sincere,
Then first my breast heav'd with a conscious
sigh,

And from my eye first fell the gush'd tear.

But even here some comfort seem'd to flow,
To fill the void within my aching breast;
My heart was taught to bleed for others' woe,
And sympathy sooth'd every grief to rest.

Weaken'd by sophistry, I scorn'd the world,
Nor felt the censure which its fury gave;
On the defamer all its venom hurl'd,
Nor let weak prejudice my mind enslave.

As thus I stand depriv'd of all that's dear,
And ask each heart to seek for my distress;
Say, shall I shed in vain the heart-felt tear,
Will you not strive my sorrow to make less?

I see thy feeling heart with ardor glow,
Thy hand stretch'd forth Misfortune's child
to save;

To pour the balm of comfort o'er my woe,
And save me from myself, and from the
grave.

ELIZ A.

On seeing Lady TEMPLE at the Ro-
TUNDA, in DUBLIN.

ERE the fam'd Grecian artist * could
The peerless HEPHEN'S charms display,
Ten nymphs, the boast of Asia, stood
Unveil'd before him in array.

As once, on Ida's mount, 'tis said,
Where contest was for beauty's prize,
Three goddesses their charms display'd,
Before the shepherd's † ravish'd eyes!

But were the bard to these confin'd,
He'd ne'er that first of graces paint,
The ray of TEMPLE's angel mind,
To which all earthly-tints are faint!

* Zeuxis.

† Paris.

MONTHLY

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Whitehall, April 12.

Extracts of Letters from Lieutenant-General Sir Eyre Coote, K. B. dated Madras the 31st of August and 25th of September, 1782, received at the Office of his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, on the 7th of April, 1783.

WHILST I was straining every nerve in advancing the army to the neighbourhood of Chingleput, to counteract the views of Hyder and the French, I anxiously looked to the result of my reference to the Governor General, and to the arrival of their orders in consequence, as a period which would undoubtedly restore me to that authority over the Southern troops, which would enable me to direct them to such a co-operation as might tend equally to facilitate my own movements, and distract the designs of our enemies: But most unfortunately on the 18th of February, long before any answer could come from Bengal, Colonel Brathwaite was attacked by Hyder Ally's son, Tipu Sub, and Monsi Lalay, near the banks of the Coleroon, and totally defeated. His whole detachment, consisting of about 2,000 infantry, 250 cavalry, 18 officers, and a field train of 13 pieces, were either captured or destroyed.

The French being free from any apprehensions of a check from our Southern forces, and covered by the army of Hyder Ally to the northward, which secured them from all sudden attack by my army, proceeded in perfect security against Cuddalore, which being incapable of holding out for any length of time, was, on the 6th of April, surrendered to the French forces under Monsi. Duchemin, on terms of capitulation, which I have the honour to inclose.

To his Excellency Sir Eyre Coote, K. B. Lieutenant-General and Commander in Chief in India.

S I R,

IT gives me much concern to inform you, that this garrison surrendered to the French arms, on the 4th instant, in the morning. A copy of the capitulation I have now the honour of forwarding.

I flatter myself your excellency will excuse me for not sending it sooner, as I have been prevented by a multiplicity of business, owing to constant applications from the gentlemen in charge of the French officers, relative to the conveying over the stores, &c. of this garrison.

I have the honour to be,

With the greatest respect,

Your Excellency's very obedient,
and most humble servant,

(Signed) JAMES HUGHES.

Cuddalore, April 6, 1782.

S I R,

THE French General, being desirous of having as little bloodshed as possible, has sent

EUROP. MAG.

me to inform you, that the Nabob's troops having joined his army, if you do not immediately surrender, it will be out of his power to prevent the plundering of the fort, being promised to the European and Black troops, if they attack it.

In consequence of which, he proposes Articles of Capitulation, such as, from your situation, you have reason to expect; wishing to convince the English, that it is only in war we look on you as enemies; and being sent for this purpose by Monsi. Duchemin, General of the French army, I sign these his first proposals, according to the power he has invested me with.

(Signed) LE VTE. DE HONDETOT.

N. B. The above is a translation of a copy from the original.

ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION drawn up between his Excellency Monsi. Pierre Duchemin, Marshal of the Camps and Army of the King of France, and Commandant of the Troops of his Majesty in India, on one side, and Captain James Hughes, Commandant of the Garrison of Cuddalore, on the other.

THE gates shall be delivered up to-morrow, the 9th of April, 1782, between the hours of eight and nine in the morning.—Agreed.

The English flag shall be kept flying till that time on the ramparts, and all hostilities shall be suspended; Captain Hughes giving his word, that nothing shall go out of the place, either by land or sea; and all that does go out shall be deemed an infringement on the Articles of Capitulation, as it must belong either to the King or Company, since the property of officers and inhabitants are insured to them.—Agreed.

The garrison shall remain prisoners of war; the European officers and troop shall be sent to Madras on their parole, to be exchanged for the like number and rank of French officers and troops.—Agreed.

Private property shall be secured; but all that belongs to the King and Company shall be given over with the utmost exactness, and registered by the French commissary sent for that purpose; and the least infidelity shall be deemed an infringement on the Articles of Capitulation.—Agreed.

The garrison shall march out with the honours of war, and deposit their arms on the Glacis, without being damaged.—Agreed.

The garrison shall be provided with provisions and a passage by sea to Madras, the civil as well as the military.—Agreed.

Those who do not choose to remain under the French government, will have passports and escorts to Madras; those that do shall, at the expiration of three months, take oaths of allegiance to his Most Christian Majesty.—Agreed.

The liberty of religion is granted in full.—Agreed.

The fort being delivered up, all private property

R r

party

party belonging to the English, whether within or without it, shall be secured to them.—
Agreed.

The whole is thoroughly understood, and agreed to, upon the strictest honour.

April 1, 1782. Signed for the French General,
Le Vicomte de Houdetot.

(Signed) DUCHESNE.

(Signed) JAMES HUGHES, Captain Com-
mandant of Cuddalore.

N. B. The above is a translation of a copy from the original Articles of Capitulation.

JAMES HUGHES,
Captain Commandant.

On the 12th, I received intelligence of the enemy having commenced the siege of Permacoli: And I find that garrison capitulated on the 17th.

I had no doubt of the enemy's forming designs upon Vandiwash; indeed my intelligence gave me reason to believe, that the French and Hyder would march immediately to attack it; I therefore moved the army towards it with all possible dispatch, in full persuasion that our enemies would have met me there, and tried a decisive action: But I arrived there without receiving the smallest opposition; apprehending, however, lest the enemy might be in doubt about my desire of bringing them to action, and convinced that they would not seek for me in the neighbourhood of Vandiwash, where I could receive them to so great advantage, I determined to advance towards them. I accordingly made two marches in the direct road to the ground, on which we had observed them, from the hill of Vandiwash, to be encamped; but on my approach they fell back, and both by my intelligence, and by what I could discover from the heights in the neighbourhood of our camp, they took up their station on the Red Hills. This was a position in itself so strong, and could, by an army of such magnitude as Hyder's, supported by an European force far exceeding the numbers in my army, be occupied to so great advantage, that I judged it expedient to lay my intelligence and sentiments before the two next officers in command, Major-General Stuart and Colonel Lang, that I might have the benefit of their opinions on a matter of such momentous importance, and on the issue of which depended the whole of the British interests in India.

Upon a reference to the Council of war, which was held on this occasion, the idea I suggested of drawing the enemy from their strong post, by moving in a direction, which would effectually check Hyder's supplies, and disarm him for the safety of his grand magazine of Arnee, was unanimously approved.

In conformity to that plan, we accordingly marched on the 30th, and, on the 1st of June, encamped at the distance of about five miles from Arnee. That day I received intelligence that Hyder, on hearing of the route we had taken, marched immediately, and that the advance of his army had arrived the preceding evening at Delfoor, distant from us about 25

miles, and in the high road towards us. I was thereby satisfied, that the effect I had in view had taken place, and ordered a proper place to be reconnoitred for posting the baggage, in case I should either have found it advisable to go and meet the enemy, or to receive them on the ground I had occupied. In the middle of the night of the 1st, or rather early in the morning of the 2d, intelligence was brought me, that Hyder had come to Chittiput, distant from us about eleven miles. The army was then under orders of march to proceed nearer Arnee, which I was encouraged to hope might prove an easy acquisition, and which, by the large stock of provisions it contained, added to the extreme fitness of its situation, opened to us no less a prospect than the total expulsion of the enemy from the Carnatic. In my then position, with Hyder's army on the one side, and an object of such magnitude on the other, it became a point of deliberation, which was the most eligible line of conduct to be adopted: To persevere in my original intention of threatening Arnee, (which Hyder had most undoubtedly come to cover) and thereby bring on an action, or to advance and engage the enemy. I preferred the former, as it promised the most certain issue upon the mind of Hyder, whose sole view evidently was to save his grand magazine. It was equal to him, whether he accomplished that, by diverting our attention from it, or by giving us battle. But it is reasonable to imagine, that if he succeeded on the former grounds, he would hardly, after having suffered four defeats, put any thing to risk on the latter. We accordingly therefore commenced our march towards Arnee, contiguous to which the advance of our army had arrived, and we had begun to mark out the ground for our encampment, when a distant cannonade opened on our rear, and which was the first announcement I had of Hyder's having approached so near us in force. His coming upon us, thus suddenly, proceeds from his being able to cover the march of his line of infantry, by his large bodies of horse, and which having generally been the companions of our movements, during the whole of the war, were never to be considered as any positive proof of his army being at hand.

Every dispatch was used in making the necessary dispositions for repelling the attack, and coming to action. Our line was then in a low situation, with high and commanding ground all round, which as the enemy had got possession of, our different manœuvres were performed under every disadvantage, and exposed to a heavy, though distant cannonade. It was not until near mid-day that we had reduced the enemy's various attacks into one settled point, so as to advance upon them with effect, and with a prospect of advantage; but so soon as that was accomplished, we pushed on, and they gave way: We pursued them till the evening was far advanced, taking from them in their retreat one gun, five tumbrils, and two carts loaded with ammunition.

I remained at this advanced station to the would admit of; and when obliged to fall back for my supplies, I endeavoured to do it with all the credit possible, by again seeking for Hader, who, by my intelligence, had encamped with his army contiguous to a road by which we might march. He retreated before me with precipitation, although in possession of ground he could have disputed our approach towards with great advantage. We pursued our march the succeeding day, by the same road on which he had retreated, but found that he had turned off, and crossed the country towards Arnee. On the 8th of June, when encamped in the neighbourhood of Trivatore, and where we had halted a day to refresh both the troops and the cattle, of which they stood greatly in need, having suffered severely both by sickness and fatigue, our grand guard was most unfortunately drawn into an ambuscade, composed of about 6,000 of Hader's chosen force, and totally cut off before any support could be afforded.

It is with pleasure I acquaint you, that the establishment of peace with the Mahrattas is in the surest way towards being happily accomplished, as, on the 17th of May last, articles of a treaty of peace, and perpetual friendship and alliance, between the English and the Mahrattas, were agreed to and executed by Mahadji Scindia, on the part of the latter, and by Mr. David Anderson, (deputed by the Governor General and Council) on the part of the former, subject, however, to the approval and ratification of their respective governments, before they should become final. In as far as depends upon us, I believe every part has been confirmed; but as yet I have not heard of the condition, having received the seal and signature of the Peshwa, and the attestations of the dependent member, of the Poona State.

The only important movement of the army, which happened between the action of the 2d of June until this present time, was the relief of the garrison of Villore, which was performed between the 7th and 21st of August; the army having marched in that period near two hundred miles, and threw into the place provisions sufficient to maintain the garrison to the 1st of March next.

I am concerned to acquaint your Lordships with the fall of Trincomale, which by our intelligence was surrendered to the French under Monsieur Suffrein on the 31st ult. by capitulation. My orders were to demand it to the last. Our squadron had an action with the French Squadron off the place on the 3d instant, in which the last lost most; but our fleet found it necessary to come to these Roads, where it arrived the 9th inst. and is now refitting, and intends proceeding to Bombay the middle of next month. The Minerva storeship, and the Major and Nottingham Indiamen belonging to Sir Richard Bickerton's fleet, are arrived; the two latter having on board Lieutenant Colonel Adams, with two companies of his Majesty's 10th regiment, and Co-

lonel Reimbold, with two companies of his Majesty's Electoral troops. They have all of them arrived extremely healthy, and have suffered very little indeed by the voyage.

My present weak state will not allow of my entering into a particular detail of the late march of the army towards Cuddalore, and its return, together with the other occurrences which have since happened.

Major-General Sir Hector Munro has resigned the service, and returns to Europe in the Myrtle transport, which sails in a few days. Major-General Stuart, who has been constantly in the field during the whole of this year's campaign, will in consequence succeed to the chief command of the Company's troops on this establishment. He has been in command of the army ever since my illness, in the conduct of which he has shewn the most indefatigable activity, in a manner highly to his own honour, and much to my satisfaction.

Admiralty Office, April 15, 1781.
Extracts of Letters from Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, Knight of the Bath, and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's ships employed in the East-Indies, to Mr. Stephens, received the 6th instant, by the Honourable Captain Carpenter, who came passenger to Ireland on the Rodney packet, belonging to the East-India Company.

Superb, off Negapatnam, July 15, 1782.

I mentioned, in my letter of the 15th ult. my intention to embark, in a few days after, all such men from Trincomale hospital as could be any ways serviceable on board, and proceed with the squadron to this coast, to watch the motions of that of the French under Mons. Suffrein; and, accordingly, I sailed from Trincomale Bay on the 24th of last month, and anchored in Negapatnam Road the day following.

At this place I was informed that the French Squadron was then at anchor off Cuddalore, which had surrendered before to their land forces; and that his Majesty's armed transports, the Resolution and Raikes, on their passage to join me at Trincomale with stores and ammunition, had very unfortunately been fallen in with by the French Squadron, and captured; and the San Carlos, another of his Majesty's armed transports, with the Rodney brig, were chased, and very narrowly escaped being also captured, and had returned to Madras road.

I continued with the Squadron at an anchor in Negapatnam Road till the 5th of this month, when, at one P.M. the French Squadron, consisting of 18 sail, 12 of which of the line came in sight. At three P.M. I weighed with his Majesty's Squadron, and stood to the southward all that evening and night, in order to gain the wind of the enemy.

On the 6th, at day-light, the enemy's Squadron at anchor, bearing N. N. E. distant about seven or eight miles, wind at S. W. At fifty minutes past five A.M. I made the signal for the line of battle a-breast, and bore away to-

wards the enemy. At six, observing the enemy getting under sail, and standing to the westward, hauled down the signal for the line of battle a-head, and made the signal for the line a-head at two cables length distance. At ten minutes past seven, our line being well formed, made the signal to bear down on the enemy; each ship in our line against the ship opposed to her in the enemy's line. At forty minutes past ten the enemy's line began to fire on ours. At 45 minutes past ten I made the signal for battle, and at the same time the signal for a close engagement.

From ten minutes after eleven till thirty-five past noon, the engagement was general from our rear in both lines, and mostly very close; the enemy's ships appeared to have suffered severely both in hulls and masts; the van ship had bore away out of their line; and the Brilliant, the French Admiral's second ship a-head, had lost his main-mast. At this time the sea-breeze set in at S. S. E. very fresh, and several of the ships in our van and center were taken a-back and paid round with their heads to the westward, while others of our ships, those in the rear in particular, which had suffered less in their rigging, paid off, and continued on their former tack. Some of the enemy's ships were also paid round by the sea-breeze, with their heads to the westward; the Admiral's second a-head in particular, which I supposed to be the Ajax, but proved afterwards to be the Severe, fell along-side the Sultan, and struck to her; but whilst the Sultan was wearing to join me, made what sail he could, fired on and raked the Sultan, without shewing any colours, and then got in amongst his own ships. At fifty minutes past noon, finding the Worcester, Eagle and Burford still continuing on their former tack, and nearing the body of the enemy's squadron very fast, I made the signal to wear, and hauled down the signal for the line, purposing to make the signal for a general chase; but the captain of the Monarca having hailed, and informed me that all his standing rigging was shot away, and the ship otherwise so much disabled as to be ungovernable; and the Hero on the contrary tack, hauling in with the land, with the signal of distress out; and the enemy's ships having worn and come to on the larboard tack, those least disabled forming to windward, to cover their disabled ships, and endeavouring to cut off the Eagle, I made the signal, at 20 minutes past one, to wear, and hauled to the westward, the engagement still continuing partially, whenever our ships were near the enemy's, and the Eagle had pressed by two of the enemy's ships. At half past one I made the signal for the line of battle a-head on the larboard tack, and made the Exeter's signal to come within hail, and directed her to take her station a-head of the Sultan. At two P. M. the enemy's squadron were standing in there, and collecting their ships, which were also endeavouring to do, as our squadron was very much dispersed, and continued on different tacks, the ships being greatly disabled, and in general ungovernable.

At half past four I hauled down the signal for the line of battle a-head, and made the signal to prepare to anchor, and at half past five I anchored with the Superb in six fathom water, between Negapatnam and Nagore; the other ships of the squadron anchoring as they came in with the land, and the Worcester next day.

The enemy, having collected their ships into a close body, anchored at six P. M. about three leagues to leeward of our ships; during the remainder of the day, and all night, our ships were closely employed in securing their lower masts, almost all their standing rigging being shot away; splicing the old and receiving new rigging, and getting seaworthy sails to the yard.

On the 7th in the morning the damages sustained by the several ships of the squadron appeared to me to be great, that I gave up all thoughts of pursuing the enemy; and at nine A. M. the French squadron got under sail, and returned to Cuddalore Road, their disabled ships a-head, and those less so covering their retreat in the rear.

At ten A. M. I sent Captain James Watt, of his Majesty's ship the Sultan, in the Rodney being disarmed, with a flag of truce, and a letter to Mont. Suffren, containing a demand of the surrender of the French King's ship the Ajax. Captain Watt came up with the French squadron the same evening, and my letter was forwarded to Mont. Suffren, who returned an evasive answer, saying it was the French ship Severe who had the honour of his English ship's flag, as frequently happens in action, by which means it came down, but was never intended to be struck.

I am extremely happy to inform their Lordships, that in this engagement his Majesty's squadron under my command gained a decided superiority over that of the enemy; and had not the wind shifted, and thrown his Majesty's squadron out of action, at the very time when some of the enemy's ships had broken their line, and were running away, and others of them greatly disabled, I have good reason to believe it would have ended in the capture of several of their line of battle ships. I am happy also to inform their Lordships, that the officers and the men of the squadron behaved to my satisfaction, and have great merit for their bravery and steady conduct: The Captains Gell, of the Monarca, Raner, of the Burford, and Watt, of the Sultan, eminently distinguished themselves, by a strict attention to my signals, and the utmost exertion of courage and conduct against the enemy.

I am also obliged to Colonel Fullarton, of the 98th regiment, who has been my companion in the Superb, since I left Madras Road in March last, preferring to serve with his corps on board to living inactive on shore. The officers and men of this regiment have behaved with great regularity on board the ships of the squadron, and done their duty well on all occasions. Major Grattan, an officer late

late of General Medow's staff, and a captain in the 100th regiment, has also served with great credit on board the Superb on this occasion, in the absence of his corps, now on the Malabar coast.

The death of Captain Maclellan, of the Superb, who was shot through the heart with a grape shot early in the engagement, is universally regretted by all who knew him. I had experienced in him an excellent officer in every department of the service.

Included with this is an account of the killed and wounded on board each ship, and lists of the English and French lines or battle.

Officers killed and wounded.

Capt. Maclellan, of the Superb, Capt. Jenkinson of the 98th regiment, Lieut. Chapman, of the Hero, killed.—Capt. Adam, of marines, Capt. Abbot, Company's service, Lieutenants Wilson (Magnanime) Gascoyne, (Monmouth) Wood, (Eagle) Drew, (Sultan) Williams and Johnstone, of marines, wounded.

Total killed and wounded.

Ships Names.	Killed.	Wounded.
Superb -	7	19
Hero -	12	23
Magnanime -	2	17
Monmouth -	—	12
Monarca -	8	46
Barford -	7	34
Eagle -	4	9
Exeter -	11	24
Sultan -	16	21
Worcester -	1	9
His -	9	19

Total — 77 233

The English and French Line of Battle on the 6th of July, 1782.

English Ships.	Guns.	French Ships.	Guns.
Hero	74	Le Flammand	50
Exeter	64	Le Hannibal	74
His	50	Le Buliant	64
Barford	70	Le Svere	64
Sultan	74	L'Hero	74
Superb	74	Le Sphinx	64
Monarca	70	Le Petit Hannibal	50
Worcester	64	L'Antillon	64
Monmouth	64	Le Vengeur	64
Eagle	64	Le Bizarre	64
Magnanime	64	L'Orient	74
		L'Ajax	64

Frigate.	Frigates.
Seahorse.	La Bellone
	La Fine
	La Naide
	La Diligente.

EDW. HUGHES.

Superb, Madras Road, Aug. 12, 1782.

FINDING it impossible to repair the loss of top-masts, and the other damages the ships of the squadron had sustained in the engagement, on the 6th of last month, with the French squadron under the command of M. Suffrein, without a supply of spars, filbes and cordage, and the ammunition of the squadron

as well as its provisions being nearly exhausted, I was under the necessity to proceed with the Squadron to this Road, where our stores and provisions are deposited; and having sailed from my then station off Negapatnam on the 18th, arrived here the 20th of last month, where I have been incessantly labouring to put the ships in a condition for service.

When I left the windward station off Negapatnam, the French Squadron was at an anchor off Cuddalore, repairing their damages.

On my arrival in this Road, I learned that his Majesty's ship Sceptre, Captain Samuel Graves, one of Sir Richard Bickerton's Squadron, had arrived here on the 13th of last month, and had again sailed with his Majesty's armed transport San Carlos, on the 17th, with intent to join me to the southward; and on the 25th of the month they both joined me in this Road: Captain Graves had parted company with Sir Richard Bickerton's Squadron soon after it had left the channel; had been at Rio Janeiro, where he met the Medea frigate; and, in the course of their passage to India, they captured a large French ship, laden with naval stores, in charge of which Capt. Graves lost the Medea, and proceeded on in the Sceptre to join me.

On the 31st I dispatched his Majesty's ships Monmouth and Sceptre to Trincomale, with a reinforcement of troops, and a supply of provisions and stores, under the command of Captain Alnis; and I have the satisfaction to inform their Lordships, that service has been very completely performed, and the two ships rejoined me here on the 10th of this month.

As the ships of the Squadron are now nearly fitted, I hope to be able to proceed to sea in a few days, to cover the arrival of the expected reinforcement under Sir Richard Bickerton, and oppose the enemy's Squadron.

Superb, in Madras Road, Aug. 16, 1782.

I beg you will be pleased to inform their Lordships, that, since closing my last letter to you, dated the 12th of this month, his Majesty's frigate the Medea, Captain Gover, arrived and joined me here the 13th, and his Majesty's frigate the Coventry this day from Bombay, where she has been completely repaired.

The Medea brought in with her a French ship, about 40 tons burthen, laden with provisions and stores, bound to the Mauritius, but captured by the Sceptre and Medea off Cape of Good Hope.

Captain Mitchell, of the Coventry, informs me, that on the 12th of this month, off Friars Hood, on the Island of Ceylon, he fell in with and attacked the Bellona, a French frigate of 40 guns, and, after a severe engagement of two hours and a half, the Bellona sheered off from the Coventry, and made sail to join the French fleet; and the Coventry had suffered so much in her masts and rigging, as not to be able to come up with her before she joined the French fleet, consisting of 23 sail, which Captain Mitchell saw at anchor in the Battacolo Road,

Road, and was chased by two of their line of battle ships: In the engagement the Coventry had 15 men killed, and 29 wounded; and I hope to be able so far to repair her damages, as to carry her to sea with me in two or three days. Captain Mitchell speaks highly of the courage and good conduct of the Coventry's officers and men; and I trust their Lordships will give him his full share of merit, for having so gallantly attacked and beaten an enemy's ship so superior in force to his own.

Superb, in Madras Road, Sept. 30, 1782.

IN my letter of the 12th of last month, I mentioned my intention to proceed to sea; when the squadron was refitted, for the purpose of covering the arrival of the expected reinforcements under the command of Sir Richard Bickerton, and to oppose the enemy's squadron; and accordingly, on the 20th, the squadron having completed its provisions, and being in a tolerable condition for service, I left the Road with the squadron under my command, and used all diligence possible to get to the southward to Trincomalee, being apprehensive the enemy would endeavour to make themselves masters of that harbour in the absence of the squadron; but the wind blowing strong from the southward, I did not arrive with the squadron off Trincomalee till the night of the second of this month; and in the morning following I discovered French colours on the forts, and their squadron reinforced by the Triton, of 74 guns, the St. Michael, of 64, and the Elizabeth, formerly a Company's ship, of 50 guns, with several transports, in all 30 sail, at anchor in the several bays there.

On the appearance of his Majesty's squadron on the morning of the 3d, the French squadron, consisting of 14 line of battle ships, the Elizabeth, three frigates, and a five-deck, got under sail, and about six A. M. stood out of Back Bay to the southward, the wind blowing strong at S. W. off the shore, which placed them to windward of his Majesty's squadron. At ten minutes past six A. M. I made the signal for the line of battle a-head at two cable length distance, shortened sail, and edged away from the wind, that the ships to form the van of our line might the more speedily get to their stations. At 20 minutes past eight the enemy's squadron began to edge down on our line, and then formed in good order. From that time till half past eleven A. M. I steered ~~up~~ top-sails in the line E. S. E. with the wind blowing strong at S. W. in order to draw the enemy's squadron as far as possible from the fort of Trincomalee; they sometimes edging down, sometimes bringing to, and in no regular order, as if undecided what to do.

At noon the enemy's squadron appeared to have an intention to engage. At half past two P. M. the French line began to fire on ours, and I made the signal for battle. At five minutes after, the engagement was general from van to rear, the two additional ships of the enemy's line falling furiously on our rear-most ship the Worcester, were bravely resisted

by that ship and the Monmouth, her second a-head, which backed all her sails to assist her. About the same time the van of the enemy's line, to which five of their ships had crowded, bore down on the Exeter and Isis, the two headmost ships of our line, and by an excited fire on them, forced the Exeter, much disabled, out of the line; then tacked, keeping their wind, and firing on the Isis and other ships of our van, as they passed. In the mean time the centers of the two lines were warmly engaged, ship to ship. At 28 minutes past three the mizen-mast of the French admiral's second a-stern was shot or cut away, and at the same time his second a-head lost her fore and mizen top-masts.

At 35 minutes past five, the wind shifting from S. W. to E. S. E. I made the signal for the squadron to wear, which was obeyed instantly in good order, the enemy's ships either wearing or staying at the same time; and the engagement was renewed on the other tack close and vigorously on our part. At 20 minutes past six the French admiral's main-mast was shot away by the board, and soon after his mizen-mast; and about the same time the Worcester, one of our line of battle ships, lost her main top-mast. At about seven P. M. the body of the French squadron hauled the r wind to the southward, the ships in our rear continuing a severe fire on them till 20 minutes past seven, when the engagement ceased; and our ships had apparently suffered so much, as to be in no condition to pursue. About eight P. M. made the night signal for the line of battle a-head on the larboard tack; but the night being dark, and several of the ships not being to be seen, at twelve P. M. I made the signal for the squadron to bring to, and lie by on the larboard tack. At day-light no part of the enemy's squadron was in sight; and the Eagle, Monmouth, Burford, Superb, and several other ships making much water from shot holes, so very low down in the bottom as not to be come at, to be effectually stopped; and the whole having suffered severely in their masts and rigging; under these circumstances, and Trincomalee being in the enemy's possession, and the other parts of the west coast of Ceylon unsafe to anchor on at this late season of the year, when the N. E. winds often blow strong there, I was under the necessity of steering with the squadron for this coast, to get anchoring ground, in order to stop the shot-holes under water; and, from the disabled state of the several ships, I fell in with the land a very few leagues only to windward of this port, on the 8th of this month, and anchored in this Road on the 9th, and am now closely employed in repairing the damages the several ships have received.

By the account of the killed and wounded their Lordships will observe, that although we have been fortunate enough in losing few of our men, we have suffered most severely in officers. The Honourable Captain Lumley, of the Isis, a very good officer, and promising young

young man; Captain James Watt, of the Sultan, a most worthy officer, died of his wounds; and Captain Charles Wood, of the Worcester, a most deserving officer, dangerously wounded, with little hopes of his recovery.

As the change of the monsoon is now near at hand, and the line of battle ships in their present state cannot remain on this coast; and as the lateness of the season may have induced Sir Richard Bickerton to remain at Bombay, in hopes of joining me there. I am preparing the ships of the Squadron for service; and, so soon as they are in a condition, I shall proceed to sea with them, and make the best of my way to Bombay, and there use every possible diligence to get the Squadron in a condition to come early on this coast.

I have not been able to procure the least intelligence of the French Squadron since the engagement of the 3d of this month, but suppose they are refitting at Trincomale.

Inclosed is the account of the killed and wounded in the late engagement; and a list of the English and French naval force in these seas, as they were on the 3d of this month.

Captains Watts, of the Sultan; Lumley, of the Isis; Glugstone, of marines; Lieutenants Edward and Barret, of marines, killed.—Captains Wood, of the Worcester; Maitland, of the 78th regiment; Lieutenants Atkins, of the Exeter; Murry, of the Superb; Bartholomew, of the Sultan; Sandilands and Armstrong, of the Monarca; Orr and Edwards, of the marines; Steward, of the 78th regiment; and Thompson, of the 98th regiment, wounded.

Total number killed and wounded.		
Ships Names.	Killed.	Wounded.
Superb - -	4	52
Hero - -	1	17
Sultan - -	4	43
Magnanime - -	3	17
Monmouth - -	—	3
Monarca - -	6	22
Burford - -	4	38
Sceptre - -	2	23
Eagle - -	8	14
Exeter - -	6	19
Worcester - -	6	16
Isis - -	7	19

Total — 51 283

A List of the English and French Squadrons.

English Ships.	Guns.	French Ships.	Guns.
Superb	74	Hero (coppered)	74
Hero (coppered)	74	Illustre (ditto)	74
Sultan (ditto)	74	L'Orient	74
Burford	70	Hannibal	74
Monarca	68	Vengeur (cop.)	64
Exeter	64	Artesien (ditto)	64
Worcester	64	Sphinx (ditto)	64
Monmouth (cop.)	64	Brilliant	64
Eagle	64	Severe	64
Magnanime (cop.)	64	Bizarre	64
Sceptre (ditto)	64	Ajax	64
Isis (ditto)	50	St. Michael (cop.)	64
		Eng. Hannibal (di.)	50

Flamand
Confolante

Frigates.		Frigates.	
San Carlos (cop.)	44	Pourvoyeuse	36
Active (ditto)	32	Bellone (cop.)	34
Coventry (ditto)	28	La Fine (ditto)	34
Medea (ditto)	28	Sylphide	18
Seahorse (ditto)	24	Chafar (cop.)	18
Combustion fireship.		Diligente	
		Pulveriseur fireship.	

Superb, in Madras Road, Oct. 16, 1782.

IN continuation of my letter of the 30th of last month, I beg you will please to acquaint their Lordships, that the weather growing very threatening and squally, so that several of the ships of the Squadron have parted their cables, and lost their anchors already, I am preparing to sail with the line of battle ships for Bombay, leaving all the frigates to cruise between Point Palmiras and this Road, for the protection of the merchants ships and vessels sailing between Bengal and this port. I have not to this hour received any intelligence where Sir Richard Bickerton, with his Majesty's ships and convoy under his command, now is.

PROMOTIONS.

Right Rev. Dr. John Moore, to be Archbishop of Canterbury, in the room of His Grace Dr. Frederick Cornwallis, deceased.

Right Hon. Lord Viscount Stormont, President of the Council.

Right Hon. Earl of Carlisle, Lord Privy Seal.

Right Hon. Frederick Lord North, and the

Right Hon. Charles James Fox, Principal Secretaries of State.

His Grace the Duke of Portland, the Right Hon. Lord John Cavendish, the Right Hon. the Earl of Surrey, Frederick Montague, Esq; and Sir Grey Cooper, Bart. Lords Commissioners of the Treasury.

Right Hon. Lord John Cavendish, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Right Hon. Charles Townshend, Treasurer of the Navy.

Right Hon. Lord Viscount Keppel, Admiral Hugh Pigot, the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Duncannon, the Hon. John Townshend, Sir Sir John Lindsay, K. B. William Jullist, and Whitshed Keene, Esqrs. Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

Right Hon. Edmund Burke, Paymaster-General of the Forces.

Right Hon. Alexander Lord Loughbor, Sir William Henry Ashurst, and Sir J. Mont Hotham, Lords Commissioners for Custody of the Great Seal.

Right Hon. Earl of Dartmouth, Lord Steward of the Household.

Right Hon. Earl of Hertford, Lord Chamberlain of the Household.

Right Hon. Earl of Cholmondely, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Right Hon. Lord Viscount Townshend, Master-General of the Ordnance.

Right Hon. Richard F. Patrick, Secretary at War.

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27	137		68 1/2		87 1/2	20 1/2	14	139 1/2			139 1/2	67 1/2		9 1/2	3		
28	137		67 1/2		87 1/2	20 1/2	14	139 1/2			139 1/2	66 1/2		9 1/2	1		
29	137		68				14							9 1/2	1		
30	Sunday																
31	137		67 1/2		87 1/2	20 1/2	14	139 1/2		1 P.	139 1/2	66 1/2		9 1/2	1		
1	137		67 1/2		87 1/2	20 1/2	14	139 1/2		2	139 1/2			9 1/2	2		
2	137 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2		87 1/2	20 1/2	14	139 1/2		1	139 1/2	66 1/2		9 1/2	2		
3			67 1/2		87 1/2	20 1/2	14					66 1/2		9 1/2	Par.		
4			67 1/2		87 1/2	20 1/2	14			1 P.				9 1/2	2 Dis.		
5																	
6	Sunday																
7	136	67 1/2	67 1/2		87 1/2	20	13 1/2	138 1/2		Par.	138 1/2	66	76	10 1/2	5		
8	136 1/2		66 1/2		85 1/2	20	13 1/2	137 1/2		2 Dis.	137 1/2			10 1/2	10		
9	136		66 1/2		85 1/2	19 1/2	13 1/2	135 1/2			135 1/2			10 1/2	10		
10	135		66 1/2		86 1/2	19 1/2	13 1/2	133 1/2			133 1/2	65 1/2		10 1/2	9		
11			66 1/2		85 1/2	19 1/2	13 1/2	131 1/2	63 1/2	4	130 1/2	65 1/2	75	10 1/2	9		
12			66 1/2		86 1/2	19 1/2	13 1/2	130 1/2		5	130 1/2	65 1/2		11 1/2	12		
13	Sunday						14		63								
14	136 1/2	66 1/2	66 1/2		87 1/2	20 1/2	14	135 1/2			135 1/2	66 1/2		11 1/2	10		
15	137	67 1/2	67 1/2		88 1/2	20 1/2	14	135 1/2		10	135 1/2	66 1/2		11 1/2	8		
16	137 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2		88 1/2	20 1/2	14	135 1/2	63 1/2	10	135 1/2	66 1/2		11 1/2	8		
17	137 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2		88 1/2	20 1/2	14	135 1/2		10	135 1/2	66 1/2		11 1/2	7		
18	Holiday		68 1/2	69 1/2	88	20 1/2	14	135 1/2		10	135 1/2	66 1/2		10	6	7	14 18
19																	
20	Sunday		67 1/2	69 1/2	87 1/2	20 1/2	14	135 1/2			135 1/2	66 1/2		9 1/2	4	6 1/2	14 16
21	Holiday																
22	Holiday																
23	132 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	69 1/2	87 1/2	20 1/2	14							9 1/2	4	7	14 17
24	132 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2	69 1/2	87 1/2	20 1/2	14			9				9 1/2	4	1 1/2	14 19

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Country Curate, No. VII. came too late for insertion this month.

Zeno to the Mental Counsellor, received.

Account of some Bombastic Advertisements in our next.

We will endeavour to comply with the request of the Two Lovers of Music.

Ode to a Friend.—K. G. L.—H. L.—Lydgates Diatory.—The Refusal—and other favours are under consideration.

Snack-Cid may depend on seeing the Review of the Digest of the Doctrine of Bail, in our next.

Felix M. C. in our next.

Somnolus —R. F.—C. D.—and Musidora, want polishing.

A Lover of Fun—Charles Temple—and Upstart, are rejected.

If Cato will call at the publisher's, he will receive his Essay, which, though excellently written, comes not within the plan of the European Magazine.

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L'EUROPE EN MUGITZIAL.



T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;
F O R M A Y , 1783.

S K E T C H of the L I F E of his Royal Highness Prince OCTAVIUS.
accompanied with a beautiful Engraving, from the Picture so universally admired
in the present Royal Exhibition.

AT the pressing solicitation of a number of respectable personages, admirers of the fine arts, we present our readers this month with a masterly likeness of Prince Octavius, whose picture last year, by Mr. Gainborough, and that by the same artist which we have copied, engrossed so much of the public attention at both Exhibitions. To relate anecdotes of a child who had not passed his fifth year, would be idle; the age of puberty abounds with very little interesting anecdote, and that of infancy consequently with less. We have been informed Prince Octavius was very docile, and possessed good nature in such an uncommon degree, that he was the delight of every one of his superintendents.

He was unquestionably the finest boy of the Royal offspring, which his picture evinces. He was born the 23d of February, 1779, and died at Kew, of the small-pox, on the 3d of May, 1783.

On Saturday the 10th, his Royal Highness's body was removed, about three o'clock in the morning, from Kew, attended by General Carpenter, and some of his Majesty's Household, and escorted by a party of light horse. At five o'clock the procession reached Westminster, where it was joined by the Earl of Hertford, Lord Steward of the Household, and, after the service was read, the body was deposited in the Royal vault, near the remains of his late Royal Highness Prince Alfred.

T H E M A N O F T H E T O W N . N O . X I I .

AS I was stepping from my lodgings this morning to the coffee-house, I met my very agreeable country cousin, Sir George Woodbine, and his three rosy daughters, who had just come to town, and were hurrying to pay me a visit. Sir George is one of those country gentlemen, whose mansion is ever open to the unfortunate, and who has done more good deeds in his time than half his neighbours. A visit from such a character is always pleasing to me, particularly when attended by two ladies whose manners are as engaging as his own. Well, cousin, said the old gentleman, (taking me by the hand) how do you do? you look very well considering where you live, surrounded with smoke and all the plagues of Egypt! I have not been an

hour in town yet, and three disasters had like to have befallen me; the loss of an eye, through a ladder on a careless fellow's shoulder; the loss of a limb, thro' a coal-hole in the pavement being left open; and the loss of my pocket-book, through the extreme pointiness of a shabby genteel gentleman, who would not take the wall of my daughters.—I am heartily sorry, indeed, my good Sir, replied I, but I assure you, you may live six months in London, and not meet such accidents. Six months, Charles! no such thing, no such thing; wherever I turn my eyes, nothing but perils stare me in the face. To what, my dear Sir, I indebted for this visit? O! you know I can refuse these coaxing gypies nothing; they are good girls, Charles, and good girls

works in this vicious age are jewels of the first water: I treated them last year with a journey to London, to see your Royal Exhibition, as it is called, and they were so well pleased, that they wined me last night to take a review of the present one. The baggage can see no beauties in the portraits of their grandmothers and aunts at home, though for faces they are superior to any portraits of Vandyke, Reynolds, or Gainsborough, so they are anxious to be as polished as their neighbours in this point, and to have a subject to talk over for a month. But come, we will proceed to the Royal Academy, and you shall accompany us. I know you are an *amateur*, as they call it, and can point out beauties much better than your country folks, who look at eyes. You understand me, Charles. — Upon my word, said Clivia, (taking my arm, when we entered the room) the Exhibition, *adieu*, look very well this year. Yes, said the Baronet, there are some excellent originals, but the *water colour* have spoiled them. At this (quib two ladies at his elbow called him a ill natured brute, and frowning, frowned by him. Seeing the old gentleman with his eyes fixed on the ladies, I called his attention to the portraits of the Royal Family. At these he gave but a slight glance, protesting with visible gloom, while he hitch'd up his breeches, his own offspring looked to the full as well at home. Come, my dear papa, contends, don't you think the Princess Royal a fine girl? Why, yes, very well, but not so handsome as Olivia. What do you think, Sir, of the Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth, I think they are very handsome? Your good nature, my dear Clarissa, would never suffer you to look for faults in originals or paintings; but though I think highly of what you now admire, yet I don't think the first any thing like so lovely as your sister, Emily, nor is the latter so beautiful as you, in my eyes. A suggestion of thanks overspread the countenance of Clarissa, she made him a slight curtsy, and we walked on. A lady and gentleman brushed by us in a great hurry to view a miniature of Mrs. S——s, which they said was really like. The sound of the name was enough for our companions, and they were instantly on tip-toe to behold it. — Accompanying them, Charles, said the old gentleman, I don't like to look at any picture, however finely executed, that is not the representation of a good original. I am told the is a woman of extraordinary feel-

ing in every character but that of Mrs. S——s, and I despise the subtle and the shade. — When we returned to the Baronet he was looking with deep attention at the picture of General Monk receiving Charles the second on the beach of Dover. Well, my good Sir, said I, what do you think of that picture? He is much to be said for and must it, Charles, the picture is fine, which should possess ourselves of it, and gratitude to the old general, who contributed him, is a valuable possession, and the worst I have seen in the point of West. Any one, who knows of the history of England is but blind would suppose the greatest picture of the reign of Charles the second, at least for the principal figures who are looking on are habited, and wear the same formal countenance those people are distinguished for. Some men I should have whispered the artist, when I was about this interesting picture, what King Arthur days in the bulleque of Tom Thumb, "Let nothing but a face of joy appear!" In my opinion, the whole would wear a much better aspect, and those two very grave gentlemen at the side of the monarch would then look infinitely better — There! there is a picture that must please every body! said the old gentleman, pointing to *Biggs Sold as moving a Farmer's daughter to Camp*. His ingenious artist last year produced a good picture that cost me a few tears, the subject, if I recollect right, a good-hearted farmer redeeming a poor widow's furniture, which were destined for rent, and the year before he exhibited an excellent painting of a lady and her children relieving a wretched cottager — Since you are so very fond of pictures that work upon the passions, give me leave, Sir, to conduct you to a beautiful painting of the incomparable De Louthborough's, *A Farmer's Compassion to a distressed Soldier and his Family* — Yes! yes! said the good old patriarch, (a tear stealing down his cheek as he spoke) this is admirable! Behold, my children, cried he, a lesson for youth and age, a lesson more efficacious than all the pulpit lecturers in the world can teach, and such as the immortal Steine only could commit to paper! — I never saw any scene in my life, said Olivia, (taking hold of the sleeve of her father's coat as she spoke) so very like that in which my sister, Clarissa, was concerned about a fortnight ago. What! cried the feeling Baronet, I never heard a word of it before. You were from home

home at the time, papa, and we forgot to inform you of it when you were told. But that Cluistr, said the old man, (seeing him) it from his inspired should act in a similar manner, is not to be extraordinary, — ut tell in the story.

"Temp'ly you of them it has this thing, to wit: the bottom of a river, Cluistr discovered by the road side a cabbid d f l h r, with his wife and child, after, under the shade of our tree oak. Not willing to disturb them, we walked another way, but our little dog fell a barking, which roused the ladies instantly who waking his wife and his child from their slumbers, was going to proceed on his journey first making a bow to my sister and I, who he saw proceeding. Cluistr followed up to him, and asked how far he intended to travel, he replied fifty miles, when he hoped to accomplish in three days — he said his regiment was broke, and he was a father who wanted a small farm, and when he was far advanced in years, such a place would receive him with kindness, though by enlisting five years ago he had incurred his highest displeasure. — B, this time an empty coach with four horses came up, my sister asked the postillions how far they were going, they told about forty miles, and it fortunately happened they were lost in the thick fog. Cluistr gave orders that they would set the postillions down at the end of their journey, which they were duly obliged to, and he asked a sweet little boy at the inn to wait, and slipped a coin into his hand, the kind God bless him. — I exclaimed and exclaimed the old man in a peevish manner, that it was loud enough to be heard by those around him, Cluistr said he had the best present I can purchase in Livestock street for this, before I leave town, yes, Olivia, and you, my good girl, shall have another for not concealing, as the generosity of sisters would have done, this neglect of my amiable Cluistr — I will go to Louthborough this very day, to know what

price he sets upon this excellent picture, and it shall be mine if it is not already purchased — I wish, Charles, said the old gentleman, (turning to me) I wish, my dear boy every gentleman's house in the kingdom to exhibit this instructive piece, instead of hats, dogs, masters, far-ships, and in short it pierces! Those at the pictures our children should see it to be sure, every one of them is as excellent a lesson, and I am convinced they would be more instructive more powerful in teaching the heart the true lesson than any other sooner, than all the puppet lectures that have been delivered since the flood.

The remainder of the Baronet's observations during our stay in the different rooms was all full a modern half crown volume so that I shall take my leave of my readers for this month, by informing them we spent the evening at Covent Garden theatre, where Beaumont and Fletcher's play of the Pilgrim was revived for Wilson's Benefit, which was on the whole very well received, and considering it was for a Benefactor well supported — What *fast lanes* is in use in Beaumont and Fletcher's day, I will not pretend to say, but Mr Wilson's interlarding his poetry with it is now in common use in St. Cecily's, is certainly highly reprehensible. The gentleman's local stroke about the recent coalition, when he delivered Joe Haynes's proposition on an Ass, was excellent; his manner of delivering it still better, and it was warmly applauded. — Mrs. Kennedy's song of the Pigeon was admirable, but there cannot be as much said for her sonnet in Tristram Shandy, which is very poorly set. It would be doing Mrs. Wilson an injury to praise her merit by unnoticed; perhaps, in her round of characters, she never liked one to please an audience like that of Julietta — The title of Andalusia seems to owe its birth in a great measure to the Pilgrim. Many of the characters and scenes wear a striking similitude.

HINTS for the Improvement of GAME.

NO acts of parliament have more earnestly engaged the attention of our country gentlemen than those respecting the preservation of game. Many of these acts are oppressive in a great degree, unequal, and militate directly against the spirit of the constitution. That it should

happen thus, is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that those who are oppressed by them have no voice in the passing of our laws, and that his game is a favourite object with the landed gentleman. And happy were it for the public, if the other luxuries of the great were as properly

cial to themselves as the luxury of the sports of the field!) But when we look into the game laws, and consider their progress from reign to reign, how one age has altered, and tried to improve upon another; with what penalties and punishments they have endeavoured to fence in the game; what different methods of its destruction they have enumerated, and laboured to prevent; when we consider these, who would not be surprized to be told that the great destroyer of the game throughout the kingdom; who does more depredations on it than all the poachers and unqualified people in Great Britain, is not only permitted to take his full range without one law against him, but that several old laws, still unpealed, are most strongly in his favour and protection?—I mean the hawk of every land; that great murderer of young game, and notorious plunderer even of the farm-yard. When hawking, a much more hazardous and athletic exercise than following either the fox or the buck, was the favourite amusement of our robust gentry, and barons bold, the hawk and the heron, to afford them sport, were protected by the severest penalties which the monopolizing and tyrannical spirit of our Norman Lords could invent. By a statute of Henry VII. it is ten pounds to kill a hawk, a sum exceeding one hundred according to the present valuation of our money. And for any person, even

on his own grounds, to destroy the eggs of a heron, the penalty was ten shillings per egg. Yet the heron is no less destructive to the young fish in our ponds and rivulets, than the hawk is to the brood of the partridge, pheasant, and the variety of wild fowl. When it was the favourite exercise of our gentry to ride from county to county,

Through marsh, through meer, dyke, ditch,
and delve, and dale*,

to see the hawk pursue and battle the heron, it is no wonder that these noxious animals were carefully preserved. But now, when that exercise is no more, that the preservation of these plunderers, so destructive to the game, should be still continued, is very inconsistent with that stretch of anxiety and care, and even that monopolizing tyranny, which is so shamefully characteristic of our game laws. Common sense, one would think, ought to dictate a relaxation of the severity now shewed to the peasant, and that in place of the acts in favour of the ravenous kite, a new one should be made, that, as the parish officers now pay for the heads of sparrows, an adequate reward should be given for the eggs and the heads of the hawk and the heron.

A SPORTSMAN.

* Sir Martyn, 4to. 1777, c. i. f. 31.

A SHORT HISTORY of, with REMARKS upon, the ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY

MY last was a dissent upon the ancient morality of Greece, to which a promise was annexed, of a more minute inquiry into its perfection, or the contrary. The fulfilment of this we decline for the present, apprehending, that with greater propriety, it may be introduced in some other part of these essays, if we continue them.

According, then, to our proposed plan, we proceed to the consideration of the double origin of philosophy; one of which was from Anaximander; the other from Pythagoras. Anaximander was disciple to Thales, whence that philosophy was called Ionic. Pythagoras was disciple to Phétyrides, called from the place where he taught Italic.

For the sake of order, and to preserve the exact succession of those schools through which we mean to trace Ethics alone; we shall briefly mention as we go along, some

philosophers, perhaps sects of them; and notice their principles, though strictly speaking, they have no immediate relation to our subject.

To begin with the Ionic School. Anaximander, the successor of Thales, varying from the doctrine of his master, constituted Infinity to be the principle and element of all things. A chimerical foundation indeed; which shews the feebleness of the human understanding, and the dimness of the dawn of reason, which could substitute a quality for a substance. Infinity is what we admit as an idea, which we are unable clearly to comprehend; we grant it pertains to the Deity alone; and we trust for juster notions of it to a state of higher and future improvement.

Next to Anaximander came Anaximenes, who held that the air is the principle of the universe; of which all things are engendered, and into which they ultimately

inately resolve. He averred, that the air is God. Begotten—Immenſe—Infinite—ever in motion, but that thoſe things which ariſe out of it are finite. Firſt are begotten—earth—water—fire—then of theſe all other things. His opinion further was, that our ſouls were parts of the univerſal principle, air. All this goes only to a material ſyſtem, and falls much ſhort of the truth, ſeeing it tells us the air is God; yet ſays, that it is begotten—higher in the chain of cauſes, this philoſopher went not, but left it to his ſucceſſor.

Anaxagoras, who ſit among theſe ſages joined mind to matter, maintaining the material principle of all things, to be, One; and many parts infinite *ὁμοεικὲς* ſimilar and contrary; continuous to the touch; ſuſtaining themſelves; not contained by any other. That God is an infinite ſelf-moving mind; that this divine infinite mind, not incloſed in any body, is the efficient cauſe of all things, which it produceth out of the infinite matter, conſiſting of ſimilar parts, every thing being made, according to its ſpecies, by the divine mind, who, when all things were at firſt conſuſedly mixed together, by his power and knowledge reduced them to order. The ſoul, ſaid the ſame philoſopher, is that which moveth, is aerial, and clothed with a body of the nature of air. In this ſyſtem we may diſcern ſomething like the firſt glimmerings of the truth: by the introduction of an intellectual, ſupernatural power, as the grand agent upon matter. The tenets of his maſter probably contributed to miſlead him in his opinions concerning the ſoul.

He was ſucceeded by Archelaus, the reputed tranſporter of natural philoſophy from Ionia to Athens, who believed the principle of all things to be two-fold, one incorporeal, the mind (not the maker of the world) the other corporeal, infinite in number, and diſſimilar, which is the air, and its rarefaction and condensation, whereof one is fire, the other water. The univerſe he deemed infinite. In him the Ionic ſect was in a certain meaſure completed, and after him the ſtudy of natural philoſophy ſuffered a conſiderable ſuſpenſion: morality being reduced into ſome form, by his moſt excellent ſcholar, Socrates, who had alſo been a hearer of Anaxagoras.

From the ſtudy of nature, this wonderful perſonage turned the attention of the curious to the inveſtigation of man. Inſtead of conſining their regards to externals, he aſſiſted them, in exploring what paſſed in the human breaſt. After ſearch-

ing himſelf into all kinds and branches of ſcience, the following inferences obviously, and moſt forcibly ſtruck him. Firſt, that it was exceeding improper to leave matters concerning mankind, in which they were deeply intereſted, and whereon their felicity depended, to enquire into things without us, and frequently foreign to each of the above purpoſes. Secondly, that what engroſſed their attention ſo much, were of a nature generally above the reach of man adequately to comprehend—what might conſume a life time without replenſhing the ſoul, or giving our tempers a bias in favour of virtue—what might amuſe the fancy without bettering the heart, or render us more uſeful members of ſociety. And laſtly, that though theſe things could be attained, it was abſolutely impoſſible to reduce them to practice. This great man eſteemed ſpeculative knowledge only in proportion as it conduced to happineſs; he therefore cut off in geometry, arithmetic, aſtrology, and the other ſciences, whatever he thought the leaſt pertinent to this moſt deſirable end. Obſerving how little ſpeculation tended to regulate the life, or to advance its true pleaſures, he viewed it only as the fore-runner of action, to which he reduced it in every caſe, and of which, if ſpeculation or theory ſtopt ſhort, he apprehended it to be of no value. In a word, Socrates was the firſt who brought philoſophy to common life, to deſcribe virtue and vice, and to inquire into the real nature and properties of good and evil.

Man, who was the ſole object of his philoſophy, having a two-fold relation, of divine ſpeculation, and human converſation, or intercourſe in the world; his doctrines were, in the former reſpect, metaphyſical, in the latter, moral. Philoſophy he defined the way to true happineſs, conſiſting of two offices, viz. to contemplate God, and to abſtract the ſoul from corporeal ſenſe.

There are three principles of all things, God, matter, and ideas. God is the univerſal intellect. Matter is the ſubject of generation and corruption. Idea is an incorporeal ſubſtance, and the intellect of God, who again is the intellect of the world. Now God is one, perfect in himſelf, who creates, and is the well-being of every creature. His eſſence, continued the venerable ſage, is what is, indeed, unknown to me, but what it is not that I know. He, not chance, as ſome ignorantly ſuppoſe, made the world; ſo be convinced of which you need only make uſe of your bodily organs, ſurvey the beauty, the order

order and regularity, reigning through every part of nature, and then say, if you can, that any thing short of infinite power and excellent wisdom could have so arranged, or disposed of the several component parts. Look at the various, the daily, and numerous benefits, which every class of beings enjoy, so suited to their nature, and adapted to their capacities, to be assured of his providence extending over all. The acknowledgment of this truth must lead to that of many others. Did he not know all, and see all, how could he provide for all, and discover such amazing vigilance respecting each, as if that one alone occupied his care?

Herein his omniscience and omnipresence stand fairly confessed, than which two perfections of the Deity, none seem more calculated to impress the mind with a religious awe, and to keep the feet in the paths of rectitude. Flatter not yourselves then, that owing to particular circumstances, any thing you may, say, do, or silently desire, can be concealed from him, who is intimately present with every being; and, at one glance, pervades creation, taking cognizance even of the thoughts, which perhaps are never clothed with words, far less carried into action. As an additional argument to the practice of virtue, the Deity hath sufficiently declared by actual exertions of the power which he hath to do it, and by the belief thereof imprinted in the human breast, as owned by all nations, both the wise and rude, that he will reward those who please him, and adequately punish those who are disobedient to his commands.

The learning of the soul is only reminiscence, which, besides being immortal, is pre-existent to the body, endued with knowledge of eternal ideas, which in her union with it, she, as stupified, loath, until awakened by discourse from sensible objects. The body being compounded, is dissolved by death. The soul being simple, and of a divine principle, passes into another life, incapable of corruption, where the good are in a happy estate, united to the Deity in a blessed inaccessible place; and the bad, no longer able to mar the pleasures of the good, are confined in abodes suited to embitter their suffering the punishment due to their merits.

The morals of Socrates consider a man either as an individual, or as the father of a family, or as a member of a commonwealth. In the first respect are his ethics; to give a large detail of which is unnecessary, since the authors who have preserved them, are not more uniformly applauded, than

known to every lover of science. However we shall mention a few precepts. Without doubt, says he, they are the best men, and the most acceptable to the Deity, who, by every art or calling, do the greatest possible good; he who followeth none is useless to the public and hated of God. Virtue is the beauty, and vice the deformity of the soul; wherefore we infer, that true happiness consists in learning and virtue. In your judgments separate not between a just man and a happy; for they are the same. Labour, my friends, to be truly wise, and this will infensibly constrain you to be serviceable to others. No small part of man's wisdom consists in not thinking he understands what he really doth not. Genuine wisdom is the uniform composure of the soul, whose office it is to discern what is good and honest, and to shun that which is dishonest. Never call those wise, who knowing what they ought to do, neglect it; nor think those void of dishonesty, who are conscious of ill. Vice is not half so sweet in the practice, as it is bitter in the fruits, and painful in the recollection. Could you see the mind of tyrants, you would not admire the purple which adorns them!—Did you know what they feel, you would not exchange the meanest condition for their pomp and splendour!

Nature having distributed her favours with a sparing and a partial hand, let us rather distrust than arrogantly presume in what she hath given to ourselves. By assisting herwise shall be better to multiply enemies, than secure friends. As when at sea we are guided by the pilot's skill, so in the stormy and hazardous voyage of life we should submit to those of greater experience and maturer judgment. Avoid injustice, and in your transactions with men, reckon ingratitude the greatest of vices, seeing in a good heart it never dwells, and in your private addresses to God, pray only for general blessings; because he best knows what is good for you, therefore it is both idle and needless to ask peculiar or personal favours. Let your religious worship be exactly the method prescribed by the laws of the country you live in, whether you inwardly may approve of it or not; always keeping in mind, that the best way of worshipping the Deity is to do his commands, and pay the most vigilant regard to whatever you may suppose is pleasing in his sight. Exercise patience continually—the greater the occasion, the higher the praise; the longer it is tried, the more you may depend on its being rewarded. Profess yourselves uniform

ries to nothing but truth. Respect your superiors, but perpetually cherish a thorough disdain for flattery. Be of as great use as you can to your friend, by relieving his necessities to the utmost of your power, and guarding him against vice, by the strictest circumspection, and the most delicate manner of administering counsel to him.

Much might be said concerning his illustrations of, or remarks upon particular virtues, but we judge this superfluous, seeing these the discourses he had with his scholars, are so exactly related by Xenophon, who, for the elegance of his composition, and sweetness of his diction, has been called the Attic Pœ. How accurately did Socrates describe? and how justly describe the effects of continence to the above husband and Carobaldus?—Of contentedness, liberality, prodigality, and covetousness to Antipho?—Of temperance to Epigenes and Euthydemus?—And every now and then he took the opportunity of proving that opinion is the foundation of folly, and that the most contented are generally the least wise.

About man, as the father of a family, are his economics, expressly delivered in a treatise on that subject by Xenophon, and relative to him in the third respect, as a member of a community, are his politics, which many writers think to be the same which Plato hath delivered under this title, though disguised with his own language, and intermixed with additions of his own.

At this period the honour and respect paid to philosophers amongst the Grecian states made it multiply exceedingly, and inspired the breasts of the sages with the noblest emulation. Each panted for new discoveries, and longed for the self-foothing pleasure, or transient applause of being the author of a sect. The succession of the Ionic School, which before Socrates was single, came to be divided into many sects; some of which were of shorter continuance than others; of whom we shall speak in a subsequent essay: in the mean time conclude this with a few remarks on the philosophy of the truly venerable Socrates.

His notions of the Supreme Being were doubtless more correct than any of his predecessors, and perhaps were juster than even he thought it prudent to own. The Athenians in his time were too deeply immersed in superstition to be able to bear the truth. Socrates complied with his countrymen's weakness, and his ordering a cock to be sacrificed to Esculapius, in

what may be called his dying moments, proves to us, first, his belief of his own maxim, that a man should square his religion by the laws of the country in which he lived, and also the small influence his own religious principles had upon himself. The laws or government of no country, say the severest oppressors of the cruellest tyrant, could not force a mind firmly persuaded of the truths of religion to prevaricate concerning them, much less to abdicate them. Of Providence his ideas were beautiful, and his imputation of the omniscience of the Deity, a pleasing truth to the virtuous breast, a powerful preservative from vice, and a most alarming circumstance to the reflections of the vicious.

The ideas of Socrates respecting the soul, are more irregular, and seem to imply a pre-existent state. Much has been said on this subject, in modern as well as ancient times, nor can it be denied that the point admits of warm disputation. The nature of the soul, its union with the body, the precise moment when that union takes place, whether the soul be then created, or is invisibly connected with the material part of our constitution, are all problems yet not fully solved; and against each of which strong objections may be urged. Much absurdity has been said and wrote on the matter. Witness among other things, a question which a hot-headed fanatic, in the west of Scotland, asked a young Gentleman on trials for holy orders, "What degree of contamination does the soul receive at its junction with the body?" The young man, with spirit, replied, "REV. SIR, I hope this presbytery does not expect that I shall be able to answer every question which may be put:—but I trust he who asked it will favour me with an answer." Thus the interrogator declined, and his ignorance speed confessed. In a word, we are unable to comprehend the nature of bodies in general, much less do we know of the manner wherein our senses inform us of any thing. Sensation we allow is not performed by the organs, but by the mind perceiving the motion produced in the organ. Ask then, a philosopher, says the celebrated Boyle, how the soul comes to be wrought on, and that in such various manners, by those external bodies, which are the objects of our senses? He will tell you, that by the impressions on the organs, they variously move the nervous fibres, wherewith those parts are endowed, by which the motion is propagated to the brain; where these motions being perceived by the soul, be-

come sensations through the intimate union of the soul with the body. But give me leave to take notice, that this union of an incorporeal with a corporeal substance, is a thing so difficult to comprehend, that the profoundest secrets of theology, not to say the incarnation itself, are not more abstruse than this. For how can we conceive that a substance purely immaterial should be united without any medium, (and in this case there can be none) with a body, that cannot possibly lay hold on it, and which it can pervade, and fly away from at pleasure? and it is almost as difficult to conceive how any part of the body, without excepting the animal spirits

of the brain (for these are as truly corporeal as the other parts) can make impression on a substance perfectly incorporeal, and which is not affected by the motions of any parts but the nerves. Nor is it a small difficulty to conceive how a finite spirit can either move, or which is much the same thing, regulate and determine the motion of the body.

All the other notions of Socrates, concerning the various relations of man, and the several virtues, are just, and of the most ennobling nature. They exalt humanity, and tend to inspire the most permanent felicity.

FIDELIO.

THE BIOGRAPHER. No. I.

As there is no Study more amusing or interesting than that of Biography, we shall occasionally select some of the most popular Personages, who have in this Century, made a figure as Philosophers, Mathematicians, Orators, Poets, Historians; Painters, Sculptors, Architects, or Musicians. Since Genius and Talents are confined to no particular Country, we shall portray Characters of every Nation; and our principal Aim will be, to collect our Materials from the fountain Head, or from such Sources which bear the greatest Marks of Authenticity.

1. THE EARL of MORTON.

JAMES Douglas, Earl of Morton and Aberdeen, knight of the most noble order of the garter, one of the sixteen peers of Scotland, and president of the Royal Society, was born at Edinburgh in the year 1707. This nobleman united to those honourable titles, the most distinguished offices which literature and politics could confer; while his great and shining abilities threw a lustre on his name and country.

His lordship having studied at Cambridge, made the tour of Europe, and returned to England with an encase of reputation. At an early period in life, he contracted an intimate friendship with the celebrated Maclaurin, and at the age of 26, he established a philosophical Society at Edinburgh; a society that has since made a considerable figure in almost every branch of knowledge. The Royal Society elected him their president in 1733; and by the death of the Earl of Marcellusfield, he was appointed *officiarius* in the Academy of Sciences at Paris.

In this glorious career, he united an ardent zeal for the progress of the sciences, and became the friend and patron of those who merited his support, by increasing the stock of useful knowledge. This generous protection was ever active, discerning, and disinterested; and this

enthusiasm for the general good of humanity, were the leading features of his lordship's character: consequently, these uncommon, these precious qualities, will eternize his name as long as worth and learning shall exist.

The Earl of Morton likewise distinguished himself in a peculiar manner on those objects which had engrossed the attention of the astronomers,—the passage of Venus, with the observations and conferences respecting longitude.

Having thus sketched his lordship's portrait, under the *traits* which mostly merit the esteem and veneration of the learned; we shall add, that his country is not less indebted to him for his conduct in parliament, where he displayed a bold and energetic eloquence for the true interests of his country. In the year 1768, death deprived Great-Britain of a valuable subject; and the man of letters, of a generous friend.

His lordship left, by his two marriages, a son and a daughter.

2. HUBERT-FRANCOIS GRAVELOT.

This celebrated artist is as well known in England, as in his native country. He was born at Paris the 26th of March 1697, of a reputable parentage, which is still more reputable to an Englishman, who thinks commerce no degradation.

He

He was educated in the college of the *Four Nations*; but while he was in the third class, he quitted his academical studies for those of painting and design. His father, desirous of his having the first models continually before him, had interest enough to place this second son in the suite of the Duke of Feuilleade, who had been nominated ambassador to the court of Rome. During the residence of young Gravelot, at Lyons, where he was waiting to join this embassy, which however did not take place, he employed all his money in the purchase of books; but on his return to that gay capital, he gave into all its fashionable follies. To remove him from this scene of dissipation, his father sent him to the West-Indies, with the governor-general of *Saint Dominique*. On his arrival he constructed a map of the whole island, which many years after, he engraved and published. His father sent him goods to the amount of 14,000 livres, but the ship foundered in her passage. This terrible piece of news plunged the young libertine into the greatest distress, and cost him a severe and dangerous fit of illness. Not hoping to receive any more succours from his family, he took shipping, and returned home penniless. He was then about 30, and betook himself seriously to business. He designed under Monsieur Rétow. Despairing however, to make a figure among so great a number of excellent artists, he set out for England, where he soon acquired no inconsiderable reputation for the numerous designs that graced the shop windows of the London book-sellers. He was peculiarly happy in his ornaments as well as

figures, and modelled after nature with the stile and correctness of a great master. One of Mr. Gravelot's chief excellencies was, his familiar acquaintance with a most profound theory of perspective, which he published in his native language.

The war which was carried on in 1745, between the two rival nations, rendering his residence in London rather irksome, he returned to Paris, by way of Holland. During thirteen years residence in this country, he produced an amazing number of designs and engravings that bear his name. In France he makes a figure in the large editions of Voltaire and Racine's works; as also in Marмонтel's *Moral Tales*, and in the works of Madame Bocace, and Aristotle. Besides these, he published a collection of divers subjects on iconology, or explication of images; in which every figure is characterised with its proper attributes.—Thus much as an artist.

As a man, he was endowed with an extreme sensibility. Whatever he read, or saw represented on the stage, affected him in the most lively manner. He was passionately fond of reading, and often entertained his visitors and friends with this amusement. The belles-lettres were his favourite topics, which refined his sentiments, and rendered him an agreeable and improving companion. What he did of late years was but trifling, as his sight had been greatly injured by too intense an application to minute objects. An illness of eight days, occasioned by an indigestion, caused him off on the 20th of April, in the year 1773, and in the 75th year of his age.

A F R A G M E N T.

Who so findeth a Wife, findeth a good Thing, and obtaineth Favour of the Lord.
PROVERBS.

There never was a juster Observation than the above; and the Lamentations of Florio will evince the Truth of my Assertion.

FLORIO was the son of a gentleman in Norfolk; and he received an early prepossession in favour of a young lady, who is related to him in the first degree. At that time he had no conception, that his want of fortune would prove an imaginary road of obstacles. He loved; and his love was sincere. The integrity of his heart scorned dissimulation; and acts of generosity endeared him to Hebe. They played to-

gether; and their interchanges of youthful tenderness were the foundation of a reciprocal attachment. She loved him; and felt the force of a growing passion.

Florio lived with his aunt, mother to Miss Catharine Hebe, when she was inoculated; and, as his father was dreadfully apprehensive of catching the infection of this malady, it was agreed, that Florio should go to a neighbouring school. Kitty always solicited her mama

ma's permission to meet him when the supped the school hours were ended; but, if any accident arose which deprived her of that pleasure, she was unhappy till he came home. Miss Hebe encouraged the attachment; and called them "the two young friends." Indeed, they were more inseparable friends than Orestes and Pylades. Florio and Hebe were happy. They had no desire, no joy to wish. It was the first dawns of love, that rendered them thus happy. Day after day, added to the pleasures of this fond young couple; however, a chilling frost was likely to nip and kill the bud of love just opening its tender leaves—the fears of Florio's father ceased; and he was summoned away. The dreadful messenger arrived when they were in the embowered arbor, secluded from the scorching rays of the sun. He was decked in out with all the proudest productions of spring; and he was working him of flowers. They were endeavouring to outvie each other in their youthful tenderness; but, alas! this tenderness has been long suspended, perhaps, the sigh he now heaves is the last effort of expiring hope.

Florio was over sent to a school, some distance from his father, where he continued till he was eighteen, at which time a gentleman procured him an appointment in a public office under government. He now entered upon the great stage of the world; and pursued an unparalleled and unparalleled avidity in his moments of relaxation.

Florio was young, active, well proportioned, and gentle. His frequentation of the theatres and was passionately attached to the stage. It was now that ambition fired his mind; and he lamented his past mispent life. He wanted to verge from the confines of a public office, and mature himself into all the fashionable pleasures. This he accomplished in some measure; for although his father would not listen to the proposal of his entering into the army, as he supposed his present situation more eligible; yet he supplied him with money, which enabled him to appear as a gentleman in whatever company he went.

Florio was fond of dancing, in which accomplishment he excelled. No one wanted a minuet with more grace and elegance than Florio. In country dances, who was admired more than Florio? A murmuring applause always attended him. His deportment was free from awkward gestures, simple negligence

free from affected, loose contortions, evinced his perfection in this elegant accomplishment.

Whenever Florio made his appearance in strange company, "Who is he? who is he?" ran from one to another.

Florio is insensible of the charms of the London ladies; and the rays of beauty emanating from their faces, affect him no otherwise, than as a man of gallantry: for the image of Miss Catharine Hebe, often occurs to his fancy; and he paints her in his imagination, as lovely as a youthful mind can form, contemplating the moments of lost happiness.

Ernesto is married to a young lady; and to oblige his wife, he gives a ball to all the world. He invites Florio; and assures him, that he can introduce him to a handsome woman lately arrived from France. Florio had often heard of introductions to handsome women. Such assertions are indiscriminately used; and the world pays such compliments in current language: but as no extraordinary encomiums were paid to this lady's figure and accomplishments, he regarded it not, only as a gentleman; not supposing the surprise he should meet with.

Florio appears in an elegant dress. He is announced. His name palpitates the hearts of many females. "Florio come!" (whisper Flirtilla to Anthea) "I'll engage him for my partner." He enters the room; and receives a cordially polite reception. He seats himself, with a winning humility, in the lowest part of the room. (The kind of modesty is a powerful recommendation to a fair lady, prostituted in the pleasures of the city.) He attracts the eyes of all; and the most presumptuous beaux confess his superiority. They are silent when he speaks; and give no opinion till Florio gives his. Behind observes the respect all pay Florio. She admires his taste; and the gaiety of his conversation pleases her. She views him with uncommon attention, unobserved. Flirtilla engages his attention. She asks a thousand questions; and waits for no answers. A mysterious confident behaviour he speaks her intimacy with him. Florio attaches the conversation of Cephira. Cephira is pleased with the distinction. The volubility of her tongue enforces her meaning; and supplies the want of perspicuity. Her words become inarticulate. Her eyes sparkle voluptuously. She gives way to the excess of joy, which runs through her veins. She languishes with the fond thought of attaching her-

rio. "Indeed, Florio, I am very happy this evening. A select party of our friends, charms me much more than a promiscuous company. Here we are free to indulge our inclinations, safe from scandal, that plying Argus."

"Yes," (exclaiming your observation is just.) "Can you believe it, Florio? I have been applied to a score times, for the favour of my hand this evening. Whom do you dance with Florio?" At this instant the glance of his eyes meets Belinda's. She sighs, and the most attracting eyes of the world are eclipsed. His sensibility is awakened; and he seems as he were aroused from a long dream. His breast expands; and he resumes the last breath of a long insensibility.

Cephira again asks whom he dances with. "I pray, who is that lady, Cephira?" "Was there ever any question so provoking. But I forgive you. 'Tis Belinda." "Belinda?" "Yes. She is lately arrived from France; but tell me whom you dance with?" He is now asked to open the ball with Belinda. He feels strange pleasures; for in the lineaments of Belinda's face, he traces the features of Hebe. He approaches her with the most respectful dignity. "Madam! I esteem this the happiest moment of my life.—the signalized honour of dancing with the most accomplished woman in the world, will never be effaced my recollection." "Such extravagant panics impeaches the integrity of your words." "I feel what I said," leading her to the upper end of the room. He keeps with emotions hitherto unfelt. His feelings, his exertions, render him a statue of the most sublime and beautiful symmetry. No motion, but what is graceful; no look, but what expresses the pleasures of his whole frame. In giving hands, strange feelings run through his veins. His blood flows with intoxicated avidity; and flushes his face expressively fond. The minuet is ended. He hands her to her seat. "Never again, madam, disparage your beauty, by doubting the praise it inspires." "Flattery, Sir, is the language of the world; and politeness, pardons the unmeaning expressions." "The language of the world then expresses the feelings of my heart." "Now you are too serious.—That couple walk a minuet with much air and grace." "Yes; but I saw a lady step with the dignity of Juno; and the graces of Venus combined, render her the delight of

my soul. Pardon the expression, most amiable Belinda. Your beauty inspires me with new sentiments; and I am so honest, that I cannot stifle my approbation where 'tis due." "Thanks to your honesty; but at present I have no occasion for it; perhaps I shall try it hereafter." "Then I may hope! My heart, beautiful Belinda, devoted to the fairest form in the world, will show the sedulity its sincerity dictates." Florio feels a flame kindling in his breast; and he anticipates the most perfect happiness. How far his anticipation is founded in truth, must be determined by and by.

Ernesto now calls the attention to country dances. "Florio, (surd Ernesto) this is the lady whom I promised to recommend to you." "The recommendation does honour to your judgment; and I will endeavour to merit this signalized mark of your favour." "Do so. She is deserving your regard. Belinda, this is Florio, the gentleman of whom you heard me make mention. Come, you must do me the honour to open the ball with country dances."

"They led the dance. Heavens, with what grace they mov'd!

"Who could have seen them then,
and not have lov'd?"

They arrive at the bottom, and are mutually lured. The night passes away reciprocally pleasing. Florio goes home with Belinda. He finds every department elegant. They enter a room, decorated in a beautiful manner. Their figures are reflected a thousand different ways. Artificial fires warm the room to a pleasing temperature. They breathe nothing but love, and the air is impregnated with the contagion. The softest sofas invite the languor of their souls to repose; but a pair of folding doors are thrown open, and they are invited to a collation of varied elegancies. This sumptuous repast, surpasses all that Florio had ever seen. He fancies is enchanted; and worships Belinda as a goddess, but she now pulls off her gloves, and displays the roundest, whitest, most beautiful arm that Florio ever saw. He is convinced she is no goddess. He holds her hand between his. Heavens! who can describe what he felt? The down of the peach is not so soft as her hand; but! yet he feels a vacuity at his heart.

(To be continued.)

THE Dolls that have arrived from Paris in the course of this month, in Tavistock street, decked with the gewgaws of that fashionable city, have exhibited such a variety of colours, that I know not which to call the most fashionable. Blue and yellow, *light and deep*, seem to be in most estimation; which are worn by the ladies, particularly the Cyprian circle, to a profusion. Mrs. Abington's new fashioned *flays* don't seem to be relished by her followers on former occasions; indeed they are the most ridiculous invention that have appeared since the days our great grand-mothers hid their snowy attars from the wanton glances of their lovers. Mrs. Abington, a few evenings since, put the audience of Covent Garden Theatre in mind of George Alexander Stevens, preaching his methodist sermon, convened by a tub, *t. the chert*. In my last number I introduced a Lady, of Bath, exhibiting what she called her *April Links*; any one would suppose Mrs. Abington jealous of this lady's *brief work*. If it was out of her power to attack it *in form*, she, in revenge for such a bold insinuation on her right to precedence, *masked* her own capivating battery, and thought her votaries would instantly envelope themselves up high in a redundancy of whalebone. In this she has been disappointed, for every lady on this side forty has declared against a proceeding so offensive to the eyes of mankind, and to clumsy and inelegant in one of their own sex. The Ladies in general wear a *cast* from the elbow to the shoulder, ornamented with a narrow ribbon, put on from bottom to top in the manner of a cork-screw; at the edge of the ribbon they wear a frill, not confined to the colour of the ribbons, or gown. Buffs are still in fashion, and in the same estimation. Snow-ribbon is still in wear, but principally confined to the middle order of fashion's children.

A profound secrecy reigns among the maquina-making and millinary tribes, about the fashions that will appear on the King's birth-day; so that I shall close this article with a promise that my next number shall give the full particulars of what the drawing-room at St. James's will exhibit on the above important occasion.

LITERATURE and the POLITE ARTS.

The elder Mr. Sheridan's new edition of Swift, which has been so long pre-

paring, is not yet talked of as forth-coming. Besides two or three anecdotes of Swift's private life, delivered down through the channel of Dr. Sheridan to his son, and some letters of the then *Lady Suffolk*, there are not, as we understand, many other novelties in this edition. The remaining force of this edition, is to be new arrangements of the old matter, modernised diction, and some other peculiarities yet less important.

The following are some of the professional circumstances of poor Ryland; and as a professional man, he still deserves notice. He studied drawing at the academy of artists then in St. Martin's lane, and got a medal for an academy figure. He afterwards became an articled pupil of Ravenet, a French engraver of repute; and on the expiration of his time with Ravenet, when Mr. Strange declined engraving Ramsay's portraits of the King and Lord Bute, Ryland was the man pitched upon to make the plates, which appear to be executed well, but were much too long a time in hand. His remuneration from the King on this occasion was very ample; it was a salary of such a year as long as the work should occupy his time. The time occupied was eight years!—Of this delay, some probability might be the love of money—another part, however, may be imputed to a more allowable cause, the love of fame;—a young artist might be supposed to work slowly, and of course but slowly, when under the scrutiny of such employers as an acknowledged Critic and a King.

The Earl of Carlisle is again trimming up his poetical talents; an Ode in praise of *Confiscancy*, and a title, like Gray's *Cat*, on a very uncommon *Rat*, are both talked of—*filuto de morie*—“On a quarto type, where a neat little rivulet of text murmurs through a meadow of margin!”

Gillray, that excellent artist, whose designs and engravings are equally admirable, but whose modesty has no parallel, is now finishing his two pretty pictures from Dr. Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. Their titles are not yet known, and it is supposed he will usher them into the world like the rest of his productions, without putting his name to either. This gentleman, like Opie, exhibits such a luxuriance of fancy, and such characteristic excellence in every thing he turns out of his hands, that he bids very fair

to

to be at the head of his profession in a few years.

Mifs Burney has another novel on the stocks, which it is supposed will be launched early the ensuing winter. We sincerely hope, for the honour of genius, this lady will succeed better than she did with *Evilina*, in the disposal of it; public report whispering, the sum she received for that excellent work, to be no more than *five guineas*!—We are told, the publisher, like a man of generosity, gave twenty guineas more to the author when the second edition went off!!!—For *Cecilia* she got 150 guineas.

Trotter, whose pictures of Mr. Fox, Lady Helen Boyle, the Rev. Mr. Kempe, &c. have gained him such esteem, has been for some time exerting his genius on four plates from the story of *Le Pevre*; the designs by a first rate artist. We hear these engravings will give the highest pleasure to the admirers of Sterne.

SQUIRES of the MONTH.

It is rumoured Dally the Tall, with some of the trial sisterhood, are to take a trip to the continent; but people in general think their design is to pay a visit to the *incontinent*.

Mifs Dal—le is returned to England, and made her first public appearance at Ranelagh a few nights since: the

“A flat Contradiction to the Newspaper Reports, that no Order of Knights had ever been instituted in Ireland, before that of St. Patrick, in the present Year 1783.

IN 1470, the 11th of Edward IV. an order of Knights of the Garter, was instituted in Ireland, of whom an ancestor of the present Earl of Howth, was a Knight; but the order was abolished by parliament in 1494, twenty-four years from its first institution.

The present Earl of Howth, is the twenty-seventh buon of that family, in lineal descent. The original name of the family was *Tristram*, which was changed to St. — to commemorate

came over in the suit of the Duke de Chartres, and therefore passed unscathed at Dover, as the *secret baggage* of his Serene Highness!

It is remarkable that those ladies who owe great part of their external charms to the *pencil*, generally exert their art to the best advantage during the exhibition at Somerset-house, contending for the honour due to Gainsborough, Reynolds, &c.

The *Bird of Paradise*, appears in the exhibition in her *miniature* proportion, with a *dwarfish Cupid* in parody by her side. The artist has with great judgment, represented him with a *bandage* over his eyes; lest, by his *seeing* he might take to other *wings* than those which the *paradise* wren could furnish!

The Marquis de Conflans, who is in the Duke de Chartres's suite, wears *gold pendants* in his ears. This device is well in character for Frenchmen, as it may be considered, as a bait for *adultery* to offer up her *conspiring incense* to the wearers!

Mrs. Siddons was taken suddenly ill on Saturday of a disorder unknown to the faculty at large; but which Dr Ford, with his usual perspicuity, discovered; it is entitled, *boxes untaken*; and he prescribed for it, *not to appear in public for a day or two*.

a victory gained by the founder of the family, on St. Lawrence's day.

The sword of St. Almericus, who gained the battle, and changed the family name, is now hung up in the hall at Howth, the seat of the present Lord; and what is still more remarkable, the estate and barony they have possessed near six hundred years, without increase or diminution, during that time; nor, was there ever an attainder of it.

D U E N N A, ACT III.

Scene. Convent.—Discovers Father Paul, Brother Francis, &c. &c. at a Table drinking.

FATHER Paul. Push the bottle about, brother Francis, and give us your toast.

Brother Francis. The abbess of St. Dunstons.

F. P. That was our last.

B. F. Then here's to the little blue eyed nun of St. Catharine's.

Omnes. With all our hearts.—[drink]

F. P.

F. P. Has any benefaction been left to the convent in my absence?

B. F. Yes.

F. P. What were they?

B. F. Francisco the merchant, has left us a hundred pistoles to remember him in our miseries.

F. P. Let that be paid to our wine merchant; we'll remember him in our glasses, it will do every jot as well.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

F. P. Any thing more?

B. F. Yes: Baptista, the rich old miser, who died last week, has left us a hundred ducats, and a silver lamp that he used to burn in his own chamber, to be continually burning before the image of St. Anthony.

F. P. 'Twas well meant, but we'll employ his bounty better: let it be converted to cash, and paid to our wine chandler—we'll have light—St. Anthony was never afraid to sleep in the dark, though he was—[Knocking at the door; the table, &c. drawn behind a curtain] Brother Francis unlocks the door.

Enter a Lay Brother.

Lay Brother. One without wants speak to Father Paul.

B. F. calls. Brother Paul.

Enter from behind, Father Paul.

F. P. How dull thou, fellow, dost thou us at our devotions?

Lay Brother. I thought they were ended.

F. F. No, they were not: were they Brother Francis?

B. F. No; not by 'a bottle each.—[aside]

F. P. Fellow, thou art always eating.

Lay Brother. We ask no more than nature craves.

F. P. 'Tis false. Ye eat, ye drink, and you gormandize; and your sleek and pumper'd appearance, is a disgrace to our order: if thou art hungry, is there not the fruits of the earth.—[eats some cake.]

B. P. And thou art dry. Is there not the chrysal spring? [drinks wine] Take this, [gives the glass] and shew me where I am wanted. [Lay Brother puts the glass to his mouth] Thou wouldst have drank it if I had left any. Oh! glutton! glutton!

[Exit.

THE HIVE A COLLECTION SCRAP.

Exact fab sole I hor—

—et in medium quæsitâ reponit. VIRG.

ANECDOTE OF APOLLIS.

A Certain painter exhibiting an ill-executed picture in the presence of several eminent painters, boasted of having finished it in a very short time: Apelles, who was present, said pleasantly, "It is not necessary you should tell us you finished it in a very short time; the picture sufficiently evinces *that*."

An author's wife having occasion to call at a bookseller's, and being pressed to sit down, Mr. Vamp's wife, who was in the room, either through pride or bashfulness, never opened her lips the whole time. A gentleman present, taking notice of such strange behaviour, asked the lady, in a whisper, what it could be owing to, "*Oh my dear Sir, (and she, very nearly) a TELL PAGE has very FEW WORDS.*"

During Lord Townsend's residence in Dublin, as viceroy, he often went in disguise through the city. He had heard much of the wit of a shoe black, known by the name of Blind Peter, whose stand was always at the Globe coffee-house door; having found him out, he stooped

get his boots cleaned, which was no sooner done than his lordship asked Peter to give him change for half a guinea. "Half a guinea! your honor, (said the ragged wit) change for half a guinea from me! by G—, Sir, you may as well ask a *Higlander* for a *knave-buckle*!" His lordship was so well pleased that he left him the bit of gold, and walked off.

A friend, or *as could be at first*, was not long since endeavouring, in company with two of the most prudent persons, to invalidate the doctrine of an overruling providence, saying, "That all things came into being by *chance*; and with respect to a future state of rewards and punishments, it was only a whim to frighten old women and children." On which one of the gentlemen *most* replied, "If all things were made by *chance*, as you affirm Sir; how do you know but there may be a *hell* made by chance; and if so, and you should fall into it by chance, and so by chance be eternally miserable, what a damnable chance that will be?"

To

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

GAINSBOROUGH'S incomparable picture of two dogs fighting, in the present Royal Exhibition, bringing to my recollection a very similar scene I was present at in my last country excursion, I have been tempted to send you a sketch of the painting, and along with it the following story of

COLINET AND HOBBINOL.

IN the delightful vale of Clyde, dwelt Colinet and Hobbinol, two youths of the most opposite tempers in the world; the one all mildness, and unbounded good-nature, the other ferocious, and ungovernable in every thing. Colinet and Hobbinol were school-fellows, and like most school-fellows they have often quarrelled, and as often fought. Colinet, though the oldest and most robust youth of the two, has been always vanquished, and Hobbinol, like all conquerors, never forgot to mention his prowess, with great glee, whenever he had an opportunity, among the girls. Musidora, whose soul was a counterpart to Colinet's, and who loved him with unabating affection could never hear the malignant youth triumph, without expressing the highest indignation, and she took every opportunity of retaliating.

Why wilt thou, Hobbinol, said she one day to him, why wilt thou incur the ill-will of every one around you? and why do you take such uncommon pains to give poor Colinet, who is the delight of us all, such repeated anguish?

I won't give you any reason why I do so, said the ill-natured youth. I'll make you give a reason, shortly, said the indignant maid, you shall be taught the respect due to the worthy and amiable; saying which she burst into tears. Her brother, Thyrsis, who had been in quest of a strayed sheep, happened to come up at that instant, and finding his good-hearted sister so afflicted, inquired to what it was owing.

That cruel youth, said she, takes every opportunity of insulting Colinet, whose soul is gentleness itself, and who would not hurt a fly; I cannot bear it, said the weeping maid, and only wish I had strength to chastise his unfeeling tormentor.

What has Colinet done to you? said Thyrsis, turning to Hobbinol.

He is ever reproving me for what he calls faults: If I set our mastiff at a beggar, it is a fault—if I hunt a cat, it is a

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fault—if I pin Goody Coffer's cap to her arm chair while she is asleep, or steal her snuff box, and put ashes in it, it is a fault—in short, let me do what I will for a bit of diversion, I am ever in fault!

And are not you sensible you are in fault, if you carried your amusement farther than what you have mentioned? said Thyrsis: Is it not cruel to insult a beggar, whose forefathers, probably, inhabited the very ground we stand on; nay, the whole prospect round us? Is it not cruel to worry so useful an animal as a cat? And is there not a tenfold cruelty in sporting with that age we should reverence? For shame, Hobbinol! give over such sports, which in the end will make you detested.

I don't want your advice, said the incorrigible youth, and if you think Colinet abused, and have a mind to become his champion, I am ready for a bout of fifty cuffs with you as well as him; in saying which he instantly stripped off his coat and waistcoat.

Musidora had never seen her brother in an engagement of the kind, and trembled for him, when she found him stripped as soon as his relentless adversary: however, she mustered up a sufficient portion of spirits to stimulate him every instant, and like the immortal Granby at the head of an army, her presence and directions effected what poor Colinet in many a boxing-bout could never obtain.—The unfeeling youth in a few minutes lay prostrate, unable to renew the combat, while Musidora and her victorious brother quitted the field in triumph.

Hobbinol was stung to the soul, and like all cruel fiends, when vanquished, he sat down under a hedge and wept bitterly.

When he had in some measure recovered, he went to an adjoining brook, and washed his face and hands, which were covered with blood, and here he waited till the sun was near set, brooding over his misfortune, and studying fresh means of being revenged on poor Colinet.

He knew the young shepherd's walk every evening was in an adjoining piece of ground, where, accompanied by his faithful dog, he collected his father's flocks, and thither he went, about the time.

In his way, that terror of the beggars, his mastiff, met him, and in a few minutes after he came up with Colinet.

U u

whom, with his wonted insolence, he addressed in the following manner :

So! Mr. Colin, you have set Thyrsis upon me, to revenge the many beatings I have given you!

Indeed you are mistaken, said Colin very mildly, I know nothing of what you mention.

I won't believe a word of it; I know usidora's attachment to you, and I am convinced you requested she might set her brother on me.

I shan't say a word more, said Colin, about the matter, you may judge as you think proper; I have known you for a long time, and it would be as fruitless a task to attempt to tame a wolf, as to reason with you.

I am sore from head to foot, said Hobbinol, else you should instantly feel the weight of my resentment, but I will take another opportunity.

You may take what opportunity you please, said Colin, but be assured if this faithful companion (pointing to his dog) accompanies me, you won't go home with a whole coat.

O! said Hobbinol, with much apparent glee, if you are for setting your dog at me, I think as I have conquered his master, my companion can conquer him.

Without waiting for a reply, he instantly set the dogs fighting.—

Hobbinol repeatedly clapt the back of Cæsar, and poor Colin cried out every instant, Well done Tray!

The combat lasted a quarter of an hour, when Colin, pale as a ghost, beheld Tray overthrown, and at the mercy of Cæsar.

Colin, almost frantic, was going to disengage the dogs with his stick, which Hobbinol with triumph prevented—the

poor feeling shepherd, seeing no prospect of separating the animals, burst into tears.

At length, to his surprize, Tray recovered himself, and seizing his antagonist by the throat, he left him dead upon the spot.

Hobbinol now gave a loose to his rage, and would have beat Colin unmercifully, if he had not threatened him with the dog.

In a few days after, however, he met Colin, unattended, and he, with bitter imprecations, denounced vengeance against him for the loss of his dog.

Colin, conscious of Hobbinol's superior prowess, attempted, but in vain, to soften his obduracy, and seeing no prospect of succeeding to his wish, took to his heels, and had got about the length of two fields, when Hobbinol overtook him, and was proceeding to use him as he had often done before, when Musidora, who had been at a neighbouring cottage, perceived him, and flying to her brother, who was at a short distance, sent him to the relief of poor Colin.

The instant Hobbinol saw Thyrsis approaching, he fled; Thyrsis pursued, and was within twenty paces of him, when Hobbinol, who had not perceived a circular well uncovered, tumbled into it! Thyrsis forgot all his anger in an instant—he called for assistance—but all was fruitless—the well being very narrow, it was not till an hour after they were enabled to get him out.—Thus died Hobbinol, a youth without one good quality, unpitied, unlamented, and his grave is, to this hour, pointed out to the youth of the vale of Clyde, as a spot not deserving a tear of friendship, or a sigh of commiseration.

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following Memoirs were the amusement of a leisure hour. I had long wished to read some account of Hollar. An ingenious friend, to whom I expressed my wish, lent me Vertue's Life of that indefatigable artist. I found it abounded with interesting incidents, but dressed in so formal and unbecoming a garb, that it inspired me with *ennui*, instead of affording me delight. Soon as I had finished the perusal of it, I determined to try if I could give it the dress and air of "*the light memoir*." I will not venture to say that I have succeeded. I made Vertue my principal guide, but consulted other writers.

If this attempt, Gentlemen, to introduce Hollar to the acquaintance of your readers meets with your approbation, please to give it a place in your valuable Magazine, I am, &c.

Dublin, May 1, 1783.

W. C. T.

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS OF HOLLAR.

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

JOB.

WENCESLAUS HOLLAR was born at Prague, the capital city of Bohemia, of a genteel family. His father gave him a liberal education, and designed him for the study of the law. He was in the office of a gentleman of that profession, when the civil factions broke out in his country (1619). His family happening to oppose the Imperial interest at the battle of Prague, were despoiled of all their property. Hollar, then young, had a natural inclination to drawing, and with his pen executed several views neatly and rapidly. He soon forsook the law, and followed the bent of his genius. From *Merian*, a noted engraver then living, he had some instructions. He made several little essays before he left his native country, as a print of the *Ecce Homo*, 1625, and another of the Virgin.

Hollar, by practice and application, began to approach perfection in drawing geometrical and perspective views and plans of towns.

He travelled to several cities of Germany, through Franckfort to Cologne and Antwerp; and returned again to Cologne, where he resided some time in a state of indigence. His pen and graver were never idle during his travels: Every city and town thro' which he passed became the subject of them. At Cologne (in 1635) he published a view of *Herbipolis*, or *Wuitzburg*, under which is inscribed, *Hollar delineavit in legatione, Arundeliana ad Imperatorem*.

Fortune now seemed inclined "to mark him for her own." The Earl of Arundel happened at this time to be passing through Germany, on his way to the Imperial Court. He saw several of Hollar's prints and drawings, and was much pleased with the neatness and minuteness of them: His drawings of the city of Prague particularly delighted him. He sought the artist, found him, and took him under his patronage. This munificent nobleman returned to England in the year 1637, with our artist in his train. Hollar's first works in England were the plates of the prospect and view of Greenwich, dated the year of his arrival. He did many plates in that and the following year from the Arundel Collection.

His merit was soon discovered, and in 1640 he was appointed to teach the Prince the art of drawing. By this means, get-

ting into the service of the Royal Family, he made several engravings from paintings in the Royal Collection.

As he could not catch the manner of Vandycke, then the favourite painter, he could not obtain his recommendation, nor that of his admirers. However, he engraved many of his works with tolerable success.

It was decreed that Hollar, for a while, should drop the graver, and take up the sword. "As his good fortune depended much upon his noble patron, (says his amiable biographer) so the misfortune of the King's friends, the Loyalists, in those civil wars, tossed him about with the loyal party." The Earl of Arundel fled to Antwerp, and left poor Hollar behind. He entered under the command of the Marquis of Winchester and Colonel Robert Peake, at Basing-House, in Hampshire; there he was made prisoner of war, but made his escape from thence to Antwerp. Here he settled in 1645, and employed his time in publishing prints from the invaluable collection of his patron, which he had had removed to this city.

In the following year a cloud began to gather over Hollar's head. His noble patron's health declining fast, he was ordered to go to Padua, where he soon after died. The last work done by Hollar from that nobleman's collections, was the book of shells, containing thirty-eight plates. Its shells he excelled. "His shells and butterflies (says Gilpin) are beautiful."

Our artist was now turned a-drift; and for some years afterwards, while he continued at Antwerp, worked for the print-sellers. "I don't find (says Verue) that at any time he worked for himself to sell or publish, as has been customary with professors of his art: However, having gained the reputation of an ingenious man, he did engrave his own picture, first in an oval, being then *Ætate*, 40. Anno Dom. 1647, with his arms at bottom."

In the years 1647, 1648, 1649, 1650, and 1651, (to follow Verue) he graved many heads, portraits, landscapes, after Breughel, Elzheimer, Teniers, the Triumphs of Death, &c. and some of the most valuable parts of his works from famous paintings.

In 1648, J. Meyens, of Antwerp, employed

employed him to engrave some of the plates for his "*Lives of the most famous Artists living and lately dead.*" In this book is an head of him drawn by Meyfens, with a short account of him underneath it, which Vertue thinks was put there by his own direction. From this account we learn that he had been a domestic servant to the Duke of York, in England.

After the death of King Charles I. (according to Vertue) he immediately engraved his picture, and several Loyallists; the King and the Duke of York visiting Flanders, Teneis drew the Duke's picture, and Hollar engraved a plate after it, which is scarce, done in 1651, *Ætat.* 18.

In the year 1652 he returned to England.—He ds, title-pages, and plates for books, now furnished him with full employment.

Faithorn, the engraver, took him into his house in 1654, and made him work on the plates for *Virgil*, Dugdale, and Ogilby's *Africa*, &c.

On the Restoration, a fair prospect opened to Hollar. His friends returned; and the arts, no longer frightened by the din of arms, ventured, to raise their heads again. But Hollar was doomed to penury. Having an unenterprising spirit, he was content to remain in the obscurity to which the dissensions of the nation, and his own hard fate, had driven him. The print-sellers took advantage of this disposition, and "kept him confined in their houses to hard labour and small pay." For the view of Greenwich, a long print of two plates, he only got thirty shillings from Steyt; "the drawing and engraving of which (says Vertue) might be fairly worth five times as much."

Some years after the Restoration, Lord Howard was appointed Governor of Tangier, and our artist was sent by the King with him to his government, to take draughts of the town and forts. This business employed him twelve months. In his way home, he was in danger of being taken by a Turkish rover, and narrowly escaped. "Yet, after all these difficulties, (says his biographer) at his return to England, after long attendance and loss of time, could he get no more than one hundred pounds for all his labour and service."

Hollar's active life now drew to a conclusion.

Mr. Walpole relates in his life of Vertue (that *chef d'oeuvre* of biography)

that Vertue, in one of his excursions with Lord Oxford, had the pleasure of conversing at York, with Mr. Francis Place, who had been intimately acquainted with Hollar. From this gentleman he learned many anecdotes of our artist; amongst them was the following, of which he only makes slight mention. Hollar had one son, a fine youth, who inherited his father's virtues and genius. On him reposed all the poor old man's hopes of future earthly bliss.—But, alas! Death, that cruel spoiler, came, and tore him from his bosom, ere the lad had reached his eighteenth year. The unhappy father's measure of misery was now full. He shook his grey hairs in sorrow, but murmured not. He was wretched, but resigned. Ye hoary parents, drop a tear of sympathetic sorrow on this passage of our artist's life! Solon used to say, No man can be deemed happy, while he remains on this side the grave. Hollar's fate exemplifies that observation. His misfortunes only terminated with his existence. While he lay at the point of death in his house in Gardiner's-lane, Westminster, an execution was laid on it. The sad tidings reached him. He entreated, with his expiring breath, that he might not be removed till he was to be buried. He died the twenty-eighth day of March, 1677, in the seventieth year of his age, and was interred in the New Chapel church-yard of St. Margaret, Westminster.

Vertue proposed, did his life of Hollar "meet with a suitable encouragement," to have raised to his memory a monumental stone (of which he gives us the design) with this inscription:

M. S.

Wenceslaus Hollar, a Bohemian Gent. born in a rague, famous in arts, by his indefatigable labours has left many works to eternize his memory; being first encouraged by his noble Patron, beloved and esteemed by the curious, having peregrinated on earth (in many parts) at last was here deposited to rest. He lived in London, and died in this Parish 28th March, 1677, Anno Ætat. 70.

Another inscription sent to Vertue by a friend, is as follows:

The works of Nature and of Men,
By thee preserv'd take life again;
And ev'n thy PRAGUE serenely shines;
Secure from ravage in thy lines;
In just return this marble frame
Would add some ages to thy name:
Too frail, alas! 'tis forc'd to own;
Thy SHADOWS will out-last the STONE.
W. B.

Hollar was a very laborious artist. His graver was as prolific, and as unequal too, as the genius of Lopez de Vega. The catalogue of his works consists of 132 quarto pages. "Besides the praise due to him for his fowls, muffs, shells, and butterflies, there is great merit in many of his other works (says the ingenious Mr. Gilpin). The gothic ornaments of his cathedrals are often elegantly touched; and sometimes even with freedom. Many of his small views also are elegant, and pleasing. His distances are generally fine: in his foregrounds he is most deficient. His loose etchings are far from wanting spirit.—But Hollar (continues my author) appears no where to more advantage, than in his imitations; particularly in his prints after Count Gaude, Callot, and Barlow: He has admirably hit off the manner of these masters; of Callot especially, whose beggars have all the spirit of the originals,

in a reduced size." *Minuteness* was unquestionably his *forte*. "The nearest his works approach to wanting a magnifying glass (says Mr. Walpole) the nearer they advance to perfection."

Perhaps it will be said, his works abound with bad prints. I grant they do. But let it be remembered, that he often worked by the hour-glass.

The biographer of Hollar bestows not a sentence on his moral character; neither does he accuse him of a single vice.—May we not then conclude he was virtuous?—at least negatively so. Besides, he whom the Earl of Arundel patronized must be—not only an ingenious, but—a moral man. Of the high respect he had for his religious character, he has given us a proof. To any place in which Christ was persecuted by monks and friars, he would not put his name, though the execution might reflect honour on it.

THE NEW PYGMALION.

(Continued from page 260.)

I AM come, my dear Louisa, to consult you on an object of the last importance to my future peace of mind; that object is respecting my marriage. Custom, decorum, my relations all conspire in recommending to my choice a woman of rank and fortune; my heart, on the contrary, opposes, and attaches me to a young person, who possesses every thing but birth and riches. If I adopt the first I shall meet the applause of the world, and I might reasonably expect to figure in the first line, to be of service to the state and my country, and acquire a brilliant reputation. This is not all; my children will one day thank me for the consideration they enjoy among every class of the people.

But with all these advantages, shall I be happy?—I believe not; for the person I adore must and will triumph over my affections. On the other side, if I resolve on marrying that object, what inconveniencies must I not experience! In the first place, my family will never forgive me. My views at court will be blasted, since the Prince will entertain a very indifferent idea of his abilities, who could not resist a penchant for a woman. Thus situated, it remains for me to lead an obscure and retired life. Nevertheless, if I might judge by the state of my feelings, I should value my felicity, by living with the person that I love. My

property is sufficient to procure every convenience, and even elegance of life, and consequently the union of two hearts under such a predicament, must insure a permanent happiness. What are your sentiments, my dear Louisa, on this delicate subject?

I should, Sir, be unworthy your esteem, if I in this instance adopted the least disguise. The genuine dictates of my heart are, that you ought to discharge the duties of your exalted station. Leave the unfortunate woman whom you love, to your esteem and compassion.

That unfortunate woman is my Louisa.

I know it; but I should be wretched, if I saw my benefactor deprived of the advantages which he has a right to expect, and to linger out an existence in an inglorious obscurity. Oh, no; I would not purchase my happiness at so immense a price. I am proud in being the work of your hands, and to merit your esteem and confidence will be the first duty of my life. Let me conjure you, then, to enter that career that is pointed out to you by your family and friends: I shall be amply recompensed in the pleasure of saying, "This is my honoured guardian, to whom I am united by the delightful ties of love and gratitude." My heart will rebound with joy in all your progressive successes. My ardent prayers will be, that of your being married to a lady who

might augment your riches, and give splendour to your name.

Well, Louisa, since these are your sentiments, I am a convert to your doctrine. In future I shall consider you as my daughter. I am proud of this adoption—thou art my chef-d'oeuvre and the glory of my life.

Mr. De M. returned home in a kind of enthusiasm, wonder, and delight. He had scarce entered, when the countess, his mother, asked him if the report was true, that he had taken a milliner into keeping? He denied the fact; but at the same time candidly related the history of Louisa, suppressing those particulars which prudence naturally suggested: adding, however, that Pygmalion was not more delighted with his statue, than he was in fostering so much worth and goodness. If, continued he, I should marry, I would request the lady to take Louisa under her protection, and treat her as if she was my daughter by another marriage.

I am glad, my son, to learn these particulars, and that you begin to turn your views towards marriage. We have a lady in view who is young, rich, and beautiful; she possesses a thousand good and amiable qualities.—The personage I mean is Lady De Lan**.

It is true, madam, I have seen her, and that she appeared very accomplished; but her mother is a terrible character.

It is not the mother, my son, you are to marry. We will visit them to-morrow. In the mean time I shall be the joyful harbinger to the Marquis, your father.

The day following Mr. De M. was presented to the Countess of Lan**; and as she was already acquainted with his intentions, he was most graciously received. The young lady was struck with the figure and address of her lover; and in a few weeks the marriage was celebrated with all the splendour imaginable.

Mr. De M. embraced the first opportunity of speaking to his lady relative to his adopted daughter, who readily seconded his views, by requesting he would bring her home as soon as he thought proper.

Lady De M. received Louisa with every mark of respect and esteem. She was about the same age, lately come from a convent, and therefore considered her visitor as an agreeable companion, without the least mixture of jealousy of her charms, since her person was equally handsome and attractive.

The first eight days this young family passed in the most agreeable manner pos-

sible; but this harmony was interrupted by the Countess, who observed the great familiarity that passed between these beautiful women, and taking her daughter aside, said, she was astonished that her husband gave her one of his mistresses for her companion; at the same time menaced, that if this arrangement continued, she should be provoked to sue for a separation.

Lady de M. astonished at this language, endeavoured to undeceive her mother, by particularising every thing that had passed, and the cautions which her husband had taken to prevent the least misunderstanding. She went even farther, and told her, that it was Louisa's advice that determined her protector to marry.

Without doubt, my child, for they concerted together the arrangement which has now taken place; and I positively enjoin you to oppose it in future, otherwise I shall despise you as much as I now do your obscure companion.

Lady De M. prudently concealed from Louisa this disagreeable scene; but she took the first opportunity of communicating it to her husband. He saw the storm gathering; nevertheless, he begged his lady to continue her friendship to Louisa, adding, that he would get his mother to clear up matters to the Countess's satisfaction.

In this interval, the Countess plotted the ruin of this innocent creature; and in another conversation with her daughter, she was mortified to hear her declare, that Louisa was a respectable and amiable character, and that she would obey her husband's injunctions in this and in all other circumstances. The Countess was transported with rage, left the room abruptly; and as she had a minister among the number of her friends, she obtained an order to take the person of Louisa, and shut her up in prison.

This order, ardently solicited, was obtained, and executed the same day; for before midnight a violent knocking was heard at the door, *de la part du Roi*. The porter ran to inform his master, and to take his orders. Lady De M. alarmed for her friend, and knowing the violent temper of her mother, divined the cause.

Sir, this unhappiness is terrible for me, and still more so for Louisa. This procedure might endanger my felicity—but a thought has just struck me, and you must swear before I reveal it, you will not prevent its execution. The bearer of the order does not know me, let me therefore assume the name of Louisa. To-

To-morrow they will repent of having issued this unjust and cruel order. Withdraw into your own apartment, after you have requested the exempt to treat his prisoner with that respect that she is entitled to; and as soon as I am gone, conduct Louisa to some place of security. Fly to the minister, and tell him that your lady is taken from you by a *lettre-de-cachet*. You see my design; this is the only expedient to save our friend. At this instant, the officer desired to see Louisa; Lady de M. requested to know his pleasure. He informed her, that by the King's orders she must accompany them; and they descended together.

Mr. De M. in the interval, dressed himself, and with a confidential domestic carried off his ward to his mother's. He then flew to the minister, who was just retiring to his bed-chamber. His name was announced; the minister could not see him till after repeated messages; when he complained, that his lady, he supposed by mistake, had been taken out of his house, and carried to some place of confinement.

Sir, the order was not for your lady, but for Mademoiselle Louisa Passémentier.

For Louisa, Sir! who had a right, who has dared —

Softly, Sir, your conduct is highly reprehensible.

I am ready, Sir, to explain to you my conduct, and to demonstrate the iniquity of this violence. —

While he was saying this, the minister wrote an order for liberating Lady De M. and sent a person with him to the Madelonnetes, where they arrived at the same instant with the Countess of Lan**, his mother-in-law, who was informed of Louisa's captivity. Mr. De M. trembled at the sight of the Countess, and could scarce repress the violence of his anger.

We shall enter together, Madam.

We shall see that presently.

The doors being opened, Mr. De M. presented his order, and immediately they brought him his lady. Judge the surprise of the Countess in seeing Lady De M. Heavens, what is it you, my child, that is here?

Yes, Madam, and this is my refuge, throwing herself in the arms of her husband. Let us go immediately to Versailles, and implore the protection of the best and most benevolent monarch in the world.

This proposition alarmed the Countess; and turning towards Lady De M. I had but one daughter, I adored her —

O my dear mother, if you love, let me then be happy. In this union I am completely so, since Mr. De M. is the best and tenderest of husbands; and his ward, so far from diminishing it, increases my felicity. She is at this moment ignorant of what has passed, and the extent of my friendship towards her.

But, my child, it is indecent to retain about your person the mistress of your husband.

She is not his mistress, madam; on the contrary, she is a virtuous and deserving young creature, that has gained upon my heart by a thousand good and amiable qualities, and I love her with the same cordiality as if she were my sister.

No, this cannot — shall not be — I will move heaven and earth to prevent this shocking indecorum.

Then stepping into her carriage, she left them with a countenance that spoke disappointment and revenge.

Mr. De M. and his lady concerted together how to keep Louisa in the dark relative to the wicked stratagem of the Countess: and that they might not seem to brave their mother, thought it prudent that Louisa should remain in her then ignorance and security. The Countess still plotted how she might wreck her vengeance, and endeavoured to get her carried off by a set of villains: But by the watchful and cautious proceedings of her son-in-law, she was baffled in her scheme. This repeated disappointment rendered her furious; and finding any act of violence impracticable, had recourse to that measure, by which the execrable *De-Brinfilliers* terminated the days of her own father. She feigned to be more and more reconciled; she visited her daughter, and made the kindest enquiries after the object of her implacable hatred. This apparent alteration in the Countess, induced them to take back Louisa; and in the course of her visits, she shewed her every mark of attention. At last she invited her to pass a few days at her seat, but neither Mr. De M. nor his lady were dupes to this excess of civility. The Countess observing that this did not meet the concurrence of her children, requested they would bring her with them the first opportunity. Lady De M. was for Louisa's feigning an indisposition; but as she seemed desirous of accompanying them, her wishes in this respect were gratified. On their arrival, Louisa was received with a thousand caresses; while Lady De M. who knew her mother's vindictive temper, was fearful of some stratagem.

stratagem. She therefore cautioned Louisa to eat nothing at table but what she helped her to, which she would do in a manner as to give no offence; telling her, that she should know her reason at their return: and that if she did not scrupulously attend to it, she would never forgive her. The Countess, during the first service, did not apparently remark this attention in her daughter; but when the desert was brought in, she presented Louisa with a fine peach, who was going to divide it with Lady De M. but she opposed it, giving at the same time another to her daughter. Louisa, in this moment, had forgotten the caution given her by her friend, and was going to eat the peach that was before her. Lady De M. laughing, snatched it up, and gave her own in exchange. The visible alteration in the Countess struck Mr. De M. who, trembling left his wife should eat this peach, took it up, and perceived it had been separated into two parts: This discovery augmented his suspicions, and by a trembling awkwardness let it fall under the table. The Countess began to recover from her alarm, and the dinner ended without any farther accident. Coffee was served up, when the Countess contrived that a particular dish should be presented to her new visitor; but Lady De M. continuing the pleasantry of helping her friend, let the cup of coffee slide off the waiter. This second attempt being frustrated, the Countess could scarce conceal the emotions of her soul. In the interval, a favourite lap-dog was lapping up the spilled coffee. Mr. De M. was the only person who had remarked this circumstance, and immediately after the dog was seized with convulsions. The Countess withdrew to her apartment terrified; Lady De M. fell into a fit.—Her husband, alarmed, gave immediate orders for their return; when he found the fright had made such an impression on her spirits, that she was soon after delivered, and became the victim of her guilty mother.

The distracted husband flew to the minister, and exposed the abominable proceedings of his mother-in-law; who, stung with shame, remorse and contrition, put an end to her existence, by the same guilty means she had administered to others.

For two years Louisa, as well as Mr. De M. was a prey to the blackest melancholy. The grief which the former had shown on every occasion, made so lively an impression on the heart of Mr. De M. that he thought it his duty to recal her to life and existence.

I have now an heir to inherit my name, and to transmit to posterity my father's rank and dignities. I can now indulge my affections, in rendering homage to virtue, and in crowning the work I have been so successful in forming. All obstacles between me and Louisa are at an end. —

This soliloquy was no sooner ended, than he addressed his amiable ward.

Louisa, we have made the sacrifices which the world and our feelings have dictated. Such worth and goodness merit every possible consideration—you are necessary to my happiness—and by a speedy union I hope to insure your's also.

You can now be no stranger to my sentiments; you know that I ever loved you with the purest affection; I am already united to you by every tie of honour and gratitude—I am, as I have always been, the work of your creation. If you command, I shall make it a duty to obey; but if I were mistress of my own will, I would wait upon the Marchioness, your mother, and tell her, “Madam, your worthy son, and my generous protector, is extremely desirous of raising me to the rank of his wife. It is your commands I wish to follow. From your determination alone, I shall form my future conduct.”

I consent, my dear Louisa; go this instant to my mother.

Louisa ordered the carriage to drive to the hotel of the Marquis De M. and as the Marchioness was well acquainted with her son's wishes and inclination, she answered her, “Mademoiselle Louisa, agreeably to your request, I will instantly decide on your *jate*: In eight days be the wife of my son—or I will hate you.”

Louisa threw herself at her feet, exclaiming—“O my dear and ever honoured parent! then can I be supremely happy without causing any inquietude in your family.” You have been already a parent to me by your tenderness and generosity, and now you are going to be so by nature! Would to heaven I could make any returns for this unparalleled procedure!”

This marriage has experienced all the happy consequences naturally resulting from such an union. Louisa, the present Marchioness De M. is to the Marquis what every woman ought to be, the pupil, the friend, the sensible and accomplished companion; in a word, the counterpart of her husband.

THE CONTINENTAL RAMBLER, No. III.

LETTER III.

Dear Sir,

TO return to the subject of my last epistle, I shall in the first place observe to you, that under Louis XIII. the revenues of the crown did not exceed 80 millions; but under Louis XIV. they encreased to 200 millions; and Louis XV. to 300 millions. But the intrinsic value of money of the latter was not so great as under the reign of his predecessor. There is not a monarch in Europe who possesses such a revenue; but there is not a country in the world (except England, perhaps) where the subjects pay such immense taxes, or where so many devices are engendered to make the money flow into the royal treasury. The most popular ones are, 1. Land and house tax. 2. A tax on artists, workmen, and retail dealers. 3. The capitation tax. 4. Duties on wines, provisions, and merchandize. 5. Monopoly of salt. 6. Ditto on snuff and tobacco. 7. The twentieth, and often the tenth which is levied upon all the immoveables of the kingdom. 8. The twentieth or tenth which are paid in cities by privileged fabricators, upon the annual produce of their trade and their manufactures. 9. The duties on exports and imports of all merchandize. 10. On demeline lands and potts. 11. Stamp-paper. 12. The tenth and the free gift of the clergy. To which are added, the revenues of vacant bishoprics, the *droit d'aubaine* (now in a great measure suppressed) pecuniary mulcts, confiscations, the arbitrary alloy of the coin, the sale of offices, letters of nobility, and those of exclusive privileges. When the crown wants money for some extraordinary cause, the ordinary duties are raised, with additional twentieths and tenths; they also increase the grants; and if these expedients fail, the fertile imagination of the French create new resources in an instant. The administration or levy of these taxes, is undertaken by a prodigious number of *intendants*, sub delegates, and officers of every kind. The multitude of this description of people, their cupidity, their insatiability, their exactingness from the subjects of the state. This

is not the only scourge under which they labour; for the capitations in the different parishes alter at the pleasure or caprice of each intendant. A Frenchman at the beginning of the year knows not what he is to pay at the end of it. A farmer, for example, in the course of his lease for nine years; has commonly nine different assessments, although he always pays the same rent to his landlord. Ask a man who enjoys an annual rent of one hundred crowns, what he pays capitation tax; ask a farmer, whose farm produces a thousand lives a year; no one can inform you by what mode this tax is regulated. These are the true reasons why population is gradually decreasing. The number of subjects in the year 1621 was twenty-five millions, in 1733 it was reduced to twenty-two millions, and at present the highest calculation does not exceed seventeen.

I have drawn these particulars from such sources as are best acquainted with the actual state of France, and from a close attention to their objects in every province of the kingdom. At Paris, indeed, no information of the kind can be obtained; for there one's time is taken up in dinners, suppers, walking, and in *coteries*, where subjects of this nature are rarely mentioned. The extent of this capital, its public walks, its spectacles, its affairs, a passion for intrigue, the spirit of oeconomy in some, and the desire of making a figure in others, by giving grand entertainments, the necessity of being couped up in a carriage, and to be eternally on guard against spies, sharpers and villains, leave little time or leisure to form such friendships, where a man might communicate his sentiments with safety and freedom. For this reason the ordinary discourse turns upon the King and Queen, for every Parisian knows what their sovereigns say to one another, if it be in even a whisper. This being exhausted, new ordinances, new performances, the opera women, new modes, or new projects, are the topics which every body knows, although in fact they know little about the matter. I am arrived at the bottom of my paper; I shall break off here, promising you to resume the subject by the next mail. I am, &c.

A Short Genealogical Account of the FAMILIES of the present SOVEREIGNS of EUROPE.

The present ROYAL FAMILY of GREAT-BRITAIN.

GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK, King of Great-Britain, &c. Elector of Hanover, &c. the grandson of George II. the late Sovereign, was born June 4, 1738, created Prince of Wales soon after the death of his father Frederick, late Prince of Wales, who was born Jan. 20, 1706 7, and died March 31, 1751, leaving by his princess, Augusta of Saxe Gotha, born 1719, and died 1772, to whom he was married May 8, 1736, the following issue,

1. *Princess Augusta*, born Aug. 11, 1737, married to the present Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel Jan. 16, 1764, by whom she has issue; 1. Charles George Augustus, the present Hereditary Prince, born Feb. 8, 1766. 2. *Augusta Caroline Fredericka Louisa*, born Dec. 3, 1764, married Dec. 15, 1780, Frederick-William-Charles, nephew of the Duke of Wurtemberg Stuttgart, brother to the present Grand Duchess of Russia, with 2 other sons and 2 more daughters.

2. *George*; his present Majesty, whose marriage and issue are expressed below.

3. *Edward Augustus*, born March 25, 1738-9, created Duke of York April, 1760, died unmarried Sept. 17, 1769.

4. *Elizabeth Caroline* born Jan. 10, 1740, died unmarried Sept. 1, 1759.

5. *William Henry* born Nov. 25, 1743, created Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, and Earl of Cornwall, Nov. 29, 1764, married Sept. 6, 1766, Maria, Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, daughter of Sir Edward Walpole; by whom he has had issue Sophia Matilda, born May 29, 1773; — Caroline Augusta Maria, born June 24, 1774, who died March 14, 1775; and William Frederick, born June 15, 1776.

6. *Henry Frederick*, born Nov. 7, 1745; created Duke of Cumberland and Strathern, and Earl of Dublin, Oct. 18, 1766, married Oct. 1771, Anne, daughter of Simon Luttrell, Viscount Carhampton and Baron Linham, of the Kingdom of Ireland, and widow of Christ. Horton, Esq.

7. *Louisa Anne*, born March 19, 1748-9, died unmarried May 21, 1768.

8. *Frederick William*, born May 24, 1750, died unmarried May 10, 1765.

9. *Caroline Matilda*, a posthumous daughter, born July 21, 1751, married Oct. 1, 1766, the present King of Denmark, her first cousin, (being son of

Louisa, her father's sister) by whom she had the present Prince Royal of Denmark, and a princess; and died divorced in 1775.

The Issue of the late King, by WILHELMINA CAROLINE, of Brandenburg-Anspach, born March 1, 1683, who died Nov. 20, 1737.

1. *Frederick Lewis*, as above.

2. *Anne*, born Oct. 31, 1709, married the late Prince of Orange, by whom she had the present Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of the United Provinces of Holland, who has issue 3 children, and the present Princess of Nassau-Weilburg, who has issue 1 children. — She died Jan. 12, 1759.

3. *Amelia Sophia*, born Apr. 10, 1711, now living.

4. *Caroline Elizabeth*, born June 10, 1713, died unmarried Sept. 4, 1759.

5. *William Augustus*, Duke of Cumberland, born April 15, 1721, died unmarried Oct. 31, 1765.

6. *Mary*, born March 5, 1723-4, married the present Prince of Hesse-Cassel, May 6, 1740, by whom she had 3 sons, and died 1771.

7. *Louisa*, born Dec. 18, 1724, married Oct. 19, 1743, the late King of Denmark, by whom she had the present King, a daughter, who is the present Queen of Sweden, who has issue; and two other daughters, married to the Princes of Hesse-Cassel, their first cousins, by whom they have each four children. — She died Dec. 8, 1751.

Besides these she had a still-born prince, and another who died an infant.

His present Majesty succeeded to the throne Oct. 25, 1760, was proclaimed the next day, married Sept. 8, 1761, *Sophia Charlotte*, Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, born May 19, 1744, and crowned with her on Sept. 22, 1761; by whom he has issue,

1. *George Prince of Wales*, born Aug. 12, 1762.

2. *Frederick*, born Aug. 16, 1763.

3. *William Henry*, born Aug. 21, 1765.

4. *Charlotte Augusta Matilda*, born Sept. 29, 1766.

5. *Edward*, born Nov. 2, 1767.

6. *Sophia Augusta*, born Nov. 8, 1768.

7. *Elizabeth*, born May 22, 1770.

8. *Ernest Augustus*, born June 5, 1771.

9. *Augustus Frederick*, born Jan. 27, 1773.

10. *Adolphus Frederick*, born Feb. 24, 1774.

11. *Mary*.

11. *Mary*, born April 25, 1776.
12. *Sophia*, born Nov. 3, 1777.
13. *Octavius*, born Feb. 23, 1779, died May 3, 1783.
14. *Alfred*, born Sept. 22, 1780, died Aug. 20, 1782.

Family of the Emperor of GERMANY.

JOSEPH BENEDICT AUGUSTUS II. present Emperor of Germany, and King of Hungary and Bohemia, was born March 13, 1741, married Oct. 1760, Isabella, Princess of Parma, born Jan. 1, 1741, who died Nov. 27, 1763, having had issue, Theresa Elizabeth, born May 20, 1762, and Catherine, born Nov. 20, 1763, both of whom died infants. He married secondly, 1765, Josephina Maria, of Bavaria, daughter of the Emperor Charles VI. born March 30, 1739, who died without issue, May 28, 1767. He was crowned King of the Romans in 1764, and succeeded his father Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine, the late Emperor, the 18th of Aug. 1765; whose Empress was the late Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, daughter of the Emperor Charles VI. who died Nov. 29, 1780, having had by the late Emperor the following issue.

1. *Joseph Benedict Augustus*, the present Emperor, who, on the death of his mother, succeeded also to the throne of Hungary and Bohemia, in hereditary right.
2. *Mary Anne*, born Oct. 6, 1736, now living, unmarried.
3. *Mary Elizabeth*, born Aug. 13, 1743, now living, unmarried.
4. *Antonia Maria Josepha*, born Oct. 6, 1738, died an infant.
5. *Marie Amelia*, born Feb. 26, 1746, married in 1769, the present Duke of Parma, by whom she has issue 1 son and 3 daughters, and is now living.
6. *Marie Caroline*, born Aug. 30, 1752, married April 7, 1768, the present King of Naples and Sicily, son of the King of Spain, by whom she has 4 sons and 4 daughters, and is now living.
7. *Antonietta Anne*, born Nov. 2, 1755, married May 16, 1770, the present King of France, has 1 son and 1 daughter, and is now living.
8. *Maria Christina*, born May 13, 1742, married April 8, 1766, Albert Casimir, Archduke to the present Elector of Saxony, son of the last King of Poland; have no issue, and are both living.
9. *Maximilian*, born Dec. 8, 1756, died young.

10. *Charles Joseph Emanuel*, born Feb. 1, 1745, died unmarried 1762.
11. *Jane Gabriella Josepha Antonietta*, born Feb. 4, 1759, died 1763.
12. *Josephina Anne*, born March 10, 1751, died unmarried 1767.
13. *Ferdinand*, born June 1, 1754, married Oct. 15, 1771, Marie Beatrice D'Este, only child of the present Duke of Modena, born April 7, 1750; have issue 2 sons and 2 daughters, and are both living.
14. *Peter Leopold*, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and heir to his brother's dominions, born Feb. 13, 1747, married Feb. 16, 1765, Maria Louisa, Infanta of Spain, born Nov. 24, 1745, by whom he has issue 8 sons and 4 daughters.

A sister of the late Emperor is now living, is Abbess of Remiremont, and was born May 14, 1714.

ROYAL FAMILY of RUSSIA.

CATHERINE ALEXIOWANA II. present Empress of all the Russias, daughter of Christian Augustus, late Prince of Anhalt Zeitz, and sister to the present reigning Prince, born May 2, 1729, married Sept. 1, 1745, succeeded to the throne July 9, 1762, on the death of her deceased husband, Peter III. who was born Feb. 21, 1728, reigned his throne to his Empress July 9, 1762, and died nine days after, having had the following issue,

1. *Paul Petrovitch*, Grand Duke, born Oct. 1, 1754, married Oct. 7, 1776, Sophia Augusta Dorothea, daughter of Charles, brother to the Duke of Wirtemberg Stutgard, born Oct. 25, 1759; by whom he has issue 2 sons, now living. His first Duchess was Wilhelmina, daughter of Lewis, Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, born June 25, 1755, who died in child-bed, April 30, 1776, to whom he was married Oct. 10, 1773, and by whom he had no issue.
2. *Anne*, born Dec. 21, 1757, now unmarried.

ROYAL FAMILY of FRANCE.

LOUIS XVI. present King of France, &c, grandson of Louis XV. the late Sovereign, was born Aug. 23, 1754, married May 16, 1770, Antonietta Anne, sister to the present Emperor, born Nov. 2, 1755; by whom he has issue,

1. *Louis Joseph Francis*, the present Dauphin, born Oct. 28, 1771.
2. *Marie Therese Charlotte*, born Dec. 19, 1778.

1. *Louis XV.* the late King of France, born 1710, was the son of Louis, Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV. by a grand-daughter of Charles I. of England, which Duke of Burgundy became Dauphin of France, and died during the life-time of Louis XIV. on whose death, Sept. 1, 1715, Louis XV. succeeded to the throne, and was crowned Oct. 25, 1722. He was contracted in marriage in 1721, at 11 years of age, with Mary Anne Victoria, aged 4, daughter of Philip V. King of Spain, and she made her public entry into Paris as Queen; but she was sent back in 1725, and afterwards married Joseph, late King of Portugal, and was mother of the present Queen. Louis in Sept. 5, 1725, married Maria Lizinski, only daughter of Stanislaus, King of Poland, born June 23, 1703, who died June 1768, having had issue,

1. *Louis*, late Dauphin, born Sept. 4, 1729, married Feb. 25, 1745, Maria Theresa, sister of the late King of Spain, who died without issue, July 22, 1746; and he married secondly Feb. 9, 1747, Maria Josepha, of Poland and Saxony, sister of the present Queen of Spain; born Nov. 4, 1731, who died 1767, leaving issue as below.

2. *Henrietta Anne*, born Aug. 14, 1727, died unmarried Feb. 10, 1752.

3. *Louisa Maria*, born July 28, 1728, died unmarried Feb. 19, 1733.

4. Duke of Anjou, born Aug. 18, 1730, died April 17, 1733.

5. *Marie Adelhaide*, born May 1732, now living, unmarried.

6. *Victoria Louisa Marie Theresa*, born May 11, 1733, now living, unmarried.

7. *Sophia Philippina Elizabeth Justina*, born July 27, 1734; now living, unmarried.

8. *Louisa Maria*, born July 15, 1737, now living, unmarried.

9. *Louisa Elizabeth*, born Aug. 14, 1727, and died 1759; married Aug. 26, 1739, Don Philip, Duke of Parma and Placentia, brother to the King of Spain, born March 15, 1719-20, and died 1765; having had issue the present Duke of Parma, born Jan. 20, 1751, married June 27, 1769, Maria Amelia, sister to the present Emperor of Germany, by whom he has 1 son and 3 daughters. — Also a daughter, Louisa Maria Theresa, born Dec. 9, 1751, married to the Prince of Asturias, son to the present King of Spain.

Issue of the late Dauphin.

1. *Louis*, the present King of France.

2. *Louis Stanislaus Xavier*, Count of Provence, born Nov. 17, 1755, married May 14, 1771, Maria Josepha Louisa, daughter of the present King of Sardinia, born Sept. 2, 1753, but has no issue.

3. *Charles Philip*, Count of Artois, born Oct. 9, 1757, married Nov. 16, 1773, Maria Theresa, second daughter of the King of Sardinia, sister to his brother's lady, born Jan. 31, 1756, by whom he has 2 sons and a daughter.

4. *Mary Adelhaide Clotilda*, born Sept. 23, 1759, married to the Prince of Piedmont, eldest son of the King of Sardinia, born May 24, 1751, but has no issue.

5. *Elizabeth Philippina Maria Helena*, born May 3, 1764, now living, unmarried.

6. A Princess, born 1750, who died immediately.

7. *Louis*, Duke of Burgundy, born Sept. 13, 1751, died an infant.

BLOOD ROYAL of FRANCE.

ORLEANS, First Prince of the Blood.

LOUIS PHILIP IV. the present Duke of Orleans, was born May 12, 1725, married 1743 Louisa Henrietta, daughter of Louis Aimard, late Prince of Conti, third Prince of the Blood, born Jan. 20, 1726, died 1759; by whom he had issue,

1. *Louisa Maria Theresa Matilda*, born July 9, 1750, married April 24, 1770, Louis Henry Joseph, the present Duke of Bourbon, and has no issue.

2. *Louis Philip Joseph*, the present Duke of Chartres, born April 13, 1747, married 1769 Louisa Maria Adelhaide, of Penthièvre, born March 13, 1753, by whom he has 2 sons and 2 daughters.

CONDE, Second Prince of the Blood.

LOUIS FRANCIS, the present Prince of Condé, born Aug. 9, 1736, married May 3, 1753, Charlotte Elizabeth Godfrid, Princess of Soubise, born Oct. 7, 1737, and died 1760; by whom he had issue,

1. *Louisa Adelhaide*, Princess of Bourbon, born Oct. 5, 1757, now living, unmarried.

2. *Louis Henry Joseph*, present Duke of Bourbon, born April 13, 1756, married Louisa Maria Theresa Matilda, of Orleans, 1770, by whom he has issue 1 son.

CONTI, Third Prince of the Blood.

LOUIS FRANCIS JOSEPH, the present Prince of Conti, born Sept. 1, 1734, married Feb. 7, 1759, Fortune Marie, sister to the present Duke of Modena, born

horn Nov. 24, 1731, both now living without issue.

Louisa Henrietta, sister of the present Prince, is the present Duchess of Orleans.

Their mother, *Louisa Elizabeth*, who is now living, and was born Nov. 22, 1693, was sister to the late Prince of Condé.

ROYAL FAMILY OF SPAIN AND NAPLES.

CHARLES III. present King of Spain, son of Philip V. King of Spain, by Elizabeth Farnese, of Parma, which Philip was grandson to Louis XIV. of France, and by his first marriage with a Princess of Sardinia had 4 sons. To Louis his third son he resigned his crown; but Louis dying at 17 years of age, his father re-assumed the government, and dying June 1746, was succeeded by his fourth son, Ferdinand VI. who married 1729 the Infanta of Portugal, daughter of John V. but dying without issue, Aug. 10, 1759, he was succeeded by a son by the second marriage, the present King of Spain, born Jan. 20, 1715-16, married May 9, 1739, Maria Amelia, daughter of the late King of Poland, and Elector of Saxony, by a sister of Charles VII. Elector of Bavaria and Emperor of Germany; which Maria Amelia was born Nov. 24, 1724, and died Sept. 27, having had issue,

1. *Maria Josepha*, born July 16, 1741, died Aug. 11, 1756.

2. *Maria Elizabeth*, born Sept. 6, 1740, died an infant.

3. *Mary Louisa*, born Nov. 24, 1745, married in 1764 Peter Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, brother to the present Emperor; see *Germany*.

4. *Philip Anthony*, Duke of Calabria, born June 13, 1747, declared an idiot, and incapable of inheriting the throne, died Sept. 19, 1775.

5. *Charles Anthony Diego*, Prince of Asturias, born Nov. 11, 1743, married Louisa Maria Theresa, a princess of Parma, his first cousin, born Dec. 9, 1751, by whom he has issue 4 daughters and 2 sons.

6. *Gab. Anthony*, born May 11, 1753, now living.

7. *Anthony Pascal*, born Dec. 31, 1755, now living.

8. *Francis Xavier*, born Feb. 7, 1757, died in 1780.

9. **Ferdinand**, present King of Naples, or the Two Sicilies, born April 12, 175, married April 7, 1768, Marie Caroline, sister to the present Emperor, born Aug. 30, 1752, by whom he has had issue 4 sons and 4 daughters. He succeeded to the throne of Naples on the accession of his father to the throne of Spain, 1759.

(To be continued.)

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

As you have both professed and proved yourselves sincere friends to science and learning, I take the liberty to request that you will be pleased to insert the following geographical question in the next number of your Magazine; not doubting but you will treat such request with an attention equal to the wishes of him who presents it. The science of geography is of importance to all; therefore a removal of the smallest difficulty; a clearing up or illustration of a single doubt; or a rectification of the least error, cannot fail being of some consequence.

I am, Gentlemen,

Birmingham,
March 11, 1783.

Your constant reader, and very humble servant,

SNEK-CID.

THE ingenious Mr. Guthrie has, in the introduction to his excellent Geographical Grammar, the following observation.

"If a ship sets out from any port, and sails round the earth eastward to the same port again, let her take what time she will to do it in, the people in that ship, in reckoning their time, will gain one compleat day at their return, or count one day more than those who reside at the same port; because by going contrary to the sun's diurnal motion, and being

forwarder every evening than they were in the morning, their horizon will get so much the sooner above the setting sun, than if they had kept for a whole day at any particular place. And thus by cutting off a part proportionable to their own motion, from the length of every day, they will gain a compleat day of that sort at their return, without gaining one moment of absolute time more than is elapsed during their course, to the people at the port." Contra—if they sail westward.

Query. Is this observation strictly true?

true, with respect to the time gained being always exactly the same (to wit one day) whether the times of the circumnavigation are longer or shorter, or however different; and how is the truth of

it *demonstrated*—the reason assigned by the author, being far from making the matter sufficiently evident to many readers?

HENRY and ELIZA. A SENTIMENTAL TALE.

(Continued from p. 179.)

BENSON received the hearty thanks of the company, for favouring them with the reading of Wilmot's letter;—they were much pleased with its contents, and delighted with the adventures of Jones;—they anticipated, with much pleasure, the visit of the worthy and accomplished Wilmot; which pleasure was considerably increased, by the expectation that Jones would accompany him;—they were upon the whole prejudiced in favour of his character, and much wished to see him; nor did they fail to intreat Benson, in his answer to his friend, to beg that Jones might be his companion, on his visit to them.

Before we retired to rest, Miss Stevens desired that the next evening might be appointed to visit the favourite bower of the amiable and unfortunate Eliza:—We were surrounded, she said, by novel adventures, and she should suffer anxious disquietude till she heard the termination of some of them;—her curiosity was awake, and she should feel herself unhappy till she heard the fate of Harry, and his dear Louisa (for that was Miss Deroy's name).

It was one of those delectable evenings, which the pen of a Thomson, and the pencil of a Smith, have often so enchantingly described;—when every object around inspires calmness and serenity;—when all the beauties of nature, pressing on the senses, vibrates through every nerve of our system, and attunes the soul to joy, that Miss Stevens, Benson, and myself, set off for the abour.

To those, O Nature! who value thee above all things, it was impossible but the loveliness of the evening, must make a part of the conversation. It was impossible for a soul susceptible as Miss Stevens's, whose mind was harmonious as the scene around us, not to dwell on every charm, and expatiate with extasy on the beauties of a country, which nature had done more than common for.—She repeated to us some of the finest descriptions of Evening, which our best poets have given;—and Benson recited, from his favourite author, such elegant,

accurate, and masterly pictures, as the pen of a Thomson alone could pourtray.

As we approached nearer the bower, Eliza herself became the subject of conversation; each of us said something in her praise, and extolled her by turns.—We had scarcely done, when we saw her walking at a distance, down a path which winded towards us.—She held a book in her hand, which she sometimes read, and then looked off, as if enamoured with the scene around her.

A large oak, which had been lately felled, afforded us an agreeable seat;—we waited till she came up with us.—The earliness of the hour and the loveliness of the evening, she said, had seduced her to stray beyond her usual limits, and she was making a small circle before she repaired to her favourite seat.

Eliza was remarkably cheerful, and, as we walked on, joined in the conversation with a great deal of spirit and good humour. She met us very fortunately, she said, for it was but the day before she received a letter from Miss Deroy, which would enable her to make good her promise spontaneously, of giving us the continuation of her and her Harry's good and ill fortune;—but she would defer the reading 'till we reached the bower.

We had not been seated long, when Eliza, by our desire, began Louisa's letter.

My dear Eliza, London.

"Will you believe me, my amiable friend, when I tell you I am writing this letter, whilst my dearest Harry is sitting beside me;—it is really so, Eliza, and I know thy little heart beats quick with joy at the intelligence.—Your good soul is susceptible of all those refined sensations, which do our nature so much honour; and I am well convinced you have wiped away every little chagrin which my silence may have occasioned, and hushed every accusation of your friend.—You will be happy to think she has made so much of her time;—nor will you be able to chide her for a separation and silence which has been so well employed.

ployed.—I know thy worthy heart, my dear girl! and I know thou felicitates me on an expedition, which, by the strange providence I will recount to thee, was productive of my meeting with my much loved and long lost Harry.

“Heav’n has, to all, allotted soon or late,
Some *lucky* revolutions of their fate,
Whose motions if we watch, and guide
with skill,

(For human good depends on human will)
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,

And from the first impression takes the bent;

But if unaid’d, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting Folly far behind.”

DRYDEN.

I have often told thee, Eliza, and I am every day more and more convinced of the truth of the observation, that the allotments of that Being, who gives to all his creatures a proper distribution of *good* and *ill*, ought never to be complained of; nor is there so great an inequality in the distribution as is generally imagined.

I am often reminded of the Spanish proverb, “*Prosperity* damns more souls than *Adversity*,” and if I may judge by my own feelings, I must contend for the truth of it. David himself said,

“It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes.”

Adversity and ill fortune serve materially to wean us from earth;—they teach us the force and truth of that line of the admirable *L. Young* :—

“All build too low, woe build beneath
the skies.”

They bid us look forward with welcome anticipation towards that existence, where every tear shall be wiped away, and the soul enjoy the most permanent felicity; and this is the reason why the sons and daughters of Adversity, and those who have been schooled in Affliction, express so little regret at leaving a state of being, which holds out nothing that is dear to them; and constantly reminds them how the scene will be changed when they leave it.—Adversity is the only real trial of worth.

“In struggling with misfortunes,
Lies the *true* proof of virtue.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“——— In Adversity,
The mind grows *tough* by buffeting the
tempest,

But in Success dissolving sinks to ease,
And loses all its firmness.”

ROWE’S Tamerl.

How different is it with the favourites of Fortune and Prosperity!—their riches and possessions, and their consequent advantages in the world, naturally, and almost unavoidably, make it dear to them;—and they look with tearful eyes and fearful hearts to the moment when they must leave their dirty gold, which makes them, they foolishly think, so superior to the rest of mankind.

You never knew a miser in your life, but trembled at the idea of quitting this world; they are truly, as Rowe describes them in his *Fair Penitent*—

“——— Slaves, who ne’er knew mercy;
Sour, unrelenting, money-loving villains,
Who laugh at human nature and forgiveness,

And are, like fiends, the factors for destruction.”

You never knew an avaricious man, and one who was fond of earthly greatness, but dreaded to quit that world, that his money alone gave him consequence in.

Now, Eliza, I know you will frown;—and though you will accede to the propriety of my remarks, you will be peevish and disconcerted at their being thrown in the way of my own story.—Well then, you shall have it without any farther trial of your patience, unless my pen should run retrograde, and if it does, I assure you I cannot stop it—for it is a descendant of poor Yorick’s!—“it governs me, I govern not it!”

You recollect at the time I left London, our new-married friends, Mr. and Mrs. Manrick, were going a tour of pleasure, to see the relations and acquaintance in the northern and western parts of England. It happened most opportunely for me. They were to make Edinburgh in their way; there lived a distant relation of Harry’s, and there I had a direction to him.—It was going to be sure upon an uncertainty, but I was supported by Hope, and set off in very good spirits.

It was impossible to undertake such a journey with more agreeable companions than Mr. and Mrs. Manrick;—they are completely happy;—their union, Eliza, verifies to me an observation I have often made, that a long acquaintance before marriage, in which the parties have had to brave adversity and misfortune, and to surmount many obstacles, necessarily work

work together to produce permanent felicity, when their union is effected.—
 “The happiest marriages (says the great Hume) to be sure are to be found, where
 love, by a long acquaintance, is consolidated into friendship.”
 (To be continued.)

ANECDOTE of a distinguished Literary LADY, and a respectable BOOKSELLER.

WHEN that dramatic trifle, the *******, was played at the Haymarket theatre, a nobleman, remarkable for his literary talents, called upon a distinguished bookseller, and advised him to make a purchase of it.—Do you think it would sell, my lord? said the bookseller. I am convinced, replied the peer, it would have an extensive sale: the beautiful author is so universally admired, and her friends are so numerous that five fair editions at least would move from your shelves.—Mr. Imprint licked his lips with extacy, and to prevent any other bookseller (who might have a lord upon the look out for him, and who probably might hit upon the same thing) from waiting on the illustrious author, he took his hat and cane, and hurried to Hill-street instantly.—But poor Mr. Imprint forgot that he was (to use a phrase of Sterne's) a very leaky vessel, and very apt to forget every thing, but his book-debts. By the time he turned the corner of Berkeley-square, he had hold of the title, but when he knocked at the door, it was gone! Mr. Imprint found himself disagreeably situated, and in a few minutes he was much worse, for the fair author having a great respect for literary characters, and those connected with them, did not keep him in the hail as long as an impertinent tradesman, with a bill in his hand.—When Mr. Imprint had taken his seat, at her ladyship's request, the tête-à-tête opened. Madam, said the embarrassed bookseller, I have begged leave to wait on you about your (here he kept waving his hand, gently, backwards and forwards, to bring the strayed title to his recollection) Madam, said he, I have waited on you, at the request of Lord C. about making a purchase of your *What d'ye call it?* he tells me if you will favour me with a reply, I will make a great deal of money by it, and, indeed, considering how universally you are admired, I think so too.—My What d'ye call it, said the lady, smiling; O! I suppose you mean my translation from the *Don Quixote*. Yes, Madam, I heard from the printer its being a translation from the *French*. Here it is, Sir, just ten stanzas.—Madam, said the astonished bookseller, his lordship told me it was a dramatic piece. O! then, said Mr. Imprint, my *******. Yes, Madam, that is the very thing! said Mr. Imprint, and willing to conclude the tête-à-tête with a flash of wit, he added, Strange that I could not think of a *******, which has been my best companion every evening for these thirty years.

THE CHILD of AFFLICTION. An ANECDOTE.

IN my way home one evening from a convivial circle of friends, in whose company Harmony was the principal guest, and Sorrow was a stranger, my arm was seized by the hand of an unfortunate female, decently attired, and very much in liquor.

I asked her where she lived, to which she answered me with the most plaintive voice I ever heard,—"I have no lodging, Sir, but the street—and there I must repose to night." God help thee! says I—thou shalt not stretch on such a comfortless couch, while I can assist thee.

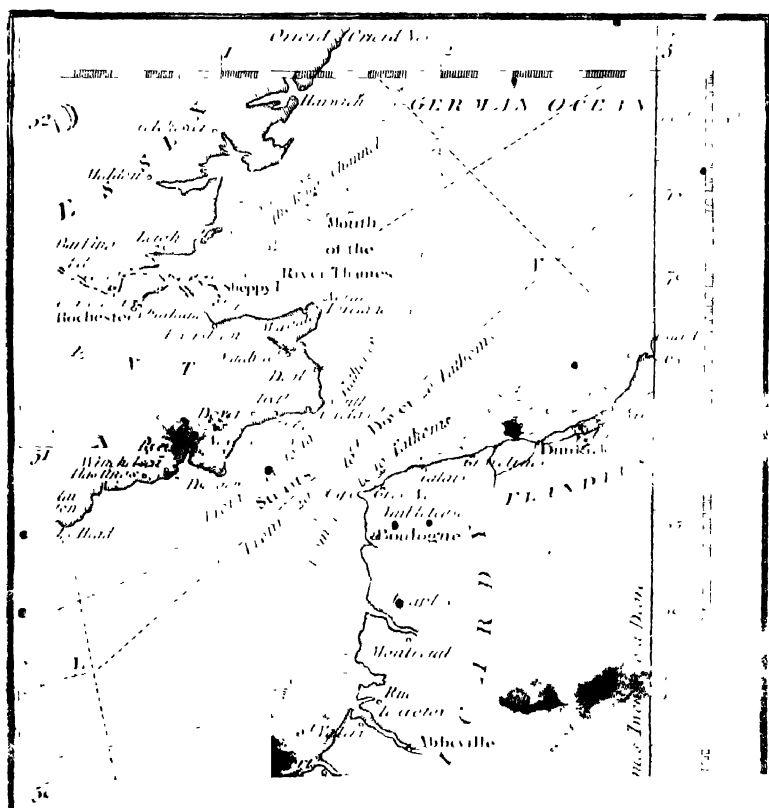
"Thou art as like him," says she, "as wretchedness and me!" As like who? thou poor mourner.—"My dear husband! whose death drove me to this deplorable situation—Oh! Sir, I was once extremely happy."

I did not know how to administer consolation, but begged she would accompany me to a house where she might obtain a short respite from her afflictions by sleep.

I bore her to a chandler's shop, where I found she resided, but where she was so much in arrears that she could not think of going home till she in some measure satisfied her landlady, who I found to be little less than an infernal.

I got a receipt for the poor woman—left her a trifle for the next day's maintenance, and went to bed with her benediction still warm on my lips, and the best spirits I ever remembered to be blest with in my life.

BEVIL.



As the Conduct of our Negotiators for the late Provisional Articles of Peace with France, in omitting to insert an Article for the Demolition of the Fortifications of Dunkirk, and the resolution adopted by the French Ministry to fortify Cherbourg, have occasioned much Conversation, we are happy in having an Opportunity of laying before our Readers an accurate CHART OF THE BRITISH CHANNEL, with the Bearings and Distances of the English and French Coasts, as taken by Compass, so late as in the Year 1777; by which they will be enabled to judge of the Importance of those Places in Case of any future Rupture with the Court of France.

Courses and Distances between the English and French Coasts.

Names of Places. From	Course.	Dist. in Leag.
Dover to Calais - - - - -	S. E. - - - - -	7
----- Boulogne - - - - -	S. E. by S. - - - - -	9
----- Dieppe - - - - -	S. S. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. - - - - -	24
----- Havre (Cape la Hève) - - - - -	S. W. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. - - - - -	36
Dungeness to the Caskets - - - - -	W. $\frac{3}{4}$ S. - - - - -	50
Beachy Head to Dieppe - - - - -	S. by E. - - - - -	22
----- Havre - - - - -	S. S. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. - - - - -	26
----- Cherbourg - - - - -	W. S. W. - - - - -	34
----- the Caskets - - - - -	W. by S. nearly - - - - -	40
St. Helens to Havre - - - - -	S. by E. - - - - -	28 $\frac{1}{2}$
Dunnoose to Calais - - - - -	E. by S. - - - - -	41
----- Cherbourg - - - - -	S. W. by S. - - - - -	20
----- the Caskets - - - - -	W. S. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. - - - - -	22
----- Ushant - - - - -	W. S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. - - - - -	64
Portland Bill (the Pitch) to Cape Barfleur - - - - -	S. S. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. - - - - -	23 $\frac{1}{2}$
----- the Caskets - - - - -	S. by W. - - - - -	14 $\frac{1}{2}$
----- at - - - - -	S. W. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. - - - - -	50 $\frac{1}{2}$
----- - - - - -	S. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. - - - - -	40
The Start to Ushant - - - - -	S. W. - - - - -	38
----- the Caskets - - - - -	S. E. - - - - -	21
----- Cape Barfleur - - - - -	S. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. - - - - -	33
----- Havre - - - - -	S. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. - - - - -	50
The Lizard to the Caskets - - - - -	S. E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. - - - - -	39
----- Guernsey - - - - -	S. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. - - - - -	36
----- St. Malo - - - - -	S. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. - - - - -	50
----- Ushant - - - - -	S. by W. - - - - -	29
Scilly (the Lighthouse) to the Caskets - - - - -	S. E. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. - - - - -	56
----- Ushant - - - - -	S. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. - - - - -	35

Dunkirk is a town of French Flanders, on the Colne, which here falls into the sea. It is the most easterly harbour on that side the French dominions, next Great-Britain, and was lately made a free port. The road is one of the best and securest in Europe; but the harbour will not admit a ship of war of the first rate. The road lies at the distance of two miles and an half from the town, about three from the new harbour of Mardyke, and is sheltered by the Braek, a sand-bank, extending parallel to the shore, two leagues E. and W. Upon this bank the sea is not above four feet deep at low water, and therefore ships

cannot get over it but at the time of the flood; but there are two channels, one at each end of the road. Behind the Braek, to the eastward of Dunkirk, you may anchor, sheltered from a N. W. and N. and a N. E. wind, in two fathoms at low water, but it shoals more to the shore. In the road you anchor to the east of Dunkirk, almost close to the jet-ties, in nine or ten fathoms, good holding ground; and to the west in six, seven, or eight fathoms water. Dunkirk is a bailiwick, subject to the provincial council of Artois. Its principal buildings are, the town-house, in which is a public library; the exchange; the barracks; the

the armoury; the rope-walk; the magazine for naval stores; the park of artillery; and the royal hospitals: besides which are the church of St Eloy, with 15 chapels round it; the church and convent lately belonging to the Jesuits; four convents, and five nunneries. It was taken by the French in 1538, but was soon retaken by the Spaniards; and its garrison and inhabitants greatly annoyed the Dutch in the infancy of their republic. In 1646 and in 1658 it was taken by the French, and in the latter year it was ceded to the English, in consideration of their assisting the French king against the Crown of Spain. In 1662 king Charles II. sold it to the French for 218,750*l.* in consequence of which, Mardyke, and the other neighbouring villages ceded by the English, came into the possession of Lewis XIV. who very considerably improved and enlarged its fortifications, adding sluices, canals, and dikes, to the harbour, which before was in very good condition. In succeeding wars, it became a station for privateers and small frigates, who so annoyed the English trade, that at the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the English court insisted on the demolition of the harbours and fortifications; which article was repeated in the treaties of the Hague in 1717, Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, and Paris in 1762. Before the demolition of its fortifications it had upwards of 26,000 inhabitants, but now it contains scarcely half that number. It is situated 22 miles E. of Calais, 55 E. of Dover, and 26 S. W. of Ostend. Lat. 51. 7. N. Long. 2. 20. E.

Cheibourgh is a town in the province of Normandy, in France. It has a harbour upon the English Channel, is the seat of a vicomte, admiralty, bailiwick, mayory, &c. with an abbey and hospital, and has a considerable manufactory of cloth and serge. It was formerly a strong place, was besieged by the English in 1418, and by the French in 1450. Off this place the confederate fleet, under Admiral Russel, gained a signal victory over that of the French commanded by M. de Tourville. The British troops, in an expedition on this coast in 1758, destroyed its famous piers, and all the ships in the harbour. The count of Flanders, had projected, many years ago, to make this place a second Dunkirk, and had planned two piers of near two-thirds of a mile long, to be carried into three fathom or low water. The harbour was to consist of an outer and inner basin, in which they were to build, dock, and clean, from 50 gun ships downwards. The work was in great forwardness; the gates of the inner basin, which was capable of holding near 1000 sail, were hung, and were 42 feet wide; and the outer-basin was tolerably well cleared. The eastern pier was finished for near 1000 yards, and the foundation laid as much farther; the whole was built of coarse rubble, with excellent workmanship, was the labour of upwards of thirty years, yet in five days reduced to a perfect chaos. The basin, however, has been since cleared. It lies opposite the coast of Hampshire, in Lat. 49. 38. N. Long. 1. 33. W.

ANECDOTE OF CHURCHILL.

WHEN Churchill finished his *Rosciad*, he waited on a well known publisher with the copy, who was at that time busily employed in a work that made much noise in the world. The bookseller suffered so severely by the publication of *Poetry*, that he was determined to have nothing more to do with the rhyming pupils of Apollo, unless the author would make such a deposit as would secure him from any loss. This Churchill would not comply with.

The bookseller recommended a worthy young man to him, who had just ventured his little fortune in the uncertain sea of ink, and who would probably run the hazard of the publication. Churchill waited on him, and found every thing to his wish.

The publication was advertised; and five days elapsed before ten copies sold,

Churchill was thunderstruck—the bookseller was little less. At the end of four days more he called again, and found six copies had gone off! The poet, conscious of the merit of his poem, was almost frantic, and hurried to a friend to acquaint him with his hard fortune. His friend, who was intimate with Garrick, posted to him in the morning, and informed him what a beautiful picture of his astonishing abilities there was exhibited in the *Rosciad*. Garrick swallowed the gilded pill instantly, sent for the poem, read it, and sounded its praises wherever he visited that day. The next evening the publisher had not a single copy left, and in a few weeks so many editions went off, that Churchill found himself richer than any poet whose estate lay at that time in Parnassus.

THE

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THE
L O N D O N R E V I E W,
AND
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L.

Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

The History of the Reign of Philip II. King of Spain. By Robert Watson, L. L. D. Principal of the United College, and Professor of Philosophy and Rhetoric, in the University of St. Andrews.

(Continued from page 273.)

THE inhuman policy of the court of Spain in the expulsion of the Moors, which was dictated by the barbarous zeal of a superstitious age, is perhaps without parallel in the annals of mankind. The proscription of Sylla, which consigned such numbers of Roman citizens to instant death, and from which there was reason to apprehend a tyranny, the most cruel that had ever afflicted the world, was less sanguinary in its operations than the edict of expulsion denounced by Philip III. against innocent, industrious, and loyal subjects. Such tyrannical proceedings cast an indelible stain on the reign of Philip, and are rightly numbered by our historian, among the causes which contributed to the decline of the Spanish monarchy. An extract from this affecting narrative was inserted in the last month's review. And having already given a compendious account of the four first books of this history (which were completely executed by Dr. Watson), it remains for us to consider the fifth and sixth books; in which the editor of the Doctor's manuscript has recorded all the subsequent events of the reign of Philip III., except certain naval transactions. We enter, as our author observes, into the Spanish history, most naturally at the commencement of the reign of Philip IV. From the treaty of Antwerp in 1609, the Dutch have been uniformly considered as a free and independent people; and from that era their alliance began to be counted by nations who had formerly regarded them as rebels that must finally return under the domination of their lawful sovereign. Yet the dismemberment of the Spanish monarchy, by the establishment of the Dutch commonwealth, did not remove

the jealousy entertained in Europe against the alarming dominion of the house of Austria. A grand alliance was formed to equiperpetrate its weight, or to confine it to limits less formidable to the liberties of mankind. At the head of this alliance was Henry IV. of France. "His ultimate design, (says our historian) is the formation of such a confederacy, was to establish among the nations of Europe, a new system, and to fix a durable balance of power by the exaltation of other states on the ruins of the house of Austria." But the vast schemes meditated by that great monarch, were, at the moment when they were ripe for execution, rendered ineffectual by the hands of an assassin.

"On the eve of the day (continues our author) fixed for the coronation of Mary de Medici, Henry IV. was going in his coach to the arsenal, to converse, according to his custom, with the duke of Sully, superintendent of the finances, and grand master of the artillery, when he received two stabs with a knife, one of which pierced through the great canal which conveys the blood from the heart to the other parts of the body. The king fell dead on the duke of Epemon, who was on one side of him, and in whose ear he was whispering when he received the first wound. This parricide was committed by Francis Ravallac, a native and schoolmaster of Angoulême, on the 14th of May, 1610. The ministers of France conceiving that this execrable deed might have been the effect of some secret conspiracy, put Ravallac to the torture, not only as a punishment due to his crime, but as a means of discovering his abettors and accomplices. But that miserable fanatic had no accomplices; and

his only abettors were the priests of the Catholic superstition, whose writings and discourses had fully persuaded him that by murdering the protector of the protestants, and the enemy of the pope, he would save his own soul from perdition, and obtain, as a reward, eternal life.

"The tragical end of Henry filled one half of Europe with exultation, and the other with horror. The house of Austria rejoiced at the destruction of a formidable enemy; and the votaries of that religion which they patronized, applauded the pious zeal of Ravalliac, which they compared to whatever is most heroic in the lives or deaths of saints, martyrs, and confessors. But a general consternation seized not only the Hugonots of France, but every state professing the reformed religion. The whole protestant world deplored the untimely fate of the patron of religious toleration: and nations differing in matters of religion, united in bewailing the loss of the illustrious guardian of the liberties of Europe. They indulged the melancholy recollection of his amiable and heroic virtues; his compassion, to which, on different occasions, he had sacrificed his ambition; the boldness and vigour of his genius, which disdaining the windings of subtlety and refinement, pursued the paths that led directly to success; his courage, which never forsook him in the most depressing circumstances; his bravery in the field, which by a powerful contagion inspired throughout his whole army invincible intrepidity; his patience under hardships, and assiduity in every fortune, which so won the hearts of his soldiers, that they served him not only with the loyalty of subjects, but the affection of friends. But the celebrated Benjamin, duke of Rohan, not contented with mingling his own with the groans of nations, found a melancholy satisfaction in pouring forth the sentiments of his heart in a pathetic composition, and transmitting to posterity a memorial of his devotion to his beloved sovereign. This elegy, written in a strain of passion which nothing could have inspired but the deepest sorrow, is a lively picture of the grief and consternation which followed the death of Henry, and exhibits a conspicuous proof of that ascendancy which he had acquired over the greatest minds."

In vain did the Duke of Savoy, after this fatal blow, attempt to re-animate the councils of France, which were now under the direction of a woman wholly intent on objects of inferior dignity,

Nor was it possible for all the genius of Savoy, to rally the broken forces of the league, and to unite them once more into a compact and formidable body. Yet the duke of Savoy appears with distinguished lustre on the theatre of Europe, and acts a principal part in that succession of negotiations and wars which fill up the annals of this busy period. The vicissitudes of his fortune are various and astonishing. We find him almost constantly involved in danger by his ambition, or extorted by his superior address; and, in order to interest us the more in this singular personage, our historian has drawn very emphatically, the great outlines of his character at that critical moment, when, by the death of Henry IV. a more extensive career was opened to his ambition. After a series of intrigues relative to Monferrat, the duke of Savoy again appears as the guardian of Italy, and, in defiance of all the valour and artifices of Spain, maintains the independence of his own dominions, and of the Venetian republic. Though Philip himself was without capacity as a sovereign, and his favourite, the duke of Lerma, was not eminent in the science of government, yet this period was fertile of great abilities; and it is but justice to observe, that our author has delineated the characters of the duke of Ossuna, of the marquis of Bedmar, of the marshal Ledsiguieres, of count Mansfeldt, and of others who filled the scene of action, with an impartial and masterly hand. As a specimen, we shall lay before our readers the character of the duke of Ossuna.

"Don Pedro Ciron, knight of the golden fleece, and a grandee of the first class of Spain, inherited from a long line of ancestors the pride of noble birth, and the command of a princely fortune: circumstances which are sometimes indeed found in conjunction with meanness of sentiment, but which fostered that natural sublimity of imagination that carried Ossuna to pursue grand designs by extraordinary means. His temper was uncommonly fervent, and his fancy lively even to extravagance. Hence, though his understanding was quick and penetrating, his conduct was neither regulated by the common maxims of policy and prudence, nor his demeanour, in the intercourse of life, by the rules of propriety and decorum. In the presence of his sovereign, he would talk with a gaiety and boldness unknown in the courts of kings, and which appeared to the face

gravity of his compatriots to border upon midnefs. But his conversation in all companies, and on all occasions, was adorned with a brilliancy of wit, which, in the eyes of most men, would more than compensate many levities and indiscretions. This duke is justly censured by grave historians for his gallantries, which were not real nor pillared by delicacy of sentiment, but on the contrary, sensil, open, and licentious. Yet that grosser species of love was attended with this advantage, that it left his mind free and disengaged, and did not interfere in any respect with his projects of ambition. He had served in the army in the war with the United Provinces, in a high rank, and with great glory: and his merit, as a soldier, was either the cause, or as oftener happens in courts, the pretext for his preferment to the important station of viceroy of Naples. In this station he amazed the world with the singularity of his character, and disturbed its repose by the boldness of his ambition.

The Spanish conspiracy against Venice, one of the most singular upon record, is unfolded with very considerable ability.

"Of all the conspiracies or plots which were formed or connived at by the Spanish ministers, in this or any other period, that which was formed against the republic of Venice, by Don Alphonso de la Cueva, marquis of Bedmar, was the most remarkable, and the most important, whether we have respect to its end, or to that complicated machinery by which it was to be accomplished. That the marquis was a person of very extraordinary abilities sufficiently appears from this circumstance, that, at a time when the cabinet of Madrid had an option of distinguished abilities, he was appointed ambassador in ordinary at Venice, of all the courts of Europe the most refined in its politics and determined in its counsels. From an intimate acquaintance with ancient as well as modern history, which he read with the eyes of a philosopher and statesman, and much observation on the scene of human life, in which he was at once an important actor and judicious spectator, he acquired a sagacity to which the council of Spain looked up with almost superstitious veneration. To a deep insight into the nature of political affairs, he added those qualities that are requisite in a practical politician, a facility of speaking and writing with inexpressible grace; a quick discernment of characters; an air and

manner always frank and unreserved; and at the same time such force of mind that under the most trying feelings, of the heart, and the severest agitations of the passions, he betrayed not the smallest symptom of perturbation, but on the contrary retained the most unequivocal appearance of perfect serenity. With these qualities, which distinguished his character, he possessed in an eminent degree another, which is common to all Spaniards; a zeal for the glory of the monarchy and the honour of the Spanish name. This had of late undergone an eclipse, and the marquis was willing to revive its lustre by the total ruin of a power that had contributed so greatly to its decay, the republic of Venice. He was invited to attack this state by various circumstances. The war with the Austrians had drained Venice both of arms and men; the fleet was confined to Istria, the seat of the war; the land army was equally distant; the exigencies of war had occasioned the most oppressive taxes, which, as the people suspected, were not wholly applied to the public use. The marquis, therefore, persuaded himself that the revolution he had planned would not only be practicable, but to the generality of the people, acceptable; nay, of the nobility, not a few were discontented with the government, and rejoiced in all the misfortunes of the state, as the effects of measures which they had disapproved. The more necessitous of that order, the marquis knew by experience, might be prevailed on, if not to act a part in the tragedy, yet to give such intelligence as might in reality promote the catastrophe of Venice. Another ground of encouragement was, that the flower of the Venetian army consisted of Hollanders and Walloons, mercenaries, whose officers he trusted might be seduced by the powerful allurements of gold, to betray the cause of Venice, and to espouse that of Spain. The fleet of the republic was indeed formidable; but there too he hoped to make deadlier havoc with the same weapons he proposed to employ in weakening the Venetian army. It only remained, that he should attach to his person, and to the terrible object he had in view, a sufficient number of determined confederates, by means of whom he might combine the efforts of thousands in a scheme, with the nature of which they were not to be entrusted until the moment of execution. He imparted his project to the marquis of Villa Franca, and the duke of Ossuna, two

ministers were delighted with the novelty and the boldness of his ideas, and without hesitation promised to contribute all in their power towards its accomplishment. It does not appear that he communicated his design to the court of Madrid; but he was sufficiently acquainted with the ideas of ambition that still reigned in the council of Spain, to know, that if the project should be carried happily into execution, of which he did not entertain any doubt, it would meet with their hearty applause and admiration. But while this project was ripening by degrees, the court of Spain was obliged, by the vigour of the young king of France, to make gradual advances towards a general peace in Italy. This would have disarmed the troops of Spain, and deprived the conspirators of those instruments with which they hoped to subject to the monarchy the states of Venice. Hence the various artifices of Toledo and Ossuna to prolong the war, and to prevent a final accommodation of differences. The marquis had by this time entered into the most intimate correspondence and confidence with a number of men, who, confiding in the transcendent powers of his mind, and contemplating the mighty rewards that were exhibited to their view, were ready to execute his orders with promptitude and alacrity. These men were highly distinguished from the multitude, by constancy in the most trying situations, by unshaken fidelity to their engagements, and by a bold and daring courage. Nothing was wanting to entitle them to the highest degree of praise, but the exertion of these virtues in a worthy cause.

"The principal arrangements in this conspiracy were these: fifteen hundred veteran troops, chosen from the Spanish army in Milan, by Don Pedro himself, were to be introduced into the city of Venice, not in a body, but a few at a time, and unarm'd. They were to receive arms from the marquis of Bedmar. But lest any unforeseen accident should mar the intentions of Toledo, five thousand Hollanders, who lay at the Lazaretto, not above two miles distant from the city, were ready to be introduced, man by man, at first, and afterwards in the tumult and confusion that was expected to ensue, in a body. Brigantines and boats were to be sent from Naples into the channels and ports of Venice, having on board six thousand men. A number of large ships were afterwards to sail anchor on the shores of Friuli. Un-

der the countenance of the latter, and amidst the confusion and horrors to be excited by the former, the conspirators were to act their several parts in the intended tragedy: one was to set fire to the arsenal, others to different parts of the city; some were to take possession of the mint; some to seize the principal places of strength; and the part allotted to many, was, to annihilate the constitution of Venice by murdering the senators. Artillery was to be drawn up to the highest eminences, for the purpose of laying the city in ruins, in case the inhabitants should attempt resistance. Field pieces were to be disposed in different quarters of the city, pointing into the principal streets. And as it was necessary to be in possession of some inland town in the territories of the republic, which might serve as a barrier against the return of the Venetian land army, if called to Venice to oppose the conspirators, and as a magazine for the Spanish army, Don Pedro had a close correspondence with certain officers of the garrison of Crema, who were to betray that town into the hands of the Spaniards. Another plot was yet necessary to give full effect to the grand conspiracy. A port was to be occupied in the Venetian gulf, which might receive the Spanish fleet, if, by any accident, it should be obliged to seek a retreat, when employed in that sea. There is a place of considerable strength, called Marano, in an island bordering upon Istria, with a harbour capable of receiving a large fleet. The officer second in command in the garrison of Marano engaged to assassinate the governor, whenever he should receive orders from Toledo, and to hold the town in the name of the Spaniards.

"Such was the complicated scheme formed for the destruction of the renowned city and republic of Venice: a scheme which involved in its nature whatever human ingenuity could plan, or the courage of man dare to execute, but which failed of success from some of those unforeseen accidents that so often happen to intimidate the hearts of assassins, and to disconcert the projects of conspirators.

"A conspiracy so important in its end, and at the same time so various in its means, does not occur in history. That of Cataline against the Roman republic pointed to equal horrors, and to still greater revolution; but the means by which he hoped to accomplish it were more simple, and consequently less absurd than those employed by the bold imagination,

agination, rather than the solid judgment of the marquis of Bedmar. It was probably in imitation of that circumstantial and interesting narrative which the Roman historian has given of the Catalanian conspiracy, that the eloquent and profound Saint Real composed his beautiful account of the Spanish conspiracy against Venice. This copious narrative, though heightened in some instances by the colourings of poetry, and the circumstantiality of fiction, is yet true in the most material particulars, and serves, in the words of the author, to display the "power of prudence over human affairs, and the dominion of fortitude over the limits of the human mind; the greatest strength, and its securities, the numberless considerations which the politician must attend, who aspires to govern his fellow men; and the difference between true and false refinement." It is this last reflection which perpetually recurs to the reader, and strikes him with peculiar force. Nothing but the extravagance of hope, and the blindness of passion, could have seduced the judgment of Don Alphonso de la Cueva, to believe that he should be able, by any efforts of genius, to combine into one harmonious machine, so many and such various springs. The various ideas and corresponding emotions and passions which rise in the mind on different occasions, and in different circumstances, render the views and designs of men fluctuating and uncertain. The smallest incident in health or fortune, is sufficient to shake a resolution big with danger and death. The minds of men are so delicate, refined, and variable instruments, that a thousand accidents disturb their operation. The most fortunate adventurers in life, are those who do not pretend to form, but who have vigilance and sagacity to improve conjunctures. Political revolutions are not to be effected by the subtleties and refinements of a genius profound and metaphysical; but by the boldness and dexterity of a Caesar or a Cromwell, who know to seize the important moment of decisive execution."

The origin, progress, and issue of the Bohemian revolt; the intrigues at the court of Madrid; the death and character of Philip; are described in a masterly manner.

It might now perhaps be expected that we should run the parallel between doctor Watson and his *continuator*; but we excuse ourselves from the invidious task. Let it be sufficient to observe, that both

writers possess, in our opinion, no inconsiderable share of historical merit, and that the reign of Philip III. presents, from beginning to end, a series of events highly interesting to posterity, and which suggest to politicians of our age and country, more points of comparison and resemblance to our own times, than any of equal extent in the history of mankind.

ANECDOTES OF THE CONTINUATOR.

The editor and continuator of this history is Mr. William Thomson, a native of North Britain; a gentleman who with all the advantages of a liberal education in his own country, came up to London as a literary adventurer. He has been engaged for several years back, in this city, either as principal, or accessory, in various literary productions which have been favourably received by the public. In particular, we are informed, that the *Travels in Europe, Africa, and America*, were composed by Mr. Thomson, chiefly from Mr. McIntosh's materials, and were by him adorned with that pleasing manner, and ingenuity of reflection, which have been so generally admired. A humorous publication, which has just appeared under the title of *the Moon of the Moon*, is also ascribed to the same hand.

Mr. Thomson is in the 37th year of his age. He was born at a village called *Burnside*, in the parish of Forteviot, in Perthshire. Although his father was but a poor tradesman, and had a family of thirteen children, yet, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. David Young, school-master of Forteviot, he made an effort to give his son William a learned and liberal education: a generosity of conduct which our historian repays by the highest degree of filial respect and affection. Mr. Thomson having gone through the usual course of grammar-school education, was sent to the University of St. Andrews. He had studied two years at that seminary, when a favourable report of his genius attracted the attention, and cultivated the esteem and favour of the chancellor of the University, the Earl of Kinnoull. The favour of the nobleman towards young Thomson, was it doubtless stronger, than his father's kindness, and benefactions. His early immemorial, lent a very considerable portion of his Lordship's purse, and for this excellent person is not less distinguished for his respect for the

and religious rights of mankind, and the zeal with which he endeavours, so successfully, to promote the interests of literature, than for a singular humanity of disposition. Like a venerable and good patriarch, he treats his tenants as if they were his children; and an air of industry and of contentment, appears throughout the whole of his estate.

Lord Kinnoull took Thomson, at the age of 16, into his family, where he lived, except at College terms, about twelve or fourteen years. He not only defrayed the expence of his education, but allowed him a small yearly salary; while, at the same time, he himself superintended and directed the course of his studies.

After he had left St. Andrews, and commenced preacher, his noble patron sent him to Edinburgh, where he studied under Dr. Blair, professor Robertson, &c. In 1776 he was appointed assistant and successor to the Rev. Mr. Potteous, minister of Monivand, with assurances from his noble patron of his constant exertions to promote his fortunes.

In 1777 he was chosen a member of the General Assembly of the church of Scotland, in which he greatly distinguished himself by an oration in favour of a Mr. Lawson, who suffered at that time a cruel and unjust persecution by the presbytery of Auchterarder. Mr. Thomson brought off Mr. Lawson with flying colours, and exposed the presbytery to the laughter, the contempt, and indignation of the whole Scottish nation. Mr. Thomson was popular as a clergyman, and his company and conversation in great request among all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood. An unfortunate mixture of humanity, liberality, and indiscretion, rendered it eligible for him to quit so agreeable and respectable a situation, and to take an adventure in the wide world. In such circumstances he listened to the advice of an old, constant, and excellent college friend*, who obtained some encouragement for him to try his fortune in the British metropolis.

ANECDOTES OF DR. WATSON.

Robert Watson was born at St. Andrews, in Scotland, about the year 1730. He was the son of an apothecary of that place, who was also a brewer. Having pursued the usual course of lan-

guages and philosophy, at the school and University of his native place, and also entered on the study of divinity: a desire of being acquainted with a larger circle of literati, and of improving himself in every branch of knowledge, carried him first to the University of Glasgow, and afterwards to that of Edinburgh. The period of theological studies at the Universities of Scotland, is no less than six years. But during that period, young men of ingenious minds find sufficient leisure to carry on and advance their pursuits of general knowledge. Mr. Watson pursued his studies with ardour. Few men ever studied more constantly. It was a rule with him to study eight hours every day; and this law he observed, during the whole course of his life. An acquaintance with the polite writers of England, after the union of the two kingdoms, became general in Scotland; and in Watson's younger years, an emulation began to prevail, of writing pure and elegant English. Mr. Watson applied himself, with great industry, to the principles of philosophical or universal grammar; and by a combination of these, with the authority of the best English writers, formed a course of lectures on style or language. He proceeded to the study of rhetoric or eloquence, the principles of which he endeavoured to trace to the nature of the human mind. He delivered a course of lectures in Edinburgh, on these subjects, and met with the countenance, approbation, and friendship of Lord Kaimes, Mr. Hume, with other men of genius and learning.

At this time he had become a preacher, and a vacancy having happened in one of the churches of St. Andrews, he offered himself a candidate for that living, but was disappointed. Mr. Henry Rymer, who then taught logic in St. Salvador's College, was in a very infirm state of health, and entertained thoughts of retiring from the cares and emoluments of his office, to live upon his small salary or stipend. Mr. Watson understanding this, purchased, for not a great sum of money, what, in familiar phraseology, may be called the good-will of Mr. Rymer's place; and, with the consent of the other masters of St. Salvador's, was appointed professor of logic. He obtained also, a patent from the crown, constituting him professor of rhetoric and belles lettres. The study of logic, in St. An-

draws, as in most other places, was at this time confined to syllogisms, modes, and figures. Mr. Warton, whose mind had been opened by conversation, and by reading the writings of the wits that had began to flourish in the Scotch capital, prepared and read to his students, a course of metaphysics and logics, on the most enlarged and enlightened plan; in which he analyzed the powers of the mind, and entered deeply into the nature of the different species of evidence of truth or knowledge. In his vocation of a teacher he laboured with unwearied diligence, conversed much with the students, and even became a

member of some of their private literary societies. Dr. Robertson, the historian was wont to say of him, that he possessed an uncommon degree of academical ardour.

On the death of *Principal Tuldoeph*, Dr. Watson, through the Earl of Kinross, was appointed his successor, in which station he lived only a few years. He married a lady of singular beauty and virtue, daughter to Mr. Shaw, professor of divinity in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. By this lady he had five daughters, who have lately obtained a small pension from government, through the active humanity of the Lord Advocate for Scotland.

The general Prevalence of the Worship of human Spirits in the Antient Heathen Nations, ascertained and proved. By Hugh Farmer. Buckland.

MR. Farmer is already well known to Christian Divines by his Dissertation on Miracles, and his Account of our Saviour's Temptation in the Wilderness. The ingenuity and learning displayed in these performances will naturally summon the attention of all who are acquainted with them to every work by the same author.

Mr. Farmer, in an introduction of considerable length, explains the end and the nature of the publication before us. He first explains the end, because the final cause of every undertaking or process, although it be the last in effect, is the first in intention or design. He shews that a critical knowledge of the subjects he has undertaken to discuss may answer many valuable purposes. In particular, it is necessary to imperfect men with a due sense of the high importance of the Jewish and Christian dispensations. An accurate knowledge of the Heathen idolatry serves to manifest the peculiar propriety of those extraordinary means which were employed to accomplish our deliverance from it, and to introduce and establish the religions of Moses and the Messiah. Just ideas of the antient idolatry will enable us to discover reasons for the punishment of it. A right understanding of the change idolatry underwent, in the interval between Moses and the Messiah, serves to shew how perfectly both their institutions corresponded to the difference in the religious state of the world, in their respective times. Hence, too, we see the perfect correspondence of the different institutions of Moses and the Messiah to the state of the world, in respect of futurity. A knowledge of the antient idolatry is, **EUROP. MAG.**

in many cases, highly necessary to explain the language of antiquity. And lastly, Mr. Farmer observes, without a clear knowledge of the antient idolatry, we cannot vindicate the laws of Moses, nor do justice to the character of that divine legislator. — These considerations, which Mr. Farmer enlarges on and illustrates, he considers as a sufficient apology for any attempt to bring those acquainted with the Heathen religion, who have no leisure to search the records of antiquity. His design is to lay before them such facts as shall enable them to form a judgment for themselves upon the subject, without relying upon the decision of others. In prosecution of this design, he proposes, 1st. To shew the general prevalence of the worship of human spirits in the antient Heathen world. 2d. To inquire into the grounds of this and every other species of idolatry, or into the principles upon which the whole system of Polytheism was built. 3d. To consider the high antiquity of idolatry, and more especially of that species of it, the worship of human Gods. And 4th. To examine how far the representation of the Pagan gods, in scripture, agrees with that made of them in the writings of the Heathens, or how far the two accounts mutually illustrate and confirm each other.

This is a grand design. And, as to carry it with success into execution, requires a very great compass of abilities in the very formation of it, judiciousness, genius comprehensive and profound. The second branch of the design, is to enter an inquiry into the general grounds of idolatry is a subject which will give full scope

scope to the whole powers of the most philosophic mind. The grand source of superstition, according to the ancient Materialists and others, was terror. In combating this notion, if he combats it, Mr. Farmer will, no doubt, display much ingenuity and profound learning.

But it is the first of the four articles abovementioned, alone, which is the subject of the present publication; and it is established upon evidence independent of the rest; so that it may be fitly considered as a distinct treatise, such as might have been published by itself, though no other were to follow. But we are informed that the other articles are in a state of great preparation for the press.

The proofs which Mr. Farmer has adduced of the general prevalence of the worship of human spirits, either respect particular nations, or are of a more general nature, and equally respect all the most celebrated nations of antiquity. Mr. Farmer, having made this grand division of his subject, begins with the last, and shews, first, that human spirits were worshipped among the nations usually accounted barbarous; and, secondly, in those that were polished by learning.—Here he goes over an immense field, and views his subject in all the nations of the old world, with which history, ancient or modern, has made us at all acquainted.

He then proceeds to the general proofs of the worship of human spirits in the ancient heathen world; and these proofs he draws from two sources, testimonies and facts. In going over the proofs from facts, Mr. Farmer exhibits a view of numberless particulars which are in themselves, and even without any reference to the subjects which he illustrates by them, highly entertaining:—The ancient Heathen sepulchres, temples, pyramids, caves, houses, highways, groves, mountains, the statues and images of the gods, the rites of Heathen worship, sacrifices and libations, blood, human victims, mournings, banquets, games, mysteries of secret worship, divination and oracles.

The following is a general view of the notions which the Heathens entertained of human spirits:

“The obvious distinction between the soul and body of man, and the permanence of the former after the dissolution of the latter, could not but be admitted by all the nations that worshipped the dead. It would it have been had it gone any farther, except to assert a future state of retribution. But they

gave an unbounded scope to their imaginations. They not only ascribed to separate spirits, as indeed they justly might all their former mental affections, but all the sensations, appetites, and passions, of their bodily state; such as hunger and thirst, and the propensities founded upon the difference of sexes. Ghosts were thought to be added to the same exercises and employments as had been their delight while men. And, though they could not be felt and handled, like bodies of flesh and blood, and were of a larger size; yet they had the same lineaments and features. Being an original part of the human frame, they were wounded whenever the body was, and retained the impression of their wounds.

“Their idea of men’s future state of existence was formed upon the model of our present condition. They lent money in this world upon bills payable in the next. Between both worlds there was thought to be an open intercourse; departed spirits bestowing favours upon their survivors, and receiving from them gifts and presents. These gifts were sometimes supposed to be conveyed into the other world in their own natural form: for they put into the mouth of a dead man a piece of money, to pay Charon for his passage over Styx; and a cake, of which honey was the principal ingredient, to pacify the growling Cerberus. Those things, whose natural outward form was destroyed, did not altogether perish, but passed into the other world. The souls of brutes survived the dissolution of their bodies; and even inanimate substances, after they were consumed by fire, still, in some degree, subsisted as images flying off from them, which exactly resembled them as a ghost did a living man. Hence it was, that, upon the funeral piles of the dead, they were accustomed to throw letters, in order that their being read by their departed friends. And being able, as they imagined, to transmit to the dead whatever gifts they pleased, in one form or other; food, and raiment, and armour, were either deposited in their graves, or consumed in the same fire with their own bodies, together with their wives and concubines, their favourite slaves, and brute animals, and whatever else had been the object of their affection in life.

“Accordingly we find the parrot of Corinna, after his death, in elysium. Orpheus, when in the same happy abode, appears in his sacerdotal robe, striking his lyre; and the warriors were furnished

with their horses, arms, and chariots, which Virgil calls *inanes, empty, airy*; and *unsubstantial*, being such shades and phantoms of their former chariots as the ghosts themselves were of men. In a word, whatever was burnt or interred with the dead, their ghosts were thought to receive and use. It is observable, that, as the ghosts appeared with the wounds made in them before their separation from the body, so the arms, that had been stained with blood before they were burnt, appeared bloody afterwards; and, in like manner, the money bills and letters, that had been consumed in the flames, were certainly thought to retain the impression of what had been written in them.

“Such notions of separate spirits can indeed for the most part be considered only as the childish conceptions of untutored minds, in the infancy of the world, or in ages of gross ignorance. Never-

theless, being consecrated to the purposes of superstition, and in length of time becoming venerable by their antiquity, they maintained their credit, in more enlightened ages, amongst the multitude, and, through policy, were patronized even by those who discerned their absurdity.”

This publication, upon the whole, discovers great genius and learning. It is written with a clearness and a compass of method and order, which shews the author to have been master of his subject. There is, however, one point in which it appears to us, that Mr. Farmer has been carried away by his prejudices, and a kind of enthusiasm in a good cause. He is confident that the Hebrew Patriarchs believed in the immortality of the soul, and endeavours (in his Introduction) to combat the direct proofs that they were ignorant of this comfortable doctrine, by evidence, which, at best, is only constructive.

The Orphan. A Novel. In a Series of Letters. 2 vols. 5s. sewed.

The Portrait. A Novel. In 2 vols. 5s. sewed. Hookham.

NOVELS are now as plenty as blackberries in the mouth of September; the two Nobles were the most considerable manufacturers of this species of literature, and they have delivered more prolific Novel-writers than any ten literary Midwives are the Genius of Romance brandished her captivating pen. The novels before us, we can readily see, are by the same hand; if they have not all the originality of the Vicar of Wakefield, Man of Feeling &c. they have sufficient merit to entertain an evening hour, and are entitled to a seat in the parlour window of the sensible and the polite members of the community. Where the author provokes the risible muscles we must laugh with her, and where she touches on the pathetic, she is deserving of a tear. Her Orphan is the best novel of the two, the characters are well handled, and we believe did, or do now exist, for they do not seem to be imaginary. As a specimen of her handling a character, we shall select the following from the Orphan:

“The Colonel and Mrs. Johnstone arrived here a few days ago, and mean to make some stay. What a disappointment!—Shall I take this opportunity to introduce a few moral reflections for your edification, or will you promise to make them yourself? I know it is your forte, so I leave it to you.

“Sir John is in despair at not being able to obey your summons; he is persuaded piquet, with accompaniments, must have a fine effect: I have advised him to try the experiment this evening with the Colonel, as my voice is perfectly in tune.

“Did I not fear encouraging you in your impetuousness by my example, I should be strongly tempted to make a few remarks on the Colonel's Lady.—Did you ever see, Mrs. Johnstone, Caroline? I believe not. She is certainly the highest original my eyes have yet beheld. Then the contrast is so unfortunately striking between the Colonel and her: he, though past his first bloom, is one of the handsomest men you will see; he has all that easy good breeding so general amongst gentlemen in the army:—She, several years older than he, and as many feet shorter—I was going to say, certain it is, had she not been born, he might have inherited a large fortune, she might have acquired one in the character of a Corsican fairy.

“But her diminutive size is no worst: her face is plain beyond expression; her nose seems to have been lengthened on purpose to meet with most of the short arm which is every morning in with Spanish snuff. Her eyes are almost sunk under a projecting forehead. How many teeth she may once have

have been mistress of I really know not: one only remains at present; luckily it is placed most conspicuously in front.

"You may pretty easily guess her fortune, not her person, was the charm that captivated the Colonel: yet (would any living soul believe it?) she has faith enough to be of a contrary opinion. The Colonel, said she to me the other day, when chatting about indifferent things, was never a great admirer of beauty: it was your smart, little, sensible, agreeable women he was always partial to; indeed I believe this is the taste of men in general; yet really I do not so much dislike those who are tall; some of them look mighty well; rather masculine to be sure, and more awkward than the others; but that is their misfortune, and should therefore be overlooked.

"I dare say, replied I, you must have had many admirers then, for you are as free from these defects as mortal can be.

"You flatter very agreeably, Miss Sedly, cried she; the truth is I have often wondered what the men could see in me; I used to be quite tormented with them when a girl. The Colonel, indeed, made himself quite ridiculous; never, I believe, was poor man so thoroughly smitten as he was; and you see with what fervor he still adores me.

"This you will look upon as mere fiction, my dear Caroline; but it is every word a fact; and I am tempted to fancy she thinks all the said.—The truth is, the good Colonel is so much ashamed of what he has done, that I plainly see he is in terrors every time she goes near him; for she treats him with a tenderness which rather borders on indelicacy. Often, when she is hanging over him, 'enamoured,' with looks of cordial love, I have seen him, within an ace of blushing, beg her to take a chair, as he feared she would fatigue herself by standing so long; and, if this hint had no effect, he would hastily look at his watch, and march off as if he had just recollected particular business.—Dear creature! she would then cry;—you see he would not leave me till the last moment.

"They have no children; but a little ugly dog supplies to her that loss, and she frequently declares she loves it with as much affection as she could any child in the world;—it is so sensible, so much attached, so grateful.—My amiable friend, Lady Sedly, on these occasions looks on her with a degree of pity; for my part, I am too often inclined to divert myself at her expense, which is the easiest thing imagi-

nable: her vanity is such, that you may pay her what compliments you please; however *outré*, she swallows them all without making a wry face.

"What can we say for a man of sense, a man of fashion, who, for the sake of a few more thousands than he might probably have got with an agreeable woman, could thus sacrifice himself to such an object? Only this, my dear, they are sufficiently punished."

The first letter from Miss Sedly to Lady Rochfort, has a good share of the pathetic in it. Miss Sedly's manner of relating her situation in the convent is highly coloured; the limits of our work will not permit us to give the whole of this letter, but the following passage we cannot pass by without our particular notice:

Speaking of her situation, as an orphan, in the convent, she says, "One of the young Ladies having, on some occasion, treated me with more than usual indignity, telling me, she knew all now, that I was kept there out of charity, and many other cruel things of this nature,—I again burst into tears; and, flying to my affectionate friend, threw myself on my knees before her, and, in an agony of grief, implored her to inform me how I merited this contemptuous treatment; what they meant by these cutting expressions.—Ah! tell me, tell me, cried I, sobbing as if my little heart would break,—who am I? Where are my parents? Why, since I never knowingly gave them offence, do they cruelly subject me to these mortifications? Why thus abandon their innocent child?—Ah! my dear Madam, severe as I had hitherto thought my fate, judge what were my feelings, when informed of all its horrors. Alas! my dear creature, cried my sympathising friend, this is the moment to which I have for years looked forwards with unspeakable apprehensions; I too well knew it must arrive; happy, happy, should I be, my child, were it in my power to render the explanation you so naturally request unnecessary; gladly would I spare you the melancholy relation of truths which must embitter every future moment of your life; but it is the will of Heaven.—Young as you are, my love, you must endeavour to arm yourself with fortitude.—Alas! alas! I fear it will not much longer be permitted me to afford you even my poor protection. But be comforted, my love: though you should be deprived of mine, Heaven will not forsake the innocent;—that Providence, which consigned you to my care, will, I doubt not, raise up for you other friends, who

who will take pity on your helpless situation."

There is something exquisitely tender in the story that follows, and we doubt not it will meet many admirers.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Miss Elliott, the author of the above novels, is a young Lady in genteel life, and sister to the ingenious Mrs. Hall, who presented the literary world, some years ago, with that pleasing novel, the *Modern Wife*, and since that time with many others equally entertaining. Miss Elliott has given birth to the following novels,

the *Relapse*, the *History of the Most Mrs. Rosemont and Sir Henry Cardigan*, the *Maligned Weddings*; and the two novels we have reviewed. This young Lady possesses an uncommon facility in discriminating characters; we have been informed not one of those in her writings are imaginary, but drawn from the life; and when she sits down, there is such celerity in her pen, that she has her portraits finished in a few days. If this Lady studies her own feelings, and writes from her own heart, she must be one of the most amiable characters existing. The character of Maria, in the *Portrait*, does Miss Elliott great credit.

The Man in the Moon; or, Travels into the Lunar Regions. By the Man of the People. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Murray.

THESE motley heterogeneous crudities display in many instances the hand of a master. On our dipping into the first chapter, we yawned over the true and interesting conversation between the Man of the Moon and the Man of the People; but we had no sooner read a few chapters farther, than we discovered a talent for imitation, tempered with a species of humour, as made a sensible impression on the decorum of our risible muscles. We recognised Smollet, Le Sage, Fenelon, something of Sterne, the Life of Carew, and a French Work, with partly the same title. Several respectable characters in the literary world are here illiberally attacked, and drawn with a coarseness of pencilling, as would disgrace a common sign-painter. We did expect to find the hero of the tale to have made a more distinguished figure in the moon, but the author's imagination flags the moment it leaves this planet; for this reason we counsel him to give the public his "Tour with the Tinkers," since what he has already written upon that subject, is by much the most entertaining and most suitable to his abilities. The variety, however, of this romancer is excessive, and his affected knowledge of metaphysics and philosophy equally glaring. He modestly tells the reader, that his imagination is vigorous, and accustomed to express things as he feels them; that he never sacrifices sense to sound; and although his style is not always either harmonious or elegant, yet he has the talent of fitting the turn of his language to every subject, and of expressing the sentiment, and hitting the point in the matter in question; this, he tells us, is the true criterion of writing.

We could adduce a variety of passages that would demonstrate his want of these powers, nor can we pass them over in silence without reprehending the filthy images his distempered fancy has created, clothed in terms highly indecent and offensive. The degrading picture of human nature, in page 144 of the first volume, is a striking instance of what we have advanced. In his *Pandemonium*, Pope, Churchill, and others, are destined to black shoes for having composed verses, not from a generous indignation against vice, but from a natural waspishness of temper. *Quere*, if the writer of the Man in the Moon does not highly merit this honourable distinction for his ill-natured and scurrilous prose. One of his most laboured caricatures is the literary Colossus, Dr. Johnson. But we must first introduce the Monkey Philosopher as being inseparable from the Bear Doctor.

"The monkey with the chapeau and the cane, was one of the philosophers who keep academies in London for dancing. He detected all frail lines, and asserted that nature makes them only by mistake. He taught your citizens to walk with their toes separated at the greatest possible distances, to give the center of gravity a larger basis for its motions. According to this philosopher, all good manners consisted in certain flexions of the limbs, and writhings of the body. He patronised the practice of making low bows, magnified the importance of them, and invented a number of nice ornaments, for common use, to the ladies. "The bear flourished at the same time. Like the former, in his early years, he taught a school, and like him too, he was an unworthy pretender to philosophy."

lophy Both were famous in their generations. The one was encouraged by the circles of the gay, the other by those of the learned. The bear had the advantage of being a doctor; the monkey the eclat of being polite. The one reduced all science to dancing; the other, all knowledge to language. With so great an extent of abilities, and such a difference in their occupations and pursuits, they soon threw the city into confusion. Every bright assembly supported the monkey; every grave convention declared for the bear. Genius does not consist merely in acquiring the knowledge of others. The bear, however, was quite ignorant of this. When I would have allowed him great merit for having written an excellent dictionary; when I would have given him as much praise as any grammarian deserves, he foolishly lost my good opinion, by giving himself out for a philosopher and a man of taste. It is in vain to hope for chaste language from a pen that has written a dictionary. We might as well expect a dancing master to dance like a gentleman; or a gentleman-usher to be a model of true politeness, as the compiler of a dictionary to be free from a stiff, awkward, and pedantic style. In all his works there is not a single idea that is new. Many old ones he has tortured into fantastic shapes, and by strange words put them in a ridiculous garb. If this be discovery, we allow him to be in truth an inventor. In one word, by pretensions to philosophy, and even to poetry, the bear lost my good opinion, and determined me to inclose him in this place (The Cribbin School) with other unworthy pretenders to true science."

The Prince of Modern Botanists is here portrayed with the same daubings, and the same want of judgment or candour:

"A man in the north resolved to write a dictionary of every production in nature, and he formed to himself a number of unnatural classes. Into these classes he pushed an immense quantity of unwilling genera, and reluctant species. In vain they exclaimed, 'We have nothing to do in this place; we will associate with our companions.' The Man of the North replies, 'Here you shall remain.' It is impossible to keep immense provinces, but by allowing men their own laws, and giving power to their ancient chiefs. The Man of the North soon found the dominion he had assumed over nature, perplexed with difficulties he knew not how to surmount. His government was one scene of confu-

sion.—'I will reduce the rebels, cried he, 'I will turn despot. I have an army of vulgar notions, and princely squadrons of definitions. Fossils! without any trouble arrange yourselves according to your appearance, and make no more noise about your real qualities.—Animals! shew me your teeth.—Vegetables! your pairs of generation.—Make no clamour, gentlemen, from modesty, for so still you be arranged. Think of my squadrons. Oppose not my sovereign mandate.' So spake the Man of the North, and there was no resisting his will. The bat claimed kindred with man; and the humble flower became cousin-german to the oak. And, for the ape and the whale, they were, from that moment, quite rude to the human ladies, and even proposed an alliance of marriage between their noble families:—Such confusion was introduced by the Man of the North. I am at a loss to conjecture, when it will be at an end. His followers are very numerous, and generally much more insignificant than himself. A savage who can trace the smallest impression of his enemy's foot in the American desert, which no European eye could discover, far better deserves the appellation of philosopher than those artists who count the leaves and stamina of a plant, and place them in the book of Linnæus. The savage answers some purpose by his pursuits; your Linnæan artist none at all.

"Sir J—ph B—ks himself is a similar genius. And her Majesty's physician, Dr. W—m H—r, instead of anatomizing part of the brute creation, and making odious and humiliating comparisons between them and human creatures, makes large collections of natural productions. An apothecary's shop is not more nicely arranged than his museum. A boy or a simpleton who amuses himself with picking up every brilliant pebble or stone that comes in his way, possesses just as much genius as he does."

As a specimen of this writer's best manner, we shall make another extract from what is here termed the *Mirror of Truth*:

"Ch—s F—x, tell me what you now see?"

"I see nothing but an immense field of white paper, more spacious to my apprehension than Salisbury Plain."

"Come forth, ye metaphysicians of all ages and nations, ye moralists, theologians, and commentators, both on divinity and law, and write down your respective

positive opinions on the important subjects that have so long engaged your attention, for the instruction of my worthy friend, Ch—s Fox.

"The white plain was instantly covered with lawyers, philosophers, and divines, in the respective habits of the times and countries in which they lived. They attempted to delineate their ideas by various representations taken from objects of sense. But the lines by which they endeavoured to bound those similitudes, were so obscure in themselves, and so frequently intersected the lines employed by one another, that the whole plain seemed, at first sight, one blot. nor could the devil himself, after the most painful attention, unravel the bledded strokes of their hostile and intertering pencils.

"What do you think of these learned Gentlemen, Ch—s F—x?"

"Upon my word, Sir, I think they give themselves a great deal of trouble to no purpose. And yet what fire and vehemence in their countenances! What little thin figure is he so busily employed in drawing figures with a very sharp stylus? He seems to affect greater order and arrangement in his drawings than those who have not advanced to near us on the plain.—What little figure?—that which is so like a member of our house? I mean Mr. Flves?"

"Oh! that is Aristotle."

"And who are these that have their eyes so intently fixed on the same philosopher? It is no wonder they make such pitiful scrawls; they keep their eyes on Aristotle, and never look to their own pencils.

"These, Charles, are Aristotle's commentators.

"There is a broad-shouldered man a few yards behind Aristotle, not unlike our speaker, with his eyes turned up towards Heaven. Although his lines are not so accurate as those of Aristotle, there is a superior lustre and beauty in his colouring.

"You mean the divine Plato.

"And who is he without a stylus of any kind, who sits with his legs folded under him like a Turk, or a London Taylor, occasionally talking to those around him, and often smiling? There is a great deal of good humour under those heavy brows. He looks very like Lord North.

"That, Charles, is Socrates.

"What tall grim fellow is he, very near us, so like the present Chancellor?"

"Martin Luther.

"What little, thick, ~~fat~~ personage who is still nearer us?"

"John Knox.

"Who is the large fat man with a sponge in one hand, and a pencil in another? He makes figures as well as the rest of the philosophers; and afterwards dashes all the field around with his sponge.

"He, Sir, is the celebrated David Hume.

"What childish occupations are these men engaged in, said the Man of the People. A number of children employed in making whimsical figures on a bank of sand, are not greater triflers than these self-important personages.

"You are mistaken, my good friend; the wranglings of these men are often attended with the most important political consequences. A few scenes will impress the truth of this on your mind with greater energy than the longest discourse. Look into the glais, and tell me what you see?"

"I see men of imperial port, arrayed in purple, and seated on thrones, resigning their scepters into the hands of monks.

"This, Charles, has frequently happened, from the disputes concerning the religious tenets of Arius and Athanasius, down to the end of the last century."

Mr. Gabor, the author of the *Man in the Moon*, confesses, that his style is not always either humorous or elegant; he might with the same propriety have added, or grammatical—witness the following phrases, which are the minor faults of his composition.

Now you have got his shoes—have they got husbands—I have heard, that the found of a Scotch bag-pipe will sometimes make a Caledonian *lose his urine* for affection and joy—I have been told, that your funeral oration on your deceased wife was a matter-piece. The Roman rabble, *I am told*, were all in tears at it—the duke of —, really I have forgot his title—he who had the strange affair with Lord R—n, and who is one of those dukes who are said to have sprung from the pruniosity of Charles II. operating on Nell Gwynn, or some such trollop—that you was afraid to meet it—others with wigs and bands, birches or leather thongs in their hands, he seems to praise an honest man with satisfaction; and to speak of the wife with indignation—the little man in wig has just now *curers*—I had *an*

too much wine—impulses of *self-love* it-
self—if I forbear to mutilate my *hair*—
lamented his *fate* in being indissolubly
bound to such a *mate*—in which you *was*
engaged—Charles, who had not yet *for-*
got—although to an human eye more
winning fair—The Man of the Moon

then exhibited a picture of the massacre
of Paris, begun on the memorable eve of
St. Bartholomew's day, 1572—&c. &c."

[For ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR,
see p. 359.]

Drawings from Living Models, taken at Bath. Quàrto. Robinson.

THESE Drawings are from characters,
which it seems are well known at
Bath; but which the poetic Delineator
treats in general with the utmost abhor-
rence. With what justice the reader will
judge by the following specimen:

"Another Sappho claims my lay;
Plebeian subjects, clear the way.
Precedency her dear delight,
To R— pay, her darling right.
Dawson babbles with soothing voice
Her panting, fluttering heart rejoice.
Tell her 'tis hers to lead the ball,
The first to dance, the first to call.
And every honour hers—in right,
Of high descent from City Knight.
The joyful triumph thou may'st paint,
But break it gently,—least the faint.
—Heedless that fleeting time hath spread,
His hoary pinnons on her head;
Wishing like Hebe to appear,
She copies Woodley's drefs and air:
Cloathing her face in mimic smiles,
Spreading for lovers filken toils;
Grafting on fifty—gay fifteen;
And flowering shrubs, on evergreen.
By nature faucy, vain and proud;
In fancied rank above the croud;
Her highest bliss th' eclat and state
Of splendid jewels,—massy plate.
These,—cruel fortune hath denied,
Or sparingly at best supplied.
Yet in both, her splendor such is,
One might take her for a Duchess!
Diamonds of finest water deck
On gala days, her hair and neck;
When routs her numerous friends collect,
Her side-board claims the first respect.
Proving to each astonish'd guest
Her wealth, magnificence and taste.
But each astonish'd guest remains
In doubt, concerning ways and means.
"Least envied jewels, envied plate,
Unjust suspicions should create;
To silence slander, be it known,
That they in truth are,—not her own.
R— thou canst not but excuse,
This blabbing of my tell tale muse:
For sure thou rather wouldst of course,
Be thought a fool, than something worse."

We have quoted this passage, because a
Gentleman at Bath thought fit to apply it
to his own sister; and called on the sup-
posed author to punish him; taking for
granted, as he was a Clergyman, he would
submit to chastisement, or decline the
kind of interview which is usual on such
occasions. But finding the Man of God
ready to authenticate and seal with blood
the copies he had taken; after a little
hubbub in the author's lodgings, calcu-
lated to secure a retreat, the Gentleman
retired, and was no more heard of.

This composition is evidently intended
to hang up to ridicule and shame certain
characters, which cannot be mistaken by
those who frequented the rooms last sea-
son at Bath. The author's motive, whe-
ther it be virtuous zeal or resentment,
must be very powerful, to induce him to
incur the danger which must attend such
a publication. He has interspersed a few
amiable pictures to relieve the eye in con-
templating the groupe. The whole is
written with great spirit; the character
have considerable merit in the drawing,
and the language and versification are easy
and correct.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

The author is the Rev. Thomas Martyn,
with whom the public is well acquainted,
as the strenuous and persevering enemy of
ecclesiastical oppressions, particularly those
which are exercised by Rectors on their
Curates.

Mr. Martyn is the son of a Clergyman
in Devonshire, and was originally de-
signed for orders. But when he had just
finished his studies at Oxford, he fell in-
love with a young Lady, the daughter of
a Clergyman in his father's neighbourhood,
and not obtaining her father's consent, he
gave the first example of the inefficacy
of the marriage act, by taking the young Lady
over to Guernsey. By this marriage he
was nearly allied to the late excellent Dr.
Squire, Bishop of St. David, who became
his warm patron; but chose, perhaps from
intuitive discernment, to provide for him

in

in the army. The death of the Bishop ruined Mr. Martyn's prospects. He quitted the army, and returned to the profession for which he was educated; and became Curate of St. Anne, while Dr. Hinde was Rector. On some slight difference between the Rector and the Curate, (it is said without any apparent cause) the Doctor sent him word he must be gone, in the stile commonly used to Curates and Footmen. Mr. Martyn feeling the indignity and injury, turned his thoughts to a subject which priestly insolence had sunk into oblivion, i. e. the right of Curates to a support and maintenance on those livings to which they have been ordained. The question was litigated, in a vast variety of forms, between these two Gentlemen. The Curate was victorious in every encounter, whether legal, literary, or personal; and the Rector, after spending fifteen

hundred or two thousand pounds, becoming the jest and abhorrence of the neighbourhood, was obliged to negotiate an exchange, which he obtained at a considerable yearly loss, and quitted the parish of St. Anne, for the Vale of Rochdale, in the wilds of Derbyshire.

On the flight and escape of Dr. Hinde, Mr. Martyn continued his claim; but the opinion of the Court was against him. It is pity his finances had not enabled him to carry the question to the House of Lords; or that a subscription was not opened for the purpose among those Clergymen who must be interested in the issue. The resolution, perseverance and ability, as well as the expence which Mr. Martyn has been at in this business, are altogether wonderful; and it is much to be wished he were enabled to compleat his undertaking.

Moral Hints to the Rising Generation. the first Book applied to the Instruction dell. 1s.

An Epistle of Horace. The second of a Son, at Winchester School. Cadell. 1s.

THE worthy author of "*Threescore*," has given us a pretty decent introduction of fifteen pages, by way of ushering to public notice nineteen pages of Moral Hints for the Instruction of a Son. We candidly confess that we are more pleased with the Doctor's poetry than with his *humble* prose, which indeed appears in so homely a garb, that we wish to see it new modelled, if this performance should call for another impression. The most exceptionable passage is certainly that, where he wishes to anticipate a slender compliment or two, which the tribe of critics *now in vogue* may possibly condescend to pass upon the work. "Should they, by chance, or whim, be moved to cast a transient glance upon what was never meant for them, they must be indulged in a ready sneer at the absurd metamorphose of the polite courtier of Augustus into a humdrum preacher, drawing out his dull comment upon a spirited text, to so wearisome a length, as to make his hearers and himself lose all sight of it." There will be no baulking their momentary laugh at the supposed pretence of passing current a motley composition of old standard gold, with more than twice the weight of new base metal; and for want of fire, strong enough to blend them properly, the recourse to a pitiful shift of soldering both together, so clumsily performed, that the vile solder strikes the eye in every part of it."

EDBUR. MAC.

We can, however, felicitate ourselves, that we are not of that critic tribe who sport with the feelings of any writer, and we can with great truth assure this Gentleman, that we are like him equally adverse to a fastidious criticism. We think the parent who appears before the tribunal of the public with a virtuous self-appealing heart, and with the motive of inspiring his son with just and noble sentiments, is intitled to our respect and indulgence.

This Epistle undoubtedly possesses merit, as it has many polished lines, propriety of thinking, and a manly elocution, without affected antithesis, or parade of learning. The author has, indeed, justly characterised it in two words—a *rambling paraphrase*; which in point of composition is much inferior to Dr. Dunkin's on the same subject.

That our Readers may judge for themselves, we shall give the favourite passage of Tully, which Horace had in view when he wrote,

"Sirenum voces, et Ciræ pocula
nosti;
Quæ si cum sociis stultus cupidusque
bibisset,
Sub domina meretrice fuisset turpis et
extors;
Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica Juto
fus.
A a a

Nos

Nes numerus fumus, et fruges consumere nati,
 Sponsi Penelopæ, nebulones, Alcinoique
 In cute curandâ plus æquo operata juven-
 tus;
 Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire
 dies, et
 Ad strepitum citharæ cessantem ducere
 somnum *."

"You know the Siren's songs, and
 Circe's draught,
 Which had he †, senseless and intempe-
 rate, quaff'd
 With his companions, he, like them,
 had been
 The brutal vassal of an harlot queen;
 Had liv'd a dog, debas'd to vile desire,
 Or loathsome swine, and giv'd in the
 mire.
 But we, mere numbers in the book of
 life,
 Like those, who boldly woo'd our hero's
 wife,
 Born to consume the fruits of earth; in
 truth,
 As vain and idle, as Phœacian's youth;
 Mere outside all, to fill the mighty void
 Of life, in drels and equipage employ'd,
 Who sleep till mid-day, and with melting
 airs
 Of empty music sooth away our cries."

DUNKIN.

"Hark! thy good genius checks thee,
 hov'ring nigh
 In perils, heaves a deep heart-thrilling
 sigh:
 It speaks his dread, lest o'er thy hopeful
 dawn
 Untimely night, by lust impure, 'be
 drawn,
 Disease, with shame, cut short thy bright
 career,
 Th'enchantress whelm with guilt thy
 youthful bier.
 Exulting, with the foe to heaven and
 earth
 At virtuous fame, thus blasted in the
 bath.
 Mark how the Greek his steps suspends,
 aware,
 Eyes, at one glance, her charms, and
 deadly snare,

* The sense of these lines is,—you know the songs of the Sirens, and the cups of
 Circe; which, if he had eagerly and filially drunk with his companions, he had been
 debased and enslaved by a lascivious mistress; he had lived like a filthy cur, or as a
 swine delighting in the mire. We are mere numbers, and born to consume the
 fruits, like the suitors of Penelope, rakes, and the youth of Alcinoous devoted to the
 pampering of their bodies; to whom it appeared delightful to doze till noon, and to
 idle sleep by the sound of the harp.

† Ulysses.

Eludes the warbling Siren. Circe's
 draught
 Envenom'd had the vanquish'd hero
 quaff'd,
 How tame the *collon*, termagant the *punk*!
 His *bisfal mates* had seen the monster
 drunk,
 A kennell'd hound, full-gorg'd with
 carrion, lye,
 Or grunter, groveling in a ranker fly.

"Lo! such our high-bred vulgar,
 born to swill,
 Penelope's lewd suitors, revel still,
 Fops, loungers, fribbles, a Phœacian
 race,
 Their form the Taylor shapes, Friseur
 the face.
 What now remains of heaven-created
 man?

Proud to confound harmonious nature's
 plan,
 At masque, ball, cotterie, club, green-
 room, rout,
 They flourish, yawn, smink, prate, gam-
 ble, caper, spout,
 By wax-light all. Day's odious glare
 they shun,
 Shrouded in sleep, to the declining sun;
 Half-wak'd to fudding, wake at length
 to end:

These, the sole dignities the race regards,
 To whilst recall each bubble school'd to
 bite,
 To whilst, the regent of unblushing night.
 Blind would-be rooks, unconscious dupes
 to play,
 They cast their substance, honour, life
 away."

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR,

Received by the post, from an unknown
 hand.

His place of abode, which is plainly
 pointed out by the date (8—th W—rm-
 b—r—gh, March 7, 1783,) at the end of the
 introduction, sufficiently indicates to the
 literary world the name of Dr. John
 Duncan, Rector of South Warrimborough,
 Hants; of whom we have found no dif-
 ficulty in procuring the following *short*
 account:

He was formerly a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, of which Society he became a Member about the year 1740. He was admitted into holy orders as soon as he had attained the age required by the censors of the church, upon his being appointed to the commission of Chaplain to the fourth, or King's own regiment of foot, then embarking for Flanders. He attended it during the whole campaign of Fontenoy, at the close of which he returned with it to England, nor ever quitted it, during all its winter marches, for the suppression of the Scottish rebellion, and was a spectator of the battles of Falkirk and Culloden. As a singular instance of his attendance upon a duty, too commonly dispensed with, he is said, from the receipt of his commission, to have discharged it constantly in person, till after the capture of Minorca in 1756. Upon leaving that island, he spent a year or two in travelling through France, Italy, Germany, and Holland. Before he returned home, a diploma for the degree of Doctor of Divinity was sent him

by a decree of the Convocation of the University of Oxford. Soon after this he was presented by his College to the Rectory of South Warmborough, which he still possesses, and where, after all his loco-motive life, he has been strictly resident ever since his induction to it. As he enjoys a considerable private fortune, he has ever declined all opportunities of acquiring any other preferment. The fruits of his literary leisure are numerous, of which we are only able, with certainty, to mention the following which bear his name:

1. An Essay on Happiness, 8vo.—
2. The Evidence of Reason in proof of the Immortality of the human Soul, independent of the abstruse Inquiries about the Nature of Matter and Spirit, 8vo.—
3. Two or three Visitation Sermons.—
- The above were printed for Mr. Cadell.
4. To these we may add, An Address to the Advocates of the Church of England, anonymous, printed for Mr. Dodley in 1768, but since publicly acknowledged by our author.

Pictures of the Heart, sentimentally delineated in the Danger of the Passions, an allegorical Tale: The Adventures of a Friend of Truth, an oriental History, in two Parts: Embarrassments of Love, a Novel: And the Double Disfigure, a Drama, in two Acts. By John Murdoch. 2 vols. 6s. Printed for the Author.

We are inclined to think that Mr. Murdoch has made a *misnomer* in calling these volumes *Pictures of the Heart*; had he said *Figures of the Imagination*, they would have conveyed a more just idea of his allegorical tale, his oriental history, and his drama. In manufacturing novels, a *striking title* frequently becomes the soul of the piece; and we have known many of these manufacturers engross the attention of a large class of readers by a lucky hit of this nature. We do not, however, mean to insinuate by this, that the Author's performance is precisely in the same predicament; but we are very much mistaken, if Mr. Murdoch have not over-rated his talents in his modest—*Et moi aussi, Je suis Peinture*.

The *Danger of the Passions*, and the *Adventures of a Friend to Truth*, we would recommend as *pretty tales*; or as very proper school exercises for rendering them back into that language in which they were originally composed: not but we consider the style extremely faulty, unequal, and affected, and at the same

time abounding with foreign idioms, and violent transpositions. The intention of the first piece is, to rouse the soul, to a sense of its native dignity, by an exhibition of the miseries inseparable from an indulgence in the gratifications, falsely styled *pleasures*, which have not for their sanction the plaudits of reason, and of virtue. In "the *Adventures of a Friend of Truth*," (and in the author's own manner and phraseology)—with more levity, but not with a less sacred regard to the precepts or those divine monitresses, is represented a youth, who, destined by heaven to be the champion of violated truth; was destined likewise to experience, that truth herself, *beasted though she be as the darling of man*, is yet, *when, with a personal reference, she dares to raise to him her voice, of man the ridicule, and the scorn*.*

Since we have intimated their having a French origin, we shall give the author's own words upon that subject. "For the hints, and little more than the hints, which gave birth to these compositions, I confess myself to have been, for

* That part of the sentence in italics, is too *sublime* for our comprehension.

several years, indebted to two fugitive French *morceaux*, of which I could never learn the authors. In each of the anonymous trifles alluded to, there appeared to me a general idea—or rather, consistently to express it, a general outline—admirably conceived; but rudely as imperfectly executed.—Distinguished both by an unbecoming frivolity of sentiment, and by an unnatural, because uncharacteristic, sameness of stilted expression; to an English reader of taste, they could not but have proved insipid, if not offensive, in the form of mere translations, however animated: and as, in their original state, the philosophy, and the satire, limited in their objects, seemed to have nothing in view but a correction of the reigning follies and vices of France; so, in their present one, I have endeavoured to give to that philosophy, and to that satire, a colouring, expressive of the predominant follies and vices of England, blended with those which, inseparable from human nature, sprout up luxuriant in all ages, and in all countries.”

As the tales are not susceptible of analysis or extract, we shall adduce a specimen of Mr. Murdoch's composition from his preface. “Easy, as it may ever be pleasing, is the task of writing from the heart, when the heart is truly affected; but to write to the heart, when the springs, which actuate the feelings of the reader, incline not spontaneously to vibrate in a sympathetic unison with those of the writer, that is a task, which, in itself ungracious, seldom fails to terminate in a disappointment to both. This remark—in whatever degree it may be applicable to the pieces that compose the present volumes—has for its object every production, which, formed from the genial effusions of sentiment, and professedly addressed to the sensibility, rather than to the judgment, or what is popularly called the sense, of the reader, scorns to have its merits determined, but before the united tribunal of those to whom it has been given with energy to feel, as well as with energy to think.”

This work is full of typographical errors, and errors in composition of still greater magnitude. This is the second author we have seen so enamoured of the vowel *u*; and notwithstanding his remark on this singularity, we, in his own language, think it an intrusion disgusting to the eye*. But Mr. Murdoch,

does not think an apology necessary for lopping off a consonant in the word *dazzle*, and in adding one in the word *echo* (ecchoes); some, among the numerous blemishes of this publication, are, a hideous gash remains, accompanied with pains, pleasing though pungent—as *trembling* he advances, their eyes meet—*anon* their eyes meet again—(*anon* is a favourite word with this writer) what *same* reported of the *dame*—so *sunliminous*—of houses there seemed to be few—paltry external gifts, which may for a time *dazzle* the eye, without for a moment, however, attracting the soul, and which—dearly repaid by the neglect of endowments, more permanent and more solid—prove &c.—perpetually, however, will I have on my lips to *you* the words heaven-defended virtue—to relish the *cozcombly* advice—night, Jack! *interruptively* cried the gay Sir Charles—against deception the must be proof—adieu will I bid *to you* for ever!—*Dr-spond* not, Jack—you, I thought, *was* the favourite—he (Melville) longs with ardour to embrace you (Sir Charles)—in *folshul* anguish—lastly, thus it is with many other truths, in which, the heart alone being concerned, it were vain to expect instruction but from an *attention* to the *operations* of the heart.—On the present *occasion*, then, begone, ye mutely comments! and ah! begone also—if it be possible! thou power soporific, who of such comments art the source, unanimating as unanimated!

Notwithstanding these defects, some of the characters are judiciously drawn, and as judiciously contrasted; while many of the incidents and situations are both interesting and instructive.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

The gentleman who forms the subject of these anecdotes, though a name-sake and a countryman of the author of the French Vocabulary, which we had occasion to notice with approbation, in our Review for February last, is however, of a different family, and from a different part of Scotland. He was born, we understand, in or about the memorable year 1745, in the city of Edinburgh; where his father, with equal skill and success, officiated as a professor of the French, and other modern languages, for upwards of half a century; and where he had also the distinguished honour to be

at once the fellow-student of the immortal author of the seasons in divinity, and his preceptor in one, if not more, of the languages which he had already made it his business to teach.

As it is customary among our brethren of the north, to make the pursuits of education and of trade, to go hand in hand, so our author, it seems, after having studied three years at the University, and been initiated into a knowledge of the book-selling business, arrived in London in 1763, under the immediate auspices of his kinsman, the reverend doctor Patrick Murdoch, F. R. S. united with those of Mr. Andrew Millar, who had been, in the early part of life, an acquaintance of his father.

Though then barely eighteen years of age, yet was he thought equal to the task of adding improvements to every new edition of Chambaud's little scholastic pieces; and even of assisting the late learned doctor Maty, in the tedious compilation of a second volume to the unfinished French Dictionary of that grammarian, projected on a plan similar to that which our great lexicographer had so successfully adopted in his English one; a plan, which, too enlarged for the powers of Chambaud himself to execute, it is to be lamented that the doctor (ever ingrossed by objects more momentous still) lived not to bring to maturity.

For upwards of three years is Mr. Murdoch said to have been engaged in this capital undertaking; and then, his father being dead, as also his most powerful patron, Mr. Millar, he was adventurous enough (with little knowledge of the world, and yet less of the practical part of the profession in which he was about to engage) to commence book-seller.

To a young man of one-and-twenty, *ingenious* but *head-strong*, and *giddy*, because as yet habituated to nothing that might make him *serious*, the idea of possessing a *splendid shop* is too often connected with that of becoming, quick as thought, the possessor also of a *splendid fortune*. Honest himself, therefore naturally unsuspicious, he scorns to entertain an opinion, that every man he deals

with is not likewise superior to the arts of deception; and if this be his disposition, happy is it for him, when awaked from his *golden dreams*, he finds not himself exposed to all the horrors, that can flow from a ruined patrimony, and a forfeited credit.

Whatever might be the causes of Mr. Murdoch's miscarriage in business, certain it is, that in the year 1770, he returned to his literary pursuits.

In the year following, he published, an "Essay on the Revolutions of Literature," from the *Vicende della Letteratura* of Carlo Denina, professor of eloquence and belles-lettres in the University of Turin.

In 1773 he produced "The Tears of Sensibility;" a translation, or rather, as, in justice, he ought to have called it, an *imitation* of certain pieces written by M. D'Armand, under the general title of *Les Epreuves du Sentiment*—a title which seems to be far less descriptive of the book, than the English one.—In this work are comprised four novels, which, breathing the very *soul* of sentiment, may be ranked, perhaps, among the most pathetic in our language.

Of anonymous pieces, our author is said to have printed an infinite number, in various periodical works; but we know of none published with his name, those excepted which we have already noticed.

Mr. Murdoch has long been happy in the esteem and intimacy of many distinguished literary characters.

In private life, Mr. Murdoch is represented to be at once a dutiful son, and an affectionate husband and father; nor is he less endeared to his acquaintances in general, by the qualities which unite to form an agreeable, as well as an intelligent companion.—As to the *blemishes* which may be supposed to contrast his character, (for blemishes to contrast every character there certainly *must be*) they come not within our knowledge; and in the presumption, that they are those merely, from which no person can, without arrogance, alledge that he is himself exempted, to the pen of malevolence be it left to display them.

A Tour to Cheltenham Spa; or Gloucestershire displayed: Containing an Account of Cheltenham, its mineral Waters, public Walks, Amusements, Environs, &c. the natural History of the County of Gloucester, the City of Gloucester, and the Towns of Cirencester, Tetbury, Tewkesbury, &c. with a correct Itinerary from Cheltenham, and a new and easy mode of knowing the Hours for passing the Severn at Aust, and the new Passages. The whole interspersed with

with explanatory, historical, chronological, and genealogical Notes, carefully selected from the best Authors. 3vo. Dilly. 1s. 6d.

INVALIDS who are travelling to Cheltenham, will find a very agreeable and instructive guide in this little work. The materials are collected from Rudder's history of Gloucestershire, and other good authorities. The Cheltenham Spa, which is one of the most celebrated purging chalybeates in England, was discovered about the year 1716. It issues from a mixed loamy and sandy soil, at the distance of one third of a mile south from the church. "For some time after its discovery the well was open; and the people of the town and neighbourhood drank of it. But in the year 1718 it was sold to Mr. Mason, with the adjoining lands, then railed in, locked up, and a little shed thrown over it; and in consequence of some experiments made on the water, by Dr. Baird, of Gloucester, and Dr. Grevil of Worcester, its virtues became more generally known; and it was sold medicinally till the year 1721, when leased to Mr. Spruce, at 6*l.* per annum.

"After the decease of Mr. Mason and his son, Capt. Henry Skidmore, father of the present landlord, becoming proprietor of the spring and premises, in right of his wife, the daughter of Mr. Mason; in the summer of 1738, not only built the old room on the right hand, for the drinkers, with other necessary conveniences, but secured the spring from all extraneous matter; erected a square brick building, on four arches, as a dome over it, with a pump on the east side, rising in form of an obelisk. The well in the centre of this dome, being about five or six feet below the surface, is close shut down with doors to exclude the freedom of the air. At the same time he laid out the paved court about it, formed the upper and lower walks, planted the trees, and was continually improving the natural beauties of the place, to render it worthy the very numerous respectable companies, which at that period resorted to it; and increased in the year 1740, on the experiments made on it by Dr. Short, about that time, mentioned in his treatise on waters, where he gives it the preference to all others of the same kind yet discovered in England." To this historical account of the water, our author adds remarks on its medicinal properties, from the writings of doctors Lister, Short, and Rusty.

As a specimen of the information, the reader may expect to find in this work, we shall quote part of what the author says of the produce of Gloucestershire:

"Cheese.—The quantity made in this county is thus accounted for; the vale, allowing for the Severn 500,000 acres, of which 350,000 in pasture; of these allow 150,000 for milch cattle, at three acres to a cow, 50,000 at three cwt. of cheese each, the usual calculation, 7500 tons; to these add about 500 tons, made in other parts of the county,—the produce will be 8000 tons, at 2*l.* per ton, (about 4*d.* per pound) the average for three or four years last past, 224,000*l.* The greatest part sent to the factors in London, besides a great deal of an inferior kind, sold in proportion.

"The best cheese is made in the hundreds of Berkeley, Thornbury, and the lower division of Crumhalls Ash, of various thicknesses, from ten pounds to a quarter of a hundred wt. each. The thick sort is called Double Gloucester, and Double Berkeley, and usually sells upon the spot at six-pence per pound, or 3*l.* 12*s.* per ton. In proportion to its size and thickness, it should be kept to a certain age to make it fit for the table, and when in perfection, it surpasses every other cheese, either English or foreign.

"Cyder is another article, of which more is made than consumed in the county, to the amount, perhaps of 5000*l.* per annum.

"Styre cyder is almost peculiar to the forest of Dean, and yields a most extraordinary price; but besides this particular sort, it is the opinion of very competent judges, that the foresters make the best cyder in the kingdom.

"In the year 1763, though the crop of apples was so great that vast quantities of them were suffered to rot for want of casks to put the cyder in, yet even then the best old Styre sold at 15*l.* 15*s.* per hoghead, and is since advanced to 20*l.* nor can the price of it be fixed, being chiefly purchased by persons of fortune. And it is asserted that Gloucestershire cyder is worth more in the maker's cellar, than the finest wines in the world, in the respective countries of their own growth; owing to the Styre apple not being a plentiful bearer, and its cyder, from accidents altogether unaccountable, particularly liable to injury in keeping.

So that its proving good is very precarious. "Cyder of three sorts is equally one of the productions of the vale: the stout bodied, rough, masculine cyder, made of Longney russet, Hayley crab, winter pippin, &c. the full bodied, rich, pleasant cyder, made of the Harvey Russet, wood cock, golden pippin, winter quinning, &c. and a third sort made of the Bodrnan apple, fox whelp, and different sorts of kernel fruit, of a middle nature between the other two, as partaking of the nature of both.

"There is also some Styre made in the vale, but not in that perfection as in the forest of Dean.

"Perry.—The best of the produce of this county is made of the Tainton squall pear, the Barland pear, and the mad pear. His Royal Highness Frederick prince of Wales, father to our present most gracious sovereign, on a tour through this county in 1750, gave it the name of *Champagne d'Argleterre*. It is a delicious sprightly liquor when in perfection, but a person heated by exercise should not drink of it too freely."

If this performance should come to a second edition, we advise the author to pay more attention to his style, which at present, in many places, is very incorrect.

Sermons on several Subjects. By the Right Reverend Boilby Porteus, D. D. Bishop of Chester. London. Payne and Son, Mews Gate.

THE bishop's intention in publishing these sermons, he informs us, was "to raise the cause of that holy religion to which the king had ever approved himself a sincere and cordial friend." They are addressed to his majesty for two reasons: the first, (which appears singular) that his majesty had already heard a great part of them in his chapel; the second, that he hoped his intention to raise the cause of christianity, would be considered by the king as the best and most becoming return he could make for these spontaneous marks of his majesty's goodness to him, which had impressed the warmest sentiments of gratitude on his mind.—There is very often another motive which induces divines to publish sermons different from the pious consideration which operated on the bishop of Chester. They have, not unfrequently, an eye either to preferment, or to public applause, or both. Some preach Christ, as the apostle observes, not certainly from the purest motives, but from those of emulation or contention: yet, it is well, as he farther observes, that Christ is preached even in this manner. Thus piety, preferment, and pride, give birth to an endless multiplicity of sermons; and were mankind as ready to take, as they are to give good advice, most assuredly this would be a very good world to live in. But, it is singular, that notwithstanding the unwearyed labours of so many able divines, the world, as they themselves are very ready to confess, grows worse and worse every day; and infidelity becomes every day more triumphant. *Compertum ego habeo virtutem viris verba non addere*. It is therefore the opinion of certain pious and

learned men, that it is not all the profound literature of Cambridge and Oxford, that can stem the torrent of unbelief and immorality. An immediate interposition of providence, either by conferring on the ministers of religion a power of working miracles, or in some other manner, seems necessary for these great and important ends: ends which we know from sacred scripture, will certainly be accomplished.

Nevertheless, it is certainly the duty of pastors to divide the word of truth, and by all means to reason men, if possible, out of vice and folly; and to allure them into the paths of virtue and true wisdom, not only by precept but example. It may, however, be doubted, whether preaching is not better than printing sermons; and whether a bishop would not in reality promote the interests of religion more effectually by visiting, and discoursing to his flock in the different corners of his diocese, by conversing with them in private, by enquiring into their circumstances, and relieving the poor, by *lending to the Lord* a part of the rich revenues they received from his providence, and by the vital influence of living manners, which might win the hearts of the people over to religion, and convert them into the likeness of what they behold. We are led into this train of reasoning from the character of the sermons under review, which are, for the most part, feeble and lifeless, and which possess but little of that mild, but clear light, which shines forth in the writings of SACKAR, and of Blair; and still less of that nervous vigour which animates those of SHUTECH, or of that sacred mixture of piety,

learning,

learning, and sublime genius, which captivates the readers of Haylyn; or, in short, of those masterly powers which have drawn the attention of even the profligate, and the sceptic to the subjects of morality and religion. We have been informed that Dr. Porteus makes a good figure in the pulpit; if so, he is in one respect the reverse of the character that was given by some of St. Paul, of whom they said "his letters are weighty and powerful; but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible." The compositions of the bishop are not indeed contemptible, if we compare them with the common profusion of sermons which are obtruded on the public; but certainly of a very inferior kind, when compared with those of most divines who have gone before him.—It is a pity that it should be so much the fashion for dignified clergymen to address the people through the cold medium of ink; and so little by the warm energy of personal presence, looks, voice, and gesture.

The bishop of Chester, it is justice to own, preaches rather more than any of his brethren: and, if he would devote his time to that mode of instruction and exhortation, and at the same time continue, in all other respects, to imitate the conduct of the first christian bishops, he would, in our opinion, "serve the cause of that holy religion, to which his majesty has ever approved himself a sincere and cordial friend," more effectually than by writing and publishing sermons.

Of the collection of discourses before us, that which does most credit to the author, and which will probably afford the highest satisfaction to the reader, is, the eighth, on the Government of the Passions, and on the Government of the Understanding. This sermon was preached before the University of Cambridge, on Commencement-Sunday, July 5, 1767. The following is an extract from this sensible discourse.

"There is a great variety of intellectual errors, into which, without a proper conduct of the understanding, or, in other words, without a sound and well-cultivated judgement, the young student will be extremely apt to fall." Of these I shall single out only one, against which it seems at present more peculiarly necessary to caution him, and that is an insatiable thirst for novelty. The Atheists, we know, in the decline of their state, "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." In this respect, whatever may be the case in others, we fall very little

short of that elegant but corrupt people; and the greater part of those who write for popular applause, are determined at any rate to gratify this extravagant passion. For this purpose, they hold it necessary to depart as far as possible from the plain direct road of nature, simplicity, and good sense; which being unfortunately pre-occupied by those great masters of composition, the ancients, and such of the moderns as have trod in their steps, leave them no room in that walk for the distinction at which they aim. They strike out therefore into untrodden and pathless regions, and there strain every nerve, and put in practice every artifice, to catch the attention and excite the wonder of mankind. Hence all those various corruptions in literature, those affectations of singularity and originality, those quaint conceits, abrupt digressions, indecent allusions, wild starts of fancy, and every other obliquity of a distorted wit, which vitiate the taste, corrupt the morals, and pervert the principles of young and injudicious readers. Hence too all those late profound discoveries—that to give youth a religious education is to fill them with bigotry and prejudice; that the right way to teach morality is to make vice appear amiable; that true wisdom and philosophy consist in doubting of every thing, in combating all received opinions, and confounding the most obvious dictates of common sense in the inexplicable mazes of metaphysical refinement; that all establishments, civil or religious, are iniquitous and pernicious usurpations on the liberties of mankind; that the only way to be a good christian, is to disbelieve above one half of the gospel; that piety and self-government are duties not worth a wise man's notice; that benevolence is the sum of all virtue and all religion, and that one great proof of our benevolence is to set mankind afloat in uncertainty, and make them as uneasy and hopeless as we can."

Dr. Porteus gives the substance of Lord Chesterfield's moral philosophy very justly, in this laconic manner. "Adulation to those we despise, courtship to those we hate, connections without friendship, professions without meaning, humour without benevolence, good manners without morals, appearances saved, and realities sacrificed."

It must be mentioned to the bishop of Chester's praise, that he directs his discourses against the reigning errors and follies of the times, with which he seems well acquainted.

SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the PROCEEDINGS in PARLIAMENT.

(Continued from p. 357.)

HOUSE OF LORDS.

FEBRUARY 27.*

IN a Committee of the whole House, Lord Scarishead in the chair, upon Williams's divorce bill, the Lord Chancellor proposed omitting the clause that went to declare the children born since Mrs. Williams's cohabitation with her husband illegitimate, which not fully meeting the approbation of Lord Ashburton, he recommended the introduction of a new clause in its stead, but the Chancellor adhering to his first principle,

Lord Radnor rose, and proposed himself a friend to the bill as it then stood. He had in a similar case given it as his opinion, and it was an opinion he should ever maintain, that whenever the birth of a child went to prove the adultery of the wife, that child ought to be declared illegitimate. If evidence given at their Lordships bar had been sufficient to convince them of the fact in one case, it ought to have sufficient weight for them to determine in the other; and he should therefore give his negative to the clause being admitted.

The Lord Chancellor, in reply, observed, that since he had had the honour of sitting in that House, he had, on several occasions, mentioned his dislike to bills of this nature being brought before their Lordships; many of them were framed and introduced to answer private, and by no means honourable purposes. He was become an enemy to divorce bills in general, not conceiving them to be attended with any real good to society. If, however, such was to be the law of this country, why not make it general, and let every man be acquainted with it? Why was it not properly framed into a law, and a court appointed for that purpose, where the public at large might have recourse to it; and not confined to the few individuals who should apply to that House for a decision, which no court of law in this kingdom had power to make? He earnestly recommended it, as a matter deserving their Lordships most serious consideration and circumspection to be careful how far they suffered their legislative authority to interfere, while in their judicial capacity: It did not appear to him, that although evidence had been produced to criminate the mother, and he would suppose it to be such evidence, as to convince their Lordships of her guilt, that it in the least gave them right to decide against the child. Their cases were quite different, the mother had been allowed an opportunity to bring proof of her innocence; but had the child? Certainly not. When the infant came of proper age, if any person chose to contest the legality of its possessing the father's property, there were proper courts to determine the merits of the plea; or if any person from humanity, and the cause of innocence, had stood forward as its guardian,

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and produced what favourable circumstances could be adduced in its favour, he should not so strongly contend for the omission of the clause; but as it was, he could not think of passing judgment upon any creature unheard.

Lord Radnor did not conceive the arguments made use of by the Lord Chancellor of sufficient weight to make him change his opinion; he would therefore, he said, with their Lordships permission, suppose a case in support of his argument, which was, should the lady of any peer belonging to that House bring forth a child under such circumstances, and that peer dying soon after should leave a brother, would their Lordships wait till the child came of age, and tried the legality of his right to the peerage, or would they summon the brother to take his seat in the House? A circumstance, something of that nature, had once occurred, and he conceived he was all wable to mention it on this occasion. A claim had been made in the name of Lord Banbury, by a person born fourteen months after the old Lord's decease, which being proved, the claim was dismissed of course; and, as in the present case, he had not the least doubt of the bastardy of the child, he should vote in favour of the clause.

The Lord Chancellor had little doubt, where the illegitimacy of the child could be clearly proved, but that the brother, nephew, or cousin would enjoy the inheritance, but still he must contend that inheritance ought not to be lost, without giving the party an opportunity of defending his legitimacy. He was not to learn, that many divorces had been obtained by collusion of parties. He ever had, he ever should execrate the idea of such collusions, as he conceived that those who were vile enough to enter into such agreements, would not hesitate to go some unwarrantable lengths to obtain the object they were in pursuit of.

Lord Ashburton could not perceive that collusions of this nature wore such a horrid complexion as the learned Lord had thought proper to give them. He rather thought it was the only recompense a woman who had once injured her husband, in the nicest point, could possibly give. If, to bring the harshest charge against her, she had forsaken him merely for levity of disposition, can a female breast be supposed so destitute of feeling, as not to have some moments occur in which she would wish to make the injured husband some reparation for the stab she had given his domestic peace?—If she had left him from a superior attachment to any single object, it undoubtedly would be so; and yet in the only manner she could relieve him, by giving him an opportunity to entirely clear himself from all connexions with her, is this certain method of his being subjected to injury after injury, without a possibility of procuring redress. Was it not enough for the husband to bear the distress of mind that must attend

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the wife's incontinency, but he must be compelled to support, and look upon the offspring of her adultery as heir to his inheritance! This, in his opinion, was a punishment that no man could wish to inflict upon another; and therefore, where there was such plain proof, as in the case before the House, he never should withhold his endeavours to relieve the injured party from such a burthen; he regretted, as well as the Lord Chancellor, the want of a law for deciding these matters in another place; and concluded by requesting, that in case the present amendments should be rejected, he might be permitted to offer an amendment in its stead.

The Lord Chancellor said a few words in reply, after which the

Duke of Richmond rose, and catively agreed with the Lord Chancellor, with respect to the importance and necessity there was for their Lordships to be cautious that their judicial capacity did not interfere in the smallest degree with their legislative authority; he likewise coincided with the noble Lord, in the justice there would be in having a proper law passed, by which these matters might be brought to a certain decision.

Lord Chedworth *inter se* expressed his wish, in a compliment to the Lord Chancellor, that he would undertake the framing of a law on the principle above alluded to, when the subject was put on Lord Ashburton's amendment, it was carried, 9 against 7, after which the further consideration was deferred till Monday next. *House adjourned.*

MARCH 3.

Their Lordships being summoned to take into their further consideration William's divorce bill,

Lord Ashburton rose, and after a few satisfactory words expressive of the humane necessity of a motion he was about to make, substantially moved that, after the recital in the bill, which mentioned the provision that the younger children of the marriage were to have, a clause should be inserted, purporting that the children born subsequent to the deed of separation between the parties, which had been produced in evidence at their Lordships bar, should not be entitled to such provision, unless they should first prove the legitimacy of their birth.

As soon as the Clerk had read the motion, The Lord Chancellor got up, and observed, that in his opinion, the matter now offered to their Lordship consideration, had been agitated on the day they last met. The House had then declared its opinion, that it would be improper to decide upon a question which did not come equitably or legally before them. The question of divorce was before them, and the question of divorce only. The question of legitimacy or illegitimacy of the offspring of the marriage, was as much *coram non jure*, as any extraneous matter that it was possible for the wit of man to conceive, and of course, every thing touching on that point was at present unfit for the discussion of their Lordships, either colla-

terally or incidentally. Viewing the motion in this light, he must consequently deem it nugatory. But he would suppose for a moment, that it was not so. He would suppose that then Lordships had not already decided the matter. What were they now sought to do? Was it to interfere in a matter, to decide which there was no law or the land entirely competent? No. The interpolation of the House was called for, when there were tribunals existing fully adequate to the cognizance of the claims of that nature. His Lordship said he was not fond of troubling the House with the repetition of old arguments, but should rest his objection to the motion chiefly on this principle—a principle which wisely obtained at this moment, not only here but over all Europe, “No Court of Justice is competent to decide upon the right of a party who is not properly before it.” Is the party, said the Chancellor, whom your Lordships are desired by the motion to thrust out of the protection of this wise and humane principle, now present—now at all before you. The infant is not. On the contrary, though there be not positive proof of a collusion to undermine his helpless interests, I maintain it, that there is full evidence to induce your Lordships to pronounce that these interests are not defended as they ought to be. In fact, they are abandoned. The mother, forced with a child, setting forth, that, among other things, she is to have a future maintenance of twelve years on a divorce, *and no more* taking place, and she is bound to spare, if she thinks fit, and oppose the Bill. Does she oppose it? No—but the fact is apparent here, I acknowledge that the signature of the deed of separation which provided her the maintenance. What the woman's inducement, before the minute I have now mentioned, could be for abandoning her own and her child's character, we not now before our Lordship, not perhaps you will. All on this head is conjecture. In this obscurity, however, it is fair for us to think, that the who sacrificed her own honour to the weakness of her temper, will make little provision for immolating her children's time and fortune at the same frantic shrine. In a word, my Lords, while there are tribunals in the land equal to the distribution of justice in cases like the present, I cannot, consistently with my conscience, yet that this House shall unbecomingly take the business out of their jurisdiction, and I must therefore express my disapprobation of the motion.

Lord Ashburton argued, that no collusion appeared on the evidence produced to support the bill. It is true, the woman did not appear to oppose it, and why? She was conscious of the baseness of her conduct, and could not therefore attempt to vindicate or palliate it; of course, all that could be done was to confess the signature of the articles of separation; one of the witnesses to which did so, and the other witnesses would also have appeared for the same purpose. He said, it would be a very great hardship

friendship in a case so clear, if, at a distance of years, the *crus predant*, in regard to the business, of the issue which was now so evident, should then lie upon the unhappy man who had been so dishonoured by his wife; he must, therefore, not be standing the great ability in argument displayed by the learned Lord, still adhere to his former opinion, and deem the clause ill-timed to introduce into the bill not only just but a happy one.

One or two explanations then took place between the Chancellor and Lord Ashburton, with respect to some particulars which seemed to have been misunderstood by them respectively in the course of their respective speeches.

And upon a division of the House, there appeared in favour of the question,

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MARCH 12.

Lord Ferreis moved, that the second reading of the bill, to allow the Heads of Colleges to marry, should be on Friday next.

The Chancellor informed their Lordships, that he would, on that day, move for all the deeds, charters, contractions on those deeds and charters, and all the papers, as well belonging to the two colleges to which the bill immediately related, as to the other sixteen, which, though not mentioned, yet were most materially concerned. It was a matter of infinite consequence, that emphatically called upon the House to give it all their attention, to give it every serious consideration. The learned Lord here took occasion to observe, that he was surprised at the conduct of Parliament in this business; he was astonished how noble Lords would attempt to hurry through the House, under the mask of a public bill, that which, to all intents and purposes, was a private bill. It affected the estates of the colleges, their property, and their chartered rights; it affected the public, as well as particular communities, and went to alter and make perpetual a married state, that which only belonged *pro tempore* to a state of celibacy. The reason for doing this had been told him; he would not now, he said, mention it; but thus much he could aver, that it was such a one as dare not stand the test of public investigation. His Lordship spoke firmly as to the truth of what had come to his knowledge, and averred repeatedly that he knew why, and for what private service this bill was brought forward; and if he was forced to an explanation, if he was drove to the disagreeable necessity of speaking out, he should do it on Friday, and give to the House and to the world the minute circumstances of all that had come to his knowledge. "Then, said his Lordship, let noble Lords proceed with the bill as may suit their opinion on the justice of the case." He had read and studied the charters of the colleges, on which noble Lords were now proceeding to determine, without hearing what those colleges had to say in behalf of their property; and he meant to

become their advocate, and prove how illegal, unjust, and unconstitutional such proceedings were, both as to the mode itself, and as to the letter and spirit of the bill in question. It was a bill, he averred, to give away the property of the colleges, by altering the tenure under which the inheritance was held, and, consequently, to do an essential injury to the real heirs of that inheritance. Hereafter, if this bill passed, no property was secure to the legal heir; for, without trial, he could be made illegitimate by Parliament, and his inheritance given away to one who was an alien to the person which the deeds of the estate pointed out as the lawful successor. The learned Lord hoped, that the House would not oblige him to go into detail on Friday, which he must do, if they persisted on the second reading of the bill on that day. He should therefore inform them, that he meant to give the question his negative, which he then put; and declaring, that the non-contents had it, there was no division.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MARCH 5.

THE House went into a committee on the bill for securing to Ireland the exclusive rights of legislation and judicature, Mr. Nevil in the chair. Some alterations were proposed in the wording of the bill, and no objection was given to any clause.

Lord Beauchamp said, there was one word which struck him as improper: In speaking of the rights of Ireland, the bill made use of the words *establish* and *enact*; now, as in his opinion it was the duty of the Parliament of Ireland to *establish* her rights, so it was the peculiar duty of the English Parliament to *recognize* them: He would therefore move to leave out the word *establish*, and substitute in its stead the word *recognize*; but if the amendment should not meet the sense of the House, he would not press it.

Mr. W. Grenville replied, that the wording of the bill had been very carefully attended to; that it had been communicated to people of the greatest weight in Ireland, who were advocates for a more explicit renunciation of the claims of England over Ireland, than they conceived to be contained in the Act of last year; and these persons had declared themselves fully satisfied with the wording of the present bill.

Lord Beauchamp withdrew his motion; but when the chairman had read a little farther on, and had come to a part where England renounces, *for the future*, &c. he proposed another amendment, as more expressive and secure, namely, to leave out the words *the future*, and insert, instead of them, the word *ever*. This amendment was agreed to without opposition; and the different blanks having been filled up, the chairman left the chair.

The Secretary at War brought up the Mutiny-bill, which was read the first time.

Mr. Fox begged leave to say a few words on this bill; which, however, he did not mean to oppose or delay in its present stage. Gentlemen knew very well that a standing army in this country was unconstitutional; this was a principle which the annual passing of a Mutiny bill was calculated to keep fresh in the memory of Parliament; but if it was unconstitutional to keep a standing army at all, surely it must be infinitely more so to vote an army, when there was not a single person in the kingdom, to be responsible for the government of that army; and yet this was the case at present: The House being called upon to vote an army, when there was not a cabinet or minister to be responsible for the management or direction of it. Now, in this situation of affairs, he might suppose a case, in which this bill might, if passed, enable somebody to do what people had, within these few days, heard of without doors, namely, to dissolve the Parliament. For his own part, he declared, upon his honour, he did not believe there was a man in the kingdom desperate enough to advise such a measure: However, as it was possible there might be a man so lost to every sense of duty, so daring, and so desperate, as to think of such a measure, he thought it would be prudent to guard against his counsels; by stopping the bill for some time in the House: The delay could not be long, as it was impossible things could remain long in their present unsettled state; and the bill might be afterwards passed time

come the carriers of all our West-India trade. Another consideration was, that the Parliament of Ireland not being sitting, that country would lose greatly, by being behindhand with us, in opening the intercourse: It was also to be apprehended, that the Americans might bring woollens and hardware into this kingdom, to the great detriment of our manufactures. Upon the whole, he wished for some farther delay, in order to be better able to consider the bill.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, he had rather go on with the bill; however, he would not press it contrary to the wishes of Gentlemen.

The Solicitor-General was willing to postpone the further consideration of the bill for some time; but he was not at all alarmed, lest the Americans should bring woollens into the kingdom, for even Englishmen could not do it; there was a law against it. As to Ireland, he was sorry she was not present to consent to the bill; and equally sorry that the Right Hon. Gentleman was not authorised by her to suffer her name to make part of the bill; but it could not be expected that as neither of these things could be, England should refrain from availing herself of the opportunity afforded her by the Peace, of opening the so long shut intercourse with America. It was at length agreed, that the further consideration of the bill should be postponed.

MARCH 7.

The order of the day, for the House going into a committee on the bill for establishing provisional regulations for an intercourse with America, being read,

Mr. Eden rose to state the objections that occurred to him on the subject of the bill: He declared it to be, in his opinion, of the greatest importance of any that he had ever seen in Parliament, and consequently the most deserving of mature and serious deliberation. This bill would introduce a total revolution in our commercial system, which he was afraid would shake it to its very basis, and endanger the whole pile. The first objection to it that struck him then was on account of Ireland: In order to explain this point, he must inform Gentlemen, that, in the late settlement of that kingdom, those who were well-wishers to the harmony, friendship, and connexion of England and Ireland, had introduced a clause into one of the Irish Acts of Parliament, by which the British Navigation Act was adopted, and made part of the law of Ireland; but still with this proviso, "that it should cease to be binding upon Ireland, whenever it should cease to be binding upon Great-Britain." The consequence that he apprehended from the bill now before the House was this: It completely repealed the Navigation Act; and therefore, by virtue of the above proviso, it would of course be repealed at the same moment in Ireland; and then Great-Britain might bid adieu to any Navigation Act to bind Ireland in future; the British Legislature no longer enjoyed any power

of expiration of the last Mutiny bill.

The Secretary at War agreed with the Honourable Member in what he had said relative to the constitution of the country on the subject of the army; for his part, he had not a desire to push the bill too hastily through the House; but Gentlemen must see, that as the Act of last year would expire on the 25th of this month, it was necessary that the bill should not be very long delayed; at all events, he would take care to give timely notice of the second reading.

The order of the day was read for going into a committee on the bill for establishing a provisional intercourse with America.

Mr. Eden observed, that a bill of such magnitude ought not to be brought on in so thin a House: For his part he had not time to peruse the bill: It was only six hours since he had seen a copy of it, and of these six hours he had passed five in a committee above stairs. There were various points in it well worthy of observation: The bill stated, that reciprocity was to be the basis of the intercourse: But this could not be the case; for we were giving to the Americans exclusive privileges in our ports, which they could not give us exclusively in theirs; as he understood that they were bound by treaty with France and Holland, to put these two countries on the same footing with any of the most favoured nations they should make commercial connections with. It was to be feared that the Americans would, under this bill, be-

to legislate for that kingdom. But this was not his only objection; The American States lay contiguous to our West-India Islands; and this bill giving the Americans leave to trade with them, there was no shadow of doubt, but they would supply them with provisions from the Continent of America, to the utter ruin of the provision trade of Ireland, which at present supplied the British West-Indies. The next thing to be apprehended, was, that we should totally lose the carrying trade; for as the Americans were to be permitted, under this bill, to bring the West India commodities to Europe, so he feared that the 600 ships of this country, which that trade employed at present, would become useless, not only to the great decrease of our revenue, but the absolute destruction of our navy, arising from the destruction of that great nursery for seamen. The sugar refinery of England would also, he feared, be destroyed by this bill; for as the Americans could carry the raw sugars to their own country, and manufacture them much cheaper than we can here, the consequence would be, that they would be able to under-sell us in every market—He was not without his apprehensions for the loss of the hat-trade; for as by the provisional treaty they had the fur-trade resigned to them, and at their door, so, of course, they could manufacture hats at a much cheaper rate than we could, and, consequently, would monopolize to themselves the supply of the West-India islands with that branch of commerce. There was another circumstance, perhaps more alarming than all the rest; the Americans, on their return from our ports, might export our manufacturing tools; and our artists emigrating at the same time, we should run the risk of losing our manufactures, perhaps the only advantage we as yet possessed over the Americans, and seeing them transplanted to America. This would be a stroke that our commerce would scarcely be able to survive. In fine, this bill would place the United States on the footing of the most favoured nation, without leaving us so much as a hope that we should obtain any thing like reciprocal advantages. Having thus stated some of the objections that occurred to him against the bill, it might, perhaps, be expected, that he should suggest some better plan for opening the intercourse; to that, however, he professed himself unequal; but still, if he might venture to give an opinion, it would be merely that the prohibitory acts should be repealed, and that the King in Council, not the Cabinet, might be vested with powers, for six months, to suspend, from time to time, as he should see cause, such laws as he should find to stand in the way of an amicable intercourse; this would obviate his objection relative to Ireland; the treaty of commerce might, in the mean time, go on; and a reciprocity of advantage might be made the ground-work of a permanent treaty.

Sir Grey-Cooper said, he differed from his Honourable Friend, and because he thought the bill, as it stood, had many imperfections, that

weighed with him as an argument why it ought to be referred to a committee. Sir Grey, therefore, wished the Speaker might be permitted to leave the chair. He said it struck him, that if the prohibitions and restrictions were taken off, the trade would naturally fall of itself into its old course. At any rate it appeared to him, that some bill was necessary, and having very seriously turned his thoughts to the most expedient mode of opening an intercourse of trade with America, as well formerly, as since the provisional treaty had been signed, he had much to say upon the subject; but he would reserve his sentiments till the bill was before the committee.

Captain Lutterell rose, and said, that he really could not consent to the Speaker's leaving the chair, for the purpose of committing a bill of such vast importance (pending this kind of ministerial interregnum) unless the Right Honourable mover, or the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, who sat near him, would avow themselves to be answerable for the consequences of it; he thought in truth, they ought to be so, because he feared, we had to lament the necessity of its introduction, as proceeding from their inattention and neglect; but still, should a change of Ministers take place, while the bill was on its passage through either House of Parliament, it might, perhaps, be said by one set of men, that it had proceeded too far, when they came into office, for its progress to be stopped, and by the other, that had they not retired, the objectionable passages would have been corrected in due time; thus, whatever fatality might attend it, none were to be answerable. He said, the objections, which, on a cursory view of the bill, he had to the clauses it contained, he would offer in the committee, whenever it went there, which, however, he hoped it would not do, until some person could be found in a long gown, to adopt such a child as his offspring, and to bring some coadjutors, who would consent to stand as sponsors.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Burke rose together, but the latter sat down the instant he saw Mr. Pitt on his legs. The Chancellor of the Exchequer then said, that having been so peculiarly called upon by the Honourable Gentleman who spoke last, the House would naturally expect him to make some reply. Mr. Pitt declared it was a little surprising to him, to hear it seriously argued that the Speaker should not leave the chair, in order for the House to resolve itself into a committee on a bill, undoubtedly, as it had been well expressed by a Right Hon. Gentleman opposite to him, the most complicated in its nature, and, at the same time, the most extensive in its consequences, that ever had been submitted to the consideration of Parliament; a bill too, that had been anxiously, loudly, and repeatedly called for from all sides of the House. He had, therefore, as well as the small portion of his leisure would allow, and as fully as the little share of knowledge of commerce that he could pretend to, written

ble him, turned his thoughts to the subject of the present bill; but he did assure the House, he had been far from feeling the presumption, that he should be able to produce a bill of that vast and comprehensive nature, fit to pass into a law, and which would not require very considerable alteration and improvement indeed. But the Honourable Gentleman had called for some Minister to be responsible for the bill: Was the Honourable Gentleman aware, that, in the strict and proper sense of the word *responsibility*, no Minister, in the most complete and settled state of Administration, was responsible for the effect of an Act of Parliament. Where the exigency of affairs made a new law necessary with regard to the regulation of the commerce of the country, it was the duty of his Majesty's Ministers to take proper information upon the subject, and to bring in a bill, adapted, in the best manner that they were able, to the nature of the case in question. Having done so, it rested with the House to adopt or reject it, to alter, amend, or modify such a bill, according to their wisdom and judgment; and therefore with regard to the present bill, the Honourable Gentleman was to the full as responsible as any one of his Majesty's Ministers; if the bill passed into a law, the Legislature would then bear the responsibility of it. Having stated his to the satisfaction of the House, who seemed to unite in the justice of the explanation, Mr. Pitt said, he was by no means tenacious of any part of the bill then under consideration; he trusted that every Gentleman of every description, and on all sides of the House, would concur in opinion that some bill was indispensably necessary. He laid the bill before them, therefore, that it might be moulded and modified in such a manner, as should render it practical and useful. He solicited the assistance and the information of every Gentleman present, and as the bill was not only a common cause, but a cause of perhaps higher importance than ever before called for the judgment and wisdom of the House, he flattered himself there would that day be no desire expressed, but how the bill might be moulded and modified, so as to be likely to prove most useful at home, and most acceptable in America. Mr. Pitt said, the bill, as it stood, doubtless had many imperfections; and he perfectly agreed with a Right Hon. Baronet opposite to him (Sir Grey Cooper) that for that very reason it ought to go to a committee.

Mr. Burke desired to return his hearty thanks to the Right Hon. Gentleman for the very candid and fair manner in which he described his own situation, and delivered his sentiments on the bill then under consideration. He said he had never heard a larger fund of commercial knowledge displayed with greater ability, with more precision, or more intelligently, than had been displayed by the Right Hon. Gentleman who spoke first in the debate. It gave him real concern at any time to differ in opinion from his Right Hon. Friend; but, acknowledging in the end, and as every man who heard him

speak that day must acknowledge, his uncommon acquaintance with commercial treaties, and with trade in general, he could not think exactly as he did upon the present bill.

The Solicitor-General said, he and his learned colleague had been called on in an extraordinary way, to be responsible for the present bill. That requisition he was by no means disposed to comply with, because he pretended to know nothing of commerce, upon regulations of which the present bill was wholly founded. All the concern that he had in the measure was, in adapting such principles as were suggested to him, to the law, as it stood in the various statutes that had relation to the object of the bill. Mr. Arden, after this, proceeded to an explanation of the objects that had been held chiefly in view, in modifying the bill into the shape in which it then stood, and stated circumstantially the particular reasons that had induced him to word the clauses of it as they appeared in the bill. He said, he had been fully aware of the danger of throwing the carrying trade wholly into the hands of America, and had endeavoured to guard against it, and it would be found, that though America had an advantage given her by the bill, on her importation of her goods into this country, that she was disadvantaged with regard to her exports from hence. He pointed out the various difficulties with regard to the impossibility of preventing the West-India Islands from trading with America, and on account of many other considerations; and shewed how far the bill provided in those respects.

Mr. Fox paid Mr. Pitt very high compliments on his honourable conduct in undertaking the disagreeable task of carrying on the public business, under the peculiar circumstances of the country, and said, undoubtedly it was not to be expected, that he could, in the little opportunity he had been able to take advantage of, have come forward with a measure perfect and complete; but he thought the hurry which excused the Right Honourable Gentleman, was no excuse for the noble Lord who had been at the head of affairs. That noble Lord had seven months to have prepared what was necessary, and as soon as the provisional treaty was signed, he ought to have been ready to have come forward with a special provisional bill to commence, as soon as ever the provisional treaty took place, by which means the trade of the country would not have experienced a moment's inconvenience. At present the House was laid under very great difficulty; there was ample ground for censure, and yet it would be extremely hard to censure the Right Honourable Gentleman, who certainly was in no shape to blame. Mr. Fox pointed out a variety of imperfections, which rendered it indispensably necessary that the bill should go to a committee.

The House then resolved itself into a committee, Mr. Ord in the chair.

In the committee many Gentlemen commented upon several clauses, and proposed alterations,

MARCH

MARCH 10.

The order of the day was read, for referring the Ordnance Estimates to the Committee of Supply.

M^r. Courtenay rose; he said that the report from the noble Duke at the head of the Ordnance glanced such charges against the last Board, and the noble Lord (Torrishend) who had presided over it, that justice to that noble Lord, and to the Gentlemen who had acted under him, rendered it necessary that he should make some observations, to meet the prejudice that the report might create, against those who had not all received at the hands of their country.

The first article in the report stated, that by the new contract for horse, the price for each horse was reduced from 1s. 9d. per day, to 1s. 6d. On this article he would say, that the contract for 1s. 9d. was precisely on the terms, with that which had been made many years ago by the late Marquis of Granby, when he was at the head of the Ordnance: A Right Honourable Gentleman (General Conway) had also thought this a reasonable price, or rather an advantageous one, for he had also renewed the contract, when that which the noble Marquis made had expired. There was reason for believing that at the time, the contract was not deemed disadvantageous to the public; and that was, that the contractor, finding it not advantageous to himself, had applied to the Board to be released from it; the Board, however, thinking they had made a good bargain, refused to comply with his request; and told him that if he did not perform his engagement, he should be sued for the penalty of his bond.—The next article he should consider was that of the copper hoops, the price of which had been reduced in the contract made by the noble Duke from 13s. 6s. 8d. per ton, to 102l. This reduction he could not, in justice, ascribe wholly to the care and vigilance of the noble Duke, but to a circumstance, of which it was impossible for his noble predecessor at the Board to have availed himself: The circumstance he alluded to was, a fall in the market-price of the article of copper: The price had fallen, at least, 15l. per cent. at once; and, as it must fall still lower, on account of the Peace, the new contract would have been unreasonably improvident indeed, if it had not been infinitely lower than the contract made by the noble Lord, which, having been made during the war, must of course have been subject to the enhanced price occasioned by the war.

The next article that he intended to make some observations on, was the article of shot, which, in the new contract, had been reduced from 11l. 15s. to 10l. 6s. per ton. On this subject he would make a remark, that might be applied not only to this, but to almost every article in the report. A great demand for any commodity necessarily augments the value of it; on the other hand, the value of it falls, when the demand ceases to be great. For the carrying on this was an immense quantity of

shot was necessary; the demand, of course, was immense, and the price, consequently, bore a proportion to the demand; but now that we were at peace, we no longer wanted such great quantities of shot. And there was another way to account for its being so good; the contractor had agreed to take back, in old shot, half the tonnage that he should furnish of new, and on this he knew how to make his profit. The price of match he found reduced in the report, from 23l. to 16l. 5s. per ton. This was a considerable reduction, but he would not hesitate to assert, that it was not a jot greater than ought to have been expected, all circumstances considered. It was well known that, except in time of war, this kind of match was of little or no use, and, though when we wanted it, we were obliged to give a considerable price for it, yet, when we ceased to have a great demand for it, those who had match to sell, must of course offer it for very little or no profit; nay, they would sell it under prime cost, for this very obvious reason, that having no other market but at the Ordnance Office, they must lie out of their capital till the next war, or else agree to sell on very moderate terms.

The noble Duke's report stated, that the price of powder-barrels had been reduced from 3s. 9d. to 3s. 2d. each. It appeared, that there was a saving of 7d. on each barrel; but did the report state, that the barrels for which the Master-General gave 3s. 9d. were made of oak, and that those for which the noble Duke was to give only 3s. 2d. were to be of beech? He must remark on this subject, that the noble Duke's saving on this article, would turn out to be a loss to the public. The noble Lord who had preceded his Grace at the Board of Ordnance, had the advantage of knowing pretty well from experience what gun-powder was; and he knew how it ought to be kept: He knew that when it was not kept in oak barrels, it was hard to preserve it in long voyages; and that consequently it would be a very false economy indeed to make use of beech instead of oak, in barrelling powder; for beech was known to be a very porous wood, which of course would shrink and contract in dry, and would swell in moist climates. The object to be preserved in each barrel was worth 5l. and the saving in the barrel only 7d. In the oak barrel the powder would be most secure; in the beech barrel it would be most liable to be spoiled. The plain state of the case was therefore precisely this; that, in order to save 7d. the noble Duke had run the risk of losing 5l.

The next article to be considered was that of sand-bags, which, by the way, he must say, was an article that had never before been introduced into an Ordnance Estimate. It was necessary to observe to the House, on a subject so new to them as the estimate for sand-bags, that the bushel sand-bags were those for which there was the least use in military operations; indeed there was little or no use made of them. But, on the other hand, there was very great use made of the half-bushel sand-bags. And here

here it was necessary to observe, that it would have been no more than fairness to have stated the two prices of the two different kinds of bags, and not lump them both in one. The noble Lord's contract indeed gave eight-pence farthing for every bushel sand-bag, for which there was very little call; and from the circumstance of there being but little call for them, there was less merit than might appear at first view, in the noble Duke's having saved a penny halfpenny on each: But the merit was totally lost, when it was considered that for the half-bushel bag, for which there was great call, the noble Duke had agreed to give two-thirds of a halfpenny more than the noble Lord, his predecessor, used to give: And, therefore, when this was taken into the account, the House would see in what point of view they ought to place a statement, that said there had been a saving of more than one half on the article of sand-bags.

The next article, relative to small arms (Dutch) stated a reduction in that article, from 11. 7s. 6d. to 11. 2s. each stand. To explain this matter, he must inform the House, that some years ago a combination had been formed at Birmingham, for raising the price of arms, and for so, as it were, the Board of Ordnance to submit to such terms as the combination should think proper to impose. The noble Lord, then at the head of the Ordnance, laudably resolved to break the combination; and to this end, contracted for five thousand stands of arms in Holland, at a less price than was usually paid in England for English arms; but of the reduced price of the Dutch arms, he made no merit, because they were inferior in quality to English arms. This contract produced the desired effect; for it broke the combination at home; the people of Birmingham finding that the Board had ample resources in Holland, lowered their demand, and agreed to furnish any quantity of arms at reasonable prices. The person with whom the Board had contracted in Holland, made double the number of stands contracted for; this he did on speculation, presuming on the continuance of the combination: But here he was mistaken; the combination no longer existed; the people of Birmingham were at work for the Board: And therefore the noble Lord then at the head of it having taken the 5000 stands for which he had contracted, refused to take any more: In a word, having no other vent for them, he repeatedly offered them to the noble Lord, and would have taken almost any thing for them, but the noble Lord constantly refused to purchase them. After the noble Lord had quitted his situation at the Board, the same cost afterwards applied to the noble Duke, and offered his arms at one guinea per stand: His Grace was obliged to close with his proposal, and now made a merit of having purchased at a very cheap rate 5000 stand of arms, which his noble predecessor would not purchase on any account whatever.—The brass, which for mus-

penny per pound. This reduction was very natural; for the Peace had lowered the price of brass so much, that the reduction was not greater than ought to have been expected.—The wheel-barrows, and hand-barrows, the first, he believed, that had ever been wheeled or handed into that house, were to be furnished on the new contract cheaper than in the former; but it would depend on the nature of the wood of which they were to be made, as in the case of the powder-barrels, whether this would be a saving or a loss to the nation.—The report stated, that saltpetre had been reduced from 115l. to 72l. 7s. per ton; that is to say, that to the highest price ever given by the late Board of Ordnance on an extraordinary occasion, was opposed the lowest price that had been given by the noble Duke; if this was a fair and candid statement, he would confess that he knew not what candour and fairness meant. He said it was unnecessary to call back to the memory of the House, the transaction of last year, relative to Mr. Townson's contract; it was very well known with what zeal the noble Lord, then at the head of the Ordnance, had resisted that contract; and that he did not rest satisfied till the contract was cancelled, which Mr. Townson, indeed, of his own accord, very handsomely offered to do: The saltpetre, however, was necessary at the time; and it was purchased from that Gentleman, who agreed to produce the original bills of lading, and to take 10 per cent. profit for his trouble and risk. Another person had agreed to furnish the Board with 430 tons of saltpetre, but after 100 tons had been delivered in, it was found that the price was considerably above the market-price, and therefore the Board paid for the quantity delivered, and would, on no account, take the remainder. But surely it was not from such circumstances as these, that it should be stated, in a report to the House of Commons, that the price of saltpetre had been reduced from 115l. to 72l. 7s. per ton. What was become of the price paid by charter to the East-India Company for 500 tons, to be furnished for 53l. in war-time? If the noble Duke had struck an average of four years back, he would have found the average price to be 81l. if for seven years, it would sink the average price to 66l. and, consequently, it would appear, that the average price paid by the last Master-General of the Ordnance, during seven years of war, was 61. less than in the noble Duke's peace contract. At all events, he hoped the House would see what little ground there was for the statement contained in the reports.

Mr. Pelham rose, and, in a very masterly manner defended the estimate produced, and signed by the noble Duke. The number of articles noticed by it, he said, probably were trifles to the minds of some, indeed they formerly were not thought worthy the notice of the House; but, trifling as they were, they stood Government in yearly between three and four hundred thousand pounds.

Mr. Steel made a sharp defence for the noble

Duke, and assured the House that the comparison made between the two sets of prices was by no means intended to throw any insure on Lord Townshend.

Mr. A. went largely into the defence of the late Lord of Ordnance. He argued particularly on the debt of the department. The noble Duke, he said, stated that the Ordnance debt, at the end of the war, was no more than 595,423*l.* 2*s.* 5*d.*; and at the end of this war it was not more than 1,722,503*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.* 2*d.* in order to understand this matter more clearly, the House might go, with the noble Duke, to compare the debt of the army, without taking a reference at the same time, to the jobs done expended in each of these two wars, by the Board of Ordnance. The gross expense of the Ordnance in the war ended in 1762, amounted to 7,000*l.* The gross expense of the same Board for the war ended in 1783, amounted very near to 10,000,000*l.* It had also of 1,722,503*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.* was very little greater, in proportion to 10,000,000*l.* than a debt of 595,423*l.* 2*s.* 5*d.* was to 500,000*l.* It was to be remarked also, that the hiring and paying of transports, which formerly, and even for two or three years of this last war, had been done by the Board, had, during the remainder of the war, been thrown upon the Ordnance Board, and was not due for the size of its debt.

Lord Conwy thought that the whole of this was disorderly; for the question was, "Should the Speaker do leave the chair," and it was not allowable to be urged against it by any Gentleman, who had taken part in the debate. If those Gentlemen who had any share in the direction of the last Board of Ordnance, wished to defend themselves and their friends, he did not blame them for so doing; but he could not help saying, that there was not the least occasion for a defence, when no charge whatever was brought, or, he believed, intended against them.

Lord North justified the Honourable Gentlemen for having gone into a defence of their conduct.

Sir Grey Cooper was of opinion that the debate had been rather disorderly; as it was not to the question before the House; yet it was necessary it should be thoroughly explained, which he was glad to see had been done.

Mr. Fitzherbert felt it necessary for him to say a few words on the subject of the report, which glanced a censure at a contract which he had held, for supplying the artillery with horses. Three successive contracts, he said, had been made, each for seven years, between

the Board of Ordnance and a Mr. Warrington, of the Board, at 1*l.* 9*s.* per day for each horse. Some time after the last contract of the three had been made, Mr. Warrington died; and his widow, unable to perform the conditions of the contract, applied to the Board to be relieved from it. The answer given to her was, "That the Board could not think of granting her request, unless she should find a person who would undertake to perform the contract in her stead." Upon this she had applied to him (Mr. Fitzherbert) and he consented to bind himself to the performance of the engagement, or the contract. But when he afterwards found that he must, at ten days notice, have 1673 horses ready to take the field, and that they might be discharged in 15 days, he reported of what he had done, and earnestly intreated the Board to release him from his engagement. But he was told that the contract was too advantageous to the public to be given up; and that he must perform it, or forfeit the penalty of the bond. He did not like to pay away 3000*l.* for nothing, and therefore resolved, if possible, to get the horses. He succeeded; but so far was he from thinking that he had gained a great point in getting the contract, that he joined the House, he lost every week 30*l.* on the wages of the drivers, for whom he received 8*s.* a week from the Board, but to whom he constantly paid 9*s.* The noble Duke had advertised the contract for horses a few days before his contract expired; the proposals were to be made on the 2d of October last, and his contract expired the 10th; so that there were only eight days for the new contractors to procure near 1700 horses. Upon trial they were unable to perform their contract; they had no money to purchase any, or security to give the Board's. In that situation there would not have been a horse for artillery service in the kingdom, if the persons with whom he had engagements, had not consented to let their horses stay a few days longer in camp: This was a critical moment indeed for this country, when Lord Howe was off Cape Finisterre, and an invasion was every moment to be apprehended: If such an event had taken place, the people would have seen the whole train of artillery of the kingdom dispersed through the different counties of the kingdom, without an artillery-horse in the pay of government to draw a single piece of it.

The Speaker then left the chair, and House resolved into a Committee of Supply, when the various estimates of the Ordnance were voted.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

Covent-Garden.

APRIL 23.

BAUMONT and Fletcher's tragic-comedy of "The Knight of Malta, or the Honourable Dane," with alterations, &c., was represented.

vived; the characters of which were as follows:

Capt. Norandine,
Mirando,
Mountstarr,

Mr. Quick.
Mr. Lewis.
Mr. Whiffeld,

Godfrene,

Godfreno,	Mr. Wroughton.
Valetta,	Mr. Hull.
Colonna,	Mr. Davis.
Rollo,	Mr. Fearon.
Atoribus,	Mr. Thompson.
Surgeon,	Mr. Webb.
Calriot,	Mr. Helme.
Sailo,	Mr. Bates.

Turkish Captive,	Miss Satchell.
Oriana,	Mrs. Robinson.

F A B L E.

Oriana, sister to the grand master of Malta, having refused the amorous solicitations of Mountferrat, a knight of the same order, he vows to be revenged on her; he therefore procures a forged letter, supposed to be written by the Bashaw of Tripoli, in answer to one of Oriana's, wherein it is discovered that she not only agrees to marry him, but give up the castle of Malta to his forces. On this charge Godfreno, her lover, steps forward as her champion, and challenges Mountferrat to single combat. Whilst this affair is pending, Miranda, who is another lover of Oriana, arrives, and he, to save his mistress's honour, readily persuades Mountferrat to let him appear disguised in his shield as the combatant, and in this disguise suffers himself to be vanquished by Godfreno; however, it appears that Miranda, by the dying injunctions of his father, was to receive the order of Malta, which enjoins a single life, he yields his pretensions to Godfreno, who is married to Oriana.

Though disappointed in his first scheme, Mountferrat's malice is not at rest, but contrives to sow the seeds of jealousy between Godfreno and his wife, which he effects by the agency of his accomplice Rollo, and pursues in a number of instances. At length the villains are discovered and properly punished; Godfreno is thoroughly reconciled to his wife; Miranda agrees to become a knight; and the piece concludes with a representation of the ceremony of receiving a knight of the order of Malta.

This play, like most of Beaumont and Fletcher's, abounds in close observation and forcible description, but does not exhibit much character, Captain Norandine excepted, which is a well drawn, rough-hewn, humourous soldier, and which was executed by Mr. Quick in a manner that at once shewed his judgment, and the variety of his comic powers.

After the play was represented, for the first time, a farce called "The Ghost, or the Devil to do about Her;" taken from Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of *The Man's Bewich'd*. The plot of this little piece turns on a Capt. Constant reporting his father to be dead, to cheat him of his rents, and the appearance of the father to his steward, who believes him to be his ghost.

We remember to have seen this trifle brought out at Drury-lane about ten years ago; it was, even to the full farcical enough; but last night

the *ass's skin* was lengthened by the *tail of Katerfelto's black cat*, and other temporary interpolations equally as ornamental.

APRIL 26.

Covent-Garden.] A new piece of two acts, called "Tristram Shandy," was performed at this theatre, written by Mr. Maganally, author of *Retaliation*, and several miscellaneous pieces of great merit. This gentleman has been long celebrated, for his successful imitations of Sterne's style in various performances, such as the *Sentimental Excursions* to Windsor, &c. Extracts of Letters from Paris about the Count O'Reilly, the Queen of France, &c. inserted in most of the public prints. The sale of his present piece being taken from *Tristram Shandy*, to give it in detail would be needless, as every one of taste in polite literature must have read that masterly performance. The circumstance, however, on which our author founded his drama, is the birth of Tristram, in which is introduced Dr. Slop, Mr. Shandy, Corporal Trim, Uncle Toby, and Obadiah; Sufannah and the Widow Woman are likewise brought on the stage. The whole dialogue and situations teem with the most beautiful passages of Sterne, culled with ability, and thrown into a dramatic form. Mrs. Kennedy in the Widow introduced an air, and a sort of epilogue *finale*, which she sung with great taste. Miss Wilson, yclep'd Thalia the Small, played Sufannah with all that arch simplicity which characterizes her performances. Mr. Hull marked the character of Shandy very well, and repeated the sentimental passages with great feeling. Toby and Trim were excellently supported by Messrs. Wilson and Edwin; Mr. Wewitzer was whimsical in Dr. Slop, and Mr. Fearon made the most of Obadiah. The piece was prefaced by a prologue, which had many good points. It turned on some elegant compliments to Sterne, and the various hobby-horses of mankind. The whole was received with great applause by a numerous auditory, and will, no doubt, become as great a favourite on the stage, as the original is in the closet.

MAY 10.

Covent-Garden.] After the tragedy of *The Mysterious Husband* was performed, for the first time, a farce (taken from the comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher of the same name) called "The Spanish Curate." The characters, fable, &c. of which were as follow:

Lopez, the Curate,	Mr. Wilton.
Diego, the Sexton,	Mr. Quick.
Leandro,	Mr. Whitfield.
Bartolus,	Mr. Fearon.
Millanes,	Mr. Booth.
Arsino,	Mr. Davies.
Amarinta,	Mrs. Whitfield.
Egle,	Mrs. Morton.

Scene Spain.

Leandro

Leandro being in love with Bartolus's wife, bribes Lopez, the Curate, to get introduced as one who wishes to study the law under him. The poverty of Lopez makes him consent to the design, and Leandro, by this means, gets domesticated in the family, where he soon finds a willing pupil in Amalia. Whilst this plot is ripening, Millanes and Arfino, two companions of Leandro, think this a good opportunity to be likewise revenged of Bartolus, who, by the quackery of the law, had robbed the latter of a good estate. They both, therefore, repair to Lopez, and, by another bribe, get him to consent to the following scheme: Diego gives out he is dying, and sends for Bartolus, under a pretence of leaving him the best part of his wealth previously binding him by oath, to see the whole faithfully executed. This settled, Diego begins to bequeath several legacies of considerable value to different people, which, when Bartolus, in surprise, asks him, Where all this money is to be found? Diego throws off the mask, and tells, Wherever he

Enraged at this deception, Bartolus returns home, vowing revenge; but on his arrival he finds Leandro had run away with his wife, and that Millanes and Arfino had followed him to assist upon the performance of his oath. Thus taken in the snare, he agrees to make atonement for the wrongs he has done Arfino, and receives back his wife under a promise of not being so jealous and covetous in future.

M A Y 12.

Drury-Lane.] A new comedy, called "Imitation, or, The Female Fortune Hunters," was performed for the benefit of Mr. Walden; the character of which were as follow

Frank Milliclck,	Mr. Palmer.
Old Rackrent,	Mr. Parsons.
Young Rackrent,	Mr. Berton.
General Fairlove,	Mr. Aickin.
Timothy,	Mr. Baddeley.
Manager,	Mr. Wigham.
O'Sock,	Mr. Moody.

Other strolling play-	Messrs. Suett,
ers,	Chapman,
	Wright,
	Alfred.
Charlotte Fairlove,	Mrs. Bulkley.
Maria,	Miss Farrer.
Mrs. Milliclck,	Miss Hopkins.
Dorothy,	Miss Wigham.
Scene Litchfield.	

Charlotte Fairlove, supposing herself an orphan, in company with her friend Maria, who has forfeited a rich father's displeasure, struck with the incidents of Farquhar's *Beaux Stratagem*, come down to Litchfield with a few hundreds to seek adventures, pretty nearly on the same plan as the Archer and Aimwell of that comedy. In the course of their sojournment, Charlotte falls in love with young Rackrent, under the disguise of a peasant, and Maria with Frank Milliclck, son to the mistress of the inn where they lodged. After some embarrassment, usual to love matches of this nature, General Fairlove comes down in quest of Charlotte, when discovering she had a passion for young Rackrent, he acknowledges her to be his daughter, and gives her thirty thousand pounds for a fortune. He at the same time brings Maria the good news of her father's death, by which she became in possession, according to the language of the author, of as much money as a *swagen* could carry.

The plot of this play is built on so close an imitation of the *Beaux Stratagem*, that the author seems to have done little more than *officinate* the characters of Archer and Aimwell. However, its being brought out on this occasion, we shall say no more of it than this, that though it may be a benefit to the author, it does not promise to become so to the republic of letters.

The prologue was spoken by Mr. Bannister, and was so far *novelle* as to have every line rhyme to the first, which ended in *nation*—a *quintessence*, which, in our opinion, "would in future be more honoured in the breach than the observance." The epilogue was spoken by Miss Farrer.

M A S Q U E R A D E I N T E L L I G E N C E.

THE Masquerade at the Pantheon, the first of this month, was crowded with a numerous assemblage of "the gay, the witty and the severe." The dome exhibited the same vast airy expanse as formerly, and all together gave a position of light resembling the Court of Cœmus, "where night outlines the day." The masks, if not of the most splendid cast, were lively, gay, and elegant; and if the more singular characters were not numerous, neither did the more common and low ones abound as usual. Among those which attracted much attention, were Mr. Merlin, as a River-God, in a slop completely rigged, and, aided by the power of mechanism, he sailed round the room with perfect

ease.—He succeeded the latter part of the evening in the command of the slop by an active Bridewell Boy, who presently afterwards changed himself to a Jew Pedlar, and, though a nobody, was, upon the whole, an entertaining mask.—A Phosphorick Match-woman distributed her sarcasms very plentifully to the domineers who ventured to attack her.—Two Indians, the one most superbly dressed, the other in *too-rude* a state not to escape censure.—A group of excellent Catch-Singers.—A Fireman well supported.—A lame Harlequin.—Sir Jesterly Dunstan was disgusting and indelicate.—Two Waggoners.—Countrymen made females, *et vice versa*—Count Dippy, not as a Tallow-Chandler, which he could not fairly support admirably

admirably, but as a Cricketer.—The company consisted in the whole of upwards of 1200.—Very few persons of fashion were present, and by no means the usual number of the higher order of the frail fair ones.—The supper was tolerable, the wines execrable.—The rooms were not cleaned till near eight o'clock the next morning.

MAY 22.

The company at the Pantheon was not so numerous as we expected they would have been, in order to welcome the noble strangers who came from Paris, and had expressed an anxiety to see a building, which has equally added to the fame and the fortune of the architect, and reflected credit on the country. The Earl of Cholmondeley, we understand, on hearing that the Duke de Chartres and his princely companions wished to have a fight of the Pantheon, advised that a masquerade should be given, as the best means of shewing the structure to advantage, and giving the foreigners an insight into the free spirit of the English, who, though they are at all times ready, from the peasant to the Prince, to assert their personal rights, are never more ready to do so, than when they are masked from that *houwasse* *lout*, so strongly characteristic of the country. The company on Thursday night, though not, as we have said, remarkable for their numbers, were infinitely more select than is generally the case at masquerades where a guinea purchases admission. A guinea is considered as a kind of counter, by a certain description of females, and no young fellow who has the spirit to live with a woman, or to visit her frequently, can for shame sake, whether he can afford it or not, refuse making her that present which is common to the commonest of her profession on such occasions. On Thursday the Duke de Chartres, the Duke de Fitz James, and the Marquis de Corbières were at the Pantheon, and in honour to them, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Arcaster, the Earls of Cessile, Cholmondeley, and Craven, the Marquis of Carmarthen, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Albemarle, Lord Althorpe, Lord Graham, several other young sprigs of nobility, Mr. Crew, and many members of Parliament, and what is more rare at a modern masquerade, several ladies of high rank and equally high virtue attended. It is unnecessary to say, that the Dominions infinitely outnumbered the characters; there were, however, some of the latter tolerably well supported. Among the best of them for characteristic appearance and wit, was Peter

Pluck, a butcher from Honey-lane market, a bra Highlander, who had something to say to every body, and spared the Prince as little as his party, or indeed any party in the room, for he had something to say to all; a Coalition Scaramouch by Mr. Dent, Mother Shipton by Mr. Blackstock, a News Postboy, who gave away a paper called the Microscopographer, or Extraordinary Pantheon Gazette. This gazette was replete with matter tolerably well pointed. Some of the advertisements were shrewdly satirical, and as was to be expected, where to unobtain a licence was exercised, it contained some ideas not of the most chaste nature. The rest of the characters consisted of a Devil infernally dull, a Countryman in a white coat, who has often shewn his talent for masquerade performance of a painted character, an active Harlequin, who rather than not be in motion, fell from off the orchestra, a Chinaman, a male and female Quaker, a Carter, a Cricketer, an honest Friar, a Man of Ton in his robe de chambre, Mr. Merlin on his wheel of fortune, a representation of the God Plutus, Sailors, Flower Girls, figures in sage suits in plenty, and a variety of non-descripts, among whom not the least engaging, was a fellow with a crape over his face, and a strangely fashioned gigantic hat on his head, which he shook whimsically at all who passed him and looked in his face. The supper was a cold one, but excellent and plentiful. It consisted of chickens, fowls, lamb, lobsters, jellied viands, collared eels, and various meats; each division of the tables had its share of tarts, blanché mange, ices, and other confectionary. The wines were Champagne, Claret, Madeira, Port and Lisbon. The company in general complained of the want of wit, life, and merriment, forgetting that they were individually involved in the censure. The majority of the six hundred, who were present, continued at the Pantheon till six in the morning, an evident proof, that they were not much displeased with their situation. The dome and architectural ornaments of the interior of the great room and galleries were beautifully and splendidly illuminated; indeed it is but justice to declare, that the Proprietors had spared no cost or pains to set the place off to the best advantage. What not a little contributed to the satisfaction of the company, was the novel circumstance of the Prince of Wales's walking about unmasked after supper, a condescension, which the Dukes de Chartres and Fitz-James, and their friends, as well as the English nobility present, all imitated.

P O E T R Y.

O D E T O M A Y.

W. HOLLAND.

SWEET May! whose blooming charms
disclose:

The beauties of the opening Rose!
Thrice welcome to our smiling plains!
Lov'd idol of our nymphs and swains!
At thy approach all hearts rejoice!
And Harmony tunes her voice!

Sweet harbinger of all that's dear,
How do thy smiles our bosoms cheer!
The shepherd swains delighted view
Their tum of happiness in you!
Thy blest return their pipe declare,
And hail thee fairest of the fair!

O! let me press thee to my heart,
And in thy pleasures share a part;
Let me thy early footsteps find,
That give fresh vigour to my mind;
With thee throughout the prospect rove,
And list to melody and love!

Hark! the glad notes resound afa.—
All hail thee, Pleasure's orient-star!
Behold the festive train advance,
And bright Pastora lead the dance!—
Sweet charmer! welcome to our plains!
And long delight our nymphs and swains.

I D Y L L I O N.

The MONTH of MAY.

CUCKOW, repeat thy one unvaried note:
Warble, Oh thrushes! to the whisp'ring
beech:

Charm us, ye blackbirds, with soft-swell-
ing strains,

Sweetly to sing, the list'ning shepherds teach.

Let thy sweet notes their tedious care allay,
Whilst they attend their gentle fleecy care,
Proclaim to all that now the time is come,
To cease the labour of the furrowing share.

The climbing boys no more the branches break,
The nimble girls no more the sticks collect,
No more the mother fills her hampers bag,
The father's back no more the loads affect.

But now beneath the spreading hawthorn's shade,
The sportive children lively gambols play;
They strew the cowslips and the blue-bells ring,
And deck their bosoms with the bloom of
May.

To view his crops the thoughtful farmer roves,
Around his fields he casts his hopeful eyes;
He joys to see the thriving verdure grow,
And future profit in his corn desires.

The dairy now demands the housewife's care,
Chearful she bears the milk-pail's heavy load,
The rosy daughters help the pans to skim,
In cleanly manner by their mother show'd.

The youths begin to join the broken rakes,
The maids prepare to mend their torn array,
That they may tidy and industrious seem,
When in the meads they meet to make the
hay.

The evenings long, refreshing, cool, serene,
The lanes umbrageous and the meadows dry,
The great forsake the noisy scenes of life,
For peace and ease they to the country fly.

All nature wears a chearful pleasing face,
The hills and vallies on each other smile,
Whilst ev'ry species hails the vernal spring,
Forget their cares; and find joy awhile.

R O U N D E L A Y.

TO L A U R A, waiting near her Father's villa,
on the banks of a river.

W H I L E these close walls thy beauties
hide,
Immur'd within this guarded grove:
On the clear stream's opposing side,
The Muse shall wail my hopeless love.

My love! which nothing can outvie,
Which never shall a period know;
Ye breezes, tell her as you fly;
Ye waters, bear it as you flow!

And tho' by adverse friends confin'd,
The yielding fair I vainly crave;
O bring her murmurs, gentle wind,
Her image, ev'ry ebbing wave!

Yet, oh ye winds, her sighs conceal;
Nor you, ye waves, reflect her face:
Lest *Eolus* my passion feel,
And *Neptræ* sue for her embrace.

Yet little need her sighs to bear,
Or to my view her form impart,
Whole voice dwells ever on my ear,
Whose image ever in my heart.

Dublin, April 30, 1783.

EDWIN.

SONNET ADDRESSED TO A BOY
with a BIRD'S NEST.

MISCHIEVOUS imp, return thy prize,
For hear'st thou not the mother's cries?
Bereft of all a parent's joy,
To please the folly of a boy.
Reflect and think of future years,
A father's cares, a mother's tears!

Think that perhaps some foreign foe
May keep thy captive son in woe :
Feel for a bird as for thyself,
And quickly yield the ill-got pelf ;
The nest restore and place secure,
And Nature kindly will allure
The frightened mother to her brood ;
She'll hear their plaints and bring them food,
Whilst thou shalt gain the prize of worth,
A conscience clear, and live in mirth.

O V I S A.

Le BON EXPEDIENT.

Par M. GUYEYAND.

CERTAIN évêque, ennemi de abus,
Trouvant chez un curé deux jeunes gou-
vernantes,
Optimé, lui dit il ! vingt ans ! vingt ans au
plus !
Deux à la fois, et vertes, et fringantes !
Vous ignorez donc mes statuts ?
—Monseigneur, ils me sont connus ;
Moi même, et l'archiprêtre, ensemble nous les
lumes ;
Vous exigez quarante ans revolus ;
Je les ai pris en deux volumes.

A translation of the above is requested.

EPITAPHE. Par M. COLLIN.

CIGIT Gregoire. Au monde, en sept
cent trente, il vint,
Et rendit l'ame en sept cent quatre vingt.
Vous savez en deux mots tout ce que fait Gre-
goire :
Il naquit, il mourut, c'est toute son histoire.

PHILLIDA'S RIDDLE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

By W. HOLLAND.

TRANSFERTED with joy ! with a heart
light as air !
Lovely Phillida tript to her cot from the fair :
Her mother would fain know the cause of her
bliss,
Which arose the inspired from Corydon's kiss ;
From Corydon's kiss ! said the lass with a smile,
He gave me much more, ere we journey'd a
mile !

Much more ! cry'd the mother, I'll know what
it be !
No, no, that's a secret between him and me ;
And, mother, you've told me all secrets to keep,
And never reveal 'em—not even in sleep ;
What Corydon gave me I'll now not impart,—
'Tis the joy of my eyes ! and the bliss of my
heart !

Come, hussy, disclose, I'm determin'd to know
What the shepherd has done, thus to tickle
you so !
Dear mother, 'tis only what pass'd in your youth
'Tween my father and you—as I live it's a
truth !

So press me no farther, for time will reveal .
What now with such rapture I wish to conceal

Yes, yes, I know well what will happen in time
And I know what misfortunes await on the
crime !

A crime ! said the fair one, believe me, dear
mother,

Each virgin around would embrace such another
He gave me this morn the delight of my life,
He gave me—himself—for he made me his wife

UN JEUD'E'PRIT.

On the Word IDEEA.

WHAT can force the rending sigh ?
What can stimulate the tear ?
What can murder every joy ?
I have found—it is Idea ;

Let triumphant pleasure reign,
Greatly boast you ne'er can fear ;
Yet some secret dread of pain,
Tortures, even in Idea.

Bid your heart enjoy repose,
Be your hours serene and clear :
Yet the thought of future woes,
Makes an anguish, of Idea.

If we love—the bliss extreme,
Is to bring the object near ;—
Is in fancy's airy dream,
Is in some bewitch'd Idea.

ELIZA.

S O L I L O Q U Y.

CEASE, doating fool, nor longer strive,
To keep thy fatal flame alive :
Cease to torment thyself with fear,
And give thy sacred house to tears.
Tear from thy soul the madd'ning pow'r,
Which sense, which pleasure can devour ;
Dare to be free—and slighted prove,
Reason triumphant over Love.
Let calm esteem with tranquil face,
Thy solitary moments grace.
Forbid thy holy lawful fire,
To rise the height of young desire :
But in fair Friendship's lovely name,
Abate each dear and tender claim.
Bid Doubt subside with anxious care,
And banish hell's foul fiend Despair.
Whene'er thy babe with lifted hands,
And guileless smile, thy thought demands ;
Tell him his father—once most dear,
(And then suppress the rising tear)
Is all that woman might admire,
Or man for social ties desire.

ELIZA

TO A LADY, with HAMMOND'S
LOVE-ELEGIES.

I Bid no echoing vale my woe prolong,
Nor nightingale to join her soothing strain
I only wish that Hammond's plaintive song
May breathe in Anna's ear her lover's pain.

O D I

ODE IX. BOOK III. of HORACE
imitated.

FLORIO.

WHEN you, my fair Sophronia, lov'd,
Softly and sweet each moment mov'd,
I felt the blissful hour;
When I your swelling bosom prest,
No monarch sure was halt so blest,
Tho' e'er so high in power.

SOPHRONIA.

When, Florio, you return'd my flame,
And all our pleasures were the same,
No mid was blest as I;
But Zephyretta now is sweet,
From her a kind return you meet,
But from Sophronia fly.

FLORIO.

My love for Zephyretta burns,
The beauteous fair my love returns,
'Tis *her* that I admire.
Tho' once I shew'd her my neglect,
Yet now her presence claims respect,
And checks each loose desire.

SOPHRONIA.

Euphanor is my lover's name,
'Tis he demands the gen'rous flame;
And if the Powers on high
Kindly permit me but to save,
My lov'd Euphanor from the grave,
With pleasure twice I'd die.

FLORIO.

But say, my fair, should love return;—
If I for all my follies mourn,
And once more wish thee mine?—
Say,—would you take my proffer'd hand,
And link with me in Hymen's band,
And never more repine?—

SOPHRONIA.

Euphanor does my love demand,
But as you offer now your hand,
I'll be your wife—with joy;
Tho' he was soft as zephyrs breeze,
And you were rough as stormy seas,
With you I'll live and die.

Bristol, April 10, 1783.

G. G. jun.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

GIVE me, in some sequester'd grove,
For her, the rural nymph, I love,
To urge the daily toil;
At evening with the sun retire,
And rear our little cottage fire,
And see our children smile.

With such a mate, when tempests roar,
And lash the wild waves to the shore,

How sweet to sit the night;
To hear their utmost rage descend,
The roof rebound, the forest rend,
And sooth her from affright!—

To sit and sympathize with those,
To wish an end to all their woes,
Less happy far than we;

Without a meal! without a bed!
Without a covering for the head!
Or where on earth to flee!

Still may our hospitable door,
On such a night, at any hour,
Admit the wretch forlorn;—
Admit him to the warmest seat,
Admit him to the smoking treat,
And shield him till the morn.

So be our matin thanks inclin'd
To Him, the Power who made us kind,
For what are we alone?
A crew on Eriar's ocean tost,
And, but for aid superior lost,
Prest impetuous in our own!

And give us on that awful day,
When Time shall sweep the worlds away,
To meet the throne of Grace;
Without a doubt, without a fear,
To stand and see, to stand and hear
Our Maker face to face.

S. C.

The following LINES, addressed to Mr. BARRY, the Artist, presenting the third picture in his Exhibition, viz. the crowning of the victors at Olympia, is said to be the extemporaneous composition of a very recent translator of Pindar.

EACH victor crown'd in fam'd Olympia's
game,
To Theban Pindar ow'd his lyric fame;
'Twas he distributed bright honours meed,
The chariot, wrestler, and victorious steed,
The strong pancratiast struggling on the field,
Or, who the nobler Cestus dar'd to wield
He sung, in lofty Dithyrambic lays,
And crown'd each champion with harmonious
praise.

Renown'd thro' pastoral Sicily far,
E'en Hiero mounted on triumphal car,
The joys of victory imperfect feels,
Thy choral hymns sound round his chariot-
wheels:

Then smiles well pleas'd stern Syracuse's king,
In full procession steps—to hear his laureat
sing,

And strike, with furious hand, th' immortal
string,

Such the reward of old heroic fame!
You, modern artist, catch the expiring flame,
With classic lore, and public virtue fraught
With daring pencil, in your happy draught
Give visibility to Pindar's thoughts.

CARTON. A Descriptive Poem.

Inscribed to his Grace the Duke of LEINSTER.

By NEWBURN BURROUGHS, A.M.

(Continued from p. 311.)

BUT still protecting Heav'n, indulgent
designs
To let their virtues bless our native plains,
Bids fairer domes around the ruin'd pile,
Lift their gay heads, and gentler aspects smile;

Ta

To crown her fav'rite work gives ev'ry scene,
More pleasing beauties and a milder mien,
With ev'ry partial grace adorns the land,
The second Eden of her forming hand.
So the fam'd bird in Egypt's fertile clime,
That seem'd to brave the shock of avarice time,
When rigid fate a longer term denies,
Rids from her nest a new Phoenix rise,
With richer plumage deck'd, and brighter rays,
And sprung a faunx from the parent blaze.

Too long elus'd from th' illustrious

With new and better the wand'ring muse,
To her lov'd land, her fire all vivify,
And with the beauties row'd her parting eye.

When the old morn, in purple splendor

Blushing unbars the rent gates of light,
Beneath the influence of her milder ray,
Soft o'er the day land aple let me stay,
Ascend the sunny hill, and view around
The scatter'd wonders of this funny ground;
Each vivid scene by Nature's pencil drawn,
The tufted hillook and the velvet lawn,
The steep abrupt, the pebbly ridge,
The sloping meadow and the winding glade,
The thins that glaze thro' the open grove,
The vale and the thicket and the glade;
Not a by the blue such charms can boast,
Nor breathes more fragrance from her spicy coast,

Nor feign'd Elysium, th' r'own'd so long,
Booms more delightful in poetic song.

But when bright Phœbus gains the middle

Swat to the embow'ring thickets let me fly,
Plunge in the loom that skirts the hill and plain,

And like a zone surrounds the gay demesne,
Where in cool grot, or solitary bow'r,
Lone Meditation woos the silent hour.

These peaceful haunts no cruel sports invade,
Deform th' beauties or profane their shade;
With careless flight on ev'ry verdant spay,
The feather'd warblers pour the grateful lay;
From hounds escap'd and unrelenting toes,
The timid hare the lov'd asylum knows,
With fearless step along the covert strays,
And on the frequent wand'r'er dares to gaze.

When more intense prevails the noon-day

heat,
And scarce the shade affords a cool retreat,
O bear me to the cot's impervious gloom,
Where jessamines breathe and mingled flow'rets bloom,

Where the gay spire o'er-tops th' embow'ring

trees,
The poplars quiver to the whisp'ring breeze,
And the fair shrubb'ry's devious paths are seen
In winding mazes o'er the sloping green.

Here in this lov'd recess safely laid,
Where no sad cares its peaceful roof invade,

Or by the cool, transparent stream recline,
That gently murmurs to the passing wind,
Let me indulge the serious thought profound,
Or view the sweet variety around,
The rugged rocks, where climbing wood-bines

The mountain's brow that frowns upon the

deep,
The swelling hill and steepest leafy pride,
That float and tumble in the wavy tide:
Deep in the hollow vale, with purple bloom,
The primrose smiles and purple violets boom,
Whilst all the flow'ry chidings of the vale,
With lavish incense fill the fragrant gale.

The River-God, that flows'd a mill betwixt,
With fresh supplies here, and his liquid store,
Glad to adorn this fair, keeps in Seat,
While LEINSTER loves with Nature to re-

creat,
Swells with a conscious pride his silver flood,
Shines in the mead, or gleams between the

wood,
O'er the rough rocks now pours the white cascade,

Or steals in silent mazes thro' the glade,
Charming the varied scene his count'ry deities,
And from th' enchanted ground reluctant fly.

The glowing prospects of Aicidin's shore,
Where LIBERTY Nature pours forth all her store,
And Eury, sportive maid, delighted roves,
Thro' flower-emborder'd vales and myrtle-

groves,
Transplant ed here, beneath less genial skies,
In stiffer charms and milder lustre,
To ev'ry object give a finer tinct,
And spread o'er CARTON a superior grace.

(To be continued.)

VERSES ON A LADY'S HAND.

By Dr. DE-LA-COUR.

FINE as her taper fingers flow my strains,
Soft as her hand, and shining as her veins,
Turn'd as her wrist the line, and smooth as silk,
Feel like her palm, where roses swim in milk:
These e'er my verse a warmer shadow shed,
And tip her fingers with a painted red,
Thro' the blue veins in ripper moisture flow,
And seem to melt with heat the neighb'ring

snow;
The neighb'ring snow dissolv'd in roses blends,
And with cunation decks her fingers end:
Between the leaves the flakes of snow look

bright,
And daisy-like are dash'd with red and white;
Think with what lustre on her lap it lay,
And o'er her apron drew the milky way;
Coarse look'd the cambric to a hand so fine,
And shades of lawn are net-work to her skin.
On her fair fingers brilliant diamonds glow,
And burn like stars, between hills of snow.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

April 5.

IN digging the foundations of the new buildings at Christ-Church college, Oxford, on the spot where formerly stood Canterbury college, a skeleton, of very large dimensions, was found about three feet under the surface, supposed to have lain there upwards of 500 years, as some silver pence of king Edward the First were found lying close to the thigh bone: No collar, or any other vestige appeared, by which it might be conjectured who was buried there. Something like half-boots were round the bottom of the leg bones; from which, and other circumstances, it is imagined the corpse was buried in its cloaths. These remains were carefully collected, put in a shell, and interred in the college chapel.

Extract of a letter from Guernsey, March 28.

"I shall now give you an account of the affair of the 104th, since I believe you will have but an imperfect account of it from other quarters.

"That regiment (except the grenadier company) has been quartered all the winter in the citadel, and although they have at all times been rather troublesome to the country people, they had been kept in tolerable order till the arrival of a few discharged men of the 83d regiment from Portsmouth; but these, it seems, by boasting of their own prowess, and describing the impunity with which they, and, in general, the soldiery over all England, had set the laws at defiance, stirred up a spirit of mutiny, which at last openly broke forth. About the 18th instant they insisted with their officers that the gates should no more be shut, that they should have liberty to go where they pleased, and, it being peace, should do no more duty; the governor appeased the tumult, by granting them their demands. However, the officers, being sitting in the mess-room after dinner the 21st, were alarmed by the whistling of musket-balls amongst them, and were forced to creep on their hands to escape the shots, which continued to fly through the doors and windows. They were some time in this situation, till, it is said, some of the worst of the rioters getting up stairs into the barrack-rooms, for the sake of firing down upon them, the sergeant-major advised their immediately running off, which they did, the gates being then practically open; and although several muskets were fired at them, fortunately escaped, except two, who hid themselves in a coal-hole. This was known in town about eight o'clock in the evening, and at first it was very much doubted whether the 18th regiment, quartered here, would not join the rebels, or at least refuse to join in bringing them to order by force. However, to the eternal honour of the regiment, they proved untainted, with the late unhappy spirit of mutiny, and turned out to a man; the militia also immediately paraded, and

and the town regiment was drawn out in as little time as could be conceived, and with the greatest alacrity. The officers belonging to the country regiments sat off with the first summons; their orders were, for every regiment to defend its own district, and to be ready to join the army on the first or second; they accordingly patrolled their own parishes, and turned out without the least murmur.

"About eleven o'clock, the governor marched out with the 18th regiment, commanded by Major Mawbey, and the town regiment of militia; being arrived at the Citadel (without beat of drum) the 18th regiment, with the town grenadiers and light infantry, four pieces of artillery and two howitzers, lined the front under cover of a low hedge, at about 100 yards distance; four of the militia battalion companies guarded the avenues on one side, and the four others were in reserve. A summons being sent, a parley ensued, but the mutineers declared they would on no account lay down their arms; several straggling shots were fired. Messages continued till about four o'clock, when the governor being on the field at parley with some of the deputies, a fire began on him, and part of the line, by a party which had advanced out of the walls, and the fire continued along the line, without its being known what part of the enemy had fallen. The artillery being in the rear of the 18th, and pushing up, caused them to fall on the flanks, and the ground being confined, caused a momentary confusion, during which several ill-directed shots were fired; however this was soon over, and the line put in proper order.

"Soon after this, the four companies in reserve were ordered to the right, to occupy a commanding ground, and about four o'clock the rioters seeing themselves surrounded, and hearing the whole force of the island was coming against them, marched out and piled their arms.

"It is remarkable that these fellows mounted a regular guard, beat regularly to arms, and kept up a garrison duty as if they had been under command of their own officers.

"The states of the island, it seems, are soon to meet, to consider of a reward to the 18th's soldiers, for their alacrity in turning out as volunteers on this occasion; a conduct which not only distinguishes them from almost all the army, but which reflects the greatest honour on the discipline and abilities of their officers, and especially Major Mawbey, their commander.

"The grenadier company of the 104th should be distinguished from the other part of the regiment; they were quartered apart at the Vale Castle, under their Captain, Fenwick. He had kept so proper a discipline, that the greatest part offered to turn out volunteers against their rebel companions."

"A man has lately been broke upon the wheel."

D. d. d.

in Languedoc, for various acts of lust, barbarity, and murder. This monster, who had reigned at the age of twenty-two to the mountains of Aure, always went armed, and was the terror of the neighbourhood. He is said (Gazette des Tribunaux, Paris) to have spared neither man, woman, nor child, and to have eaten the flesh of those he had put to death. He was a very strong, dark-complexioned little man, and extremely vicious, particularly with regard to women, from his earliest infancy. He was executed the 12th of December, 1782, and went to execution with a very serene countenance. They speak of upwards of eighty women he had first ill-treated, and then eaten.

8. Richard Neave, Esq; was elected Governor, and George Peters, Esq; Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England.

Came on the election of six Directors for the East-India Company, when, on closing the ballot, the numbers were as follow:

For John Michie, Esq; 644. William Mills, Esq; 556. Laurence Sullivan, Esq; 547. Sir W. James, Bart. 526. Tho. Parry, Esq; 524. S. Smith, jun. Esq; 507. J. Woodhouse, Esq; 502. W. Pattle, jun. Esq; 455. Culling Smith, Esq; 450. John Grant, Esq; 448. John Webb, Esq; 381. Jos. Hullock, Esq; 299.

9. The Duke de Chartres, a Prince of the Blood of France, and his Duchess, arrived at the Royal Hotel, Pall-mall. They have engaged 30 English servants in their suite, and intend residing here for two months.

13. The St. Michael Spanish ship of the line, taken by Sir Roger Curtis at Gibraltar, brought to in Plymouth Sound, after a very expeditious passage from the Straits. She appears a very fine ship upon the water, but the officers who were on board her say, she will require a very great alteration before she can be made fit for the English navy. She was so destitute of stores as not to have proper anchors on board to secure her by. Sir Charles Knowles is arrived from Gibraltar in the above ship.

19. There is just erected in the church-yard of Portsea, near Portsmouth, a very elegant monument, to the memory of the brave, though unfortunate Admiral Kempenfelt, and his fellow-sufferers, who perished in the Royal George, over a very large grave, in which are interred the remains of thirty-five of the unfortunate. The monument is pretty lofty, of a pyramidal form, ornamented with trophies of arms and navigation, sculptured urns, &c. is erected by the munificence of the parish of Portsea, and was designed and executed by Mr. Hay, of Portsmouth-common.

In an oval compartment, upon the upper part of the pyramid, in black marble and gold letters, are these lines:

Reader,
With solemn thought
Survey this grave,
And reflect.

On the untimely death
Of thy fellow-mortals;

And whilst,
As a man, a Briton, and a patriot,
Thou read'st
The melancholy narrative,
Drop a tear
For thy country's
Loss.

And underneath the following inscription:

On the twenty-ninth day of August,
1782.

his Majesty's ship the ROYAL GEORGE,

being on the heel at Spithead,

overtook and sunk;

by which fatal accident

about nine hundred persons

were instantly launched into eternity;

among whom was that brave and experienced
Officer,

Read-Admiral KEMPENFELT.

Nine days after

many bodies of the unfortunate floated,

thirty-five of which were interred in one grave

near this monument,

which is erected by the parish of PORTSEA,

as a grateful tribute

to the memory

of that great Commander

and his fellow-sufferers.

And upon a pedestal, in gold letters, is this

Epitaph:

'Tis not this stone, regretted Chief, thy name,

Thy worth and merit shall extend thy fame:

Brilliant achievements have thy name impress'd

In lasting characters on ALBION's breast.

23. This being St. George's-day, and the anniversary of the Society of Antiquaries, and the day for choosing the council and officers for the year ensuing, the following Gentlemen were chosen:

Old members of the council continued. Jeremiah Milles, D.D. F.R.S. Dean of Exeter, President; Hon. Daines Barrington, F.R.S. V.P. Owen Salusbury Brereton, Esq; F.R.S. V.P. Edward Bridgen, Esq; Treasurer, F.R.S. John Frere, Esq; F.R.S. Richard Gough, Esq; F.R.S. Director; Edward King, Esq; F.R.S. V.P. Michael Lort, D.D. F.R.S. V.P. William Norris, M.A. Secretary; Thomas Morell, D.D. F.R.S. Secretary; Daniel Wray, Esq; F.R.S.

New Members. Right Hon. Lord Brownlow; Richard Jackson, Esq; William Lascelles, Esq; Charles Mellish, Esq; Jacob Pelton, Esq; William Seward, Esq; F.R.S. Edward Soll, Esq; William Vyse, D.D. Joseph Windham, Esq.

24. Upwards of ten thousand quarters of foreign corn were entered inwards at the Custom-house. Almost the whole of the above grain came from Holland and Germany. A great number of vessels freighted with foreign grain, but not yet reported, are now in the river.

30. The session began at the Old-Bailey, when 17 prisoners were tried, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz. John Wharton, for breaking and entering the dwelling-house of

Roberts.

Robert Askey, in Tothill-street, in the night, and stealing a quantity of soap, and some money. Sarah Leech, for stealing a piece of spunged muslin, value 40s. the property of David Gwynne, privately in his shop, in the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster.

May 1. The Sheriff, met at Goldhall, and cast up the book of the poll for Bridge-master, when the numbers were,

For Mr. Dixon, - - - 2093

Mr. Gretton, - - - 1760

On which Mr. Dixon was declared duly elected.

One prisoner was capitally convicted at the Old-Bailey, viz. Ann Lovell, for privately stealing in the dwelling-house of Edward Hall, the White-House, in New Gravel-lane, Ratcliff-highway, a quart silver tankard. Eighteen were convicted of felonies.

2. Five prisoners were capitally convicted at the Old-Bailey, viz. George Wood, for feloniously riding away with a gelding, the property of John Small; Collin Reculest, for forging and publishing a bill of exchange for 56l. 15s. purporting to be the bill of exchange of Joseph Cotton, Esq; on Ynys Buget, Esq; Paymaster of the seamen's wages at the India-house, for the payment of said sum to Collin Reculest for his wages on board the ship Royal Charlotte, with intent to defraud William Lutzman; John Hazleworth, for robbing John Fitzpatrick on the highway of a silver watch and two half-crown pieces; Thomas Richards, for stealing several bank notes, value 120l. the property of Henry Hurford, Esq; in his dwelling-house; John Lewis, for breaking into the dwelling-house of John Delafree, a Pawabroker, in Shoe-lane, and stealing a large quantity of plate and other goods.

Letters received from Sicily, dated the 7th of April, gave an account of another severe shock of an earthquake there on the 28th of March, which has in many places destroyed the remaining houses, and about 290 inhabitants. The unfortunate survivors have lost their all, and expect their lives will follow. The earth had been more or less agitated every day for six weeks before, and there was an appearance as if the whole island would in the end be destroyed. Many people who had fine estates are now reduced to poverty, their houses and vineyards being destroyed, and in several instances the erradima turned into a lake of water. Wretched barracks, built in the most open places, are the residence of those who three months ago had magnificent houses; and many who fed a cove of useless followers are now supported by the public distribution of provisions, sent there from Naples and other places.

3. Twenty-one prisoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz. Richard Dade, and Robert Forster, for privately stealing from Simon Douglas 1 guineas, his property.

On account of the Effigay-day of the term, the session on the Middlesex side closed about even o'clock, when twelve capital convicts received judgments of death, the sentence of

one of whom, viz. Thomas Littlepage, who was convicted of stealing naval stores, was, by virtue of a power vested in the court, changed to that of transportation for seven years.

Fifteen were sentenced to be transported to America for the term of seven years, and one for fourteen years; eleven to be kept to hard labour in the house of correction for different terms; several of whom were also to be whipt, four to be imprisoned in Newgate; four whipped and discharged; and eighteen discharged by proclamation.

The session of goal-delivery for the county of Middlesex, is adjourned till Wednesday, the 4th of June next.

Extract of a letter from Calais, April 28.

"This day at twelve o'clock, his Grace the Duke of Manchester, Ambassador from the Court of London, arrived here in the Harwicke packet-boat, Captain Osborne, after a passage of about four hours and a half; the weather being exceeding fine, the piers were lined with people, and on his Excellency's landing, he was met by the Commandant, the principal inhabitants, and all the Swiss and French officers. The guns were fired from the fort and town, and he was received with every mark of respect, and every public demonstration of joy. His Excellency and his suite soon after set out for Paris."

5. Nineteen prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, four of whom were capitally convicted, viz. John Higginson, one of the Sorters of Letters in the General Post-Office, for stealing and taking out of a letter directed to Messrs. Samuel and Stephen Cripe, at Southwold, Suffolk, seven Bank-notes of the value of 20l. each. Alexander Smith, for uttering and publishing as true, knowing the same to be forged, the names B. and T. Bodington, on a certain bill of exchange for 52l. 10s. as and for the acceptance of Benjamin and Thomas Bodington, with intent to defraud. John Mills (on the Coventry Act) for maliciously laying in wait with others, and cutting off part of the ear of Thomas Brazier, wounding him in the face and divers parts of the body, thereby maiming and disfiguring him; John Brown, a seaman on board his Majesty's ship the Goliath, at Gibraltar, for poisoning one William Richards, another seaman, who was killed on board the said ship, with intent to receive the prize-money due to the said Richards, with intent to defraud Messrs. Rogers, Lloyd, and Stevens; William Ruthey Pratt, for a burglary in the house of John Priestly, and stealing a quantity of silver plate, two pounds of mace, &c.

6. Two prisoners were capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, viz. William Davis, for stealing in the dwelling-house of John Ward, 20 yards of Irish linen cloth, several table-spoons, tea-spoons, &c. and 14 guineas in money; William Harcourt, for treasonably having in his custody a mould made of sand, and other materials and implements proper for the coining and counterfeiting the current silver money

of this realm, called half-crowns, shillings and sixpences, several of which, unfinished, were also found. Twenty-one convicted of felonies, and eleven acquitted.

The same day the Session finally closed on the London side, when seven convicts received judgment of death, seven were sentenced to be transported for seven years, 11 to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the house of correction, nine whipt, and two discharged by proclamation.

The Session of the Peace is adjourned until Monday the 20 of June next at Guildhall.

A letter from Kintale says, that the Linen Hall, M^rIntosh, is arrived here from Halifax in 29 days, by whom it is learned, that all things are quiet there, and that trade now wears a very agreeable aspect. Capt. M^rIntosh fell in at sea with a French Man-of-war, deserted by the crew, called the St. Louis, and brought her in with him; she was very leaky, and most of her cargo was thrown overboard.

7. A Court of Common-Council was held, at which were present the Lord-Mayor and 21 Aldermen.—After the minutes of the former Court were read, the Court were proceeding to the election of an Under Marshal, in the room of M^r. William Müller, appointed Upper Marshal, when a memorial from a number of the liverymen, who had met at the Paul's Head Tavern, Cateaton-street, was presented to the Court, and read, claiming the right of electing the offices of City Marshal and Water Bailiff, if the same were not to be taken for the benefit of the revenue of the city.—The petitions of the several candidates being read, a motion was made and agreed to, "That the election be postponed till the report of the Committee of Bye-laws be made."—The adjourned motion that a Committee be appointed to enquire into the state of the two Compters of this city, and report what is necessary to be done to make the same secure, was taken into consideration, and an amendment was proposed, that instead of a "Committee," it be "the Committee of City Lands." This caused great debates. On the question being put, the amendment was rejected, and the original motion agreed to.—A motion was made and agreed to, that it be an instruction to the said Committee to enquire what regulations are proper to be made in the several gaols belonging to this city.—The adjourned motion, that Samuel Walker, late a sergeant in the City Militia, who was shot through the head, while on duty, during the riots in 1780, be allowed 15l. per annum, was read, and an amendment proposed, that it be 20l. instead of 15l. which was agreed to.—A petition from the company of Tallow Chandlers was read, praying a bye-law to prohibit any person exercising that trade within the city, without being free of their company, which was referred to the Committee of Bye Laws to examine and report.—The bill for raising 2443l. 10s. on the inhabitants of this city for maintenance of the London workhouse was read and passed.

A letter from Cork brings advice, that the Boston frigate is arrived there from Boston, with the thirteen stripes; the master of which says, that three days before he sailed they received the agreeable news from France, that a peace was concluded on between England and the United States, which had given great joy to all ranks of persons, and that expresses were sent to all the provinces, to acquaint the people of that happy event.

8. Four bakers of Farringdon Ward Without were convicted before the Lord Mayor, charged with selling bread short of weight, but, it being their first offence, his lordship fined them only 1s. an ounce each, and paid 22s. another 18s. a third 11s. and the fourth 9s. His lordship assured them, that if they were detected in the like practice again they should pay the full penalty. This fraud was discovered by the inquest going out privately.

10. Le Comte d'Althemar, the French Ambassador, arrived in London with a numerous suite. The Comte for the present resides in Bury-street, St. James's, till he has fixed on his future residence. It is expected that the Definitive Treaty will be concluded in the course of a few days.

At Exeter session, held on Monday the 25th ult. a Serge-maker was convicted in the penalty of 20l. for paying his Serge-weaver that wages in goods, and not in money, contrary to the statute of the 29th of George II. cap. 33, which enacts, "If any Clothier, Serge-maker, &c. shall pay any person employed by him his wages, or price agreed upon, or any part thereof, in goods, or by way of truck, or in any other manner than money, he shall, on prosecution within three months, forfeit 20l. the same to be recovered by action of debt, before two justices, by confession, or oath of one witness, and distributed half to the poor, and half to the informer."

Saturday fortnight were executed at Boughton, near Chelster, pursuant to their sentence at the late assize, Resolution Heap and Martha Brown, the former for a burglary in the dwelling-house of Hannah Gaskell, of Whaley, and the latter for setting fire to a hay-stack, with six bays of building, in Over-Whitley.—Resolution Heap, who was near 70 years of age, exhibited a melancholy instance of human depravity at so advanced a period of life, having been twice condemned prior to the commission of the above crime; and, what is very extraordinary, he solemnly declared that the first of his offences was committed after he had attained his 60th year. Martha Brown was about 28 years of age, and ascribed her misfortunes, in a principal degree, to an unhappy connection with Mary Stanway, her accuser. Their behaviour was in every respect suitable to their lamentable situation.

Saturday last, about two o'clock in the afternoon, a young highwayman, about 18 years of age, stopped John Cooper, Esq; and his Lady, near the Red Lion between Carlhalton and Mitcham Common, and robbed them of 30

guineas and a gold watch, and afterwards robbed three more carriages. He rode a grey poney, and, though pursued by the light-horse quartered there, he got clear off with his booty.

A letter from an English gentleman at Lisbon has the following article: "I have conversed with some of the American captains who have arrived here, and they have declared that though the Americans intend to carry on trade to all countries, yet England will have the greatest share of it, and they believe that the United States will be as strictly united in friendship as they were before the war broke out, and that every advantage in trade will be given to the English in preference to any other nation."

14. At half past ten o'clock the three following convicts were brought from Newgate, put in a cart, and carried to Tyburn, attended by the Sheriffs, City-Marshall, and other officers, where they were executed according to their sentence, viz. James West, and Edward Wootten, for a footpad robbery; and Edward Muslin, for privately stealing 14 guineas and a piece of Irish cloth.—The delay beyond the usual hour was occasioned by the following extraordinary circumstance: When employed in the solemn office of receiving the Holy Sacrament, Muslin addressed himself to the Ordinary, saying he could not look on the tremendous prospect of death, without divulging a matter which pressed heavily on his conscience. Being desired by the Ordinary to explain himself, he said that he was the actual perpetrator of the offence, for which a man named Davis had been convicted, and was then in the cells under condemnation. Hereupon application was made to Mr. Sheriff Taylor, who instantly dispatched messengers to bring the prosecutor and his wife to Newgate. Upon the arrival of these persons, Muslin declared, in their presence, that he, and not Davis, was the man who had committed the offence for which Davis had received sentence of death. In consequence of the above, a messenger was dispatched to the Secretary of State's office; and it is expected that an order will be given for removing Davis from the cells.

There was the most remarkable similarity in the persons, voices, and deportment in manner of Muslin and Davis: This likeness was so strong, that even the turnkeys of Newgate were (when seeing the parties separate) often as a loss to discriminate one from the other.

The Duke de Chartres, the Duke de Fitz-James, and Count Conflans, lately arrived in town from France, were introduced to his Majesty, and graciously received.

East-India House, May 15, 1783.

By letters which arrived over-land from Bombay, the 10th instant, dated the 17th, 18th, and 24th of January last, the Court of Directors received the following intelligence from that presidency, viz.

Colonel Humberstone marched from Callicut the 2d of September; and after reducing some small forts on the march, arrived with his detachment before Palacatcherry the 19th

of October; the next day he made a sudden retreat, harrassed by the enemy, to Mungurry Cottah, one of the forts which he had reduced, about eight miles distant from Palacatcherry, and in the retreat lost his baggage and provisions. Major Hutchinson, of the 98th regiment, died of his wounds.

The 29th of November the Government of Bombay received a letter from the Governor-General and Council at Bengal, stating that they had sent a remittance of 15 lacks of rupees to Bombay by bills, in favour of the Chief and Council at Surat; upon the assurance of which supply, that Government proceeded with the utmost vigour in their preparations for an expedition against the possessions of Hyder Ally upon the Malabar coast.

Colonel Humberstone's situation appeared so critical, that it was determined by the Government of Bombay to send a strong reinforcement to Callicut, under the command of Gen. Mathews.

The armament accordingly left Bombay the 12th of December, under convoy of his Majesty's ship Africa.

The force which accompanied General Mathews consisted of upwards of 400 Europeans, rank and file, and 1500 sepoy, to which three battalions of sepoy were to be added so soon as they could arrive from the northern station.

Colonel Humberstone receiving intelligence that Tipoo Saib had arrived with a large force on the northern banks of the Coleroon, and that there was great reason to apprehend his views were directed against the detachment under his command, the Colonel, on the 12th of November, blew up the fort of Mungurry Cottah, and retired to Ramgarce.

The intelligence proved well founded, Tipoo Saib concealing his march with great ability, had moved with incredible rapidity towards Palacatcherry, where he arrived the 17th. Colonel Humberstone obtaining timely intelligence thereof, blew up Ramgarce, and having previously sent off his baggage, retreated early in the morning of the 19th towards Panany, where the army arrived in safety the next day, having only one officer and six men wounded, though closely pressed by the enemy, who came up with them on the first day's march, and consisted of about 10,000 cavalry and 8000 regular infantry, amongst which were Lally's corps, and about 6000 Polygars.

Colonel Humberstone, on his arrival at Panany, delivered over the command to Colonel Macleod, who was just arrived from Madras, and who immediately found himself invested by a formidable enemy.

The position of the English army was strong from natural advantages, and which was soon improved by works thrown up for that purpose. The army had likewise the assistance of the Pondicherry armed ship, and the Juno frigate. After an ineffectual cannonade for some days on the part of the enemy, Capt. Macleod, induced by false intelligence of their force, made an attempt to surprize them in their camp

camp early in the morning of the 25th, but on forcing the out posts, and making some prisoners, he received such undoubted information of their strength, that he determined to retire without prosecuting the attempt.

The enemy soon afterwards made a vigorous and regular attack upon the Colonel's lines and works with their whole army, led by Lally, at the head of his Europeans, but they were entirely defeated with considerable loss; 200 of the enemy, which were not carried off, were buried by the English, whose loss was inconsiderable. A French officer, who led one of the columns in the attack, was taken prisoner.

Tippoo Saib re-crossed the river a few days afterwards, and in the morning of the 12th of December suddenly decamped, and returned by rapid marches to Palacatty.

Soon after the defeat of Tippoo Saib, Colonel Macleod was reinforced from the fleet by nearly 400 men of his Majesty's regiments, and when the whole of the Bombay troops had joined, it was computed that General Mathews would have about 1500 Europeans and six battalions of Sepoys under his command.

General Mathews receiving intelligence at Goa, that the detachment to the southward was in no danger, resolved to land the troops at Mirjee-River, about five leagues to the northward of Onore, he immediately possessed himself of a fort called Rajahmundry, situated at the entrance of the river, and as soon as the stores could be landed, intended to proceed to the principal fort, called Mirjee, about four miles up the river. The General dispatched a part of the shipping immediately to Panany, to bring up the troops from thence, except such as might be necessary for the defence of the possessions to the southward.

Instead, however, of attacking Mirjee, the General proceeded against Onore, which was taken the 5th of January by storm. The killidars and about 1200 men were made prisoners, and 200 or 300 killed and wounded. The loss of the English in the siege and at the storm was very inconsiderable, except in the death of Lieutenant Charles Stewart, who was shot through the body on the 28th of December, and died the next day.

On receipt of the orders of Gen. Mathews, and the arrival of the vessels, Col. Macleod embarked with as many of the troops from Panany as the vessels could receive, consisting of the whole of the Europeans and the second battalion of Sepoys, the 8th and 11th battalions, with the elephants and draught bullocks, were left at Tellicherry, and were to follow as soon as conveyance could be provided for them, under convoy of the Africa, which remained for that purpose; the Isis and Juno having sailed as convoy to the first embarkation.

The Isis arrived at Bombay the 16th of January, having brought the troops safe to Onore.

The death of Hyder Ally was stated in the most positive and circumstantial terms, in a letter from Col. Macleod, dated the 16th of December, and the Colonel added the sud-

den retreat of Tippoo Saib in the night between the 11th and 12th of that month as a proof of his intelligence being authentic; but as no confirmation of that event had been received at Bombay, there was every reason to conclude that the intelligence was without foundation.

No account had been received at Bombay of the ratification of the treaty with the Marattas, but Scindia continued to pursue Mr. Anderson that it would be ratified, and also of his own steady adherence under all events to the interests of the English.

Sir Richard Bickerton arrived at Bombay from Madras the 28th of November, with the Gibraltar, Cumberland, Defence, Africa, and Inflexible, without having seen the fleet under Admiral Hughes, which had been blown out of Madras road a few days before his arrival, and the Superbe disabled.

The 12th of December the Africa sailed as convoy to the troops under General Mathew, and from the 14th to the 21st the following ships of Admiral Hughes's squadron arrived at Bombay, with the Admiral himself, who had shifted his flag to the Sultan, viz. the Burford and Eagle on the 14th; the Superbe, Magnanime and Worcester on the 16th; the Sultan the 17th; the Exeter, Lizard cutter, and Porpoise storeship, on the 18th; and the Minerva and a Dutch prize on the 21st; the Seahorse frigate had arrived before on the 16th, with notice from the Admiral of his intention of bringing the fleet to Bombay for repair.

The Hero, Monmouth, and Scipio, were left by the Admiral at Goa to assist the Medea had been dispatched to Bignoli, to accommodate General Coote with a passage thither, his ill state of health having obliged him to resign the command to Gen. Stuart, but he intended to resume the command as soon as possible.

The Medea, with the Coventry and St. Carlos, were appointed to cruise in the bay, for protection of the grain vessels, and the Admiral intended in a few days to dispatch the Active to Madras.

The Eagle had been repaired and sheathed with copper; the Superbe and Exeter were in dock for the same purpose; and every exertion was making to complete the squadron with all possible expedition.

The Admiral intended to sail as soon as 15 ships were ready, and to leave the Burford and Worcester to join him afterwards.

Large quantities of rice had been thrown into Fort St. George, and no accounts had been received of the French fleet having appeared on any part of the coast of Coromandel, so late as the 6th of December. A country grabb had arrived at Bombay, which left Bengal-River the 23d of December, and came round the island of Ceylon, but without meeting a single ship.

The French fleet had suffered considerably, and one of their line-of-battle ships was wrecked in the same gale which disabled the Superbe; the L'Orient, of 74 guns, was lost in Trincomalee-bay, after the action of the 24 of September;

September; and it was confidently reported that the French fleet was gone to Acheen to refit.

21. Came on before Lord Loughborough, and the rest of the honorable the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, a motion for an arrest of judgment, in a cause that was tried before Lord Loughborough at Hilary Term, wherein Thomas W. Cludge, Esq. (the late Alderman) was plaintiff, and William Hart, of Red-hill-square, Esq. defendant. The plaintiff had brought an action against the defendant for a breach of covenant. He (the defendant) having applied to the plaintiff to make an indenture, so that the assignees under a commission against William and Richard Samson, might recover a property before sold by the plaintiff to them at New-York, which the plaintiff refused to do, without the defendant would, on the assignees behalf, enter into a covenant for removing the plaintiff from Clerkenwell prison to the King's-bench, and forth the clerks' warrants lodged against him, whereby he might receive the benefit of an act of insolvency. The learned Judge being of opinion that the covenant was an extortion and illegal, satisfied the jury that they could not find too small damages, as the defendant might move in arrest of judgment, which accordingly came on, on the 21st instant; when, after three hours argument, the judges (paying several handsome compliments to Mr. Hart on the audaciousness of his conduct in the business) were pleased unanimously to arrest the judgment.

Counsel for Mr. Hart, Mr. Serjants Hill, Grofs, and Kirby. At orrey, Mr. Bacie, Paternoster-row. Counsel for Mr. Wooldridge, Mr. Recorder. Attorney, Mr. Willy, Berwick-street. •

BANKRUPTS.

William Nott, of Dudley, Worcestershire, miller.—Samuel Wright, of Colchester, miller.—Phineas Jacob, of Fossebone, ship-builder.—Henry Sutton, of Derby, jeweller and toyman.—John Paul, of Halifax, linen-draper.—John Thoburn, of Halifax, grocer.—William Moseley, of Stonebridge, ironmonger.—Richard Moseley, of ditto, ironmonger.—Aaron Daniel, of Manell street, merchant.—William Beck and Peter Beck, of Warrington, contractor.—Jane Goodridge, of Plymouth Dock, milliner.—Mary Johnson, of Liverpool, brewer.—John Cortes, sen. of West-hall, Yorkshire, dealer.—Alexander McClure, of London, merchant.—William Alder, of St. Mary's, merchant.—Moses Moravia and Israel Moravia, of London-street, merchants.—John Huxarden, of St. Helen, Lancashire, carpenter.—John Rowlands, of Brofley, Salop, innholder.—John Walker, of Barking, Essex, timber-merchant.—William Odgers, of Falmouth, mercer.—William Essex, of Bath, dealer.—Joseph Notton, of Quatt, Salop, miller.—Joseph Bell, of Grafton, Lancashire, tea-dealer.—William White, Arthur White, and Hugh White, of Christ-church, Surry, merchants.—Thos. Johnson, of Kingston upon Hull, linen-draper.—Jonathan Fletcher, of Bartholomew lane, insurance-broker.—Richard Webb, of Howcomb, Gloucestershire,

clothier.—Mary Doudeuil, William Hottot, and William De-la-Cour, of Fenchurch-street, merchants.—Thomas Juchau, of Shoreditch, pavilion.—John Seel, of Mossley, Lancashire, dry-falter.—Wm. Freebrough, of St. James, Westminster, tailor.—Christopher Potter, of Parliament-street, orchell-maker.—John Dwyer Parker, of Croydon, brick-maker.—Dennis Lenham, of Aldermanbury, linen-draper.—Sam. Cordes, of the Adelphi, cord-merchant.—John Hodgson, of Rathbone-place, tailor.—Sam. Lemon, jun. of Brea e, Cornal, shop-keeper.—William Clarke, of Ringwood, Hampshire, brewer.—William Covell and Thomas Wright, of Old Ford, calicoe-printers.—William Green the elder and William Green the younger, of Redbrook, Gloucestershire, millers.—Thos. Mann, of Horsham, Sussex, soap-maker.—Alexander Gaet, of Madelwood, Shropshire, grocer.—Denham Bryn, of Tower-hill, broker.—Henry Squire, of Swansea, Glamorganshire, shipwright.—George Baxter, of Knighton, Radnorshire, carrier.—Thos. Eutin, of Liverpool, wine-merchant.—Sarah Hatherall and Elizabeth Hatherall, of Sherborn, Dorsetshire, carriers.—John Orme, of Manchester, merchant.—John Ledingham, of Tetbury, Gloucestershire, dealer.—George Steadman, of Bridgorth, analyst.—Andrew Wood, of Poland-street, warehouseman.—John Edmund Brown, of Winchester-street, merchant.—Rich. Bruce, of Green-lettuce-lane, insurance-broker.—Robert Black, of George-yard, Tower-hill, book-binder.—Thomas Akkew Leach, of Bedford, grocer.—John Mills, of Brentford, stationer.—Thos. Luffingham, of Winchester-street, merchant.—William Bradbury Hall, of Dartford, linen-draper.—Abraham Houlton, of Bristol, brizier.—William Fullerton, of Manchester, looking-glass-manufacturer.—Wm. Clark and Sarah Stephens, of Ringwood, brewers.—Wm. Smith, of Newcastle upon Tyne, dealer.—John Roberts, of Liverpool, merchant.—Leonard Dixon, of Leeds, grocer.—John Maw, of Stamford-bridge, Yorkshire, dealer.—Sarah Hatherell, Elizabeth Hatherell, and Ann Hatherell, of Sherborne, carriers.—Sarah Appleton, of Kelvedon, Essex, shop-keeper.—William Taylor, of Warwick, grocer.—John Swanton, of East-Rusham, Norfolk, dealer.—William Page, of Clare-market, salicman.—George Libbel, of Fleet-street, optician.—John Fuller, of Basing-lane, jeweller.—William Tait, of Old Fish-street, linen-manufacturer.

PROMOTIONS.

CIVIL.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Northington, to be Lord-Lieutenant of the Kingdom of Ireland.—Earl of Sandwich, to be Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks.—Earl of Jersey, to Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners.—Lord Viscount Hinchinbroke, Master of his Majesty's Buck-hounds.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

Dr. Smilwood, to be Bishop of St. David's.—Dr. Warren, to be Bishop of Bangor.—Dr. Bagot, Bishop of Bristol, to be Bishop of Norwich.

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27	Sunday																
28	133 1/2	67 1/2	68 1/2	70	88 1/2	86 1/2	20 1/2		138 1/2	63 1/2	10	75			3	8 1/2	
29		67 1/4	68 1/4	69 1/4					141	64	8	76			2	7 1/2	
30	1	67	68 1/2						139			75 1/2	66 1/2				
31	132 1/2		67 1/2		88			14		63 1/2							
1		66 1/2	67 1/2		87 1/2									1			
2	Sunday		67 1/2							1		75		1	2	1	15 1/2
3	133		67 1/2		88				138 1/2		12			10	2	1	
4									1					9 1/2	3	1	
5															2		
6										63	10						14 19
7											7						
8											7						
9		67	68												1		
10	Sunday																
11																	
12		66 1/2	67 1/2		87 1/2					62	6				2	1	18
13			67 1/2													7 1/2	16
14			67 1/2													6 1/2	17
15			67 1/2													6	16
16		66	66 1/2	69					138							5 1/2	15
17		66	66 1/2														
18	131 1/2		66 1/2		86 1/2				136 1/2	1	10			10	3	4 1/2	14
19	Sunday	64 1/2	65 1/2	67 1/2	86				137	6 1/2	5				4		
20		65 1/2	66 1/2	68					138				65 1/2				
21	130 1/2		66 1/2														
22	131 1/2		66 1/2														
23		66	66 1/2						140				66		3	5 1/2	16
24		65 1/2	66 1/2								6			10	3		17
25	Sunday	66	66 1/2								5				2		16
26			66 1/2														

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European Magazine,

AND

LONDON REVIEW;

CONTAINING THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE.

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON

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L O N D O N :

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We return our sincerest thanks to those ingenious Correspondents who have favoured us with solutions of the Geographical Question in our last, particularly G. R.—J. F.—I. J.—and M. but the limits of our plan would not allow the insertion of more than one.

The ingenuity of the example transmitted by R. makes it worthy of a place, but it came too late for this month.

The Narrative sent by D. is too imperfect for publication.

C. D. H.—Straight Hair—The Retulal, in our next.

We thank Clio for all his favours, and hope he will enable us to continue the Tale of Henry and Eliza in our next.

We are obliged to Sedley for his hints, and will endeavour to profit by them.

The Traveller—F. G.—R. M.—S. Y.—are received and under consideration.

The Midsummer Night, is consigned to oblivion.

The Character of Master Stephen, ascribed to Mr. Garrick, we suspect to be spurious.

The Trifle signed Musidora, is mislaid, or would have been returned, as desired.

W. R. will be inserted in our next.

K. N. L. M. will be attended to.

M. Dauphin's account of the Expedition to Jersey will be given,

*This Day was published, Price One Shilling, sewed in Marble Paper,
[Embellished with an picturesque Frontispiece of the Ice Islands]*

VOLUME the FIFTH of

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* * The Editor of this Work returns his most grateful Thanks to the Public, for the very favourable Reception they have given the first Part of **THE POLITE TRAVELLER**; which, being now finished, may be had in separate Volumes, Price 1s. each sewed, or the Four Volumes neatly bound in Two, and lettered, Price 6s.

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T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
A N D
L O N D O N R E V I E W ;
F O R J U N E , 1783.

T o t h e R E A D E R .

IT was our full intention to subjoin to our admirable likeness of the Duke de Chartres, the full particulars of his life, but the Gentleman who furnishes the biographical part of our Magazine, being taken ill, and continuing so, obliges us to postpone this article to next month, not wishing to give a mutilated account of so illustrious a personage.

The M A N M I L L I N E R . No. XIV.

THIS month exhibits a greater variety in the fashionable circles than any in the year; the King's birth-day is always complimented with every thing of female ornament that fancy and taste can design and execute. To mention every particular of elegance that graced the drawing-room and the ball, would swell this account beyond the limits of your magazine; the most striking objects I have attended to with pleasure, as they exhibited more than Gallic elegance.

The Queen was dressed in a gorge de pigeon lacestring, covered with a silver-wrought craped gauze, richly ornamented with diamonds, lemon colour and silver fringe, festoons, &c.

The Princess Royal and Princess Augusta appeared in a brilliant dress of white and silver, superlatively trimmed, and both of the same pattern: their caps were without feathers, being ornamented with a brilliant plume each, and a wreath of white and green. These illustrious sisters, the ornaments of the British nation, excelled the rest of the court, as much in appearance as in superiority of rank. The ladies in general discovered great liberality and taste in their several habiliments and decorations.

Lady Horatia Waldegrave was perfectly elegant in white Italian gauze, trimmed with a curious wrought crape, in colours, variously interspersed with jewellery, bouquets, love-knots, wreaths of roses, laurel, &c. Lady George Cavendish was no less elegant in lilac and silver; every part of her ladyship's attire was perfectly striking, and the wreaths of lilac in the trimming, were the best deception we ever saw: most of the ladies were either in white, petit rouge, papillon, or the royal purple. Among the ladies who shone most brilliant in white, were Lady Elizabeth and Lady Car. Waldegrave, the Countess of Carlisle, the Countess of Jersey, Lady Charlotte Bertie, Lady Gideon, &c. &c.

The Duchesses of Richmond, Lady Talbot, Lady Bassett, and Lady Palmerston (who was dressed in a very superior style) and many other ladies that we cannot enumerate, wore the papillon. Lady Delawar and Lady Willoughby were extremely elegant in petit rouge, and the Duchesses of Ancaster was extremely well dressed in royal purple and silver.

The Prince of Wales appeared in a pale pink and silver, richly embroidered down the seams. The Duke of Cumberland was in a bloom colour. Most of the gentlemen

men appeared in light colours, except the *Ministry*, who were shaded in dark hues.

The head dresses of the ladies were more fanciful than on any of the late preceding birth-days; the gentlemen also appeared to have adopted the same variety.

In the evening there was a most superb ball; the minuets were commenced at nine o'clock by the Prince of Wales, who walked the two first with the Princess Royal and Princess Augusta, after which they were continued by the Duke of Cumberland, Lord Galway, Lord Morton, Mr. North, Mr. Smith, Mr. Lake, Lady Aylesford, Lady P. Bertie, Lady Horatia Waldegrave, Lady George Cavendish, Mrs. Walpole, Miss Thynne, Miss St. John, Miss Broderick, &c. &c.

The ladies who were candidates for minuet dancing were so numerous, that every gentleman, except the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cumberland, had to undergo the task of dancing four minuets. The country dances did not begin till a quarter past eleven. The two first couples were the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal; Duke of Cumberland and Princess Augusta; besides which were Lord Galway, Mr. Lake, Mr. North, Mr. Smith, &c. Lady H. Walpole, and other ladies of the circle, who danced minuets. The ball broke up at about half past twelve.

SQUIBS OF THE MONTH AND FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

The Rutland ribbon and hat *à la Gimar* are at this moment two of the most fashionable decorations in female dress.

The broad gridiron buckle is at last kicked off, and the more modest oval pattern, supplies its place upon the wanton foot of beauty.

The *brown gown* of Perdita is totally thrown by, as the unproductive garment of female singularity!

Since the return of the Duc de Chartres to Paris, the bucks of France, who had before a turn for English manners and dress, have become perfect heretics to Gallic fashion. They are now jockeyed up to the Newmarket standard; wear the Prince of Wales's boot, buckskins on the trigonometry principle, and hats fortified with electric composition.

The opera-house is to be conducted next season upon a plan toute a Francois: the younger Vestris, we understand, is shortly to be at the head of the dancing troop.

Lord William G——n has ornamented the gate of his ranger's lodge, with a pair of large chizzled Bucks, decorated with

Antlers of the most stately dimensions—whether this is intended as a piece of *satirical* satire against the cuckoldy race of Piccadilly, or is calculated merely as an ensign of defiance from his own garrison, saying "horns! horns! I defy you!" the noble deviler himself is best able to explain!

A remarkable omission appeared in Mr. Palmer's dress a few evenings ago in the *Separate Maintenance*; the use of two buttons, which men in general are most attentive to, was neglected. The boxes first made the discovery;—the Gibraltar fan was reversed on the occasion, and the invention afterwards *reprobated*, because it completely answered the momentary purpose. The demures considered it as an incident of the play, and called it a happy thought; the impures tittered at the sight, and remarked it was something vastly *nouvelle*!

The above omission is laid to the charge of a female dresser, whose department it is to attend those gentlemen who play *upper parts* in genteel comedy; and her defence is, that it saved her considerable trouble in the course of the evening.

The Perdita's vis-a-vis is said to be the aggregate of a few flakes laid at Brooke's, which the competitors were not able to decide; Mr. Fox therefore proposed that, as it could not be better applied than to the above purpose, that the Perdita should be accordingly presented with an elegant carriage. The ill-natured call it Love's last Stake, or the Fool of Fashion.

Perdita's vis-a-vis has in an oval a representation of the rising sun gilding some loose and scattered clouds; round this device is a loose curtain, on the top of which is a ducal coronet of flowers, and the British lion couchant, peeping out his disgraced head from the place where the jordan should be.—If this was the Perdita's own fancy, it might be pardoned, as the folly of a weak woman, but manners and decency should have whispered that such Puns as the Rising Sun, and the British Lion humiliated under the curtain of a courtesan's bed, were jokes unbecoming her fancy or her folly.

LITERATURE and the POLITE ARTS.

Doctor Johnson has not yet finished his life of Spencer, which we are told will be very voluminous, abounding with scarce and interesting anecdotes. We hope the ingenious biographer sits down to it *otter* than Mr. Sheridan to his *Foresters* and comedy of *Affectation*, else we may be

left in company with Tristram Shandy, who has given us a beginning, but no end.

Ramberg, whose intimacy with those characters in the Sorrows of Werter, (who we find are not the offspring of fiction, for all, Werter excepted, now live in and about Hanover) has just finished a beautiful picture of Charlotte, attended by Werter's favourite boy, visiting his grave. This pathetic picture will be highly estimable with the numerous admirers of this exquisite German tale; the more so as we understand the face and figure of Charlotte were drawn from the life by Mr. Ramberg, before he took his leave of this beautiful and innocent cause of Werter's sorrows.

The same ingenious gentleman has nearly finished a picture in the first style of painting, of the same pathetic cast of the former; the subject a blind soldier playing a violin, while his dog, who holds his master's hat in his mouth, solicits the charity of the lookers on. The harmony throughout this piece is inimitable; the tailor's face is expressive of the finest sympathy, and the attendant group reflect the highest honour on his pencil. We are told this picture is for the King, under

whose patronage Mr. Ramberg is in England.

Miss Seward has new strung her captivating lyre, and is about a work of some length, which her friends talk of with the highest pleasure. What this work is called, we have not been able to learn, or what the subject, but every one we have heard speak about it, place it at the head of all her poetical productions.

It is said Dr. Beattie is finishing his beautiful poem of the *Minstrel*, which has been a long time looked for by as numerous a train of admirers as ever did homage to the name of any living genius.

A gentleman in the literary world is busy in collecting the remains of the inimitable pastoral poet Cunningham, which are expected to appear, embellished with elegant engravings by Mr. Gillray, and other excellent artists, in a few weeks.—We hope to find the correspondence between Shenstone and he is not totally destroyed.

What was said a few years ago relative to the instituting an Order of Genius, it is said will be carried into execution, at the earnest request of the Prince of Wales, a few days after he comes of age.—Dr. Johnson is talked of as the senior knight of this most illustrious order.

The HAIR-DRESSER; or, HERALD of ANECDOTE.

No. III.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU should have heard from me as regularly as from your most attentive correspondent, but sickness prevented me from not only holding the pen, but stirring abroad for fresh intelligence. I love good anecdote, as I consider it the quintessence of conversation; and would go farther to collect it, than any gentleman in quest of fossils, gems, or Egyptian curiosities. Looking over my list this morning, I found the following bon mot of an illustrious young gentleman, which was related by Lady C. while I was dressing the Countess of H. You may depend upon its originality.

The young Duke of B.— in a conversation with the P. of W. one morning informed him he had been at Covent Garden theatre the evening before, where the shaft of love, for the first time, pierced his heart; and the wound he was convinced would be some time healing. "Indeed! (said the P.) pray who was the object be?" "You know (replied the Duke) the powerful *Archer* very well." "Oh my dear friend (said the P.) you are in no danger, take my word for it, it was only a *Painting* that captivated you,"

Mr. H.—, who painted the picture of Mrs. Siddons in the character of Belvidera, invited a gentleman, friend of the polite arts, to see it, who postponed his visit till the last morning of being. When the gentleman had reviewed the picture, he asked Mr. H. when it would be finished.—Mr. H. who is an enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. S. replied with the utmost simplicity, at the same time professionally, "I expect the divine woman here every minute, when I will touch her up to transport her, and then I shall consign her to the engraver to exert himself upon the *beauty's face*."

The hair-dresser after Mr. O'Keefe's farce, the Positive Man, made its appearance at Covent Garden theatre, that wonderful stage veteran Mr. Macklin, in a conversation with Mrs. Abington, asked her if she had seen the Positive Man. She replied often: "That cannot be, Madam, (replied Shylack) for last night was the first time of representation."—"That may be, Sir (said the comic character) but ever since I knew the Man of the World, I have been acquainted with the Positive Man."

As the little manager was standing at the door

door of the Hay-market theatre during a violent storm, and very heavy shower, a few evenings ago, and giving directions for carrying off the water, which had almost risen to a little inundation; a friend

passing by, called out, "Well, Colman, how do you go on?"—"Oh, *swimmingly!*" (says the manager) *swimmingly! an over-flowing house, you see."*

SKETCH of that most wonderful Prussian Philosopher, COLONEL KATTERFELTO, the Breeder of Kitchens, and the Edius of Piccadilly; accompanied with an admirable LIKENESS of him.



FROM the days of the renowned George Psalmanazar to this, Colonel or Doctor Katterfelto, the divine and moral philosopher of Piccadilly, is unquestionably the most distinguished adventurer, whether we regard him as an itinerant philosopher, a juggler, or an insatiable puffer. He seems to have paid great attention to Mr. Fox's opinion of English *etiquette*, who has been heard to af-

firm, the people of England might with propriety, be compared to a great *goose pie*, and that man was an ass whose invention could not procure him a large slice of it. —College boys, and other readers, who wear very wise faces, may censure us with severity for dedicating a moment's attention to this frontless character; but we are convinced from experience there are those readers in the world, to whom we have perhaps

perhaps been more obliged, who will thank us for registering those rare and singular effusions of Colonel Katterfelto's genius, which have repeatedly provoked risibility in all degrees, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to Dr. Johnson himself. We would have endeavoured to procure anecdotes of this astonishing philosopher, we mean new anecdotes; for he has, in his numerous pulls, told us his *birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour*; but we understand he is now preparing for the press a voluminous work, entitled *Memoirs of the greatest Philosopher that ever existed or will exist*; and this stopped us short in our career in search of what a number of his many hundred thousand admirers have been gaping for so long. We shall therefore proceed to collect from his many hundred singular advertisements, what we think will gibbet him up to posterity as one of the most enterprising impostors that ever made an attack on the pockets of the credulous and unthinking people of this country. We cannot think the doctor put these together himself; for he is, if we may judge from what we have perceived by attending his incoherent exhibition, a man of very shallow fancy. His literary journeyman deserves some approbation for the variety he has introduced, and his manner of distilling his redoubtable master's extraordinary pulls. Though not in order, we shall beg leave to place the following at the head of this medley.

"A letter from Berlin says, the reason that the King of Prussia has taken such great notice of the Bishop of Osnaburgh, since his arrival at Potsdam, more than he has done to any other prince, is, Capt. Katterfelto, belonging to the Death's Head Hussars, having informed the King that his brother was the greatest philosopher in England, and was taken great notice of at the British Court, having discovered many useful sciences in their navy, which induced his Majesty to shew the greatest respect for his Royal Highness; his Majesty has also presented Capt. Katterfelto to his Royal Highness, to give him an opportunity of conversing with the Prince about his brother now in London, and taken so much notice of by his Britannic Majesty. The King of Prussia is very proud that his army is looked on to be the finest in Europe in the field, and Capt. Katterfelto's brother, who is a native of his Prussian Majesty's dominions, is the greatest philosopher in the world."

REASONABLE CORRESPONDENCE
against the Health of his Majesty's liege Subjects.

"WHEREAS, besides the many importunate letters Dr. Katterfelto has received, entreating his attendance in foreign Courts, he had last week divers epistles from Ireland, Scotland, the inland and remote parts of this kingdom, the Isles of Wight and Man, &c. &c. which he conceives to come from certain apothecaries, surgeons, and others of the faculty concerned in the destruction of the human race, as all those letters express a desire, that he will set at liberty the dangerous insects now in his possession, and which occasioned the influenza last spring; which influenza the said letter writers seem desirous of having repeated, preferring their own emolument to the health of his Majesty's liege subjects, and for which purpose they have offered Dr. Katterfelto large sums of money in order to comply with their wishes. But Dr. Katterfelto, as a moral and divine philosopher, considering so many honours and advantages he has received from the Royal Family, nobility, and people of every distinction in this kingdom, will not be guilty of such ingratitude as to lay up so many thousands of the good people of these realms for any reward, or upon any consideration whatever. And he takes this public method of answering all the said letters accordingly, having reserved those noxious insects for the express purpose of exhibiting them, amongst his other curious objects, by his solar microscope, and which are to be seen to the greatest advantage this and every day this and next week, from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon; or when the sun does not shine he will shew his curious occult secrets, which have surprised the King and the whole Royal Family.—The evening lecture, at eight o'clock, will be continued as usual, and enriched by the presence and extraordinary performances of the black cat, by which Katterfelto doubts not of getting at least 30,000*l.* in the course of the present year, especially if she should have kittens, as he will not dispose of any under at least 500 guineas, as several of the first nobility in different parts of Europe, have already requested to have some of that most wonderful breed!"

"A letter from Berlin says, That Capt. Katterfelto, belonging to the Death's Head Hussars, has obtained leave the 5th of March last from his Prussian Majesty, that

that his brother, who travels in the character of a philosopher, and is now in the city of London, may travel a few years longer, as there is not any likelihood of a war in the King of Prussia's dominions; the Captain has obtained leave on such conditions, that his brother is not to enter France or Spain in his travels, and to join his regiment by command of his Prussian Majesty or his General; Capt. Katterfelto has also received power from the King to send his brother the fifth part of his fortune, which was left to him by his uncle, General Katterfelto, who died the 18th of December last. The whole fortune amounts to 300,000 ducats, and the only heirs to the above fortune are Capt. Katterfelto and his brother. The Captain has also obtained leave from his Majesty, that he may, after the next general review, visit England, if his brother does not come to Berlin; but the Captain has only leave to be absent from his regiment four months, but that is looked on at Berlin as a great favour for an officer to be permitted to go into a foreign country; but the reason why such a favour was granted, many say, is because the late General Katterfelto, his uncle, and the late Colonel Katterfelto, his father, were two favourites last war of the King of Prussia, as they took many thousand prisoners."

"Katterfelto, that great and most surprising philosopher, a gentleman says, astonished him and his friends on Wednesday last, by his solar microscope, beyond any man's expression; and he would not wonder if the King, Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family was with him every day, or night, as he certainly is the only person who ought to be encouraged for his merit and exhibitions, as his equal is not to be found in the three kingdoms, and if he advertised an hundred times more wonders he would not say too much; for his advertising four times, wonders I raised my curiosity to go and see that philosopher with my friends; after his day's exhibition, seeing such wonderful wonders, I was curious to see his night's exhibition, and heard several ladies and gentlemen assert, that his black cat was a devil, for one minute she has a tail, and the next she has none; and many would have that he himself is a devil, otherwise it were impossible that he could shew such extraordinary feats in dexterity of hand as he performed that night; and he is to exhibit this day and Monday next, greater wonders. We are informed from *wonderful* authority, that several thousand pounds have been laid on the subject of Dr. Kat-

terfelto's black cat; some of the 90,000 people who have visited that exhibition averring, that the said cat *has*, and others, that she *has not*, a tail; whilst the generality of his auditors strongly suspect, from certain philosophical insinuations, that this same black animal is no other than the devil himself."

Extract of a letter from Paris, dated June 10, 1783.

"The Queen of France is highly pleased, as is also the King and the whole Court, that Dr. Katterfelto has sent one of his celebrated black cat's kittens as a present to her Majesty, by his Royal Highness the Duke de Chartres; and both the King and Queen of France have agreed to send that celebrated philosopher a handsome present, which is now making by a capital artist at Paris, and is said to be worth 8000 livres. The letter likewise expresses, that the whole Court of France has now a great desire to see Dr. Katterfelto and his exhibition, from the report of his Royal Highness and his suite, that his exhibition on the solar microscope, and his black cat, was the only curiosity they had seen in London worthy of notice. It likewise expresses, that Dr. Katterfelto was a great curiosity, his conversation more so, and his exhibitions above all description.—He farther says, if his name was Kater Devil in place of Katterfelto, it would be more suitable to his performance. The Queen of France is much surprized, that the kitten has no tail; but if the Doctor's famous black cat kittens again, he expects that he will send her one that has got a tail, in order to propagate the breed of this wonderful cat in France."

"Rare News!!! Dr. Katterfelto is extremely happy to acquaint the public of an event which cannot but give universal pleasure; last Saturday his celebrated black cat, which has nine times more excellent qualities than any nine cats among those nine-lived animals, was safely delivered of NINE kittens; seven of which are black and two are white. So that he will be able to accommodate several of those Kings and Princes who have expressed a desire of having one of the breed of his wonderful black cat, which of all surprising animals is the most surprising, as those who have seen it can testify. And Dr. Katterfelto expects, that the birth of those wonderful kittens will be mentioned in all foreign newspapers and gazettes; and that ambassadors will be sent from all the philosophers in the world to congratulate him upon so happy an occasion; therefore

Dr.

Dr. Katterfelto acquaints the public, that he will remain in this kingdom for some time longer."

"Wonderful and astonishing wonders! wonders! wonders! and wonders! are to be seen this day by the solar microscope! and may the black cat have nine times nine lives!"

"Katterfelto is sorry to find, that writers in the newspapers have several times, and particularly within the last fortnight, asserted, that he and his black cat were devils. On the contrary, Katterfelto professes himself to be nothing more than a moral and divine philosopher, and assures the nobility and public, that the idea of him and his black cat being devils arises merely from the astonishing performances of Katterfelto and his laid cat, which, both in the day's and the night's exhibition, are such as to induce all the spectators to be devils indeed! the black cat appearing in one instant with a tail, and the next without any."

"Katterfelto is to exhibit this present evening, by particular desire of several noblemen and many ladies of the very first rank, the same exhibition which gave

so much satisfaction last Monday night to so many of the nobility; and Mr. Katterfelto is very happy that he is so much in favour among the nobility, and that his exhibition is looked on at present as the first performance in this city, at night as well as by day. It also gives Mr. Katterfelto the greatest pleasure in hearing, that his exhibition room has now acquired the title of the Morning Promenade in the polite circles. The suspicion which arose, that he and his black cat were devils was in consequence of his various surprising, and wonderful performances, as such an extraordinary and uncommon exhibition has not its like in this or any other kingdom. His exhibition of occult secrets, and, if the sun shines, of his new improved solar microscope, will be this and every day from eight o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon; and those that see his occult secrets in the day time, and not the solar microscope, will also receive a ticket to his night lecture, or to his exhibition on the solar microscope any other day. N. B. His favourite black cat will make her appearance this evening."

REFLECTIONS ON SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENTS.

SITTING at the Sun Tavern on Ludgate-street this evening with my old friend Mr. Pamphlet, he exclaimed loud enough to be heard in Paternoster-row, on looking over the Herald, D—n it, what have we here? I have had authors in pay of all degrees before now, from the bombastic to the entertaining, but never met any passage of the extravagant so much above the flight of my comprehension as this. [Here Mr. Pamphlet read out of the advertisements preserved in the foregoing collection.] Did you ever hear the like, gent—men? The man is certainly bereaved of his senses."

"Not so, Sir, says Mr. Elzevir; in any other kingdom this flight would appear madness, but here, unless every thing wears an uncommon singularity, genius may associate with the rabble, and her best works lie upon our shelves for an age before the very wisest of the children of literature will be tempted to run over the title page. There's the advertisement of a Black Coat, I don't suppose there was a character belonging to the church from the first dignitary to the poorest curate, nor a decayed gentleman, nor an author, but what was as impatient for a sight of this singular phenomenon as Solander

and Banks for the transit of Venus over the sun.—Then there's the Adventures of a Guinea, a Bank Note, a Sedan Chair, and a Hackney Coach, all which have passed through many editions; while Baxter's Dying Thoughts, Drelincourt upon Death, and all the religious and excellent authors may be purchased in their first garments at any of the book-shops about town for three-pence a volume. Singularity, gentlemen, is the intense study of every modern author, and indeed of every bookseller. I can't tell but I have turned out of my hands before now as sublime an epic poem as Milton's, merely through the want of a striking title. To convince you how general this practice is become within a few years, and how necessary it is, to recommend the sons of every science, listen to what follows, which I saw some years ago on a watch-maker's show-board in Oxford, which I am certain you will think much more singular than what the guardian Goddess of Health, her imperial doctor, or even Katterfelto himself has ever yet exhibited.

"Here are fabricated and renovated all sorts of tophiacal horoscopes, other notable or permanent, linguistic, or tactical, whose circumstances are per-

formed by internal spiral elastic, or external pendulous plumbages. — Also diminutives, both simple and compound, whose integuments are invested with aurum or argentum.

"This relique of genius I thought worth preserving. I intended for some time to present it to the Antiquarian Society, till my friends told me it was much too modern; but if I could present the coral and bells that Charles the Fifth amused himself with in his childhood, or the night-cap that Shakespeare wore on his death-bed, or Parson Adams's crabstick, or Lacy's manu-

script, where Scipio's speech to the Romans on his victory over Hannibal and the Carthaginians is mentioned, or some wonderful discovery of the kind, I'd be instantly dubbed a member of the illustrious assembly. Though I am convinced not one reader in fifty can make head or tail of this singular flight of genius, it is an advertisement of great ingenuity notwithstanding, and will afford much pleasure to gentlemen mechanicks who are fond of the science of watchmaking, and who can spare time to puzzle their heads with the solution.

PERCY.

The MENTAL COUNSELLOR. "No. II.

SINCE the publication of the first number of this paper, the MENTAL COUNSELLOR has had the following case transmitted for his opinion, which he thought it his duty to lay before his readers previous to answering the questions proposed therein.

To the MENTAL COUNSELLOR

SIR,

LAST night, after the usual business of the day was over, I sat down; and taking up the European Magazine of last month, that was lying on the table before me, the part that I first opened to was the thoughts on Wisdom, Rectitude, &c. I particularly remarked a few moral sentences on Pride, which drew to my recollection the following occurrence that happened to me yesterday morning. I called upon a friend in the city on some affairs of business; he was not at home. As I wished to see him before I returned, I was shewn into a room; desired to sit down, and wait his coming, which was soon expected. I walked about some time; at last I stepped up to a large glass, fixed on one side of the room, and stood before it a little while to adjust my stock, turning my head on one side and the other; at the same time I was trying to diversify my looks in a variety of ways, and studying what call and disposition of features gave me the most cheerful and agreeable form of countenance; for I have been often told my looks are, in their usual and unaffected state, too grave to be generally pleasing. My friend, whom I was expecting every moment to enter the room, being remarkable for lively gaiety and genteel manner of behaviour, I was employing the few entertaining minutes in endeavouring to meet

him in as respectful an visage, and as much in his own way and humour as I could. — Thus engaged I was presently interrupted by a sprightly young woman, who was looking out at a window on the opposite side of the way, and had risibly fixed her eyes on me; but on my seeming to observe her in her feast of entertainment, she ran from the window with a manifest laugh in her countenance. Well, said I within myself, I must bear the stigma; this innocent female has no doubt carried off with her ideas of my being possessed of insufferable pride and vanity. I was greatly hurt that I should be seen so far to usurp the privilege of the fair sex, viz. *in speculo vultum formandi*; and that even the smallest visible indulgence of this nature in our own sex, should be branded with the name of propensity to offensive vanity and proud hauteur. I conceive the epithet often, very often is too justly applicable to certain descriptions of men.

But, Mr. Counsellor, after assuring you that I felt no other motive in this instance of my conduct, but purely that of becoming agreeable to my friend, permit me to ask whether, in your opinion, I am deserving ridicule and censure; or whether in any respect it can be said I acted within the sphere of propriety, not unbecoming the manliness of an Englishman. — And let me further ask you, that although self-pride meets your reproof, may we not err on the side of humility: Is there no reconcileable medium betwixt pride and humility, or self-admiration and debasement? — Your sentiments, Mr. Mental Counsellor, on these questions, and on the particular subject of my letter, will be truly acceptable to Sir,

Your very humble servant,
London, May 25, 1783. ZENO.

The error into which Zeno has fallen is not so much in the action itself, as in the design, time, and place of performance. In a private closet his attention to becoming appearance would not have been censurable; but as a man he merited ridicule for exposing himself in such a situation to a second person, and more especially for subjecting himself to the piercing glances of a sprightly female, who was doubtless justified in conceiving the rights of her sex invaded, and consequently in forming unfavourable ideas of the invader. There is but one set of men in whom such practices can be passed over without censure or ridicule, and those are the gentlemen of the theatre; the act of the man there sinks under the consideration of his profession. Zeno attempts to justify his conduct by stating his motive for it; but that seems also impeachable. His object was to affect a countenance he did not wear, and to controvert the decrees of nature. Affectation, if successful, is ever censurable; that of Zeno was also unwise. Tricks of grimace are justifiable, and may, as has been observed, succeed on the stage; but weak indeed must be the man in private company, who supposing another could be deceived by such cobweb-artifices; and perhaps far greater abilities than those of my client would be necessary to support an assumed character under such circumstances. As to the distinction between self-admiration and debasement it is obvious; but these terms are applicable both to body and mind. As to the first, soperity is ridiculous, and slovenliness censurable; decency is here the proper medium. As to the second, to be vain of our accomplishments, shews a want of self-knowledge; to sink into vice and folly is criminal; virtue and modesty in this case constitute the proper medium.—Zeno perhaps will think that the MENTAL COUNSELLOR has delivered a rude and harsh opinion. He may rest assured it is an honest one; and if he keeps his own council, it will do him no injury, and may by his frankness prove beneficial to others in a similar situation.

Another case has likewise been laid before the MENTAL COUNSELLOR, and is stated in the following manner:

TO the MENTAL COUNSELLOR.

SIR,
FROM your first paper, which accidentally fell into my hands, I conclude that you are a friend to the fair sex; as

such I beg leave to submit my unhappy case to your consideration, and to solicit your advice and assistance thereon.—I am the only daughter of a farmer who resides a small distance from town. Providence early smiled on his labours; gave him plentiful crops, and glorious harvests. Fortune, unhappily for me, followed of course. Affection is not regulated by riches; and mine unfortunately was placed on a young man of small property. His first views were honourable, and he offered me an humble tender of his hand and heart, which I would gladly have accepted. Wealth is too commonly the deity of age; and such was the case of my parents. They opposed our union; and being but eighteen, the law gave force to their opposition, and prevented our intended marriage. Love was too pressing to wait for gratification till the period appointed by act of parliament, framed by beings lost to all susceptibility of the tender passions, and actuated principally, if not solely, by the dictates of avarice and tyranny. My lover reprobated the necessity of forms with those whom natural affection had united. He vowed eternal constancy and truth; and swore to legalize our association when I should become of age. I loved him too well to think he could prove false; flew to his arms, and trusted to his honour, my virgin faith and virgin charms. For a time he was gentle as the summer breeze, and kind and constant as the faithful dove. But new beauties rose, and the opportunity of possessing them induced him to conclude that forbearance would be folly. He fled, and I was left a poor deserted, friendless female. My reputation was flown before, and now my support was gone. My situation and distress served but as sportive subjects for an unfeeling and censorious world. Friends were inexorable; subsistence by honest means, from a superior education, and loss of character, unattainable. I took the road that thousands had, reluctantly pursued before; and now with thousands of other unhappy females, oppressed by parental tyranny, and betrayed by falsehood, am a miserable prostitute. I have felt this state of my case, not with a hope of benefit myself, but that by publishing it, with your remarks, others may be guarded against the misfortunes that have befallen the unhappy

CORINNA.

ing case is of a nature truly singular. All laws and circumstances are unfortunately by no means

tend to impede or prevent matrimony, necessarily lead to prostitution. The passions were intended for, and will seek gratification. To think of suppressing them, is to adopt a chimerical notion of converting the general order of nature. The marriage act was vainly formed for this ridiculous purpose; and in a feeble attempt to implant in younger minds the principles of avarice, under the specious name of prudence, has promoted vice, and decreased population. The parental authority is sufficiently secured by the

law of nature. Mr. Fox, when in opposition, proposed a repeal of this infamous act; he cannot do a more humane or patriotic action, than to use his influence as a Minister for its obliteration. The benevolent views of Corinna, in communicating her case, shew that, contrary to a vulgar opinion, the loss of one virtue does not necessarily include the loss of others. An attentive perusal of her story is the best advice that can be given for the safety of his female clients, by

THE MENTAL COUNSELLOR.

Heads of the Act for laying a Stamp Duty upon Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, Receipts, &c.

THE preamble recites the present act for stamping bills of exchange, &c.

The 1st clause enacts, that the above act shall stand repealed on the 1st of August, 1783.

2. That new duties shall commence on the same day, viz. on every foreign and inland bill of exchange, promissory or other note, draft or order, under fifty pounds, a stamp duty of Six-pence. For fifty pounds and upwards One Shilling.

3. That the stamp duties on receipts shall commence on the 1st day of September, 1783, viz. Receipts for two, and under twenty pounds, to pay Two-pence; twenty pounds and upwards to pay Four-pence.

4. Drafts and orders for payment of money on demand, drawn upon bankers, &c. living within ten miles of the drawer, to be exempted from the duty: As also receipts for money paid into the Bank of England, or other banking-house; or for dividends on the funds, or on the back of any bill of exchange, promissory or other note, already stamped; or Bank post-bill, or acknowledging the receipts of any bills, notes, or remittances; or any receipt on deed, bond, mortgage, or other obligatory instrument already directed to be stamped; or any release or acquittance by deed, or receipt given by the Treasurer of the Navy; or on account of pay of the army, or given by officer, seaman, or soldier, or their representatives, on account of wages, pay, or pension; or on any Navy, Victualling or Ordnance bill.

5. Not to extend to any bill of exchange, &c. issued in Scotland, and under

6. Not to extend to more than 3d. duty on any bill, &c. on demand, wherein the sum does not amount to 10l.

7. Nor to any receipt on a foreign bill of exchange.

8. No foreign bill chargeable with more than 6d. but duplicates and triplicates to pay the same.

9. Bank notes, &c. exempted, on condition of the corporation of the Bank paying 12,000l. per annum.

10. Twenty pounds penalty on evading the act.

11. Receipts in full to pay 4d.

12. Duty on bills of exchange, &c. to be paid by the drawer; duty on receipts by the person requiring the receipts, except in case of his Majesty.

13. Management of the above duties to be with the Commissioners of Stamps, who have power to employ officers.

14. Vellum, paper, &c. to be stamped before engrossing or writing, or not to be received in evidence.

15. Unstamped receipts under 2l. may be given in evidence for the sum expressed, but not as acknowledgments of all debts and demands.

16. Stamp of 2d. upon receipts amounting to two, and under twenty pounds, may be given in evidence for the sum expressed, but not as a general discharge in full of all demands.

17. An additional stamp to be put upon bills already stamped with a three-penny stamp, under the last act.

18. The usual allowance to be made on prompt payment of duties.

19. Commissioners may alter the stamps occasionally.

20. Counterfeiting stamps, DEATH.

21. This act to be regulated as former acts.

22. One moiety of pecuniary penalties to go to his Majesty, the other to the informer.

23. The duties to be paid to the receiver general of other stamp duties.
24. The books to be kept in the office of the Auditor of the Exchequer.

25. Application of the duties.
26. Persons sued for executing this act, may plead the general issue.

Some Account of Mr. SPALDING, the Improver of the DIVING BELL, for the particulars of whose untimely Fate see page 476.

THIS gentleman was a native of Edinburgh, where he carried on an extensive business as a sugar refiner and confectioner. Since the days of Dr. Halley, not an individual ever made the least effort to go under water by means of the diving-bell; Mr. Spalding, impelled by curiosity, an intrepidity of spirit, and a genius for mechanics, made several attempts to remain for a considerable time in deep water, under the bell, which were always crowned with success.

He at length became such a proficient in this aquatic art, that he could remain, if necessary, for a whole day in water of twelve or fourteen fathom deep. His acquaintances having so many proofs of the tilling danger with which this wonderful visitation of the deep was attended, many of them ventured at different times to accompany him; nay, once an Amazonian lady, belonging to Edinburgh, went down with him, where she remained for upwards of half an hour. A ship from London to Leith having been wrecked some years since, in which Mr. Spalding had a great many articles, he made a proposal to the owners of the cargo, that if they would bear a share in the expences of his journey to the wreck, he would make every effort in his power for the recovery of their joint property; but they all declining, Mr. Spalding went at his own charges; and although he recovered little of his own, being in the water perishable commodities, he brought up a considerable part of the rest of the cargo, which no law could wrest from him.

When the unfortunate accident happened to the Royal George, Mr. Spalding was sent for, and engaged by the Admiralty and the Board, on the following condition. "That he was to have one third of all the property he could raise belonging to the Royal George." He in consequence brought up nine brass guns, and a few iron ones, and stores to the value of near a thousand pounds, the whole being estimated on a fair valuation, at 3000l. but it is reported they were so much under-rated, that he did not receive above 400l. out of which his expence came to the one half. The sold before approach-

ing, Mr. Spalding left Portsmouth last October, with a promise that he would return in the warm months, and resume his avocation. The treatment, however, he received from these Boards not being of the most liberal kind, and another offer presenting itself of infinitely more emolument, he of course readily embraced the latter. He was sent for from Edinburgh by the underwrite of the Belgioso Imperial East-Indiaman, which was wrecked some time ago in Dublin bay, outward bound from Liverpool, and not a soul saved. Their agreement with him was truly liberal indeed! The cargo was valued at near 150,000l. of which there is 30,000l. in silver and lead. He was to have one-fourth of the silver and lead, and one-half of the rest of the cargo; and although he should not recover an article, they were to defray all his expences, from the day he left Edinburgh to the day of his return. As the lay in ten fathom water, two leagues from the shore, and not in quick-sands, with her mast above water at ebb, there was the greatest probability of this useful member of society being nobly repaid for his ingenuity and spirit.

Mr. Spalding being down, one very clear day, alongside the Royal George, perceived every object distinctly as above water, and beheld the most tremendous and shocking spectacles that the human mind can form. Great numbers of the dead bodies in various attitudes! some clung to the carriages of the guns, others with the carriages above them, &c. and when it is recollected what visages they must have had in that state of putrefaction, no imagination can paint it without the utmost horror! But what sensations must he have felt, when viewing it in reality!

What a disgrace to the policy of this country, that a gentleman, who has already proved his abilities in recovering so many of the guns and the stores of the Royal George, should not meet with the utmost liberality; the more especially, when he has been heard to declare, that he could bring up the most, if not all her guns and stores, and perhaps get even the ship herself raised this summer; or if that were found

found totally impracticable, he could blow the most of her timbers and remaining her up with gun-powder; by which means stores would float on the surface.

In our Magazines for March and April last we gave a General Account of the places destroyed or damaged by the late earthquakes in Sicily and Italy, according to the most authentic information then received. At the request of many of our Readers, and in hope of its proving satisfactory to all, we subjoin the following list, which has been published by authority of the Court of Naples.

An Account of the Damages done by the Earthquakes which happened on the 5th and 7th of February, and the 28th of March, 1783, in Sicily and Calabria Ulterior.

Names of the Cities, Villages, and Hamlets which suffered.	No. of Inhabitants.	No. of the dead.	Damages in each Place.
Brognaturo	900 —	2	Houses entirely destroyed.
Chiaravalli	2400 —	2	Few houses remaining; all either destroyed, or have fallen.
Cardinale	2000 —	1	Houses almost all destroyed.
Monteleone	8000 —	17	One fourth of Forgiari nearly destroyed; the rest damaged.
Piscopio	800 —	13	The houses destroyed.
Serra	4567 —	40	The houses fallen down; the Chartreuse destroyed, except part of the wall.
Zimbario	1400		No houses entire.
Suranio	} 4000 —	} 300	The houses destroyed, and the convent of the Dominicans reduced to a heap of rubbish.
Suridello			
San Basile			
S. Angelo Pizzone			
Vazzano			
Spadola	700 —	1	Houses destroyed.
Stefanacone	1600 —	22	Ditto.
Zammarro	400 —	12	Ditto.
Torre	1500 —	3	The greater part of the houses destroyed.
S. Onofrio	1500 —	7	Many houses destroyed.
Curinga	3000 —	1	Houses almost all destroyed.
Montefera	450 —	—	Houses damaged.
Castelminardo	4000 —	25	Houses destroyed.
Francavilla	2054 —	—	Houses almost all destroyed.
S. Nicola del la Val- lelonga	1600 —	1	Houses almost all demolished.
Drofi	400 —	46	Houses destroyed.
Radacina	3000 —	2000	Ditto.
Taurinoli	1500 —	900	Ditto.
Polla	1700 —	—	Their houses almost all destroyed and in ruins.
Pollicola	400 —	—	
Seminara	4980 —	1290	Houses destroyed.
Casalmuovo	6000 —	4000	Swallowed up.
Polistina	5000 —	3000	Quite destroyed.
Majorato	1801 —	4	Almost destroyed.
Monterosso	2017 —	—	Almost demolished.
Milero	1680 —	51	Destroyed.
Cinque Frondi	4000 —	1700	Ditto.
Pizzo	4726 —	8	Houses crushed.
Flogaso and Panaja	1192 —	18	Ditto.
Tropea	4445 —	—	Ditto.
Palma	8000 —	3000	Demolished.

In the following Places the Buildings are all destroyed.

Arena	1369	Lambadi	—	—
Doja	1292	Stilo	—	2
Geracarne	929	Stigmano	—	15
Ciano	100	Riaci	—	8
Semiateno	239	Placanica	—	1
Acquaro	1087	S. Martino	270	19
Limpidi	554	S. Agata di Reggio	—	150
Patani	164	Roccilla	4000	1
Biaccara	239	Camini	—	—
Migliano	80	Pizzano	—	—
Proma	100	Fereletta della Chieja	221	33
Dinami	1113	Plaizzano	435	34
Melicocca	515	Anoja Superiore	400	50
S. Nicola	1000	Anoja Inferiore	1040	150
Carida	1728	Maropato	1600	220
S. Pietro	441	Tiritanti	313	4
Cartopoli	191	S. Geo. di Grotteria	1145	27
Laureana	1697	Grotteria	2382	124
Candidoni	675	Manola	4995	102
Serrata	916	Giojola	3942	7
Borello	94	Marioni	1140	7
Bellantone	589	Bitatico	—	—
Stultitanone	612	S. Leo	—	—
Rizzicone	1032	S. Constanino	—	—
Droji	417	Pontezioni	—	—
Rojuno	—	Mandaradoni	—	—
S. Procopio	—	S. Cono	—	—
Scilla	2473	S. Marco	—	85
Bagnara	3017	Cepurri	—	—
Sinopoli Inferiore	65	Tavellone	—	—
S. Anna	583	Sciconi	—	—
Aquaro di Sinopoli	873	Condiloni	—	—
S. Eufemia di ditto	4000	Bondacone	—	—
Sinopoli Superiore	1513	Paradifone	—	—
Melicocca del Priorato	1920	Martineo	—	—
Sinopoli Vecchio	881	Borgia	—	2
Oppido	—	S. Bapte	—	34
Galatro	1924	Castillace	—	130
Molochio	1700	Castello	—	115
S. Calogero	—	S. Christina	—	900
Calimera	—	Daja	—	56
Trifilico	925	Davoli	—	1
Siderno	2760	S. Giorgio	—	200
Sabatello	—	Lubrichi	—	10
Fiumaria di Muro	—	S. Gio di Mileto	—	—
Motta di S. Giovanni	—	Motta Flocastro	—	50
Ponte Datillo	—	Monasterace	—	1
Triparni	—	Nicotera	—	2
Gerace	4668	Paracoria	—	680
Ardore	1635	Pedavoli	—	300
Bianco	965	Pronia	—	7
S. Nicola	250	Potrizzi	—	1
Bozalina	400	Pizzoni	—	30
Calabro	500	Regio	—	100
Comparni	412	Scido	—	150
Flandari	—	Sitizanno	—	250
Tonadi	800	Valla Longa	—	28
Nao	300	S. Vito	—	1
S. Pietro di Mileto	—	Messina and its environs	—	700
S. Gio di Mileto	—	The number of dead persons to 35,000	—	—
Filicastro	—	persons.	—	—

THE HIVE. A COLLECTION OF SCRAPS.

Exercet sub sole labor—
—et in medium quæsitâ reponit. VIRG.

A CURIOUS IRISH ADVERTISEMENT which appeared in the Londonderry Journal, April 30, 1783.

WHEREAS on February the 14th, 1783, it pleased kind Providence to confer on Matthew Neely, of Burnally, parish of Tamblaghtfinligan and county of Londonderry, a man child whose appearance is promising and amiable, and hopes the Being who first caused him to exist, will grant him grace. Also, in consideration and in remembrance of the many heroic deeds done by that universally renowned patriot, General Washington, the said Matthew Neely hath done himself the honour of calling the said man child by the name of *George Washington Neely*, he being the first child known or so called in this kingdom by the name of Washington, that brilliant western star.

ANECDOTE from the ITALIAN.

A very handsome young man, married an ugly old woman for the sake of her fortune, which was considerable; and on account of some other advantages which the alliance promised him: shortly after their marriage, the bride became enamoured of a young man, whom she frequently introduced into the house: the husband observed it; and having surprized his wife in the fact, with her gallant, said to her—"It was not necessary that you should purchase a man at the expence of your fortune; since you could find one who would do your business gratis."

A lady, a few days ago, ask'd a gentleman, remarkable for his wit, why bad women were stiled in the newspapers *women of easy virtue*? To which he replied, "Because what virtue they have, easily yields to vice."

A person lately asked a friend, why, when a man or woman falls, they are like a soft bed; to which he answered, "because they are down."

well known for his musical imitations, has just added to his surprising and ingenious performances, so exact an imitation of thunder, that a gentleman from Ireland on hearing it, declared he only wanted lightning to complete it.

A young lady, on hearing the above gentleman's imitations at a relation's house in the city a few days since, exclaimed, "I never could have thought of being so well pleased with *one* instrument." *Hæc fuit que maly pæse.*

A person under misfortunes was telling his grievances to a facetious friend; and among other troubles observed, he had hardly a coat for his back; "Well, well," (replies the friend) be thankful, you have more than you'll want in *hot* weather still."

Anecdote of one Iago Botello, who performed the most wonderful voyage perhaps on record.—He was an exile in India, and as he knew how earnestly the King of Portugal desired the possession of Diu, he hoped that to be the messenger of the agreeable tidings would procure his pardon. Having got a draft of the fort, and a copy of the treaty with Bada, he set sail on pretence for Cornbaya, in a vessel only sixteen feet and a half long, nine broad, and four and a half deep. Three Portuguese (his servants) and some Indian slaves were his crew. When out at sea, he discovered his true purpose; this produced a mutiny, in which all that were sailors were killed. Botello, however, proceeded, and arrived at Lisbon, where his pardon was all his reward. His vessel, by the King's order, was immediately burned, that such evidence of the safety and ease of the voyage to India might not remain.

Peter's Pence, paid on earth is report to heaven, something rather than new taxes of the ministers, by which can neither be *born*, nor *die*, without paying some pence to the support of Government.

The very grave stones have taken alarm at the tax upon burials; and several meetings have been held by the tenants of church-yards, on the patriotic principle of protesting their successors. The Irish Giant heads their councils, and relies upon the friendship of the Peer of Derby and Tommy the Tit, to deliver a *fee, faw, fum* negative, to two of the branches of the legislature, when it is the next subject of their deliberations.

A DESCRIPTION of DUBLIN, the Capital of IRELAND.

(Embellished with an elegant View of that City.)

DUBLIN, by the Saxons called Duffin, by the Welch Dinas-dulin, and in the Irish language Baileacholough; i. e. a town upon hills, on which the people think the city is founded, the ground being soft and quaggy. But the original words signify a walled town, particularly raised with stones.

It is the capital of Ireland, in magnitude and number of inhabitants the second city in the British dominions; much about the size of Stockholm, Copenhagen, Berlin, and Marseilles. It is built in the form of a square, about two miles and a half long, and nearly as much in breadth, and is supposed to contain 160,000 inhabitants. It is situated 270 miles N. W. of London, and 60 miles W. from Holyhead, in N. Wales, the usual station of the passing vessels between Great-Britain and Ireland. Dublin stands about seven miles from the sea, at the bottom of a large and spacious bay, to which it gives name, upon the river Liffey, which divides it almost into two equal parts, and is banked in through the whole length of the city, on both sides, which form spacious quays, where vessels below the first bridge load and unload before the merchants doors and warehouses.

A stranger upon entering the bay of Dublin, which is about seven miles broad, and in stormy weather extremely dangerous, is agreeably surprized with the beautiful prospect on each side, and the distant view of Wicklow mountains: but Dublin, from its low situation, makes no great appearance. The increase of Dublin, within 20 years last past, is incredible, and it is generally supposed that 4000 houses have been added to the city and suburbs since the reign of Queen Anne. This city in its appearance bears a resemblance to London. The houses are of brick; the old streets are narrow and mean, but many of the new streets are more elegant and better planned than those of the metropolis of Great-Britain. Sackville-street, which is sometimes called the Mall, is particularly noble. The houses are elegant, lofty, and uniformly built, and a gravel walk runs through the whole at an equal distance from the sides.

Near the Exchange, on a little eminence, is the Castle, the residence of the

Lord-Lieutenant, which consists of two large courts, called the upper and lower castle-yard; in the latter of which are the Treasury, &c. Though there is little grandeur in the outward appearance of either, yet upon the whole, this castle is far superior to St. James's palace.

The river Liffey, though navigable for sea vessels as far as the Custom-house, or centre of the city, is but small, when compared to the Thames at London. It runs for two miles almost in a straight line through the city. Over it are two handsome bridges, lately built of stone, in imitation of that at Westminster, and three others that have little to recommend them. Hitherto the centre of Dublin towards the Custom house, was crowded and inconvenient for commercial purposes, but of late, a new street has been opened, leading from Essex bridge to the Castle, where the Lord-Lieutenant resides. A new Exchange has lately been built upon the most magnificent plan, the first stone of which was laid by Lord Townshend, the then Lord-Lieutenant, in the centre of which is a statue of his present majesty George III. erected in 1779. Several other useful undertakings and embellishments have been lately carried on, particularly a new Custom-house is just finished near the Dock, and there are other public works in agitation.

The Barracks are pleasantly situated on an eminence near the river. They consist of four large courts, in which are generally quartered four battalions of foot, and one regiment of horse; from hence the castle and city guards are relieved daily. They are said to be the largest and completest building of the kind in Europe. A new square called Palace-square, has lately been erected near it.

The Linnen-hall was erected at the public expence, and opened in 1728, for the reception of such linnen cloths as were brought to Dublin for sale, for which there are convenient apartments. It is entirely under the direction of the trustees for the encouragement of the linnen manufactory of Ireland, who are composed of the Lord Chancellor, the Primate, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the principal part of the nobility and gentry. This national institution is productive of great advantages, by preventing many

frauds, which otherwise would be committed in a capital branch of trade, by which many thousands are employed, and the kingdom greatly enriched.

Steven's-green is a most extensive square, being one mile in circumference. It is partly laid out in gravel-walks, like St. James's park; in the midst is a statue of George II. on horseback, with trees on each side, in which may be seen, in fine weather, a resort of as much beauty, gaiety, and elegant finery, as at any of the public places in England. Many of the houses round the Green are very stately, but a want of uniformity is observable throughout the whole. Ample amends will be made for this defect by a most spacious square near Steven's-green, called Men-yon-s-square. The houses being lofty, uniform, and carried up with stone as far as the first floor, give the whole an air of magnificence, not exceeded by any thing of the kind in Britain, if we except Bath.

The front of Trinity-college extending above 300 feet, is built of Portland-stone, in the finest taste. The House of Lords is a beautiful room, and is ornamented with an equestrian statue of William III. The Parliament-house was begun in 1729, and finished in 1739, at the expence of 40,000*l*. This superb pile is in general of the Ionic order, and is at this day justly accounted one of the most architectural beauties. The portico in particular, is, perhaps, without parallel; the internal parts have also many beauties, and the manner in which the building is lighted has been much admired. But one of the greatest and most laudable undertakings that this age can boast of, is the building of a stone wall, about the breadth of a moderate street, a proportionable height, and three miles in

length, to confine the channel of the bay, and to shelter vessels in stormy weather.

Before I quit this subject it may be observed, that the public elections of this city, and all over the kingdom, are the works of Parliament, and executed at the national expence. They are numerous, they are substantial; and they comprehend whatever is great and striking in Architecture.

The civil government of Dublin is by a Lord-Mayor, &c. the same as in London. Every third year, the Lord-Mayor and the 24 companies, by virtue of an old charter, are obliged to perambulate the city and its liberties, which they call riding the franchises. Upon this occasion the citizens vie with each other, in show and ostentation, which is sometimes productive of disagreeable consequences to many of their families. In Dublin are two large theatres, that are generally well filled, and which serve as a kind of nursery to those of London.

In this city are two cathedrals, 18 parish-churches, eight chapels, three churches for French, and one for Dutch Protestants, seven Presbyterian meeting-houses, one for Methodists, two for Quakers, and 16 Roman-Catholic chapels. At Kilmamham is a royal hospital like that at Chelsea, for invalids; here is also a lying-in hospital, with gardens, built and laid out in the finest taste; and an hospital for lunatics, built by Dean Swift, who himself died a lunatic; and sundry other hospitals for patients of every kind.

It has, however, been matter of surprize, that with all this spirit of national improvement, few or no good inns are to be met with in Ireland. In the capital, which may be classed among the second order of cities in Europe, there is not one inn that deserves that name.

A. F. R. A. G. M. E. N. T.

(Concluded from p. 333.)

FLORIO goes home, and dreams—Not of Belinda, but of Hebe. He rose, contemplating on his dream.—“I dreamt with Belinda. I think I love her; yet I dreamt of Hebe.—I have not seen Hebe these two years; but her image is fresh in my remembrance; and she appeared last night to me, as lovely as my most luxurious imagination can fancy. She was all compliance too. At our parting the pearly tears trickled down her lovely face, her breast heaved, and she said, “Whatever happens, my at-

tachment is unalterable;—my heart is eternally yours.” Then she quitted me. What can all this portend?—’tis so: Belinda has a faint resemblance of Hebe—then I only love a shadow. The resemblance of Hebe puts me into this perturbation. Can I love Belinda after this? No! my heart says it. How cruel have I been then to seduce her affections! I’ll go and inform her of the change. She will applaud my resolution. A glorious thought!—But, why did Hebe leave me with reluctance? Why did she say her heart

heart was mine?—If I were superstitious, I should——but 'twas only a dream."

Thus did Florio reason with himself, till it was time, according to appointment, to call upon Belinda. He went fully resolved to break his resolution to her in the tenderest manner.—His name is announced. Belinda comes herself to usher him in. Her face is decked with smiles. Her air is the air of happiness. She looks contentment, and her heart is at ease.—Florio's resolution is instantly banished, and he flies with rapture into her arms.—How they spent their time, I must leave to conjecture; only observing, that they passed the whole day together, and felt no repugnancy till the moment arrived when they tore themselves from each other.

Again he dreamt of Hebe.—As he lay on his pillow, he thought he was translated to the most beautiful scene under the blue concave of heaven. His eye rambled without fatigue. The various scenes formed a delightful whole; and each scene was composed of a compartment luxuriously filled with every thing that ravish the senses, or delight the soul. An open plain, situated between two lordly woods, whose ramifying branches out-soared the clouds, was overstrewn with roses and flowers of diversified hue. An assemblage of ranunculus, waving to and fro, played in concert with the cooling zephyrs. From a rock of stupendous height flowed a stream, clear as the crystal fount; and small silver rills floated in sportive meandering streams, traversing the vallies in plaintive sounds. Nature had contrived these scenes so pleasant, and filled others so full with irregularly beautiful passages, embowered by umbrageous shades, that it recals to mind the primæval age of simplicity and elegance.

Thus was Florio situated. Happy in his contemplations; but the sleepy mind's eye is continually rambling; so was Florio's.

Florio now saw two temples. One was to the right, and the other to the left. This to the left was called "The Temple of the World," and that to the right "The Temple of Happiness." The Temple of the World was exceedingly pleasant to approach, and every different step appeared less alluring than the next; but at the landing-place were two divisions, and to get over this landing-place was very difficult. If any went over, they were as happy as "the World" would allow them to be; but this number was

very small: the greater part of the travellers went into the two divisions, and that division to the left was all darkness.—This place was called "H—;" a dreadful cavity which resounded with hollow groans and shrieks of dismal misery. The other division was very alluring; a place of revelry, and composed of a motley groupe, reviling their friends, and making professions of eternal friendship to those they never saw before. This place was called "Worldly Politeness," and the inhabitants were seeking the pleasures of "the World;" but they had passed the temple.

The other temple was composed of burnished gold, and transparent emeralds, variegated with pellucid jaspers and diamonds. The sun continually shone upon it, and the dazzling rays of reflection far surpassed all conception! But how difficult the ascent to this temple of brightness! and how few were the mortals who had resolution to undertake the pilgrimage; and how meek, how humble, how kind, how beneficent, how affectionately tender were those few! and yet how happy, how blessed, how innocently cheerful, how endearing their converse! Weaned from "the World," they were content to gain this temple of mortal happiness by a placid mind, and good works.

Florio now passed through a grove of trees laden with the choicest fruits, and several avenues and pleasing openings covered with verdure, while the adjoining hills echoed with the music of birds, seemingly striving for mastery in their tuneful notes. The fragrance of the air, and the melody of the feathered choristers; the rising sun, animating nature; and sweet dews impearled in the foliage of impregnated nature; the sweet-scented flowers, and fruits of luscious look, intermingled with grapes of swelling beauty; the odorous honeysuckle, and clustering vine, entwined, contending for pre-eminence; contemplating these, his eye caught the grazing flocks, straying out in pairs, and seeking the shady mazes of myrtles, intermingled with ever-green trees and flowery shrubs; the turtle in cooing tenderness breathed the feelings of his love-fluttering breast: This, and all the scenes combined, presented to Florio's raptured fancy, pleasures too luxurious for description.

A pavilion of superb elegance invited the languid Florio to rest: The entrance of it was strewn with violets and lilies, and the perfumes, exhaling from the inside, were of the most ravishing odour.

A concert of birds, of different feather, welcomed the languishing Florio.

Florio was here lost in wondrous surprise. He was deeply reflective; but, at this instant, Belinda saluted Florio, and with a winning smile (such a smile has eternally rendered miserable many good men) and sweet converse invited him to "the World." He took the road towards it with her—they arrived in sight of the division. Florio's heart revolted; and the moment he felt the change, he heard the name of Florio echo in the skies. He turned himself round, and saw a female running towards him with an amazing swiftness, exclaiming, "Beware! beware of her further seduction. Death waits for your approach. Oh! turn, turn then! View me, Florio! Am I changed? Am I not the same faithful the whom your young heart doated on?" Belinda was frightened, for she felt a trembling fit come all over her, and Florio was lost in amaze. They were now approached nearer to Death's dominions; Florio saw him approach with Colossian strides; "grinning ghastly a horrid smile." Florio shrunk at his terror. Again the air is rent with the exclamations of the female. Belinda approached the confines of Death. Florio saw her die: He saw her hurled into the bottomless pit. Horror seizes his soul! consternation and dismay hover over him!—Death stands still, expecting his prey; but Florio roused himself from the lethargy of his senses. He re-

tired from the scene of horror, and in his retiring he meets his guardian female, who is still calling upon the name of Florio. Florio was astonished:—"Do I see right? Yes, I do! Come to my arms, thou loveliest of thy sex;" and he clasped Hebe to his bosom.—A curling cloud of glory descended from heaven, and now the astonished Florio distinctly heard these words. All those who marry through pure affection, and persevere in doing that which is right, proceeding in the paths of virtue, truth, affection, love, and religion, shall arrive at yonder temple of heavenly glory, and be eternally surrounded with angels, singing praise and hallelujahs to the Lord God of heaven, earth, and all things created! Hail! happy, happy Florio! Hail! happy, happy Hebe! unite and be blessed!

On a rising hill these two lovers saw a dome of vast magnitude, rising in the air, and supported by four columns, emblematically ornamented. The entablature had the four quarters of the world, displayed in glorious lustre, and composed of carbuncles, topazes, rubies, and emeralds; and the capital was elegantly inlaid with amethysts, sapphires, and the most dazzling diamonds, exhibiting in glorious effulgence our Saviour's cross: the intervening spaces were of crystal, through which appeared the sun in all his radiance. Florio cried out, Alas! Hebe.—At that instant he awaked, fully determined to see Belinda no more.

A Short Genealogical Account of the FAMILIES of the present SOVEREIGNS of EUROPE.

(Concluded from p. 349.)

PORTUGAL.

MARY FRANCES ISABELLA, the present Queen, was born Dec. 17, 1734, succeeded Feb. 23, 1777, on the death of her father Joseph Peter John Louis, the late King, whose Queen was Mary Anne Victoria, daughter of the late and sister to the present King of Spain. His eldest sister, Barbara Francisca, married Ferdinand VI. King of Spain, and died without issue 1758; and his youngest sister, Maria Josepha, married Ferdinand, and died without issue; but his brother Peter, born July 5, 1717, married June 6, 1760, his niece, the present Queen, by whom he has 3 sons and 2 daughters. Joseph Francis Xavier, the eldest son, born Aug. 23, 1761, married in 1776 his father's sister, Mary. Benedicla, born July 24,

1746, who has another sister unmarried, Mary Frances Benedicla, born 1739.

DENMARK.

CHRISTIAN VII. the present King of Denmark, born Jan. 29, 1748-9, succeeded Feb. 14, 1766, on the death of his father Frederick V. who 1743 married his first Queen, Louisa, youngest daughter of George II. of Great-Britain, who died 1751, leaving issue,

1. *Christiana* the present King, as under.
2. *Sophia Magdalen*, born July 3, 1746, married Nov. 4, 1766, Gustavus III. the present King of Sweden, and has issue. See *Sweden*.

3. *Wilhelmina Carolina*, born July 10, 1747, married William, Prince of Hesse-Cassel, and has issue. See *Hesse-Cassel*.

4. *Louisa*,

4. *Louisa*, born Jan. 30, 1749-50, married Prince Charles of Hesse-Cassel, and has issue. See *Hesse-Cassel*.

After the death of his first queen, Frederick V. married secondly in 1752 Juliana Maria, daughter of Ferdinand Albert, Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbittel, and aunt to the present Duke of Brunswick, who was born Sept. 4, 1729, (now living) by whom he had issue as follows, and died 1766.

5. *Frederick*, born Oct. 11, 1753, married Aug. 24, 1774, Sophia Frederica, Princess of Mecklenburg Schwerin, born Aug. 24, 1758.

Present Royal Family.

CHRISTIAN VII. married Oct. 1, 1766, Carolina Matilda, youngest sister of his Britannic Majesty, born July 22, 1751, who died 1775, leaving the following issue,

1. *Frederick*, Prince Royal, born Jan. 28, 1768.

2. *Louisa Augusta*, born July 7, 1771.

S W E D E N.

GUSTAVUS III. the present King of Sweden, born Jan. 24, 1746, succeeded 1778 his father Adolphus Frederick, who married Louisa Ulrica (now living), sister of the present King of Prussia; by whom he had issue,

1. *Gustavus*, the present King, as under.

2. *Charles*, the present Duke of Sudermania, and Grand Admiral of Sweden, born Oct. 7, 1748, married July 7, 1774, Hedwige Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of the Duke of Holstein Gottorp, Bishop of Lubeck.

3. *Frederick Adolphus*, Duke of Ostrogothia, now in the Swedish army, born July 18, 1750.

4. *Sophia Albertina*, Coadjutrix of Quedlinburg, born Oct. 8, 1753.

Present Royal Family.

GUSTAVUS III. married Nov. 1, 1766, Sophia Magdalena, sister to the present King of Denmark, by whom he has issue

Gustavus Adolphus, born Nov. 1, 1778.

P O L A N D.

STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS PONIA-TOWSKI, the present King of Poland, born Jan. 17, 1732, was Grand Governor of Lithuania, and Judge of Przemyski, before his election to the throne of Poland, on the death of Augustus III. late Elector of Saxony, 1763. He was elected Sept. 7, 1764.

P R U S S I A.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS III. the present King of Prussia, and Elector of Brandenburg, born Jan. 24, 1712. He married June 12, 1733, Elizabeth Christiana, sister of the late and aunt of the present Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbittel, and sister to the present Queen Dowager of Denmark, as well as the mother of the present Prince Royal of Prussia; by whom (who is now living) he has no issue. He succeeded his father Frederick William II. May 20, 1740, who had married, 1706, Sophia Dorothy, Sister of George II. of Great-Britain, who died July 5, 1757, having had issue,

1. *Charles Frederick Lewis*, born Nov. 23, 1707, died May 13, 1708.

2. *Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina*, born July 3, 1709.

3. *Frederick Augustus*, the present King, as above.

4. *Frederica Wilham*, born Aug. 18, 1710, died 1711.

5. *Louis William Charles*, born May 2, 1717, died Aug. 31, 1719.

6. *Charlotte Albertina*, born May 5, 1713, died June 10, 1714.

7. *Frederick Henry Lewis*, born Jan. 18, 1726, married June 25, 1752, Wilhelmina, daughter of Maximilian, uncle to the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, born Feb. 23, 1726. They have no issue, but are both living.

8. *Wilham Augustus*, born Aug. 10, 1722, married 1743 Louisa Amelia, of Brunswick Wolfenbittel, born Jan. 29, 1722, sister to the present Queen of Prussia and the Queen Dowager of Denmark, and died Jan. 3, 1780, having had issue as follows by the Prince, who died June 12, 1758.

1. *Frederick William*, the present Prince Royal, born Sept. 25, 1744, who married July 14, 1765, Elizabeth Ulrica Christiana, of Brunswick, by whom he had issue Elizabeth Christiana Ulrica Catharine, born May 7, 1767; from whom he was divorced in 1768; and married secondly July 14, 1769, Frederica Louisa, of Hesse Darmstadt, born Oct. 16, 1751, by whom he has issue, Frederick William, born Aug. 3, 1770—Frederick Lewis Charles, born Nov. 5, 1773—Frederica Louisa Wilhelmina, born Nov. 18, 1774—Frederick Christian Augustus, born May 1, 1780—Another prince, born Dec. 20, 1781.

2. *Frederick Charles Henry*, born Dec. 30, 1747, now living, unmarried.

3. *Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina*, born Aug.

Aug. 7, 1757, married to the present Prince of Orange, and has issue.

9. *Fredericka Louisa*, born Sept. 28, 1714, married to Charles, Margrave of Anspach, born 1730, by whom she had issue Christian Charles Frederick Alexander, the present Margrave, born Feb. 24, 1736, married Nov. 22, 1754, *Fredericka Caroline*, of Saxe Saalfeld.

10. *Augustus Ferdinand*, born May 12, 1730, married Sept. 27, 1745, *Ann Elizabeth Louisa*, of Brandenburg Schwedt, born April 22, 1738, and are both living, having the following issue, *Fredericka Louisa Dorothea Philippa*, born May 24, 1770—*Frederick Christian Henry Lewis*, born Nov. 11, 1771—*Frederick Louis Christian*, born Nov. 20, 1772—Another prince, born Sept. 1779.

11. *Louisa Ulrica*, born July 24, 1720, married July 17, 1744, *Adolphus Frederick*, late King of Sweden. See *Sweden*.

12. *Philippina Charlotta*, born May 13, 1716, married July 2, 1731, *Charles*, late Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, born Aug. 1, 1713, who died 1780, and had the following issue,

1. *Charles William Ferdinand*, the present Duke, born Oct. 9, 1735, married Jan. 16, 1764, *Augusta*, Princess Royal of England, eldest sister of his present Majesty, born Aug. 11, 1737, by whom he has issue, *Charles George Augustus*, born Feb. 8, 1766, with 2 other sons and 3 daughters,

2. *Sophia Caroline Maria*, born Oct. 8, 1737, married to the late *Frederick*, of Brandenburg Bareith, by whom she had no issue

3. *Anne Amelia*, born Oct. 24, 1739, married 1755 *Ernestus Augustus Constantine*, late Duke of Saxe Weimar and Eisenach, by whom she had issue the present Duke, who married 1775 *Louisa*, of Hesse-Darmstadt, and has issue a daughter, born Feb. 3, 1779, and a brother to the Duke, born 1758, now unmarried.

3. *Frederick Augustus*, born Oct. 29, 1740, married 1765 *Fredericka Sophia Charlotta Augusta*, of Wirtemberg Oels, in Silesia, and has no issue.

4. *Albert Henry*, late Canon of Lubec, born Feb. 26, 1742, now dead.

5. *William Adolphus*, born May 18, 1745, now dead.

6. *Eliza Christian Ulrica*, born Nov. 8, 1746, (now living) the late Princess of Prussia, but divorced.

7. *Augusta Dorothea*, born Oct. 2, 1749, now unmarried.

8. *Maximilian Julius Leopold*, born Oct. 1754, now living.

House of Orange. See *Great-Britain*.

Hesse-Cassel. See *Great-Britain*.

Duke of Parma. See *Spain*.

King of Naples. See *Spain*.

The ELECTORS of the EMPIRE.

3 ECCLESIASTICAL.

1. *FREDERICK CHARLES JOSEPH*, the present Archbishop of Mentz, was born Jan. 3, 1719, elected July 18, 1774, on the death of John Frederick Anthony, Count d'Ostein. He has the first seat in the Electoral College, of which he is Dean; and is also Great Chancellor throughout Germany. He crowns the Emperor alternately with the Archbishop and Elector of Cologne.

2. *CLEMENT WENCESLAUS*, a Prince of Poland, son of Frederick Augustus III. late Elector of Saxony, is the present Archbishop and Elector of Triers, and his brother is the present Elector; was born Sept. 28, 1739, elected Feb. 19, 1768, on the death of John Philip, Baron de Walderhoff. He is Archbishop of Augsburg, and Coadjutor of Elwangen. He ranks as second Elector, and styles himself Imperial Chancellor throughout France and the Kingdom of Ailes, and Primate of the Gauls.

3. *MAXIMILIAN FREDERICK*, Count of Konigsegg-Rothensfels, the present Archbishop and Elector of Cologne, was born May 13, 1708, elected April 6, 1761, and Bishop of Munster, 1762, on the death of Clement Augustus, of Bavaria. This Elector crowns the Emperor, if the ceremony be performed within his diocese; if not, he performs it alternately with the Elector of Mentz. He has the third seat in the Electoral College, and is styled Great Chancellor of the Empire throughout Italy.

The Six SECULAR ELECTORS are,

1. The Elector of *Bohemia*, which is possessed by the present Emperor, *JOSEPH BENEDICT AUGUSTUS II.*

2. and 3. *CHARLES THEODORE*, Duke of Newburg, and Prince of Saltbach, is the present Elector *Palatine*, as well as Elector of *Bavaria*, on the death of Charles Maximilian Joseph. He was born Dec. 11, 1724, succeeded as Elector *Palatine*, Dec. 31, 1742, and as Elector of *Bavaria*, 1778. He married Jan. 17, 1742, *Marie Elizabeth Augusta*, daughter of the Count *Palatine*, *Joshua Charles*, of Sultzeck, but has no issue. He is the third secular Elector, though formerly the first, and enjoys the office of

of Arch-Treasurer of the Empire. He is first of the Two Vicars of the Empire during an interregnum, &c. As Elector of Bavaria he is the second, to which is annexed the office of Great Sewer of the Empire, and the privilege of carrying the Imperial Globe in solemn processions.

4. **FREDERICK AUGUSTUS**, present Duke and Elector of Saxony, was born Dec. 23, 1750, married 1769, Mary Amelia Augusta, sister of the present Duke of Deuxponte, born May 11, 1752, but has no issue. He succeeded his father, Frederick Christian Leopold, as hereditary duke, on his death in 1763, during the life-time of Frederick Augustus III. the late Elector, and King of Poland, who died Oct. 5, 1763, having married 1719 Mary Josepha, daughter of Joseph, King of Hungary and Emperor of Germany, by whom he had issue,

1. *Frederick Christian Leopold*, born Sept. 5, 1722, died Sept. 1763, having married Mary Antonietta, sister of the late Elector and Duke of Bavaria, in 1747; by whom he had issue, Frederick Augustus, the present Elector and Duke—Charles Maximilian, born 1752, now dead—Anthony Clement, born Dec. 27, 1755, married in 1781 Maria Charlotte, of Sardinia—Joseph Marie Louis, born Jan. 26, 1754—Maximilian, born April 13, 1759—Marie Anne, born Feb. 27, 1761—and Marie Amelia, born Sept. 26, 1757, married Charles Augustus Christian, the present Prince of Deuxponte, in 1774, but has no issue.

2. *Frederick Augustus Charles*, born Nov. 1720, died 1721.

3. *Joseph Charles*, born Oct. 21, 1721, died young.

4. *Caroline*, born Nov. 4, 1731, died young.

5. *Mary Amelia*, the present Queen of Spain. See *Spain*.

6. *Mary Anne*, born Aug. 29, 1728,

married to the late Elector of Bavaria and is now living without issue.

7. *Francis Xavier*, born Aug. 25, 1730

8. *Maria Josepha*, born Nov. 4, 1731 married the late Dauphin, and mother of the present King of France, died 1767 See *France*.

9. *Mary Margaret*, born Sept. 12, 1727 died unmarried.

10. *Christian Charles*, born July 13 1733, late Duke of Courland.

11. *Maria Christian*, born Feb. 12, 1735

12. *Maria Elizabeth*, born Feb. 9, 1736

13. *Albert Capmir*, born July 11, 1738 married April 8, 1766, the Archduchess Christian, sister to the Emperor, but has no issue.

14. *Clement Wenceslaus*, the present Elector of Trevis.

15. *Mary Camunda*, born Nov. 10, 1740, now Abbess of Essau.

5. **FREDERICK AUGUSTUS**, the present Electoral Duke of Brandenburg, is the King of Prussia. As Elector of Brandenburg he has the fifth seat in the Electoral College, is Great Chamberlain of the Empire, and at solemn processions carries the Imperial Sceptre before the Emperor. His substitute is the Prince of Hohenzollern Hechingen. See *Prussia*.

6. **GEORGE AUGUSTUS III.** present King of Great-Britain, is the Elector of Hanover, and assumes the title of Arch-Treasurer of the Empire. See *Great-Britain*. It is the last Electorate, and the Emperor Leopold, when he created it in 1692, would have annexed to it the office of Great Standard-bearer of the Empire, but desisted from it on a protest being made by the Ducal House of Wuttemberg, whose claim was allowed.

N. B. In future, as occasion offers, we shall give descriptions and views of the principal cities or residences of the foregoing Sovereigns.

The COUNTRY CURATE. No. VII.

‘ Non tamen immerito Minos sedet arbiter orci;
Victor erat quamvis, æquus in hoste fuit.’ PROPER.

Fair was his title to the bench below,
Who could be just unto a conquer'd foe.

GENIUS of genius! whoever thou art; for, sure, only Welshman or Scot can tell thy pedigree; give me thine inspiration, and I will return it in praise: lend me thy bellows for a moment, to blow up my fire, the smoke whereof shall envelop thee in a cloud of fragrance, favoury to the pampered nostrils of pride.

I demand thy assistance, Genius! Not thine, who hast erst been invoked by wits of weightier metal; not thine, who hast heretofore listened to invocation with reluctantly-indulgent ear! In matters too important, either art thou, or should be occupied, than to have leisure to listen to me! But come thou merry-begot baggage of

of fun, whom Goodnature, in a vacant hour, placed cock-a-hoop on the shoulders of Truth, while the goddess smilingly forgave the playful trick, and bade thee be received as a shuttle-filler in her train; come and aid thy devoted vassal, that shall attempt to describe a direful contest, which he lately witnessed, betwixt the obdurate Simon Surplice and an enlightened Methodist Tallow-chandler, in terms that may prove equal to their abilities, and not degrade his own.

Wife of Simon! happy was thy hour. Thou broughtest into the world thy tenth son, and endured far less pain than did Simon. His it was to toil for the nurse, for the midwife, for the cradle; thine was it, wife of Simon! to enjoy the fruit of his labours, keep thy bed, and be thankful. His it was to swelter over the mashing-tub, to broil over the incensed pig, and to drag the muddy pond for the big-headed carp, it was *thine*, in the comely state of renovated assumption, to enslave thyself in the scene of thy sufferings, and receive, from thy visiting dyames, the reciprocated tribute of sugar, cheese, and wine. It was *thine*, thou recipient from thy sweetly-tempered lips, to participate the bounty. True! O wife of Simon! it was: and we are thy grateful guests. Am not I now dedicating this very offering, as a note of thanks, for the pleasure which the conjoined labours of thee and thy husband were instrumental in procuring, for all the members of our society, at your christening feast? If it is not known already, be it now known, that the fashion of our neighbourhood, on all festive occasions, is to divide the male from the female. There is an exception made, however, in the case of the Minister. It is invariably his allotment to superintend the lady-gossips—one of the few distinctive privileges yet retained by the church. Now it happened, that, as all our club were invited by Surplice, to christen the *Dædætor*, and that such invitations meet with generally as hearty compliance as visitation charges, there were more of us, that were assembled, at Simon's, ministers, than any thing else. To this it might be owing, (I say *might* be owing—for it is a delicate matter to meddle with men's motives, and might as well be let alone by half the numsculls that attempt it) that he saw good to vary from the mode of his parishioners, and place all his guests in one banquetting-room. Nor could this form, if it was one, be accomplished without its share of difficulty; the two

very circumstances which all the reformers in the world, public and private, are exposed to; there were some of the female part of the company who considered the presence of their husbands, in more senses than one, a constraint; they reckoned, and far be it from me to say but they reckoned truly, especially as, by hard reading, ~~read~~ the good women of Athens and Rome claimed and held the same privilege in a larger extent, that one of their sisters being in the straw proclaimed to all her condoles a sacred season of exclusive rule, wherein whatever mysteries, scandalian, bacchanalian, or ~~one~~ and-allian, were celebrated, should not be profaned or interrupted by the prying eyes of men. It was observable that the *less-fortunate* (to say *younger* might not be so guarded a phrase) part of the sex, not having by labour a title to reward, were by no means displeased to see mixed company. On the other hand, two or three farmers who were promoted, in this instance, to a seat in Simon's (the Parson's!) parlour, whereto they had used to be admitted only at *spare-rib* time of the year, felt themselves some how uneasy, let them sit as low at, or as far from the table as possible. In vain should the condescending clergyman solicit, by every good-natured effort, the mutual smile of the fatigued; in vain should his wofulship joke—and Madam Surplice's ivory fingers recommend the *cut*; pies those very fingers had decked—for the unnoisy trencher, the handy horn, and the convenient pape, biddings which the hall or kitchen could alone endow, the parloured peasant would sigh, amid formal plenty, and amid studied hilarity pine for liberty and the vacant laugh.

After many a struggle for precedence, couched under the specious appearance of yielding place, the guests of Curate Surplice, who sweat under the great concerns of the well-supported day, sat down to his fowls and bacon. ~~an~~ of multifarious character—that ~~is~~ *is* Sundays, a Methodist Teacher and Preacher—the Squire, in a knavish mood, had brought, as the saying is—or if it is not—it may be—in his sleeve. Would, to the quiet of our festival, that there he had remained, like another headless pin, for at least one natural day! So should Mrs. Surplice's damask not have been stained with abused beverage, nor the board been strewn with fragments of the frail. So should thou thyself, O merciless minister of perdition!—but there is *no* end to the *so's* of a fertile fancy—*so* should I have wanted a

theme—which it behoves me now to dispatch. Our brother Simon, to those that mark it, has writ a kind of *sch-metan-gene* face;—thus, it would seem, our illegitimate Gospel—rather not obliged, or, if he have—added, for on him, and on him alone, he fastens (what every respect for metaphor forbids me not to call, the claws of his detestable spirit. Hard words, I know much better than thou, O cupping fanatic!—no argument. By gentle arts are wild beasts tamed; but it is only by such as need their terrors, when they have then forgotten, to break down the fences and range over the enclosed pastures of cultivation, it is the duty of every civilized man, to drive them back, at least, to their native wilderness!—and what impulse of nature is there, when induction of policy can there be, to prompt man to reason with mad dogs? Thus, by way of mid-late, between the opponents whose controversy I am to settle. ‘You may tell a man that diff from other men, by his manner of eating a beef steak,’ was the saying of a jocular old gentleman, whose wit I should have admired had he never given me another instance of it; and I became convinced that the use of an index of the incrust of a man in the body of one’s territories is not confined to the inhabitants of Egypt, from the conduct of our ‘Squire’s’ *flavour*. I suffered all the waste of his colonator’s bounty to pass uncomplained of. The second bottle of grape-wine, and the second tea pot (alias red-cow) of crank, were permitted to pass undisturbed in their progress. So, might a writer, now, that had a knack at simile-coopering, observe to have seen the earth, where the mole has dug, and the cricket, in dry and dusty days, formed a lodgment, patched up, and gaping with chinks from the long-continued drought, receive with noiseless gratitude the liberal largess of the summer shower, and suffer it to circulate through all its thutly veins, before it began to spue back the bounty from its gurgling chafin. Or, so, perhaps, might he instance the mischievous ingratitude of the gardeners too-much favoured damsel, who, partaking, with meek and demure acceptance, his golden runnets and all the stores of his orchard until her lap is full, begins to pelt him with his own fruit, and follow his flight with the largest Ledington he has bestowed. But I boast no such talent, and must give the bare, unadorned representation of the hot debate. No sooner had our tide of social enjoyment

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flowed so far as I have noticed, than it seemed to have reached, in this crabbed Holderforth, a jagged crag, prepared to dash it back again in foam. He assumed a look indicative of such peculiar craft and promptitude to dissent, as never Praetorian guardman, in calling *ad arma!* exceeded; and no loquacious wight of St. Anthony’s, of old, in meeting the adversary of his logical fame, with the contentious salutation, *Salve: habesne mecum disputare?* could ever equal. He opened his mouth by informing us of his having come, the day before, from Town; and, whatever be the fact, the supposition which, without any injurious reflection on cockney-manners, is generally admitted, that we county-folks know nothing, formed a sort of ground for this disciple of Demetrius, whereon he stood to instruct our ignorance, respecting the great light and clearness to which the gospel had latterly attained in the great city. Now as ill-luck, that is to say, law-luck, would have it, Brother Simon had, very lately, been in London too. Betwixt him, therefore, and the itinerant retailer of bad half-pence, the discourse about the metropolis was naturally, for some time, engrossed; and might to have continued to be, without our interruption or envy, had not they very soon, by their clamour, interrupted us. The war of words was hot. The needle of wrath had run round its compass, and trembled towards the pole. It was a match by no means equal. The inhabitant of Moor-fields, if he had not ideas, he had words; and words, in his case, were all that was wanting: whereas his antagonist—knew not his weapon. Provoked by a disputatious assailant, in the manner has before been hinted, he could with great truth have replied, *Paratus sum tecum comedere, tecum bibere, tecum vivere secum honesto; imo, si primum desideras, manus pro armis gero—at tecum disputare—modo si minuat rixari—nihil—carnifice!*—*nihil habeo!* ‘Light’ was, it appeared, the topic of their harangue. Now there is no talking about light, however strange it may seem, without introducing ‘darkness.’ It happened exactly so, in the present case. Surprised, for the few weeks he abode in Town, had his domicile in a quarter where the ‘light’ of Tabernacle-walk, Black-friars, or Crooked-lane, did not shine with any exceeding degree of constestability: But it was otherwise with that of Katerfelto. Of his ‘wonders’ he had heard every day; and being almost convinced that an exclusive patent had

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been

been granted that foreigner to be a 'divine philosopher,' he was by no means ready, as we may say, to swallow another dose of credulity, respecting any indigenous quack—be his profession what it would. But the man he had got to deal with, was perfecting as the winter storm, and solemnly impenetrable as the northern night. He hung upon Simon like the cloud of dismay. It was unfair. This latter good man at no time, as we have said, over earnest *militare lingua*, was least of all so at this. He had a thousand cares, on this occasion, to rack his brain—the care of his guests—the care of his wife, on no day dearer, than on such a day as that, a little bungling care for the *young Christian*, some small care for his own dinner; and the other nine hundred and ninety-six for the dinner of his hogs. Whereas his adversary had neither cares, nor brains to rack. It was scandalous then, you'll say, to fall on him as he did. You will say to again, when you have heard the discourse that passed. 'I tell thee,' said Simon, 'I was myself at the shops thou talkest of—and as for light—true, there was candle-light—which makes two good reasons, one, for thy being a retailer of their bad commodities as they are of things; the other, for to many *cockle-shell'd*, poor, blindest young women now-setting their 'lack-lustre eyes,' in a light so favourable to their imperfections. It is shameful that such things are suffered. I have no objections to there being hives and foxes, as well as cabbages and geese, in the world. Only let them, as far as I am concerned, at least, be kept separate if you please. Let there be toads, nay, and serpents on the earth; but let not me be scared with their hissing and plagued with their creaking! It is nothing to me if the spider spreads her web to catch flies on every bramble of the wilderness; I only beg the whole generation may be swept from my chamber, and not infect my dish with poison! So if ye will have shops of your own, in the name of all that is moonstruck, have them. But come not into our old accustomed ones, to vend your pestilential ware. If any stated man is weak enough to lend you the shadow of a tree, write up *Old Ball now revived*—and welcome. But play not the ungracious Abbotism with us. Put us not to shame on our own house-tops. Keep from our churches. Shame—Mr. Hood, I'm a poor Curate that speaks it—shame on the negligence of who suffer such spurious scions of

the hedges to be *inoculated* into our flock! A hopeful spring of this grain I attended to, one evening, scattering his barren blossoms among those who came to fructify under his leaf. And in a temple dedicated to the observances of the pure Church of England, he hesitated not to tell his audience, 'that it was nothing to him or them, what opinions were entertained by the Church,' and sure the young man's ears had scarce yet ceased to retain the sounds of some words, called sacred, whereby he had unreservedly acknowledged some opinions of his ancestors as established articles of his belief! Another night, for your sort of folks, Mr. Methodist, deal most in nocturnal exhibitions—they form an excellent opiate to guilty-wakeful consciences—I heard one of your clock-enginers—for he among you that does not know lapping, may as well know nothing—whose chief merit consists as I suppose, in his roundity of face—declare, by way of consolatory contrast to the new constructed state of his dear hearers, 'that he himself was once so wicked as to wish there were neither God nor devil—heaven nor hell!' Minister of Moorfields! if even thou comfortest with this same experienced brother, tell him from an old fellow, that wore the cap as long as any of his tribe—that the assertion he made, appeared to me a lie on *human nature*. I lay appeared to me! The extreme of wickedness I leave for your sect to develop. I confess I have had my thoughtless hours as well as my fellows. But never did I seem to border on that coast of conjecture, whence I could even have a distant prospect of there being a possibility to entertain a wish, that the eye of Heaven were darkened, or the known appointments of its government altered, for me. In the giddy moment of indulged passion—in the most doubt-inspiring anguish of remorse, if there springs up natively in any human heart a yettier desire than the 'with to be better,' that heart must be conscious of some workings with which I am, and trust in my God I shall ever be, unacquainted. 'The devil!—said a third in my hearing, and he an old stager!—you don't, my dear hearers! fear the devil. Shall I tell you, my dear hearers! why you don't fear the devil? You are asleep—and the devil won't disturb you. He is sure of you. Were you awake he would fight with you. To fight with you in your present condition, would be like powder shot at crows. The devil, my dear hearers! is too wise for that. Therefore do you

you awake, and you will find my words to be true—you will know that the evil one is not asleep! I have always had great pleasure in going into a church. In whatever strange place I might be, I entered the house of God, as a house where I was sure the master would always make me welcome, and where all his true servants would make me welcome too. Never was this idea in danger of being confounded till I stepped into churches converted into conventicles for you. I stumbled, one morning, into a church that would be, I think, within the shadow of St. Paul's, if the sun shone from the north; and was really shocked at the gloomy, ferocious, and sable aspects with which I was surrounded. A thought rose in my mind,—‘how would a man of liberal principle and cheerful countenance like to traist his life to a jury of all this congregation?’ I looked a second time round me—my heart melted at something—I could not help answering my own mind—‘No! I could not entrust them savage decisions with the life of an useless cat!’ and I walked dejectedly away.

‘You had no business there,’ said the Tallow-chandler—his visage aghast with ire; while his eyes shot that malignant fire, which, one may suppose, a comet would do while pleated in burning up a wicked world; ‘we want none of your cloth to come and pry into our meetings. Our Purgahmites preach not—they promise not—they pry not for you. And if they did, it would be in vain. The honey of Canaan, you cannot taste. The bees shall sting you.’—Now it happened—but to say how, would be encroaching on the rights of some sect or other—but it did happen, at that moment, that a gatherer of savoury store, and that it might be whether it was honey or not, winged its way from an aperture in the window, which Surplice, in the hurry of his fustive business, had not found time or recollection enough to stop, cros the room, with even more speed than an excise-man flying to gauge a barrel, to where Surplice sat, and the very top of his fore-finger, scientifically alive to pain, piercing with spiteous rage, left his dart in the wound. So, to make a short simile, and a short one is best in the heat of description, has a bold halberdier knocked down his adversary, with part of the wall of some fort or other, for it now even becomes us English writers not to particularize glories which are become to neutral in the world, and set

up the very weapon that effected it, as the standard of triumph, in the breach.

For some moments there was a silence—but it was such a silence as precedes the storm. ‘Thinkest thou this a judgment, catiff! Hast thou the flies of the an at thy beck? ’Tis not unlikely! They are followers of the prince of darkness’s prime minister. Thou lookest at my calamity—yes, it is a calamity—I feel it with as much fondness of satisfaction, as thou wouldst at the babe of thine own begetting—But to spoil the mirth thou inwardly conceivest at this application of sufferance, behold the inflictor of my pain is not a bee, as thou imaginest—but a wasp—thou lionet—a wasp—one of thy brethren, whose nest is in the tabernacle of the crab-tree; but I will fumigate them—no, they mind not the smell of sulphur; I will cut it down—I will fell the tree—but I will first hang thee up on it—for thou laughst at me—and leave thy carcass to the kindness of thy own race—They shall make a love-feast of thee.’

Here it was time to interpose—but the ‘Squire, who was nearest to have interposed, was designedly slow in his efforts—and before Caslock, who is our belligerent pacificator at most times, got round to prevent unseemly strife, some had happened, for the unguarded, impassioned Yorkshire man, having given his opponent—his guest—*O veterum lares condonate!* some threatening indications of wishing to end the dispute in another place, had received, in that same place, *non oratorum dolor!* such a rejoinder, as effectually silenced him for the time, and bid fair for silencing him in all time coming. Like another fun, however, at last he, in clouds, arose—and like a sun shorn of his beams—and disposed to ray them no more on the same opaque body which he had found to reflect so powerfully his own warmth. He recalled his scattered thoughts. He looked towards the corner, where hung up, in musty majesty, his venerable gown. He wondered he had not looked that way before. He fancied he saw it rent—he could not be persuaded but that there was a spot of dirt on it, at least, which wanted rubbing off. The tallow-chandler was between him and it. There was room for him to have passed by the tallow chandler—notwithstanding, he fell that way, and, after some awkward tumbling, found his hand—that hand which had so lately said low his glories—he did not

though—he shook it heartily, and prayed with more than usual energy that all past words and deeds might be forgot. The *real-cono* wanted some additional provender—he begged Mrs. Surplice to have it supplied—and, shaking again the hand of his stranger guest, said, not all muffledly, ‘We’ll not have this, my friend!’ so hot as the other, shall we?’ Surplice did not know his man. There is no such thing as reconcilableness among the ‘engrossers of grace.’ ‘Thy trial,’ said this one, knowingly, ‘shall be hot for all eternity!’ ‘Weil, well, my friend!’ said Simon, with a grace that endeared

him to me; ‘whatever cup thou brewest for me, taste the one I give thee, at present, and think thyself welcome.’ The waters of futurity are dispensed from an Higher Fountain than thou or I, my friend, can fathom; only in those dispensed for our solace here, needs it, amidst our universal wants, that we should mingle the stream to one another?’ ‘No!’ said the Squire, with an unusual drop on his cheek—‘Surplice, you are right—fanatic doctrine is the elixir of life—Since ever I knew *the Tab* I have learned that a Christian parson may be a good fellow.’

CRIMES AND FOLLIES. Ascribed to various celebrated WRITERS.

MEN in general are foolish, ungrateful, envious, and covetous of the possessions of others; if they have power they abuse it, and they are knives if weak and impotent.

Women, for the most part, being of a more delicate and feeble habit of body than men, are more artful, and less ferocious. This is so evident, that out of a thousand criminals executed, we rarely find above two or three females. It is true, however, that we sometimes meet with heroines of a constitution equally robust, and dispositions as cruel as those of men: but such examples are not common.

Power is usually in the hands of men, both in states and families, only because they have greater strength of body, more resolution, and less tenderness. Hence moralists of all ages have concluded, that mankind cannot boast much of their virtue; and in this they are not, I think, greatly mistaken.

It does not follow that men are invincibly disposed by nature to evil, and continually practise it: were this fatal opinion just, the world must have been depopulated long since. It is a contradiction in terms to say that mankind necessarily destroy one another, and yet perpetuate the species.

I am indeed inclined to believe that out of a hundred young women, who happen to be married to old men, ninety-nine, at least, wish the death of their husbands; but you will scarce find one who is ready to poison the man for whom she would cheerfully put on weeds. Parricides are no where common. On what then depend the extent and limits of our crimes? On the degree of violence of our passions, on our power and reason,

We have admitting fevers, and fe-

vers that rise progressively to a certain height, and are attended with a delirium, but rarely with frantic rage. There are people also in sound health. Our admitting fevers are the wars between neighbouring nations. A delirium is the murder of our fellow-citizens, prompted by anger and revenge. When we assassinate our near relations, or bring upon them greater misfortunes than even death itself, and when fanatic zeal and hypocrity light up the flames of persecution, it is downright rage. I forbear entering into a detail of other disorders, that is, of the immense number of lesser crimes which disturb the happiness of society.

Why have wars continued so long, or why are such crimes committed without any remorse? Wars are carried on solely with a view of reaping the corn that others have sowed, of possessing their sheep, their horses, their oxen, cows, and furniture; this is the sole object, for it is the only source of all riches. It is idle to suppose that Romulus celebrated games in a wretched village, in the midst of three barren mountains, and invited three hundred families of the neighbourhood to those games, merely for the purpose of ravishing them; but it is a matter sufficiently well known, that he and his associates robbed the Sabines of their cattle and ploughs.

Chaulmagne made war for thirty years against the poor people of Saxony, on account of a tribute of five hundred cows. I do not deny, but that during the course of those robberies, Romulus and his senators, Chaulmagne and his twelve peers, violated many maidens, and, perhaps, not without pleasure on both sides: it is, however, manifest, that the principal object of the war was to get possession of their cows, hay, corn, &c. In our own days, a hero

A hero at half a guinea a day, followed by a number of tubalarn heroes, whose daily stipend is no more than four pence or five pence each man, having, in the name of his august sovereign, entered the territories of another august sovereign, begins by commanding the farmers and herdsmen to supply him with oxen, cows, sheep, hay, straw, wood, linen, blankets, &c. I was reading the other day a little chronological history of France, on a neighbour, written by a gentleman of the law, in which I met with three remarkable words. On the 11th of October, 1709, there was a great foraging party, on which *comte de Broglie* defeated *Prince Lobkowitz*. The plain English of this is, that on the 11th of October two or three hundred Germans were killed in defending their hay and straw. After this the French, having been defeated at *Milplaquet*, lost the city of *Mons*. What a glorious affair was this foraging party, and how worthy of eternal fame! But this calamity, in the main, shows that in every war, from that of Troy down to the present times, the sole business has been to rob and plunder.

This is such a melancholy truth, that the names of robbers and soldiers were formerly synonymous with all nations. Hear what the soldier in *Plautus* says, *Latrocinatus annis decem mercedem accipio*.—"I lived as a robber ten years, now receive my pay. The King *Seleucus* has commissioned me to rob robbers for his service."

In the Old Testament we find that *Jephthah*, the son of *Galaad* by a prostitute, engaged robbers in his service: *Abimelech* did a troop of robbers: *David* collected four hundred robbers, who had been guilty of the most atrocious crimes, &c.

When the chief of the *Melandians* had

slaughtered and plundered sufficiently, the wretched survivors whom he had stripped were reduced to a state of slavery. They became either slaves or subjects, which is nearly the same thing with respect to nine parts out of ten of the whole world. *Genseric* usurped the title of king. He soon after became a sacred person, and disposed of the wives, fortunes and lives of people by right divine, when no body ventured to oppose him. Add to those public depredations, the numberless secret robberies that have ruined families, together with the various calumnies, acts of ingratitude, insolence and oppression of the powerful, and tricks and knavery of the weak, and you may naturally conclude that mankind have generally lived in misery, or been disturbed with apprehensions still more afflictive. I have said, that all the horrors attendant upon war are perpetrated without the least remorse. Nothing is more evident; no man blushes at what he does in gregarious conjunction with others; each one is encouraged by the example of his associates; they murder and plunder with emulous ardor, and even glory in those deeds. A soldier at the taking of *Bergenopzoom* cried out, "I am weary of killing, and will now plunder and ravish." This glorious resolution was applauded by every one.

Remorse, on the contrary, disturbs the conscience of him who is not countenanced and encouraged by companions, who deals only in secret murders and robberies. He feels a certain degree of horror, until habitual practice has hardened him to an equal insensibility with those who lead him to crimes regularly, and with flying colours.

(A cure for the foregoing diseases in our next.)

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A SOLUTION of the GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTION inserted in the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE for May.

YOUR correspondent S. C. cannot be ignorant that Time is regulated by the motion of the sun from east to west, or, to speak more scientifically, by the rotation of the earth on its axis, which produces that apparent motion. Thus we say that it is noon, or 12 o'clock, when the sun is on the meridian of any place; and from the time of its leaving that meridian, to its return to it again, it employs an ordinary day, or 24 hours: consequently, a proportional part of the

24 hours will be taken up between any of the intermediate meridians; at the rate of 4 minutes of time to every degree of longitude.

Now, admitting that the *Scilly Islands* are 5 degrees of longitude to the west of the *Isle of Wight*, the sun will be 20 minutes of time in going from the meridian of the one, to the meridian of the other: or, in other words, it will be noon at *Scilly* 20 minutes after it is noon at the *Isle of Wight*. So that if a ship was to leave

the Isle of Wight one day at noon, and arrive at Scilly the next noon, only 24 hours would be reckoned to have passed by the people on board; the coming of the sun to the meridian being then standard for determining the relative point of time. But it is very clear by what has been said, that 24 hours and 20 minutes must have elapsed: for the sun has in the first place employed 24 hours in returning to the meridian of the Isle of Wight, and afterwards 20 minutes more in going to that of Scilly: and this space of time would really appear to have elapsed by a good time keeper, had there been one on board. Here then are 20 minutes of absolute time elapsed, of which no account is taken; and in this manner, during the whole circumnavigation, 24 hours would gradually be lost in the computation. It matters not what interval of time is employed in the circumnavigation; it is the act of accompanying (or rather following) the sun in its course, during one whole revolution, and thereby continu-

ally removing the standard of relative time further forward, that occasions a default of 24 hours.

When, on the other hand, the Globe is circumnavigated by the east, noon will be anticipated in the same degree by meeting the sun, that it was protracted in the other case by following it: and on this occasion more absolute time will be reckoned, than actually elapses: and this continued during the whole circumnavigation, will, in the end, add a whole day to the computation, more than has actually passed.

I cannot help observing, in addition to the above, that in the account of some celebrated voyages, published not many years ago, the following remark, put into the mouth of a seaman, occurs:—"We had now lost a day, by sailing westwards a year." This passage, perhaps amongst others, may have contributed to raise doubts in the mind of your correspondent.

J. R.

TO THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE always considered Dante as a singular genius. His writings abound with original beauties, mingled with gross faults: The perusal of them creates admiration and disgust. However, I am of the ingenious Mr. Hayley's opinion, that

"His failings sprang from his disastrous times."

Had he lived in more tranquil days, or in the Augustan age of Lewis XIV. I am confident he would have ranked very high in the literary world. But Dante's genius was not more singular, nor was his *strain more various* than was his life: It is a tissue of misfortunes, and, of consequence, interesting. Finding Mons. M. de Clairsons had judiciously selected, and happily connected all the striking features of it, I was tempted to give his "*Tableau Rapide*," as he terms it, English drapery. I have added a few illustrative notes, and taken the pardonable liberty of endeavouring to give a clearer idea of the nature of the *Comedia* (1) than my author has done.

If you think this Translation worthy a place in your Magazine, it will oblige,

Dublin,

May 15, 1783.

Your Admirer,

W. C. T.

THE LIFE OF DANTE ALIGHIERI.

Translated from the French of M. MOUTONNET DE CLAIRSONS.

"At length, fair Italy, luxuriant land,"

Where air's rich flowers in earliest bloom expand,

Thy daring Dante his wild vision sung,

And rais'd to Epic pomp his native tongue." HAYLEY.

THOSE who distinguish themselves by works of genius, owe to themselves alone their celebrity and reputation. Authors of their own glory, they require neither "the boast of heraldry,"

nor military exploits to aid them to penetrate the dark thick clouds that envelope time, and to reach the latest posterity. But as we generally wish to know the origin, birth, and private actions of

(1) The *Comedia* was so called, because it opens with distress, and closes with felicity. TRANSLATOR.

those immortal men, and the events of which they have been the efficient cause, or in the producing of which they have taken an active part; I shall here trace an hasty sketch of the life of Dante, and give a succinct detail of the revolutions which have occasioned his misfortunes.

Several authors have written the life of this poet: I shall follow, principally, that which the Abbé Martini has given

Italian; it is short, precise, and contains pretty nearly all that we can desire upon this subject. From Landino, Vellutello, and others, I will draw such facts as the Abbé has omitted.

Dante was of a very ancient family (2): He was born at Florence in the month of May 1265. While yet an infant he lost his father, who left him a very considerable fortune. He shewed, at a tender age, a great taste for the study of the *h. l. letters*: his education was not neglected. His mother (for which her memory deserves to be revered) placed him under the care of the most virtuous and best-informed masters: Brunetto Latini (3), a man well versed in the sciences, and who cultivated poetry, instructed him for some time. Young

Dante, with such a guide, made a most rapid progress.

Benvenuto d'Imola, one of Dante's commentators, says, that this poet, from his earliest infancy, studied logic, morality, mathematics, and natural philosophy, in different cities; in Florence, Bologna, Padua, and even at Paris, according to some writers. He made the Latin language his particular study, and his favourite author was Virgil (4), whose writings he had entirely by heart. It appears that he did not neglect the Greek writers, who have produced so many admirable *chef d'œuvres*. The Greek language, in fact, is like a rich mine, which we always explore with success, and in which we are sure to find the most precious wealth. Dante cultivated all the agreeable talents that embellish life; he was passionately fond of music, which he practised under the famous Gafella: he applied himself also to drawing and painting, and was the friend of those excellent painters Giotto (5) and Oderisi d'Agostino.

Dante, born with an heart tender and sensible, felt, while still young, the most lively passion for Beatrice, daughter of

(2) We may venture to advance with certainty that the first of his ancestors, whose name has come down to us, was Cacciaguida, his great-great-grandfather, who served under the emperor Conrad the Third. He married a lady of Ferrara, of the name of Allighieri, by whom he had a son, who took the arms and name of his mother. These arms were *Azur au demi vol d'or*. The father of our poet was a celebrated lawyer; his mother was named Bella. Dante was called in his infancy, *Durante*, and by abbreviation *Dante*: for which reason I am persuaded it is proper to write and say Dante, and not il Dante.

(3) The ingenious Miss Dobson, in the preface to her exquisitely entertaining Life of Petrarca, informs us, that Brunetto Latini engaged with Petrarch in the arduous undertaking of collecting the scattered manuscripts of Italy. "He was a very great man, (says the fair biographer) though little known in the present age; he taught rhetoric, eloquence, and philosophy." TRANSLATOR.

(4) When our poet first discovers Virgil in Hell, he addresses him thus: (Inferno. Cant. 1.)

Tu se' lo mio maestro, el mio autore;
Tu se' l'olo colui, da cu' io tolsi
Lo bello stile, che m'ha fatto onore.

Thou art my master! thou my bard supreme,
From whom alone my fond ambition drew
That purer style which I my glory deem.

HAYLEY.

TRANSLATOR.

(5) The character of Giotto, as drawn by his friend and contemporary, the imitable Boccaccio, is so curious, that I am tempted to give it a place here. "Giotto, (says he) ebbe uno ingegno di tanta eccellenza, che niuna cosa dalla natura, madre di tutte le cose, ed operatrice col continuo girar de' cieli, fu' che egli con lo stile, e con la penna, o col pennello, non dipignesse sì simile a quella, che non simile, anzi più tosto della parette: intanto che molte volte nolle cose da lui fatte, si troua, che il vivo senso, degli uomini vi prese errore, quello credendo esser vero, che era dipinto." Giorn. 6. Nov. 5.

TRANSLATOR.

Foleo Portinari; and the first verses he sighed were consecrated to Love (6). This lady was not more universally admired for her personal and mental charms, than for her frankness, her delightful naïveté, and her rigid modesty. Beatrice terminated her earthly career at an early

period: she died in her 26th year. Our poet, inconsolable for this loss, formed a design of rendering immortal the name of her whom he had so tenderly loved (7).

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS ON TIME, &c.

WE always reckon on a sufficiency of Time to complete our schemes; and are almost ever deceived; because in our computation we forget to set down that share, which belongs to Indolence and Neglect, from which few or none are wholly free.

Time is like a beautiful woman, whom many admire, but few pay their sincere addresses to.

Time and opportunity are the most uncertain of all things; and yet there is nothing we more confidently depend upon.

Time is to be met, and never to be followed; because never to be overtaken.

The loss of Time is like that of reputation: let us endeavour all we can to recover either, we shall always be something the worse for that portion which is lost.

The loss of Time is the more heavily felt, the later it is perceived; like an inward distemper, that is long gathering, and becomes dangerous before we are sensible of any ailment.

We all acknowledge the value of Time;

but few know its worth any otherwise, than by feeling the want of it when too late.

Time is like a monarch, whose rights are incontestable; but whose commands few of his subjects are willing to obey.

It is like a creditor who allows an ample space to make up accounts; but is inexorable at last.

Nature made Time our debtor; but Idleness turns the tables, and leaves it always in his arrears.

Time is like a verb that can only be used in the present tense.

No man ever made the best use of his Time, otherwise he would have been irreproachable; which hitherto has been the case of no man.

The employment of Time is to the soul what nutriment is to the body, health and vigour.

Want of employment depresses the soul, whose very existence consists in action; as want of food enervates the body, whose subsistence is depending on aliment.

(6) Beatrice was not the first mistress of Dante's heart: it was resigned to her by Bice, a lady of whom little is known. The omnipotent Love could sometimes dispel the gloom of his mind, appears from a gay sonnet which he addressed to a friend before he lost the object of his earliest attachment. I will give it in the translation of the best didactic poet of this age.

Henry! I wish that you, and Charles, and I,
By some sweet spell within a bark were plac'd,
A gallant bark with magic virtue grac'd,
Swift at our will with every wind to fly:
So that no changes of the shifting sky,
No stormy tempests of the wat'ry waste
Might bar our course, but heighten still our taste
Of sprightly joy and of our social tie:
Then, that my Lucy, Lucy fair and free,
With those soft nymphs on whom your souls are bent,
The kind magician might to us convey,
To talk of love throughout the live-long day;
And that each fair might be as well content
As I in truth believe our hearts would be.

TRANSLATOR.

(7) "He loved Beatrice with an ardent, but chaste affection: as this passion often mingled itself with the sublime conceptions of his mind, he was desirous of eternizing it by his verses, in veiling Theology under the name of Beatrice." Bullart, Acad. de Scienc. Tom. II.

THE LONDON REVIEW, AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid pulce, quid non.

Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. By Hugh Blair, D. D. 2 vols. 4to. G. Bell.

THESE lectures furnish an agreeable entertainment to the imagination, they inform the understanding, improve taste, and, what may not perhaps be expected, by shewing the connection between this power, as well as between eloquence and the finer and nobler feelings of the mind; they serve throughout to recommend the cause of truth and virtue.

We shall therefore give a full account of so meritorious a performance, and afterwards delineate more particularly the manner, turn, or genius of the author.

The lectures, we are informed in a preface, were read in the University of Edinburgh, for twenty-four years. Imperfect copies of them, in manuscript, from notes taken by students who heard them read, were first privately handed about; and afterwards frequently exposed to sale. When the author saw them circulate so currently, as even to be quoted in print, and found himself often threatened with surreptitious publications of them, he judged it to be high time that they should proceed from his own hand, rather than come into public view under some very defective and erroneous form. The author gives them to the world neither as a work wholly original, nor as a compilation from the writings of others. A great part of what is contained in them is entirely his own. At the same time, he availed himself of the ideas and reflections of other, as far as he thought them proper to be adopted. To proceed in this manner, was, as he justly observes, his duty as a public professor. In the opinions which he has delivered concerning such a variety of authors, and of literary matters, as come under his consideration, he does not expect that all his readers will concur with him; the subject being of such a nature as to allow room for much diversity of taste and sentiment. And if, after the liberties which it was necessary for him to take in criti-

cising the style of the most eminent writers in our language, his own style shall be thought open to reprehension, he observes, with great good humour, that his book will add one to the many proofs already afforded to the world, of its being much easier to give instruction than to set example.

The introductory lecture contains a number of excellent observations on the importance of the study of composition. Among these the following merit particular attention.

"But I should be sorry if we could not rest the merit of such studies on somewhat of solid and intrinsic use independent of appearance and show. The exercise of taste and of sound criticism, in truth one of the most improving employments of the understanding. To apply the principles of good sense to composition and discourse; to examine what is beautiful, and why it is so; to employ ourselves in distinguishing accurately between the specious and the solid, between affected and natural ornament, must certainly improve us not a little in the most valuable part of all philosophy, the philosophy of human nature. For such disquisitions are very intimately connected with the knowledge of ourselves. They necessarily lead us to reflect on the operations of the imagination, and the movements of the heart; and increase our acquaintance with some of the most refined feelings which belong to our frame.

"Logical and Ethical disquisitions move in a higher sphere; and are conversant with objects of a more severe kind; the progress of the understanding in its search after knowledge, and the direction of the will in the proper pursuit of good. In these they point out to man the improvement of his nature as an intelligent being; and his duties as the subject of moral obligation. Belles Lettres and criticism chiefly as being endowed with those powers of

taste and imagination, which were intended to embellish his mind, and to supply him with rational and useful entertainment. They open a field of investigation peculiar to themselves. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur, and elegance; all that can soothe the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections, belongs to their province. They present human nature under a different aspect from that which it assumes to the view of other sciences. They bring to light various springs of action which without their aid might have passed unobserved; and which, though of a delicate nature, frequently exert a powerful influence on several departments of human life.

“Such studies have also this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to enquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry nor abstruse. They shew flowers in the path of science; and while they keep the mind bent, in some degree, and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth.

“The cultivation of taste is farther recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man, in the most active sphere, cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which more or less, occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and unreprouchable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose

pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

“Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose to which the pleasures of taste may be applied by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense, and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

“So consonant is this to experience, that in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men, than to inculcate them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. Many virtues may be grafted upon it. Whereas to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly contributed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life.

“There are indeed few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

—*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros,*

These polish'd arts have humanized
mankind,

Soften'd the rude, and calm'd the
boist'rous mind.

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great.

“I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same; or that they may always be expected

expected to coexist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply, are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue.

One thing is certain, and I shall hereafter have occasion to illustrate it more fully, that without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling."

(To be continued.)

A System of the Practice of Medicine; from the Latin of Dr. Hoffman. In two Volumes. By the late William Lewis, M. B. F. R. S. Author of the New Dispensatory, &c. Re-revised and completed by Andrew Duncan, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh; and Member of the Royal Societies of Medicine of Paris, Copenhagen; Edinburgh, &c. 8vo. Murray.

THE works of Hoffman have long been held in very high esteem by every intelligent medical practitioner. But from their voluminous size, joined the circumstance of their being written in the Latin language, they have been less extensively useful in this country, than might otherwise have been the case. The public will therefore not be sorry to see this abridged English translation of his *Medicina Rationalis Systematica*, which constitutes nearly one sixth part of his writings, and is certainly one of the most valuable of them.

The learned editor informs us in his preface, that the labour of selecting and translating the most important parts of Hoffman's observations, was almost wholly accomplished by the late Dr. Lewis, of Kensington (a mistake for Kingston). "The manuscript found in his repositories was," (says he) in September 1781, put into my hands, by one of the booksellers for whom it is now published. Since that time I have bestowed no inconsiderable attention in revising and comparing it with the original, which, however, has served rather to convince me of the fidelity with which it was executed, than to add to the value of the publication. I have introduced several diseases which Dr. Lewis had probably omitted, from their being of little importance, or rarely occurring in Britain. By this means, every part, section, and chapter, in this abridged translation, cor-

responds exactly to the same number in the folio edition of Dr. Hoffman's works, published at Geneva, in 1761."

To this account we shall only add, that we have compared different passages in these two volumes, with the original, and in all of them have found the translation and abridgement accurate. We should be glad to see the rest of Dr. Hoffman's works treated in the same manner.

ANECOTES of the EDITOR.

Dr. Duncan, whose name is well known and esteemed in the medical world, is a native of St. Andrew's, in Scotland, and is now in about his thirty-sixth year. After finishing his medical studies, he made a voyage to the East-Indies, as surgeon to an East-Indiaman, and soon after his return settled at Edinburgh. He is a man of learning, and of unlabring ardour and perseverance in his professional pursuits. He is the author of several valuable medical works, but the publication which has extended his fame more than any other, is, the *Medical Commentaries*, a periodical journal, formed somewhat upon the plan of that of Leipzig. For several years past he has given lectures in physic with great applause at Edinburgh, where he has established a Medical Academy, and a Public Dispensary. He has twice been an unsuccessful candidate for a professor's chair in the University of Edinburgh. Sur

in both instances his failure was attended with circumstances honourable to himself; and it is to be hoped that the town-council of Edinburgh, who are the electors, will, on some future occasion, do justice

to his merit. He has been several years married to a very amiable lady, who is a native of the East-Indies, but of Scotch extraction.

Doctrines and Practice of Hippocrates, in Surgery and Physic; with occasional Remarks, by Francis Riollay, M. B. 8vo. Cadell.

THE writings of Hippocrates, as they now stand collected in the most approved editions, consist of sixty-six chapters or books. His style is, in general, concise and difficult; in several places, unintelligible. Even his countrymen could not well make it out, and an almost innumerable list of grammarians and commentators have laboured to explain his obsolete words and expressions.

From the various subjects to which he gave his attention, and the general manner in which he both practised and wrote, the best method of considering his works, is by arranging them under distinct heads. Le Clerc has done this under the divisions of physic, surgery, and pharmacy; but of this last part Dr. Riollay has not made a separate article, because, as he observes, and we think very properly, it may be more naturally represented in the course of the two others.

The chief object of Dr. Riollay's work is, to enquire how far a study of the writings of Hippocrates, may be deemed useful at present; and at the same time, by freeing them, in a great measure, from the unnecessary minutiae, frequent obscurities, contradictory passages, endless repetitions, and confused manner with which their worth is mingled and disguised, to offer them in a clear, intelligible garb, to the medical student. This is certainly a very laudable task, and it seems to be fulfilled with fidelity and judgment.

Dr. Riollay has entirely suppressed Hippocrates's system of generation, and four or five tracts concerning the diseases of women, and the nature of children, dentition, anatomy, &c. and for this very good reason, that they did not seem likely to afford any entertainment to the reader, or to reflect any lustre on Hippocrates. Of all the rest of the writings of this venerable ancient, he has given some extracts, more or less considerable, according to his notions of their intrinsic value, or of consistency with his plan.

Dr. Riollay is not, like too many of the commentators of Hippocrates, to be considered as a blind, enthusiastic admirer of the ancients. He allows that they con-

tain some useful observations, and the traces of a few steps towards improvement; but he maintains, at the same time, that these valuable passages lie concealed under a heap of tiresome repetitions. He therefore pretumes to differ from many good and able men, who, in speaking of the ancients to young people, are apt to make a strange application of the precept, *vos exemplaria Græcæ, &c.*

This work is written in an easy and agreeable style. In his introduction, the author supposes a student rendered weary and irresolute by the number and size of the books composing a medical library, and who, after surveying them with an anxious look, says to himself, *life is short, the art is long*, and remains undetermined, till the librarian addresses himself to him, and removes his difficulties. "On the highest of those shelves," (says he) at your right, are different manuscript copies of the writings, generally, though not unanimously, ascribed to Hippocrates. This author is called the first of physicians, and the father of physic: not that it is supposed the art was not cultivated before him, for he says himself, *the whole science of medicine has long been known*: but because at the revival of letters, physicians, finding it a difficult matter to disentangle facts from fabulous accounts, agreed to bestow that title upon the supposed author of the most ancient work, saved out of the wreck of Grecian literature. The three next shelves are loaded with the labours of grammarians, glossators, interpreters, and commentators, attended with the view of explaining and illustrating the original. Among them I don't include the most considerable, on account of the extensive space he alone fills up; you must suppose I mean Galen, whose volumes, with those they have occasioned, occupy the rest of that side. To him, after Celsus, we are chiefly indebted, for informing us of the different sects that established themselves, during a period of six centuries, in opposition to, or in support of, the principles of Hippocrates. Their respective arguments he has related at large, and transmitted us many fragments which are no where

where else to be found."—In this manner the judicious librarian goes through the rest of the collection. This conversation piece is prettily imagined, and will be perused with pleasure.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Dr. Riollay is a native of Brittany in France, but has been long resident in this country, and the work we have been reviewing is a proof of the critical knowledge he has acquired of the English language. He went early to Paris, to begin his medical education; but after residing some years in that University, he was induced to leave France, on account of the disputes which arose between the king and the parliament of Brittany, in which his father lost the emoluments of a pretty

considerable office. Upon his arrival in England he repaired to Oxford, where, after having remained four years as tutor to some young gentlemen, that University admitted him to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in consequence of a degree he had taken abroad, and of which he produced the testimonial; this sort of exchange having once before taken place in favour of Archbishop Secker. He then practised physic at Newbury in Berkshire, where he married an agreeable widow lady; and having regularly proceeded to the degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Physic, about two years ago removed to the metropolis, where he now resides. He is much esteemed by his acquaintance as a man of integrity, and for his amiable manners.

Observations on the Structure and Functions of the Nervous System, illustrated with Tabls. By Alexander Monro, M. D. President of the Royal College of Physicians, and Professor of Physic, Anatomy, and Surgery, in the University of Edinburgh. Folio. Johnson. 2l. 12s. 6d. Boards.

THE best method of imbibing clear and perfect ideas of anatomy is by dissection; but the utility of faithful representations of the animal structure is so universally acknowledged, that some of the most eminent anatomists have laboured to acquire reputation in this way. Such delineations become particularly necessary when any new discoveries or particular appearances are to be described, as is the case with the work before us, in which the anatomical reader will meet with a variety of new and useful information.

The plates are forty-seven in number. In degree of elegance, they are inferior to those of Mukel, Haller, and Hunter; but in point of accuracy, we presume they are not deficient, and fidelity is certainly the first requisite in anatomical engravings. Nature has sometimes, we fear too often, been sacrificed to embellishment.

The work is divided into twenty seven chapters, the titles of which we shall recapitulate, in order to give our readers some idea of the author's plan. They are as follows: 1. Of the circulation of the blood within the head. 2. Of the membranes of the brain and cerebellum in general. 3. Of the communication of the ventricles of the encephalon with each other, as described by former authors. 4. Of the communication of the ventricles of the encephalon, by the author. 5. Of the absorbent vessels of the

encephalon, and of the infundibulum and Glandula pituitaria. 6. Of the uses of the ventricles of the encephalon. 7. Of the cineritious and medullary substances of the brain and cerebellum. 8. Of the supposed origin or formation of nerves. 9. Of the structure of the spinal marrow. 10. Of the pia mater, and the colour and texture of the nerves. 11. Conclusions drawn from the three last sections. 12. Order of the subsequent chapters mentioned. 13. Of the appearance of the nerves in their course, and particularly of their folds or joints. 14. Of the connection of the nerves in their course. 15. Of the plexuses of nerves. 16. Of the connection of the nerves which run in opposite directions, so as to be joined by their small branches. 17. Of the connection of the several cords which compose each of the nerves. 18. Of the external covering of the trunks of the nerves, and of the cords or funiculi of which they consist. 19. Of the ganglia of the nerves. 20. Of spheroidal bodies, which, in some animals, make part of the nervous system. 21. Of some principal nerves which have not been properly traced by authors. 22. Of the appearance of the nerves viewed with the microscope. 23. Of the nature of the energy of the nerves. 24. Of the uses of the nerves. 25. Whether the nerves convey the nourishment to our organs. 26. Of sensation. 27. Of the termination of the nerves in the muscular organs; and whether

whether muscles possess a *vita insita* different from the *vita nervæ*. 28. Of the manner and causes of the actions of the muscles.—Such is the arrangement of the volume; we shall now select from different parts of it, a few passages for the information of our readers, and to enable them at the same time to form an opinion of the author's manner.

In the seventh chapter some curious facts are related as proofs that the nerves may exist independent of the brain.

1. Says the ingenious writer—in children delivered at the full time, plump and well formed in their trunk and limbs, I have observed the substance which supplied the place of the brain not more bulky than a small nut, and instead of containing a white medullary substance, it was of a red colour, resembling a clot of blood: and small cords, occupying the place of the optic nerves, were likewise of a red colour, yet the spinal marrow, and all the nerves from it, had the ordinary size and appearance.

2. In a monstrous kitten, with two bodies, and the appearance of one head, I found the spinal marrow of one of the bodies connected with a brain and cerebellum of the common shape and size. But the spinal marrow of the other body, though equally large, had only a small button of medullary substance, without a suitable brain or cerebellum.

3. In living frogs, I have repeatedly cut across the spinal marrow, or the trunk of the sciatic nerve, and fed the animal for upwards of a year thereafter. In some of them the sciatic nerves were rejoined; but in none of my experiments did the nerves under the incision recover their powers; yet the nerves under the incision seemed, at the end of that period, as large in the limb in which the experiment was made, as they were in the sound limb.

“Whilst these facts seem to prove that the nerves may exist without the brain, and that they are not to be considered, according to the common idea, as being merely ducts which convey a fluid from a gland to distant parts, they seem also to shew, that there is an energy of the nerves independent of the energy of the brain.”

In fishes of the genus *Garus* of Linnaeus, to wit, in the cod, the whiting and the haddock, Dr. Monro has discovered a great number of spheroidal bodies, between the dura and pia mater, lodged in a viscid clear humour, which is interposed between the cranium and the brain.

“All the nerves from the spinal marrow, are covered with these spheroidal bodies, as with a coat of mail, from their origin to their division into branches, when the spheroidal bodies become fewer in number, so that the nervous eords are seen in their intestines.” These bodies, no doubt, serve some office of high importance, but at present our knowledge is insufficient to enable us to ascertain it. At first our author supposed they might supply the place of ganglia, which he found wanting at the root of the spinal nerves. But in other fishes, he observes, there seems to be a similar defect of such ganglia.

In describing the appearance of the nerves viewed with the microscope, the author mentions a very curious optical deception which is illustrated in different tables. In viewing the nerves, medullary substance of the brain, bones, ~~muscles~~, and other parts of the body through a microscope of great magnifying power, they seemed to be composed of serpentine and convoluted fibres. This apparent structure was not confined to animal bodies, as vegetable and even mineral substances were found to exhibit a similar appearance, but at length it was discovered that this phenomenon existed only in the glass. This may serve as a very useful lesson to microscopic observers. Dr. Monro suspects that this deception, produced by the microscope, has misled several anatomists, particularly the late Mr. Hewson and Mr. Falconer.

The last six chapters of the work contain a great number of ingenious physiological observations, but for these we must refer our readers to the work itself.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Dr. Alexander Monro is the third son of the celebrated Professor of the same name, and succeeded his father in the university of Edinburgh, where he has long taught anatomy with distinguished reputation. After finishing his studies at Edinburgh he spent two years with the late professor Mukel, and during his residence at Berlin, published a work on the lymphatics, which involved him in a memorable dispute with Dr. Hunter, as his claim to the discovery of the same vessels in fishes did afterwards with Mr. Hewson. It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into these disputes, which were conducted, perhaps, with too much acrimony by all parties. In private life Dr. Monro is much esteemed as a man of learning, integrity, and candour.

Some

Some Account of the late John Fothergill, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, and Fellow of the Royal Society of London; Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh; and Corresponding Member of the Royal Medical Society of Paris, and of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia. By John Coakley Lettison. Dilly.

OUR Readers will recollect, that in the Review for February, we gave, an account and opinion of the two first volumes of Dr. Lettison's edition of the works of the late Dr. Fothergill; a third volume it was then expected would next follow, but for the reasons assigned by the editor in his preface, he has chosen previously to present his readers with the life of his author.

"I have been under the necessity of postponing the publication of Dr. Fothergill's works, some time longer than I first proposed: difficulties have arisen, which were not foreseen; and they have occasioned a delay which could not be prevented. I have now, however, the satisfaction to observe, that the third and last volume is in such a state of forwardness, that, whatever incident might happen in my life, the completion of this edition, as well as of the quarto, need not be retarded thereby.

"Nevertheless as the account of the life of Dr. Fothergill, which is to be prefixed to his works, has been requested by many who admired his character, especially those abroad, to whom he was less personally known; I have published the same separately, as more convenient for such as do not wish to purchase the works at large; the contents of which are, however, sublime. I have been further induced to make this prior publication, in hopes of acquiring additional communications from his distant friends, particularly in America, with whom his correspondence was not less important than extensive; and I am the more ardently encouraged to hope for such communications, from the kind assistance I have already experienced of many respectable individuals; particularly of David Barclay, of Youngsbury; Dr. Cuming, of Dorchester; Joseph Cockfield, of Upson; Thomas Collinson, of Southgate; Dr. Dobson, and Dr. Falconer, of Bath; Dr. Anthony Fothergill, of London; Benjamin Franklin; Dr. Johnstone, of Kildermister; John Nichols, printer to the Society of Antiquaries; John Payne, treasurer and general of the Bank of England; Thomas Pennant, Esq; Dr. Percival, of Manchester; John Scott, Esq; Amwell; Henry Smethman, author of

the History of the Termites; Dr. Whitehead, of London; and Henry Zouchin, an eminent clergyman, and Justice of the Peace, of Sandal in Yorkshire, and of the family of the deceased.

JOHN COAKLEY LETTISON."

London,
May 1, 1783.

The measure being thus justified by Dr. Lettison, we shall proceed to deliver an opinion on the work. As to the facts stated therein, the intimacy between the editor and his recorded friend, places them beyond a doubt. In the style of writing, there is an elegance which would do honour to any author, and is particularly striking when we reflect that it is the production of a quaker. The moral observations and inferences drawn from the circumstances related, shew at once the goodness of the heart, and excellence of the head of Dr. Lettison. But that their merit may appear in the best light, we shall lay a few of them before our readers, regretting that the limits of our plan will not permit us to copy more, and recommending the whole to the perusal of our friends and the public at large.

"We may date the commencement of his practice in the year 1746, for though he graduated in 1736, the intermediate time was chiefly employed in attending the hospitals, and laying that foundation, upon which was afterwards to be raised a distinguished superstructure."

His general character and manners are thus mentioned:

"The person of Dr. Fothergill was of a delicate, rather of an extenuated make; his features were all character; his eye had a peculiar brilliancy of expression, yet it was not easy to mark the leading trait as to disengage it from the united whole. He was remarkably active and alert, and, with a few exceptions, enjoyed a good state of health. He had a peculiarity of address and manner, resulting from person, education, and principle; but it was so perfectly accompanied by the most engaging attentions, that he was the genuine polite man above all forms of breeding. I knew him well, and never knew a man who left such pleasing impressions on the minds of his patients.

"His dress was remarkably neat, plain, and decent, peculiarly becoming himself; a perfect transcript of the order, and I may add, the neatness of his mind. — He thought it unworthy a man of sense, and inconsistent with his character, to suffer himself to be led by the whim of fashion, and become the slave of its caprices. — But this impression upon his understanding was much strengthened by his firm attachment to his principles as a quaker, which led to that decent plainness and modesty in dress, which may be presumed to be one, at least, amongst the external evidences of a spirit elevated in its views above all transient and sublunary things.

"At his meals he was remarkably temperate, in the opinion of some, rather too abstemious, eating sparingly, but with a good relish, and rarely exceeding two glasses of wine at dinner or supper; yet, by this uniform and steady temperance, he preserved his mind vigorous and active, and his constitution equal to all his engagements."

To do justice to the merits of deceased characters, is at once an honour to the individual who performs it, and a benefit to the public, inasmuch as it tends to promote living excellence by securing posthumous reputation. The public are therefore considerably indebted to Dr. Lettsom, for thus judiciously, friendly, faithfully, and elegantly commemorating the learned, skilful, and humane Dr. Fothergill.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Dr. Lettsom, who has favoured the public with the preceding life of the late justly celebrated Dr. Fothergill, is, as we have been informed from respectable authority, a native of one of the Virgin Islands in the West-Indies. He was sent from thence to England in his infancy, and placed under the care of Mr. Samuel Fothergill, of Warrington, the younger brother of the ingenious physician, whose memoirs he has recorded. Adjacent to the town just mentioned, he was sent to a grammar school, under the tuition of Mr. Thompson, uncle to Dr. Thompson of London. After his school education, he was placed in the family and under the tuition of Dr. Sutcliffe, for some years; and thence came to London to visit the hospitals, which he attended for two years. He afterwards studied at Edinburgh, and then at Leyden, where

he took a degree of Doctor of physic; his thesis being "*Observationes ad viribus Theæ pertinentes*." — To complete his education he visited the hospitals of Paris, and most of the places of resort for relief of invalids abroad; as Spa in Westphalia, Aix la Chapelle, and various others. — After this tour, he returned to London about the year 1769, and was, in the same year, admitted a member of the Royal College of Physicians. The year after, he was elected a fellow of the Society of Antiquarians, and in the year succeeding that, a fellow of the Royal Society. His time was now devoted, and his attention directed, to the duties of his profession, in which his merit procured him increasing practice; and the death of his friend Dr. Fothergill, poured in upon him a very extensive and respectable line of business. He has, besides his income as a physician, a very genteel private fortune, and to his immortal honour, a very considerable portion of both is applied to acts of friendship, as well as public and private charity.

The Doctor has not only administered to the relief of the afflicted by his attendance and prescriptions, but also by various useful medical publications. He has likewise contributed to enrich the literary and philosophical world by his writings; a list of which is subjoined to these anecdotes.

Reflections on the Treatment of Fevers, &c.	2	1772
The natural History of the Tea Tree, &c.	4s.	1772
The Naturalist's and Traveller's Companion, &c.	2s. 6d.	1774
Medical Memoirs of the General Dispensary of London.	5s.	1774
Improvement of Medicine in London, &c.	1s.	1775
Observations preparatory to the Use of Dr. Meibach's Medicines.	1s. 6d.	1776
History of the Origin of Medicine, &c.	6s.	1778
Observations on the Plan proposed for establishing a Dispensary and Medical Society, &c.	1s.	1779
A Letter to Sir Robert Barker, Knt. F. R. S. and George Stackpole, Esq. upon General Inoculation.	6d.	1779
Observations on Baron Dimsdale's Remarks thereon.	6d.	1779
An Answer to Baron Dimsdale's Review of the Observations,	6d.	1779

Hortus Uptonensis, or a Catalogue
of the Hot and Green House
Plants, in Dr. Fothergill's Gar-
den at the Time of his Decease. 2s. 1780

The Works of the late Dr. Fother-
gill. 18s. plain, il. 1s. coloured.
The Life of the late Dr. Fother-
gill. 3s.

Elements of Hebrew Grammar: To which is prefixed, A Dissertation on the two
Modes of reading, with or without Points. By Charles Wilson, Professor of
Hebrew in the University of St. Andrews. Edinburgh: Creech. London:
Cadell and Elmley.

THE Author, whose principal design in this work is, to render the study of the Hebrew language easy and agreeable, found that the peculiarities of Hebrew grammar admitted of a more easy and familiar explanation in English than in Latin. Besides, as he observes, many persons who have had little opportunity of acquiring an extensive knowledge, either of Latin or Greek may incline to obtain some acquaintance with that language, in which the first revelation of the *old* Testament was written.

The successful labours of Sir William Jones, and Mr. Richardson, in explaining the principles both of the Arabic and Persian languages in English, are a proof that a language more simple than either of these, may be taught in the same tongue: and, farther, it has been often remarked, that between the Hebrew and the English idioms, there is a frequent and very striking coincidence. These circumstances form a strong presumption that the principles of the Hebrew tongue may be clearly explained without the intervention of either Greek or Latin: and, it will be allowed that Mr. Wilson has placed this matter beyond all doubt. A person of tolerable capacity, habituated to the study of the dead or living languages, who applies to the study of Hebrew on the plan recommended in this work, in the course of a few months may read, with very little assistance from a lexicon, the whole book of psalms, and most of the historical parts of the old testament. And if he persist in the study, he will soon find no great difficulty in understanding any passage that may first occur on opening the bible.

Mr. Wilson has been at great pains to facilitate the task of learning to read the Hebrew. The difficulty of reading this language, or rather of pronouncing its combinations of consonants, has hitherto been the chief obstacle to an easy acquirement of that ancient tongue. That difficulty the ingenious labours of Mr. Wilson have greatly contributed to remove: and the unlettered student, in particular, who wishes to read the sacred volume in

the original, *sacras recludere fontes*, owes the professor very great obligations.

We are particularly well pleased with the first three chapters of this work; which treat of reading, of the vowel-points, and of the nature and genius of Hebrew grammar. We entirely agree with the learned professor, that the grammatical principles of the Hebrew tongue are totally independent on *accents* and *vowel-points*. It therefore became unnecessary for him to enumerate or explain the various rules which have been laid down for ascertaining their changes. Mr. Wilson joins in opinion with those who maintain that the knowledge of Hebrew alone would supply more materials for a system of etymology, than the laborious researches of all those authors who have devoted their attention to this subject. He has given some specimens of derivations, which he presumes, tend to support this hypothesis. He affirms, with truth, that an immense number of words in most of the eastern languages, bear plain marks of a Hebrew original. It is not so evident that "great part of the Celtic, and of the northern languages, may be traced to the same source." In searching for etymologies, the philologist is apt to grow fanciful, and like the gazing enraptured boy, sees men and armies in clouds. The exercise of hunting for etymologies is amusing indeed, but does not lead to any important discovery.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Charles Wilson is about fifty years of age. He was born in the town of Perth, North-Britain, being descended from a merchant, or, as we would say in England, a shopkeeper of that place, an industrious, religious, and honest man, of the sect called seceders. It is necessary that we explain what the seceders are, because there is a connection between them and our author. They are a class of mortals who labour to preserve, in all its vigour, that fanatical spirit which reigned in the days of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell. They contend that

the christian people, that is, the congregations at large, have a right to chuse their own pastors, and to dispose of church-livings. They consider the present generation as bound to adhere to, to solemnize and frequently to renew their obligations to keep the famous *league and covenant*. Nay, there are not wanting some persons among those people, who think that allegiance is due only to a covenanted king. Charles Wilson was educated in his earlier years among the seceders, and designed by his pious parents for a covenanting minister. But human learning extinguished in Charles all zeal for the covenant. At the Uni-

versity of Glasgow he distinguished himself by a proficiency in the languages, and the study of moral philosophy, and made a decent figure in all the classes. He rose superior to the prejudices of childhood, and attached himself to the ministers, and became a preacher of the gospel of the church of Scotland. He obtained a living in the gift of Lord Stormont: and, through the friendship of the Earl of Kinnoull, was preferred about two years ago to the professorship of Hebrew, in St. Mary's College, in the University of the ancient city of St. Andrew's, formerly the seat of the metropolitans of Scotland.

Editionis Veteris Testamenti Hebraici cum Variis Lectionibus Brevis Defensio, contra Ephemeridum Goettingensium criminationes: A Benjamino Kennicott, S. T. P. Ædis Christi Canonico. Oxonii; Prostat venalis apud Rivington, Londini. 1782.

MR. Kennicott begins his defence with observing, that he fore saw many, though not all the difficulties and disadvantages which he must encounter in collating the Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament. In particular, he was aware of the censures of those men who are envious of every work of celebrity that is not the production of their own pen. The first volume of his work, Mr. Kennicott observes was well received in Holland as well as in Britain. In Germany, he allows, the case was otherwise, although even there he could boast of the friendship, and patronage, and approbation of several of the most learned men of the country, especially of *Abbas Jerusalem* and *Abbas Vellhufen*. He calls upon these men to protect the second part of his work, which he trusts will be still more acceptable to them than the first.

With regard to such of his censurers as only differ from him in matters of opinion and argumentation, Mr. Kennicott does not think himself obliged to answer them. But with regard to those who differ from him as to matter of fact, the case he thinks very different. Here he thinks it incumbent on him to reply, although he declares that this is the last time in his life that he will ever appear

in defence of his writings. He proceeds to refute, which he does successfully, certain accusations respecting both his fidelity and accuracy, contained in the *Ephemerides Goettingenses* of 1781.—He then enters into a controversy with Brunsius, Professor at Helmsstadt in Sweden. He accuses Brunsius of betraying private confidence, and divulging what had passed between them in secret. He therefore thinks himself at liberty to produce several extracts from letters of Brunsius to himself, in which he expresses the highest esteem of both himself and his writings. The conduct of this Brunsius seems to be strangely inconsistent, and full of dissimulation.—He adverts to other criticisms by Schnurer, Iychsen, &c. All these obscure names, with many others, are dignified with the epithet *Clarissimi*. The moment a plodding investigator writes a dissertation on a Hebrew letter, he is honoured by his brethren with the title of *Clarissimus*.

Mr. Kennicott has followed his opponents through a great variety of very dry criticism with all that patience which forms a part of his character: and he has refuted many censures, with temper, and with judgment.

Tutti Gli Epigrammi, di M. Val. Marziale. Fedelmente Trasportati in Italiano. Da Giuseppino Graglia, Torinese. E Dilucidate con utilissime annotazioni. In Due Volumi. 11. 5s. Printed for the Author.

THIS is a work of great labour, and executed with great elegance; we remember the proposals for publishing this Italian translation of Martial, were

distributed in the year 1779, at which time we understood the work was ready for the press. A work of this kind has been long looked for, the pointed beau-

ties of Martial, translated into that harmonious language, the Italian, the amateurs of polite literature must consider a treat of the most estimable kind.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Giuseppio Graglia, is a native of Turin. By what we have been informed, he is the eldest son of a banker and trader in organsins; but by a succession of misfortunes in trade, and the ill-treatment of his father, he quitted his country at the age of twenty-five years. He went to Paris, and remained there two years, at the end of which time he found his little fortune reduced to a few louis d'ors, through the villainy of one of his countrymen. He came to London about sixteen years ago, and finding himself almost destitute of support, he turned his thoughts to entering an academy, as a teacher of the Italian and Latin languages. He engaged in a very reputable one at Woodford. Some time after, the Hon. Mrs. Damer, being anxious of an Italian, who could teach her Latin, he was recommended to this lady by a gentleman, his friend. This lady paid such uncommon attention to her studies, that in the space of about six years she arrived at the greatest perfection of the Italian and Latin languages. By a fatal catastrophe which happened in the family, he lost her patronage, and he then turned his thoughts to a translation of a little treatise called the *Nobilitate et præcellentia feminei sexus*, &c. of Cornelius

Agrippa; with an addition of some Latin, Italian, and French poetry, which have been much admired.

The present laborious undertaking was begun in the year 1773, and so unwearied was the translator's assiduity, that he has been known to write from ten at night to two o'clock every morning, choosing those hours as the best for his studies. He continued to apply himself in this manner for four years, till he found it hurt his constitution very much; he then stopt for a few weeks, but so restless was he to get this favourite work out of hand, that he sat down again, and in two years more he completed the whole. His pupils being many, employed his hours in the day, and they being of the first distinction, exerted themselves so successfully in filling his subscription list for this work, that it would now occupy many pages if he subjoined it. We are told, among the subscribers he found a generous friend in Robert Graham, Esq; a Scots gentleman, who interested himself with such alacrity in behalf of the author, that he took upon himself the expences of the press, for the first volume, which is very voluminous, containing near 900 pages. We have been informed, his ingenious countrymen Cypriani, Bartolozzi, and Rebecca, have sat down to embellish this work, and there is not a doubt but their united labours, as usual, will give the highest pleasure to the admirers of literature and the polite arts.

Letters from a celebrated Nobleman to his Heir. Never before published. 2s. 6d. Bowen?

THIS volume is nothing more than a cento from letters of the late Lord Chesterfield to the present Earl. It in some measure, may be called a supplemental volume to the Art of Pleasing, lately published.—It must be confessed by Lord Chesterfield's warmest admirers that there is much more to condemn in these idolised fragments of his, than in the posthumous productions of many an unnoticed writer; and but a little that posterity will look on with that eye of esteem his editors so ardently desire. His Letters to his Son are supereminently the best of his prose compositions, which is not to be wondered at, when we reflect that he was an only child, in whom his dearest affections centered, and to whom he could sit down to write with more en-

thusiasm than to any other object allied to him.

The present work we believe to be his, and though it does not exhibit those traits of genius which distinguish the Letters to his Son, yet as a branch of so distinguished and fruitful a tree, it is entitled to our respect.

The following passages are some of the best that appear in this little volume.

"Fable of the OAK and the BIRCH-TREE.

"It is much better to learn by the head than by the *derriere*. I will tell you a fable, and do you remember it.—In former times there was a proud Oak, who found himself planted near a *Bou-leau* or Birch tree, which you know is

one of the vilest of the species. The Oak, affronted at this neighbourhood, said to the Birch, "Away! wretched tree! come not near me. Thou art fit only to make rods and blooms. But I—I make crowns for heroes, and the diadems of conquerors." "O mighty well," replied the humble Birch, "It is certain that you crown heroes—but it is as certain too, that I prepare them for that distinction; and that, without *my branches* in their youth, they would not often merit *yours* in a more advanced age."—I apprehend you clearly understand the moral of this fable. Strive, therefore, to avoid the too sensible application of it to your posteriors.*

French must be spoken, at first, right or wrong, in order to speak it well in a course of time. 'Tis the language of society and conversation, and is better learnt by conversing than in any other way. The great Emperor Charles 5th said, that if he wished to speak to God, he would address him in Spanish; if he wanted to talk to his horse, it should be in German; if to his mistress, he would use Italian; but if he was talking to men, it should be in French. Now do you know why he appropriated these several languages to these several purposes? it was because the Spanish is a solemn, pompous language, and therefore fittest to address God in. German is a very rough language, and therefore the fittest for speaking to his horse. Italian is a very soft language, musical, and made up chiefly of vowels; and therefore he would speak it to his mistress: but he preferred French for conversing with men; as indeed it is the best suited for common conversation."

"Go on, and strive to attain to absolute perfection in writing, as in every thing else that you do: for though absolute perfection is denied to human nature, those who take the most pains to arrive at it, will come the nearest to it. Nothing can be done without application. The famous disturber and scourge of mankind, Charles 12th of Sweden, in his low camp style used to say, "That any man might do whatever he pleased, by resolution, courage, and perseverance, except kissing his own *derriere*." To a certain degree this is true. I own, I cannot entirely agree with his Swedish Majesty; but so much I will venture to say, that every man may, by unremitting

application and endeavours, do much more than at the first setting out, he thought it possible that he could ever do. Learn to distinguish between difficulties and impossibilities, which many people do not. The silly and the tongue loose upon impossibilities to be only difficulties; as, on the other hand, the lazy and the timorous take every difficulty for an impossibility. A greater knowledge of the world will teach you the proper medium between these two extremes."

"I shall write to you pretty often, and only require of you in return, one letter every fortnight. This will use you to the EPISTOLARY STYLE, which every gentleman should know, to a certain degree at least. Un will make it unusually easy to you; and good letters should be in an easy, but at the same time, in a pure and elegant style. They should not lack oil of the lamp, nor, on the other hand, be in a negligent and flatteringly style. You will hear many people say, that, when you write to any body, you should suppose yourself in company with that person; and only write what you would say to him, were you with him. But this is not so. For though the style of letters should by no means be stiff and formal, yet it should as little be inaccurate as incorrect. For though little errors are pardonable, and will be pardoned, in the rapidity of conversation, they will not be excused in writing, where every man has time to think, if he can think. There is also a style appropriated to the several sorts of letters. Letters of business require only great clearness and precision; so that the reader may not be obliged to read one paragraph twice, in order to understand it. Familiar letters give a greater latitude; for though they must be equally clear and intelligible, they admit of some levity; and the writer may throw into them all the wit that he is master of. I need not mention to you yet the proper style of *Billets Doux*, which should be only tender, and seem to come merely from the heart, whether they do or not. We have but two considerable collections of letters among the ancients, and those are the letters of Cicero, and of the younger Pliny. The former are the models of good letters, the other of pretty ones. Among the moderns there are three pre-eminent ones. Voiture excels in the agreeable *badinage*; Comte de Buffon in the polite genteel style of a man

* The writer elsewhere calls the grand remedy for scholars, *Le Fouet de Cul*.

† Light, airy style.

of quality, who has a great deal of wit, and knowledge of the world; and Madame de Sevigné excels them both, by a talent peculiarly her own. The Graces seem to have dictated her letters. We have millions of letters in our own language, but few good ones. In general, they want that genteel, easy air, that distinguishes the French ones which I have mentioned. The next time I see you, I will give you a volume of Comte de Buffon's letters, among which there are several of Madame de Sevigné's inserted. They were near relations and friends."

"I send you now another subject, which is an admirable rule to follow in every part of life. It is *suaviter in modo, fortiter in se* *. I own that the *suaviter* must, in some degree, be born with one, but in a degree too, it may be acquired by care and pains; and one cannot take too much pains for so valuable an acquisition. Cicero strongly recommends the *suavitas moris* †, and all the French writers inculcate *la douceur*, as a most necessary accomplishment. I cannot say that this *suavitas* is in general the growth of our country, and the young men of this age seem to affect a roughness and hardness of manners, which they most erroneously imagine looks manly and decisive. Your intimate friend Master E— has a very pleasing *douceur* in his face and manner."

"Writing well and speaking well in public are the necessary qualifications for success in public life, and they are very easily acquired by attention and application. In all events, aim at it; and if you do not attain, let it be said of you, which was said of Phœton, *Magnus tamen excidit ausus* ‡. Every man of a generous, noble spirit desires first to please, and then to shine; *scire digni scribi, vel scribere digni legi* §. Fools and indolent people lay all their disappointments to the charge of their ill-fortune; but there is no such thing as good or ill-fortune. Every man makes his own fortune in proportion to his merit: an ancient author whom you are not yet, but will in time be acquainted with, says very justly,

*Nullum nomen habet, si sit prudentia;
sed te
Nos facimus, FORTUNA, Deam; Cæ-
leque locamus.*

IMITATED.

"Thy power, O FORTUNE, we may well despise,
If virtuous *Prudence* light us on our way;
Though fools of old extoll'd thee to the skies,
The recent Goddess of life's chequer'd day!"

JUV. Sat. 10. ad fin.

"*Prudence*, here, means those qualifications, and that conduct, which will command fortune; let that be your motto, and have it always in your mind."

"To say the truth, I think you have but few faults; and as I perceive them, I shall make it my business to correct them, and assume the office of censor. If I mistake not, I have discovered in that little heart of yours some lurking seeds of pride, which nature, who has been very kind to you, never sowed there, but were transplanted thither by vulgar folly and adulation at M—. You was there "My young Squire;" and sometimes perhaps, by anticipation, "My young Lord." Well, and what then? Do you not feel, that you owe these advantages wholly to chance, and not to any merit of your own? Are you *better born*, as silly people call it, than the servant who wipes your shoes?—Not in the least. He had a father and a mother; and they had fathers and mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers, and so on, up to the first creation of the human species; and he, consequently, is of as *ancient* a family as yourself. It is true, your family has been more lucky than his, but not one jot better. You will find in Ulysses' speech for the armour of Achilles this sensible observation;

¶ *Nam genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Ipsæ ea nostra voco* §.

Moreover, you desire, and very laudably, to please, which, if you have any pride,

* "Gentle in manner, firm in resolution."

† "Yet in a glorious enterprise he failed."

‡ "To do what is worthy to be recorded, or write things worthy to be read."

§ The deeds of long descended ancestors

Are but by grace of *imputation* ours;

Not can I claim them *mine*.

MET. Lib. II. v. 328.

OVID MET. Lib. XIII. v. 140.

which it was clad of the observer, the station might be such, that the owl, now emerged from the mantle, presented itself to his eye in profile, skirting with the moon's limb. All this is well. The perspective is striking: and the picture well defined. But the poet was not contented. He felt a desire to enlarge it: and, in executing his purpose, gave it accumulation without improvement. The idea of the owl's *complaining*, is an artificial one; and the views, on which it proceeds, absurd. Gray should have seen, that it but ill befitted the *bird of wisdom*, to complain to the moon of an intrusion, which the moon could no more help than herself.

"I suspect this idea, of the owl complaining to the moon, to have been a

borrowed one, though I do not certainly know from whom. Addison, whose piety deterred him from doubting that religion was capable of poetic embellishments, has made the moon tell a story, and the stars and planets sing a devotional catch. But of fancies approaching to Gray's, I find no one that approaches so closely, as that contained in the children's book, where the little dog is drawn *barking at the moon*. It is expostulation in the one case, and scolding in the other. Gray has chosen the most respectful. But enough of this. Criticism is content to check a curiosity that wants an adequate object, and would spare poetry the mortification of finding herself tracked to the lanes and blind allies where her trap-pings were first picked up."

Memoirs of the Bastille. Containing a full Exposition of the mysterious Policy and despotic Oppression of the French Government, in the interior Administration of that State-Prison. Interspersed with a variety of curious Anecdotes. Translated from the French of the celebrated Mr. Linguet, who was imprisoned there from September 1780, to May 1782. London. Kearsly.

AN advertisement, prefixed to this publication, by the translator, gives a short account of the author.

Mr. Linguet was fourteen years one of the most distinguished Counsellors of the Parliament of Paris. But whilst he was thus displaying his useful and active talents at the bar, he employed himself likewise in the cultivation of polite literature and philosophy. In the revolution which some years ago interrupted all judicial order in France, Mr. Linguet having suffered on the part of the Parliament of Paris, and ultimately on that of government itself, those shocking injuries of which the particulars may be seen in his Appeal to Posterity, sought an asylum in England. At the approach of the rupture between this country and France, Mr. Linguet having quitted the former through a patriotic delicacy, and having persuaded himself that on the part of the Count de Vergennes he might go to France to prosecute his interests there; he was arrested on the 27th of September, 1780, by virtue of a *lettre-de-cacher*, and conducted to the Bastille, where he remained full twenty months.

This publication contains the history of his imprisonment, and that of the proceedings of those ministers who were accessaries in it. These particulars form the first part. It also contains a description of the regimen of the prison, and this takes up the second.

In the account Mr. Linguet has given

of his imprisonment, and of the arbitrary proceedings of the French government against him, there is every appearance of fidelity and accuracy. On this subject, indeed, appeals are frequently made to authentic documents. The honors of the Bastille are described in a most affecting manner, and the English reader is reminded of the invaluable blessing of civil liberty, and the encroaching nature of sovereign power, which, in so many countries has trampled on the rights of the people.

"The prelude to their (the keepers of the Bastille) operations, when a fresh victim is brought to them, is the Search. Their mode of taking possession of a prisoner's person, and their manner of shewing him the infernal property in which he will be held, is first to strip him of all his own. He is no less astonished, than alarmed, to find himself delivered up to the searching and groping of four men, whose appearance is enough to belye their functions, and yet does but add to their infamy; of four men decorated with a uniform, which must give one cause to expect decency of conduct, with insignia. I repeat it once more, which one would suppose to denote an honourable service.

"They take away his money, lest it should afford the means of corruption amongst them; his jewels, on the very same consideration; his papers, lest they should furnish him with a resource against the weariness and vexation to which he

is doomed; his knives, scissers, &c. left he should cut his own throat, say they, or assassinate his jailors: for they explain to him coolly the motives for all their depredations. After this ceremony, which is long, and often interrupted by pleasantries and remarks on every article in the inventory, they drag him to the cell destined for his reception.

"These cells are all contained in towers, of which the walls are at least twelve, and at the bottom thirty or forty feet thick. Each has a vent-hole made in the wall; but crossed by three grates of iron, one within, another in the middle, and a third on the outside. The bars cross each other, and are an inch in thickness; and, by a refinement of invention in the persons who contrived them, the solid part of each of these meshes answers exactly to the vacancy in another; so that a passage is left to the light, of scarcely two inches, though the intervals are near four inches square.

"Formerly each of these caves had three or four openings, small indeed, and ornamented with the same gratings. But this multiplicity of holes was soon found to promote the circulation of the air; they prevented humidity, infection, &c. A humane Governor, therefore had them stopped up; and at present there remains but one, which on very fine days just admits light enough into the cell to make "darkness visible."

"So in winter these dungeons are perfect ice-houses, because they are lofty enough for the frost to penetrate; in summer they are moist, suffocating stoves, the walls being too thick for the heat to dry them.

"Several of the cells, and mine was of the number, are situated upon the ditch into which the common sewer of the Rue St. Antoine empties itself; so that whenever it is cleared out, or in summer after a few days continuance of the hot weather, or after an inundation, which is frequent enough both spring and autumn in ditches sunk below the level of the river, there exhales a most infectious, pestilential vapour: and when it has once entered those pigeon-holes they call rooms, it is a considerable time before they are cleared of it.

"Such is the atmosphere a prisoner breathes; there, in order to prevent a total suffocation, he is obliged to pass his days, and often his nights, stuck up

against the interior grate, which keeps him from approaching, as described above, too close to the hole cut in the form of a window; the only orifice through which he can draw his scanty portion of air and of light. His efforts to suck a little fresh air through this narrow tube serve often but to increase around him the fetid odour, with which he is on the point of being suffocated.

"But woe to the unfortunate wretch, who in winter cannot procure money to pay for the firing, which they distribute in the King's name! Formerly a proper quantity was supplied for the consumption of each prisoner, without equivalent, and without measure. They were not used to cavil with men in every other respect deprived of all, and subjected to so cruel a privation of exercise on the quantity of fire requisite to rarefy their blood, coagulated by inaction, and to volatilise the vapours condensed upon their walls. It was the will of the Sovereign, that they should enjoy the benefit of this sojourn, or this recitment, unrestrained as to the expence.

"The intention, without doubt, is still the same: yet is the custom altered. The present governor has limited the proportion for each prisoner to six billets of wood, great or small. It is well known, that in Paris the logs for chamber use are but half the market size, being sawed through the middle: they are no more than eighteen inches in length. The economical purveyor is careful to pick out in the timber-merchants' yards the very smallest he can find, and, what is as incredible as it is true, the very worst. He chuses in preference those at the bottom of the piles, which are exhausted by time and moisture of all their salts, and for that reason thrown aside to be sold at an inferior price to the brewers, bakers, and such other trades as require a fire rather clear than substantial. Six of those logs, or rather sticks, make the allowance of four and twenty hours for an inhabitant of the Bastille.

It may be asked, what they do when this allowance is exhausted? They do as the honourable governor advises them they put up with their sufferings."

Mr. Linguet is an eloquent and spirited writer, and he has enriched his narrative with many curious anecdotes of persons of distinction in his own country.

The Adventures of a Night: A Farce of Two Acts. As it is performed at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane. 1s. Evans.

IN our last number (page 307) we have given the fable of this Entertainment; we shall therefore only make a few strictures on the author's style and some of his *Dramatis Personæ*. The dialogue betrays a great poverty of language, and abounds in vulgarisms, trite allusions, bad grammar, and the worst sort of pleasantry. We expected to have found *some* sentiment, delicacy, humour, or passion in the hero and heroine of the piece, who are both uniformly dull, tame, and uninteresting. The following instances will prove the truth of our animadversion.

SCENE V.

SPRIGHTLY (An University Student.)

Prithee, Frank, why in such dudgeon? Sure the fortress I was attacking had not capitulated to you, had it?

FAIRLOVE (an Officer.)

Yes, Sir, the lady you have affronted. I have been this half year persuading to go off to Scotland with me, and when I had, with great difficulty, gained her consent, you have contrived to blurt all my hopes.

SPR. What, do you know so little of the sex as to imagine that when a girl has once got an elopement into her head, that appointment will damp her spirit? No, like oil pour'd on fire, 'twill make it burn the brighter.

FAIRL. I'm afraid *not*; and that's *not* my only fear, for, during the confusion, she slipp'd away before I arriv'd, and I know *not* what is become of her.

SPR. 'Tis a confounded unlucky affair—but how the devil should I know she was your mistress.

FAIRL. That's true, but cou'd you not see the difference between a modest woman, and a woman of the town?

SPR. No faith—if modest women will walk at night without a man to protect them, they ought *not* to be angry if they were taken for what they are *not*.

FAIRL. That's owing to your ignorance; a hawk who is train'd at what game to fly, never mistakes his quarry; while an untam'd one pounces at *every thing which comes in his way—zounds!* I thought the university trammels wou'd have tam'd you.

SPR. What, you are like the rest of the world, *I see*, who fancy that every

college student must be a pedant, wear a wig, and look as *if he was cut out of pasteboard*. No, no, a hundred years ago, such an exotic might be *here and there* found; but at present, thanks to the public schools, and the vicinity of London, it must be plagiary our own faults if we don't know as much of the world as if the university were in Grosvenor-square.

FAIRL. You seem determined it shan't be your fault, however."

Now we will bring the lovers together.

FAIRL. "My dearest Harriet, have I found you at last? What anxious moments have I passed since the accident which separated us this evening, and yet I know not whether my joy or surprise *were* greater, when this gentleman inform'd me *when you were*."

HARRIET. That gentleman is indeed the *properest person* to inform you; for he has been the principal cause of my being in *such a place*.

SPR. (*aside*.) A pretty awkward figure I make here.

FAIRL. I *know* it, but as the offence was unintentional, and he has made all the reparation in his power, I hope you will forgive him, *as I do*.

SPR. 'Tis in that hope only, madam. I have ventur'd to appear before *you*, and I shall not be perfectly easy till I have made my apology to the gentleman who protected me.

FAIRL. Where is that gentleman, Harriet? I understood from Sprightly, that he was carried to the constable's *as well as yourself*.

C R A B (the Constable.)

Yes, captain, the gentleman is safe in my house, and if your honour desires to speak to him, I'll bring him to you.

FAIRL. I do desire it; go, with my respects, and beg the favour of his company."

We did expect to have seen more nature and passion; especially after the preceding scene, when Harriet is discovered in an apartment in the constable's house, where she is made to *say and sing* the following prose and rhyme.

"What a train of inconveniences does one false step draw after it! Notwithstanding the anxiety my rash step this evening has already occasioned *me*, I am afraid, from this letter, which the Justice,

site has had the assurance to write to me, I shall find my situation still more distressing, unless the note I have written home should bring my father here before him. At all events my hopes of being united to Fairlove are now entirely *overthrown*.

S O N G.

Oh love, how swift thy fairest prospects fade!

Swift as the beauty of a vernal day;
At morn the sun illumines the dew-spent
glade,

And slow's expanding drink his orient
ray.

But soon it passes, chilling blasts arise,
The flow'rets droop, his lustre disap-
pears,

And the light clouds, that glow'd with
golden dyes,

Chang'd to black vapours, *mour*n its
fate with tears.

Some, however, of the situations are tolerably farcical, and tolerably conducted; but their success depended principally upon the exertions of the performers. In justice to the author we shall give our reader the eighth scene, which, in our opinion, is the most favourable specimen of the author's abilities.

Enter Mrs. MORECRAFT.

"Am I never to have my house at liberty, Mr. Morecraft; must it be still'd morning, noon, and night, with your runners and retainers?"

MORECRAFT (a' talking Justice.)

Nay, Mrs. Morecraft, I'm sure you ought not to complain when you enjoy the convenience of it. Without it, how do you think I should be able to support your extravagance?

Mrs. MOREC. I don't know what you mean by extravagance, Mr. Morecraft: I enter into no expence but what becomes

me; and if I keep the best company, it is for your honour.

MOREC. May be so—but honour's too expensive an article for me to deal in. I have contriv'd to live pretty well hitherto without it, and I shan't begin now to purchase such a costly superfluity.

Mrs. MOREC. These vulgar mechanical ideas are a disgrace to your station; but if you don't know what becomes the dignity of your office, I do.

MOREC. Don't tell me of dignity; money is the only thing which gives dignity now a-days. Who takes most care of my dignity, therefore, I who get money, or you who squander it?—But the world is turn'd upside down, and every body is got out of place.

Mrs. MOREC. Yes, or you would never have been made a Justice. Sure I was satiated to unite myself to such a fellow, when I might have been so much better match'd—you know I might.

MOREC. I ought to know it, I'm sure; for I generally hear it a dozen times a day.

Mrs. MOREC. Besides Timmy Tiffany, the bean mercer, and Sir Gregory Gandler, a knight and alderman, was'n't there Aschar, the great Jew broker, dying at my feet?

MOREC. He was in more danger of dying elsewhere, for if he hadn't run away, he would have been hang'd for sounding.

Mrs. MOREC. But you have no sense of the sacrifice I made you, and the treasure you obtained.

MOREC. That's only in character, dear; Justice, you know, should have no partiality.

To what we have already remarked, we may venture to add, that those who expect to find genius, invention, stile, character, and genuine humour in the *Adventures of a Night*, will be miserably disappointed.

A Digest of the Doctrine of Bail, in civil and criminal Cases, compiled from the various Authorities and Reports of Cases adjudged in the several Courts of civil and criminal Judicature, and calculated for public Utility. By A. Highmore, Junior, Attorney at Law. Cadell. 7s.

WE think, with the compiler of this work, that laying before the public the chief doctrine of personal liberty is matter of the highest utility, and a point of learning, in which not only the lawyer, but the subject at large should be well acquainted: and from this opinion held forth in his preface, we expected to

have found in some part of the work at least, a short treatise upon the subject he holds forth as the ground work of his book. In this we were disappointed, he scarcely touches upon the *causes* of the adjudications he cites, and never gives the *reasons* upon which the courts found their judgments: of course we think

his title says too much in promising a *doctrine*, the great essentials of which are causes and reasons. [The book is in truth a digest of determinations, and like all other digests, will be found of use to the man of profession; but those who will look into it for the *doctrine* of personal liberty, will be disappointed.]

The introduction of this book is divided into five heads:—1. *Bail*. 2. *Main-prize*. 3. The difference between *bail* and *main-prize*. 4. *Pledges*. 5. *Surety*.

The work contains fifteen chapters, which include the adjudications of the courts on the following divisions:—1.

Affidavit to hold to bail. 2. Who may not be held to bail. 3. Who may be held to bail. 4. Who may not become bail. 5. Bail to the sheriff. 6. Putting in bail above. 7. Exception and justification. 8. How far bail are liable. 9. How they are discharged. 10. *Score facias*. 11. Bail in error. 12. Bail on *habeas corpus*. 13. Bankruptcy of the principal. 14. Bail in cases of outlawry. 15. Sureties or pledges of *replevin*.—Each of these divisions are subdivided, and the arrangement is judiciously formed.

(Anecdotes of the Author will be given.)

Themidore and Rozette; or, authentic Anecdotes of a Parisian Counsellor and Courtesan. Translated from the French. 2s. 6d.

THIS novel, to give it its proper title, should have been called, a Supplement to the Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure. This hint is sufficient to caution our chaste readers from proceeding beyond the title. A morning paper was put into our hands a few days ago,

which says, in a paragraph, the queen of France gave her opinion on the merit of this volume to the *Commissaires de Provence*: this is the most bare-faced insult to majesty that we ever remember to have met with, and no doubt ere this has met the contempt it deserves.

An Address to the King and Parliament of Great-Britain on preserving the Lives of the Inhabitants. The third Edition. To which are now added, Observations on the General Bills of Mortality. By W. Hawes, M. D. Physician to the Surrey Dispensary, and Reader of Lectures on Animation. Also further Hints for restoring Animation, by an improved Plan, and for preserving Health against the pernicious Influences of noxious Vapours, or contaminated Air; in a second Letter to the Author. By A. Fothergill, M. D. F. R. S.

IN a former number we laid before our readers a brief account of, and strictures on, the Address to the King and Parliament, by Dr. Hawes, and the Hints for restoring Animation, by Dr. Fothergill. Those ingenious and humane physicians having added to their preceding labours, again become the objects of our attention. Dr. Hawes, in the present edition has proceeded to make observations on the general bills of mortality. That these have been of late very ill-conducted and fallacious, is a fact too notorious to need repetition. The fatal consequences of such errors, and the mode of correcting them, we shall point out in the words of the author, at once as a proof of our assertion and his abilities. "The general bill of mortality, as prepared and stated, renders it an insult to common sense, and a gross indignity to the throne.—Could we suppose that a report seriously engaged the royal attention, we could indeed feel much for the father of a kingdom thus misinformed of the situation of his subjects.—From

such a misrepresentation he might be led to lament his weakness when he ought to triumph in his strength, and on the contrary to exult in the increase of his people, when he should rather regret their devastation. But the evils attendant on inaccurate bills of mortality do not affect majesty alone."—After treating on the advantages that would accrue from accurate bills of mortality, the Doctor thus proceeds:—"Let us see how they are now collected, and thence draw our conclusions on their probable effects. With whom does this business commence? With women advanced in years and indigent in circumstances. Age in general is attended with a decrease of faculties; and even if it were not so, the habits and education of women in the prime of life seldom enable them to pronounce positively that a person is dead, much less to explore the cause of that death." Speaking of the indigence of the searchers, our author thus expresses himself. "The rich as well, and as often, as the poor die. The friends of the former have

large fees to present. If they wish to preserve the deceased from examination, the hand of poverty is open to receive the offered gift, and the heart is disposed to comply with the desired concealment." The situation of the deceased poor is thus described, "Their friends have no bribes to bestow. Here then is no motive to impel the searchers to discharge their duty, the poor therefore must frequently be consigned to the grave by violence unknown and unsuspected." The Doctor, after a close examination of the numbers set down to each disease in the general bill of mortality, having shewn their fallacy, proceeds to point out a remedy for this alarming evil. "Let tables of christenings, marriages, births, and burials, be most faithfully kept, in-

cluding the still-born and unbaptized.—Let the ages of the dead *under five* be specified by single years, those *above*, by periods of five or ten years.—In the list of diseases should be put down not only those who die, but how many died of each, disease, at what age and period of the year." In support of his proposal, Dr. Hawes brings the following respectable authorities. The late Dr. Fothergill, Dr. Percival of Manchester; Dr. Hargrath, of Chester; Dr. Pultney, of Blandford; and Dr. Anthony Fothergill, of London; Dr. Price, Mr. Howlett, &c. &c.—In our next number we propose laying before our readers some account of, and strictures on, Dr. Fothergill's "Further hints for restoring Animation."

Six Discourses delivered by Sir John Pringle, Bart. when President of the Royal Society; on Occasion of six annual Assignments of Sir Godfrey Copley's Medal. To which is prefixed the Life the Author. By Andrew Kippis, D. D. F. R. S. And S. A. London. Smahan and Cadell. 1783.

THE name of Sir John Pringle, will naturally excite the curiosity of every lover of science to look into these discourses. They were delivered upon occasions which furnished their ingenious and very learned author with opportunities of giving the history of several of the most curious and important doctrines, inventions, and improvements in modern natural philosophy. This interesting task the celebrated president performed in a manly and most agreeable manner. His researches into the history and progression of science and art have been indefatigable: his regard to justice and truth in assigning to each discoverer his due praise, merits the highest approbation: the knowledge which he displays of the different subjects of which he discourses is admirable: and the happy and delicate choice of his expressions, the precision of his style, and eloquence of his manner, such as might become the distinguished character he bore when he addressed the Royal Society, and bestowed on different persons eminent for sagacity and learning, the honourable reward of their successful labours.

In reading these discourses we are struck with the superiority of natural philosophy, above those endless lagomachies of logics, metaphysics, and ethics, which promise so much but perform so little: which elevate the ardent minds of young readers with the hopes of penetrating whatever seems most mysterious and grand in the ways of providence, and in

the intellectual world; but which men of sounder understandings, as well as riper years, exchange for that species of philosophy which marches by the aid of well ascertained experiments and facts, in the paths of induction and literary experience, by slow but sure steps to truths equally amusing and subservient to the purposes of human life. This is the species of philosophy which is suited to the limited powers of man—this that humbles his vanity, but extends his power over nature.

These are among the reflections which occurred to us, on the perusal of this collection of discourses, in general. For the satisfaction of the reader we shall give a brief account of each of them.

The first is on the different kinds of air. It was delivered at the Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Society, Nov. 30, 1773, when the prize-medal of Sir Godfrey Copley was bestowed on Dr. Priestly. The knowledge how indispensable the element of air is to the preservation of animals, Sir John Pringle observes, must have been coeval with mankind. It was found likewise to be a necessary support of fire, and that, deprived of this, the vegetable creation languished and died. Nor did the antient physicians fail to distinguish, at least attempt to remark a distinction between the effects of an air too hot and one too cold, an air too moist, and one too dry; and between an insalutary, and a wholesome air.—Thus far the experience, or the theory of

all ages. But the less obvious properties of this element, its gravitation, and its elasticity, with their long train of consequences, remained unknown, till about the beginning of the last century: Lord Bacon and Galileo, in that dawn of philosophy which they themselves diffused, began the enquiry. The discoveries are enumerated which were made concerning air by Toricelli, the disciple of Galileo, Pascal, Otto de Guericke, inventor of the air-pump, Mr. Boyle, Dr. Hook, Dr. Halley, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Hales, Dr. Sipp of Pyrmont, Dr. Brownrigg of Whitehaven, Mr. Lane, Dr. Watson, and Mr. Cavendish. After enumerating the ingenious and successful labours of these gentlemen, Sir John proceeds thus:

"Nothing now seemed to be wanting to the triumph of art, but an easy manner of joining, as there should be occasion, certain principles of air to common

water, in order to improve upon nature in the more extensive use of her medicine (mineral waters)." This was effected by Dr. Priestly, after some other important discoveries had been made in this part of pneumatics, first by Dr. Black, Professor of Chymistry at Edinburgh, and then by Mr. Cavendish. These discoveries, the president enumerates, as also the improvements of Dr. Priestly.

It being found that air, by use, is rendered unfit for respiration, and that neither candles will burn, nor animals live beyond a certain time, in a given quantity of that element. Some provision, however, there must be in nature for respiration, and for the support of flame. For the air, we have reason to believe, is not less proper for these purposes than it was about two thousand years ago.

(To be continued.)

The State of the Public Debts and Finances at signing the Preliminary Articles of Peace in January 1783. With a Plan for raising Money by Public Loans, and for redeeming the Public Debts. By Richard Price, D. D. and F. R. S. London. Cadell.

IN a work such as the present, it cannot be expected that we should give a minute account of the different calculations employed by the author; let it be sufficient to select such particulars as are most worthy of the attention of the public.

A most important, but a most melancholly picture, is in the first place presented to the reader, viz. a view of the public debts. In the year 1775, a year which Britain will have too much cause to remember, the national debt amounted to 129,860,018 l. In January 1783, this debt was found to be augmented to no less a sum than 215,717,709 l. the interest, with expence of management of which, was 7,513,852 l. 9s. To the above sum is to be added 36,867,227 l. of debt not funded nor provided for in January 1783; so that the whole debt, funded and unfunded at this period, amounted to 252,584,986 l. requiring for interest and management 9,008,931 l. * Of the above debt 115,654,914 l. Dr. Price observes, has been contracted from January 1776, to January 1783, the annual interest and management of which

is 4,557,575 l. for the payment of which interest, &c. in January 1783, there was 2,807,878 l. arising from the taxes that then existed, there remained therefore 1,769,697 l. to be added by the taxes to be imposed. The surplus of the revenue in 1783, which he makes amount to 1,011,507 l. he proposes as a fund for extinguishing the national debt.

But to the interest and management of the national debt, there must be added the expences of the civil list, and likewise of the peace establishment, the whole of which he makes to amount to 13,858,931 l. The old and new taxes, the tax which he proposes to be raised in 1783, and the surplus of the revenue in that year, he states at 14,858,931 l. so that according to his calculation there would still remain a million annually for extinguishing the debt of the nation.

The next consideration of importance is, how the national debt may be extinguished by this given surplus.

"In paying off debts (says Dr. Price) with any given surplus, their bearing a high rather than a low interest, is a particular advantage; a million surplus in

* Dr. Price observes in a note, that the above calculation was founded on a supposition that the debts were to receive no increase by funding the 36,867,227; by the manner, however, he informs us, in which the last loan was conducted, the national debt amounts to 257,149,626 l.

the same time in which it would pay off 100,000,000 bearing 3 per cent. interest, will pay off 133,000,000 bearing 4 per cent. 178,000,000 bearing 5 per cent. and 241,000,000 bearing 6 per cent. It is therefore proposed, adds he, that the 3 per cents should be converted into 4 per cents, and that future loans should be conducted on a plan which should make them the means of effecting this conversion."

At the time this subject was under consideration, by the late ministry, the author observes the 3 per cents were at 68 l. the 4 per cents at 81 l. "In these circumstances it was proposed, that for 104 l. in money, the holders of the 3 per cent stocks, should be offered in exchange for 100 l. in this stock, 200 l. 4 per cent. stock;" by this means the nation would pay at the rate of 4 l. 16 s. 2 d. interest for a 100 l. of money, and the capital of the 4 per cents would be augmented by diminishing that of the 3 per cents.

From this plan with the ordinary method of paying up the money subscribed, by installments, together with an 8th per cent. for seven years, which was to have been added to the interest of the new 4 per cents. in place of the profits arising from a lottery, the advantages to the subscribers are made to amount to 3½ per cent. on their subscription. To the public, the chief advantages are made to consist in preventing exorbitant premiums, and in not augmenting the capital far beyond the money borrowed, for by raising a large sum of money by means of a still larger capital in 1781, the addition to the public debts was 21 millions, while the money borrowed was but 12 millions. This method of borrowing, as is frequently observed by our author, renders the redemption of our public debts at par almost impossible. He likewise mentions, that the above plan would have a tendency to raise the stocks, whereas every other method that has been adopted has had the effect to depress them.

Thus by turning the 3 per cents. into the 4 per cents. the author maintains, first, that the capital would be diminished, an important circumstance, if ever redemption should take place. 2dly. That by means of the debts bearing a higher interest they would be sooner extinguished by the application of any given surplus.—In order that these new 4 per cents. may increase in their value, the

author proposes that they should be deemed when under par, but not so when above it, till the whole of the other 4 per cents. consisting of 26,750,000 l. be redeemed: an event so uncertain, would lead mankind to conclude the new 4 per cents. a little subject to redemption as the 3 per cents. and of consequence would reduce the price of both to an equal standard. Thus when the 3 per cents. are at 70 l. the 4 per cents. are supposed to be at 91 l. In these circumstances, a loan might be obtained by granting in exchange for 100 l. 3 per cent. stock, and 66 l. 10 s. in money, 150 l. of the new 4 per cents. The public in that case would only pay 4½ interest per cent.—By repeating the above operations the 3 per cents. might, in the course of a few years, be turned into 4 per cents. and at the same time a capital of 34,000,000 cancelled. In that case, the national debt would consist of 183 millions bearing 4 per cent. interest, which capital, a fund of a million per annum would cancel in fifty years from the present time, supposing the short and exchequer annuities to fall at the expiration of the terms for which they have been granted.—Without this conversion, the author observes, of the 3 per cent. into 4 per cents. in the same period of time, with the same annual surplus, viz. one million, there could only be paid 162 millions, leaving 70½ millions bearing 3 per cent. interest unredeemed.

This plan however, Dr. Price tells us, "is now no more likely to be an object of the consideration of our ministers, the loan of the present year has been obtained on a plan inconsistent with it; and which, like most former loans, holds forth this to the public, as an object concerning which no hope is entertained, and to which our ministers pay no regard. Loans so conducted must depress public credit, and in time totally overwhelm it."

We have thus endeavoured to give some idea of this work, containing particulars well worthy of the consideration of those to whom this nation hath committed the management of its public affairs—sincerely wishing, as good citizens, that the above or any plan may be found sufficient for removing or even alleviating the weight of that load of debt which we find so difficult to sustain.

(Anecdotes of the Author in our next.)

- By increasing the difficulties attending the redemption of our debts.

The True Alarm; consisting of a Defiant on the present National Propensity. A Sketch of a Refutation of Mr. Locke, being the Seventh Letter of the Candid Suggestions. An Appendix, containing a Friendly Challenge, and Thoughts on the Ruinous Consequences of an Equal Representation. By B. N. Turner, M. A. Lowndes. 1 s.

MR. Turner, like a good citizen, endeavours in this publication to moderate the rage for political reformation. He proves, by convincing arguments, that unless the rights of the crown be preserved, the rights of the people cannot long be maintained. He affirms that in what he advances, in the second section of the performance, he has by no means departed from the principles of Mr. Locke. It is only their excess that he blames, and this he is confident Mr.

Locke, had he been alive, would himself have blamed.

Mr. Turner writes with great liberality, freedom, good sense, and penetration into the characters of nations, of parties, and of men in general. He has rendered this performance agreeable and entertaining by various notes, which are anecdotes, references to history, apt quotations, and pleasant stories. It is not, then that we meet with a political pamphlet calculated to afford at once so much amusement, and so much instruction.

Critical Observations on Books antient and modern. Number VIII.

A Work conducted by men of genius on the plan of this periodical publication, seems to be among the desiderata of English literature. Books are so much multiplied that few can purchase, and none have leisure to read them. To give a brief and faithful analysis, not of the whole, but of the best of them; to remark the progress of each art and science; and the coincidences and differences between antient and modern writers of note on the same subject; to give a short account, in one word of the vicissitudes of science, art, might be the subject of a very entertaining and useful work. Something of this kind was attempted, and as far as

the industry of one man could go, was executed in the beginning of the present century, by the famous Le Clerc. The publication under review partakes somewhat of the nature of this design, but it is published so seldom, and in such small numbers, that it is rather to be considered as an indication of the manner in which the author amuses his leisure, than as furnishing any variety of entertainment to the public.

The present number contains a great deal of very ingenious criticism on the writings of Isaiah and other prophets: and the author shows himself to be a sincere friend, and able defender of the Christian religion.

A Letter to a Patriot Senator, including the Heads of a Bill for a Constitutional Representation of the People. London. 1783.

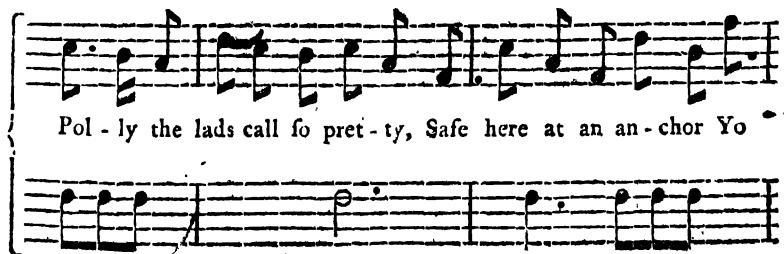
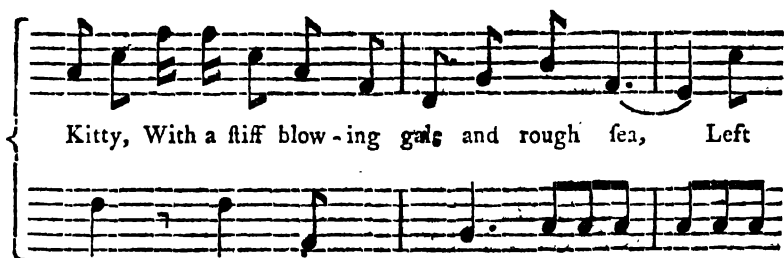
THE author observes, that men are never "So apt to disagree as when they run into abstractions, and spin threads so subtle, as to elude the ordinary powers of intellect: that hence, if we suffer ourselves to reason from what each of us may think the spirit of universal government, and the transcendental rights of our species, each will have a little constitution of his own to produce, and will be ready not only to contend, but to quarrel in support of its superiority above all others." He therefore, in establishing the foundation of the plan of reformation which he proposes, argues from the rules and maxims transmitted to us by our forefathers, a mode of rea-

soning, he observes, by which we are always enabled to answer cavillers in this manner. "Such is the constitutional or public law of our country, than which no individual must esteem himself wiser."—In reasoning upon, or in commenting upon quotations from statutes and lawyers, he manifests a bias towards his own system, particularly, in explaining that position of Blackstone's, "only such are entirely excluded as can have no will of their own;" but, on the whole, he writes with judgment, and accuracy, and displays an intimate acquaintance with the history of England. He has drawn up in the form of a bill, a plan for constitutional reformation.

A FAVOURITE

S E A S O N G.

Andante.





II.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
 And cry'd, now be constant to me;
 I told her not to be down-hearted,
 So up with the anchor, Yo Yea.

III.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
 And the storm came on weather and lee,
 The hope I with her thou'd be harbour'd,
 Was my cable and anchor, Yo Yea.

IV.

And yet, my boys, wou'd you believe me,
 I return'd with no ruine from sea;
 My Polly wou'd never receive me,
 So again I heav'd anchor, Yo Yea.

SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the PROCEEDINGS in PARLIAMENT.

(Continued from p. 385.)

HOUSE OF LORDS.

APRIL 14.

THIF order of the day being called for, to Consider the Irish Legislature Bill, Lord Abington rose and said:

At the conclusion of the last Session of Parliament I had the honour, as your Lordships may remember, to state my ideas to the House as to the then relative situation of Ireland and this country. I saw, and I saw with pleasure, that what Ireland had required of England, had been in all its extent acquiesced in by his Majesty's Ministers. I saw an act of Parliament no less offensive to the constitution of this country, than subversive of the rights of Ireland, repealed and expunged from our statute-books; but I saw too, my Lords, that although this was done at the instance and requisition of both Houses of Parliament in Ireland, that when done Ireland was not satisfied with it; and seeing this, my Lords, as the true friend to both countries, I endeavoured to draw that line of relation between the two, which the interest of each seemed to call for and require; and in which I felt myself upheld, maintained and supported by the constitution of England.

In considering this subject, my Lords, two things occurred to my observation: The one, the right which this country had *exercised* of internal legislation over Ireland; the other, the right which this country *possessed* of external legislation over Ireland, so far as that legislation regarded the navigation and commerce of that kingdom.

With respect to the first right, my Lords, the right of internal legislation, it was clear to me, that no right so manifestly in the teeth of the constitution of this country, however it had been exercised, could, on principle, be upheld and maintained; and in arguing this point, I wanted neither reason nor authority to support me; I found, and I found it to be a fundamental principle of the constitution, that legislation and representation were inseparable; that therefore, inasmuch as Ireland was not represented in the British Parliament, Ireland could not be subject to the legislation of the British Parliament; and in this conclusion, even in point of fact, I found myself amply justified by authority: For in my researches upon this question, it was evident to me that the ground upon which this right had been exercised, was manifestly that of Ireland being represented in the British Parliament, though that representation was rather matter of *pretence* than *reality*, the pretence being, as my Lord Coke and many others have laid it down, that "the Kings of England sometimes calling their nobles of Ireland to come to their Parliament, Ireland was inasmuch represented, and being so represented, by special words the Parliament of England might bind the subjects of Ireland." Thus

then being the ground of the internal legislation of the Parliament of England over Ireland, as it was at no time a sufficient ground for the exercise of this right, and as I saw the right, although exercised, continually controverted and called in question, so when even the pretence itself did not exist, I mean of the Kings of England calling their nobles of Ireland to come to their Parliament, there could be no colour what vet t maintain the right: I did not hesitate to approve of the repeal of the declaratory law of the 6th of George I. by which Ireland was bound, and to pronounce that the exercise of that right was usurpation, and ought to be abandoned.

But, my Lord, of the other right, that of external legislation, so far as it respected the navigation and commerce of that kingdom, my opinion and judgment were the very reverse of this; and upon grounds, my Lords, no less founded on reason and authority, than on policy, and the mutual interest of both countries, even if the right had not existed: For in such concern there must be a headship, and if there be not, no connection can subsist, but actual separation must ensue; and more than this I need not labour the ground of reason upon which the proposition stands, for the proposition speaks for itself: That the existence of this country depends upon its dominion at sea, and that the dominion at sea depends upon the due cultivation and regulation of its commerce in all its branches, are topics which I had before taken notice of, and are too well known to your Lordships to be insisted upon here. Of the authority then on which this right of external legislation rested, it remains for me to trouble your Lordships with a few words; and here I find myself no less founded in the maintenance of this right than I was justified in the condemnation of the other.

My Lords, this right being founded on the right to the dominion of the sea, was a common law right; that is, it was a fundamental right, and coeval with the constitution of this country; and, being so, I find it not only laid down *passim* in all our common law books, but as declaratory of the right at common law, and so expressed in the statute of the 20th of Hen. VI. ch. 9, to wit, "the Parliament of England cannot bind Ireland, as to their lands, for they have a Parliament there; but they may bind them as to things transitory, as the shipping of wool, or merchandize, to the intent to carry it to another place beyond the sea." An authority, my Lords, which, as your Lordships perceive, whilst it maintains the right of external legislation over the commerce of Ireland, defends the right of internal legislation, for the reason given, namely, "for that they have a Parliament there."

And now, my Lords, under the circumstance of this business, I need not press this matter

further on your Lordships' minds. But I cannot sit down without throwing out a few hints to your Lordships as to the policy of Ireland in pressing, for I will not now speak of the policy of this country in granting the requisition which the bill now before your Lordships proposes.

My Lords, the bill now before your Lordships proposes, that the Parliament of England shall have no authority over Ireland in any case whatsoever, either internal or external: But, are your Lordships aware? Is Ireland aware to what this leads? Do the people of Ireland wish to remain subjects of the Crown of England? For if they do, the moment the bill passes, they are no longer so; for, my Lords, the subjects of the Crown of England must be, and are of continual necessity, under the legislative authority of this country.

My Lords, the Crown itself is under the legislative authority of this country; and of course those who are dependent upon this Crown, so far as the constitution admits of it, must be so too.

That they may be the subjects of the King of England, is true, and so they will be; and so are the people of Hanover subjects of the King of England. But does Ireland wish to be upon the footing of Hanover with this country? Do the people of Ireland wish to have seats in the British Parliament? My Lords, this bill incapacitates them from being members of the British legislature. It is by acts of Parliament that the right of sitting in the two Houses of Parliament is regulated; and the people of Ireland not being to be bound by acts of Parliament, they are inasmuch aliens, *quoad* their claim to this right.

My Lords, the moment this act passes, the Irish are no longer our fellow-subjects, that is to say, if this act of Parliament be of any force; for notwithstanding the boasted omnipotence of Parliament, an act of Parliament cannot destroy a fundamental right or the constitution. If the right be in us, that right is *delegated* to us, and no delegated right is, or can be in its nature transferable. This is sound constitutional doctrine, my Lords, and which cannot be opposed: Besides, at best, this is but an act of Parliament, and all acts of Parliament are repealable, and then the right reverts to its fundamental source. Let the Irish remember that the 6th of George I. has been repealed.

But now, my Lords, let me ask Ireland a question or two. Does Ireland propose that the navy of England should protect her commerce, and that that commerce should not, by the regulations of England, be made subservient to that navy? Or does Ireland mean to equip a navy of her own? For if so, here competition begins, and in what competition must end we know. Does Ireland consult her interest in this? I think not, my Lords; and of this we have already had a proof. No sooner was the power of regulating the commerce of Ireland taken out of the Parliament of Great-Britain, and placed exclusively in the Parliament of

Ireland, than a political convulsion immediately succeeded. What happened between Ireland and the Court of Portugal is fresh in your Lordships' minds. My Lords, I have done, begging pardon of your Lordships for having so long trespassed on the time and patience of the House.

The Duke of Richmond perfectly agreed with the noble Lord, that this kingdom could not possess a right to legislate for the internal jurisdiction of Ireland; therefore the simple repeal of the 6th of George I. was nothing more than they might justly demand as *fieri* men. With respect to the external jurisdiction, he could not see the least shadow of a right she had for arrogating that authority to herself: Were they not a free people? Had they not a legislative body? And ought not that body to frame their laws?—Would it not then be policy in this kingdom to give Ireland all she asked, and which we were obliged to give, without equivocation, without even an appearance of a wish to withhold that independence which she had such an undoubted right to claim of this country?—Then, if she chose, as it would most certainly be her interest, to make the navy of England her guardian and protector, we should possess that authority, not as the stretch of power, but on the strongest foundation, the incontrovertible right, the voice of the people.—He should be extremely grieved to see a disunion take place between the two countries, and that he feared must unavoidably be the case, provided the bill before the House should be all the present Administration meant to do on that head; he had before asked, and he would again put the question to the Ministers in the House: Did they mean to follow this bill up with any other? Did they consider this as part of the plan they meant to pursue with respect to Ireland? It was a matter which he thought of great importance, and with which their Lordships ought to be acquainted. His Grace then desired the Clerk might be ordered to read the resolutions which were made in that House in the last Session of Parliament, for addressing his Majesty to take the alarming state of Ireland into his consideration, and to make such regulations as to him should seem necessary for the welfare of that kingdom—which being done, he said it was impossible for him to urge any thing that would prove more strongly the necessity there was for Ministers to pay attention to this business.

The Duke of Portland said, that the shortness of the time which he and his friends had been in office, and the multiplicity of business, which they had on their hands, rendered it impossible for them to have come to any determinate plan, at least to have so digested it, as for him to be able to lay it before their Lordships. He trusted that his past conduct entitled him to some degree of confidence, and he hoped he should not by his future, while he held the important office he was now entrusted with, merit the loss of that confidence.

The

The Duke of Richmond had the highest opinion of the noble Duke's integrity, and did not doubt but he would be found truly deserving the most unlimited confidence that could be placed in him, certain he could place the utmost reliance on his word as far as related to himself; but the same principle that induced him to place entire confidence in the noble Duke, led him to doubt the intention of some of his colleagues, which was their past conduct. He would therefore wish to hear them likewise explain their intentions on that subject. A noble Lord then in his eye (Lord Stormont) had not used to be so silent, when he was in Administration before; he had often convinced the House that he possessed eloquence in a high degree; from his present silence he therefore had a right to conclude the Cabinet was not perfectly agreed among themselves; but that, indeed, observed his Grace, no man in the kingdom expects to find the case; he could, however, wish the noble Lord who now presided at that Cabinet, would be equally obliging as he had heretofore been, and make some reply to the question which had been put to him. The noble Duke then adverted to the dispositions of the inhabitants of Ireland; their principles and religion; their having made several laws in favour of the Catholics, which he by no means attempted to condemn, but which he observed might, in course of time, be of some consequence to this kingdom; for it was not natural to suppose that so great a majority of the people would always remain excluded from offices both in church and state; some accounts stated that the majority of that kind was as much as seven to one; others five to four; the least of which was, however, sufficient to turn the scale in their favour. They might at first admit officers in the army; they might even have an army composed of Catholics, and a future King of this country, should his principles lead him to that doctrine, would there find an army ready to support his tenets. His Grace then returned to the absolute necessity there was for the House to be informed whether this bill was, or was not to be considered as final, and begged the noble Lord in the green ribbon would at least favour them with his sentiments on it.

Lord Townshend could not think there were at present any just grounds for doubting the intentions of the present Administration; their having been in opposition to each other was no argument that they must not act with the utmost harmony, and with less dissention than had often been the case in the Cabinet: It was not the first Administration that had been formed from oppositionists. With regard to Ireland, she deserved, and ought to have, every preference this country could give her; we had promised her every indulgence; and unless we kept our faith, what nation would ever trust us hereafter? He doubted not but we should keep that faith; and that if any alteration was made in the original intentions, it would be in a vein

of generosity, to give her much more than she could possibly ask.

Lord Thurlow professed that he held no personal opposition to any man, or set of men; it was equally indifferent to him who was in, or who was out of Administration: He hoped that the present, by their unanimity, would be a lasting one; but yet, although those were his sentiments, he could not sit as an individual peer in that House, and give his assent to propositions that were not fully explained, without giving his opinion on them;—a noble Duke had very justly requested to know what Ministers intentions were with respect to passing the bill then before the House, and had received what appeared to him a very singular reply—namely, “My past conduct deserves your confidence.”—What was here meant by the word *confidence*, his Lordship declared was more than he was able to comprehend: Did it mean that the bill was part of a future plan, or did it signify there was to be an end of the business? He had likewise observed, that he, and his colleagues, had been so short a space in office, that they could not find time to look over the papers to see what was necessary to be done; but surely the noble Duke, nor any Lord in that House, who was acquainted with the office, would attempt to say that the time the bill had been delayed from Friday to Monday, was not sufficient to have examined every paper that could be there on the subject; and what made this appear more singular was, that many of those papers must have come from the noble Duke himself, and a noble Earl, his now colleague in Administration; would not their Lordships then suppose that no men could have been fixed on so capable of speedily determining what was expected, and what ought to be done to secure a lasting and permanent connection with our sister kingdom, and yet these men, according to their own accounts, were the most improper and incapable of all men living. By their manner they would almost lead you to conclude they were entirely ignorant of the contents of the bill, and suffered it to pass merely because it was brought in by their predecessors; they had nothing at present to propose instead of it, and should it not turn out properly, why the late Administration, and not they, would bear the blame: But this did not strike him to be the case; he believed them to be thoroughly acquainted with the contents of the bill; and if they meant it to be the conclusion of their proceedings, consequently of all connections with Ireland. He said he could but lament the frequent changes made in the Lord Lieutenants of that country; the people were scarcely settled with a representative of the Crowned Head, before intelligence arrived that they were to part with him, and that another was appointed in his stead: This circumstance was sufficient to make them have a very poor opinion of the councils of this country. The present nobleman who filled that high office, by his generosity, his large connections in both

both countries, his affability and integrity, had won their good opinion in a short time; and this was no sooner done, than their favourite is to be taken from them: He wished, however, the noble Lords now in their places would be a little more explicit, and give the House some information what line they meant to pursue.

Lord Loughborough, though he was convinced that those proceedings were quite disorderly, said, he would rely upon the candour of the House for a few moments indulgence in the present debate, if such it could be called. He could say but little on the matter, farther than he had heard publicly reported by the journalists of the times; they had represented, that, in consequence of a decision in the Court of King's-Bench, a noble Lord, then in Administration, had declared such an act was absolutely necessary, to appease the suspicions of the people of Ireland; that he had expressed a wish that it might be carried through with all possible dispatch, and afterwards complained of being misrepresented in some of those public prints: The bill had passed through that House, as he understood, without any farther enquiry being made into it, and brought up in that form to this House. A learned Lord had wished to be informed what confidence was in this, in his opinion, had been confidence by the other House of Parliament to the late Ministers in the highest degree, in permitting a bill to pass without a thorough investigation; and now men, who cannot be supposed to know scarcely any thing of the matter, are called upon to give an explanation of its contents, although the noble Lord is present who brought it into the other House, and moved for its first reading in this; nay, more, the present Administration are not only to explain the contents of the bill, but are to enter into a detail of the plan that is, or was meant to be pursued in consequence of it. Another thing which struck him forcibly was, that after the noble Duke had had the resolutions of the House read which were agreed to last Session, and from that drew a conclusion of the speedy attention that was then absolutely necessary to be paid to Ireland, that he could pass over unnoticed the space of ten months, during which not a single thing had been hardly attempted, and yet call the present Ministers to an account for not having done something, who had scarcely been as many days.

Lord Thurlow did not think it was either impertinent or disorderly for any peer of that House to deliver his sentiments freely on any subject that might come before their Lordships; a bill was brought in, there for the concurrence of that House, and were they of course to give it that concurrence without knowing it is intended by it? certainly not; every Peer had a right to enquire for that information, but in this instance he did not think they were to be asked for that information were capable of giving it; the noble Duke who had

put the interrogation, had merely asked, do you mean to make this bill part of a plan you may adopt towards Ireland, or is this to be all you intend to do for that country? He had not asked what plan they meant to pursue, or for the least intimation of it, but simply whether they had any plan at all. In reply to which we are referred to the noble Lord, late in Administration, and who introduced the bill for an explanation, perhaps, said his Lordship, they might wish to bear that plan declared, if so, he did not doubt but the noble Lord would oblige them with it.

The Duke of Chandos rose, and charged the present Administration with having laid siege to the Cabinet, and taken it by storm, by which means they had driven the ablest man in this kingdom from her service, and whose place they had not found one of their whole party capable to supply: He alluded, he said, to the late Lord Chancellor.

The Duke of Richmond, in reply to Lord Loughborough, observed, that he did not conceive the matter to have been as stated by the noble Lord; with respect to the decision in the King's-Bench, there was more than one opinion concerning that business. The noble Lord on the whole had ever made it a point never to turn to one side or other in politics, but to keep straight forward according to law; had he for once given a little way to politics, perhaps he would not have been so hasty in his decision, but have waited to know what Government intended. He could also remember when the noble Lord was not so strong an advocate for those principles he had so loudly held forth in favour of this day:—he should like to know what had occasioned the change, and when it happened—Whether he had been delivering himself as an individual peer, or in his law capacity.

Lord Loughborough found himself exceedingly embarrassed, as he had not yet familiarized himself to misrepresenting or making apologies; but if the noble Duke wished to be informed concerning his principles, he would most readily enter into them whenever their Lordships should be less fatigued, and have nothing more material to enter upon.

Lord Carlisle got up to defend Administration from the charge the Duke of Chandos brought against them of besieging the Cabinet; he said he could not permit the House to adjourn, without controverting a solitary charge of so heinous a nature; he knew of no force having been used, farther than declaring they would not serve with men, who had behaved to unjustly, and acted as the men then in power had done.

Lord Radnor said it was not a solitary charge that the noble Duke had brought, for he likewise really believed they had actually forced themselves into the Cabinet, against the wishes of one of the best of princes.

Lord Manners then put the question, and the bill was ordered to be read a third time tomorrow.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MARCH 24.

MR. COKE informed the House, that he had delayed his promised motion until this day, as he understood last Friday that there then was an Administration on the eve of being formed. He mentioned the distracted state of public affairs, and called upon a Right Hon. Gentleman opposite to him whether any Administration was formed.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer rose, and declared that there did not at present exist any Administration to his knowledge.

Mr. COKE then entered into the cause on which the motion he was about to make was founded, and the reasons by which the necessity of it was supported. He lamented that public necessity obliged him to take a step which might seem an infringement on the prerogative of the Crown, and that the present distracted state of affairs at home were an additional spur to such a step. But matters were so situated, that it became the duty of Parliament to interfere, and to apply to the Sovereign for redress. It was the public will of the people by its representative body, and he hoped it would not only meet the compliance of the Sovereign, but that it would have the unanimous concurrence of the House. He would therefore move,

“That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to take into his serious consideration the very distracted and unsettled state of the empire, after a long and exhausting war; and that his Majesty would therefore condescend to a compliance with the wishes of this House, by forming an Administration entitled to the confidence of the people, and such as may have a tendency to put an end to the unfortunate divisions and distractions of the country.”

LORD SURY rose and seconded the motion, observing, that although he did conceive it carried with it some slight ideal infringement on the prerogative of the Crown, yet the absolute necessity of having an Administration, and the little prospect he saw of forming one according to the late modes of negotiation, made such a motion extreme yet proper.

MR. BULLER said he should oppose the motion, as he thought it totally unnecessary. His Majesty, he said, he was confident, had by no means been a bar to the arrangement being formed, for he was confident he had sacrificed his own feelings, and given up his union, merely to comply with the wishes of his people. The chief reason, he believed, of no arrangement being formed was, that a quarrel had already begun between the two great leaders of the coalition, which should have the most power—whose friends should be provided for; and the struggle was not for the public good, but merely who should have the loaves and fishes.

MR. MARTIN rose immediately, and reprobated the coalition; it was scandalous and ridiculous, he said; it was reprobated in all companies he went into; and how it came to be formed he

was at a loss to know. He had attended, he said, several public meetings lately, and was shocked to see what arts were made use of to cajole the people into a belief, that the coalition was meant for the public good; he wished it might turn out so, if it did he should be greatly deceived.

MR. HILL said a report had prevailed that day, that the Right Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Pitt) was called to an important office, (First Lord of the Treasury) he wished it was true, for he could not but acknowledge that his abilities and integrity were such, as made him equal to any post he could be called to; and he should lament to see an Administration formed, that could exclude such valuable abilities.

MR. FOX rose, declaring that he never could sit still and hear the name of his Majesty brought forward in debates, to screen the actions of any set of men whatever. That House, he said, knew nothing of his Majesty's private feelings, or his Majesty's private opinions; they could suppose nothing about them. If his Majesty had any private feelings, or opinions, they were only known to his own royal breast. His Majesty, he said, could never act wrong, unless he was ill advised; it would therefore be proper to state from whom he could receive that ill advice, and it was plain to be seen from what channel it had come. The nation had been now near five weeks in a state, perhaps, such as it never before experienced, carrying on measures without any ostensible persons to answer for their conduct. The necessity there was for an Administration was plain, and certainly the person who had been a means of preventing an arrangement being formed, deserved to be held forth. The cause of the delay was owing to a learned Lord in the Upper House.

The noble Earl, he said, who seconded the motion, had treated it rather too serious, in thinking it would be an infringement on the prerogative of the Crown. Let the noble Earl only look at the speech made by his Majesty at the opening of the present Session, and he would there see a lesson laid down to the House, where the Minister had made his Majesty say, that he knew the sentiments of the people better than their representatives. The speech recommended the House to act with temper and wisdom, collectively and individually; and concluded with saying, “My people expect those qualifications from you, and I call for them.” Surely, he said, the House had an equal right to say to the Throne, “The people expect an Administration they can confide in, and to you they call for it.”—The situation of the country, he said, and the business that then lay upon the table, which must be proceeded on almost immediately, could by no means make it a desirable situation for persons to come into power. The East-India Company's affairs were in such a state as to render something instantly to be done, consequently whoever came into Administration, must have the disagreeable task of laying fresh burthens on the people; yet, disagreeable as the task would be, the noble Duke

(Port-

(Portland) would not be afraid of any opposition that could be set up against him, provided he possessed the confidence of his Sovereign, and that dark, hidden, influence, which lurked behind the Throne, was removed; until that obstacle was taken away, no Administration for the good of the country could possibly be formed.

Governor Johnstone said, the learned Lord in the Upper House was a person whom he always had a high opinion of; his abilities were acknowledged by every person, and he believed him to be a person incapable of giving any advice that was not for the benefit of the State.

Mr. Jenkinson, in reply to the insinuation of Mr. Fox, concerning the evil advisers of his Majesty, and the secret influence behind the Throne, considered himself as alluded to by the Hon. Gentleman, and therefore stood up to refute the charge in every, and in the fullest sense of its unwarrantable meaning. He said that the prerogative of the Crown was not so limited as to proscribe any privy counsellor the presence of his Sovereign, or to take from that Sovereign the advice of a privy counsellor. As to secret influence, he denied such ever to have existed in him, but he thought that when his Majesty was graciously pleased to send to him, and command his attendance, he was bound in duty and respect to obey the summons. He declared that he never did go, except on official business, except when he was sent for;—that he never did use any secret influence, or give any advice whatsoever which was not warranted by the strongest principles of national justice. The idea started by the Honourable Gentleman was a popular trap for the multitude; it only existed in imagination, and was brought forward for some political purpose, to which the House were probably at this day no stranger. He appealed to the noble Lord in the blue ribbon, with whom he long had the honour of serving, whether what he now advanced was truth or falsehood, and whether that secret influence, so insidiously hinted at, ever had existence. As to what fell from the Honourable Gentleman respecting another secret influence, so far as it met his belief, or came within his knowledge, he declared that the learned Lord alluded to, had not interfered for the last ten days, and that the matter of arrangement entirely rested with a noble Duke and his friends. There indeed some influence might have existed, a secret influence among the contending powers; something with which the Honourable Gentleman was perhaps acquainted—perhaps not. The address moved for did not meet his assent: He considered it as a very great infringement on the prerogative of the Crown, and as a dangerous precedent, unwarranted by any thing constitutionally similar in the annals of this country. It was urged as an argument in favour of the motion, that there was no precedent for this country being so long without an Administration, and that the present ministerial interregnum would be the ruin of the kingdom. These assertions he denied, and of course could not stand in the conclusion. There was

a time when this country was three months without an Administration. It was in the year 1757. Then there was no First Lord of the Treasury, no Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Seals were in possession of the Justices of the Court of King's Bench; yet the interregnum did not ruin the kingdom, although England was then engaged in a very expensive and bloody war.

Mr. Macdonald had not any objection to a motion which grounded an address to the Throne for a redress of grievances. The reason, however, which, in his judgment, warranted him to oppose the principles of the present motion, were founded on facts, the authenticity of which he had as yet no reason to doubt. A coalition was lately formed of such a nature, as astonished the world; it was a coalition of such opposite principles, of such contrary opinions, and of such avowed political enemies, that it created the astonishment of all ranks. The public wondered at it in one body—individually they differed—some few, and few indeed they were, approved the junction, many thought it improper, and all decried it. He wished, he said, to call back the remembrance of the ministerial negotiators to the delay of forming an Administration, and asking them seriously the occasion of that delay, and to what was owing the non-formation of a Ministry? He apprehended that there was among the noble Duke's friends a division about power. He appealed to the Honourable Gentleman, and to the noble Lord in the blue ribbon, if this was not the fact; and if their divisions and their disputes were not the cause of this country being at present without an Administration.

Mr. Fox, in reply to Mr. Macdonald, took a comprehensive view of the coalition, and reprobated, in the strongest terms, every insinuation and charge made by the Hon. Gentleman. As to what the Hon. Gentlemen alleged in respect to a late coalition occasioning the delay, he was misinformed; and as to what he said about the contention in that coalition for power, his information was not the fact. This he boldly advanced as a truth incontrovertible, because it was founded in that which could not be controverted. The coalition alluded to by the Hon. Gentleman was founded on a principle to which every honest man in the kingdom must agree. It was founded on a principle that went to reconcile old animosities, and to form an Administration upon a permanent foundation. Since the Administration that this country wants, and such only is the Administration that can relieve it from its present difficulties. The motion before the House, therefore, became a matter absolutely requisite to be adopted; The people demanded it, and the kingdom wanted it; therefore it should have his concurrence.

Sir Charles Turner said, he must trouble the House with a few words, as his opinion had been required from persons in Ireland, America, and almost every part of Eng. and; he would therefore freely give it. He was of opinion

that the noble Lord in the blue ribbon had been one of the great supporters of the American war, which was the cause of all our misfortunes. That war, he said, had ruined this kingdom, and had deprived him of 2000*l.* per annum, therefore he had a just right to reprobate it. Another cause of our misfortunes was owing to the authors not being impeached, as recommended by the Honourable Governor. If they had been impeached, which it was the duty of that House to have done, it would have deterred others from treading in the same steps. The coalition so much talked of, he said, had astonished the whole nation, and no person more than himself; he was sorry to see it, as his worthy friend Charles, who was his leader, and to whose back he thought himself tied, had materially hurt himself by such a coalition: He had forfeited much of his popularity, for the noble Lord, with whom he had coalesced, ought to have been expelled that House.

Lord North said, it was not his intention to have troubled the House with any observation of his, but he felt himself so materially called on, that, ~~as it~~ it would be unpardonable to sit still. The worthy Baronet had said he deserved to be expelled, on account of the American war; that would have been a cruel sentence, for however the war had turned out, he had entered upon it with a good intent. He was convinced then of the justice of the measure, and it would be cruel to try him by the event, as it had proved unfortunate. The situation of this country at the commencement of that war, was such as to justify the measure, and to give a prospect of success; however, that point was now at an end; and however he, and the friends with whom he had coalesced, might differ on some particular points, he trusted they would be able to act together in such a manner as perfectly to agree in matters which respected the good of the empire; the persons who reprobated the coalition, he said, forgot that it was almost impossible for any persons in that House to agree together, who had not materially differed on many grand and important questions.—He had been particularly called on, he said, by an Honourable Friend (Mr. Jenkinson), to declare whether he ever, during his Administration, found any secret influence lurking behind the Throne, that frustrated his intentions: He would freely confess that he never did; he had, while in Administration, frequently received advice from that Honourable Gentleman, for whom he was much obliged to him: but he never knew that he had given any advice to his Sovereign that he would not, if there was occasion, publicly justify. He was also called upon, he said, respecting his opinion, whether the Lord Chancellor had not given such secret advice, he could not say; that he knew of any such advice having been given; that learned Lord he had the honour to act with for many years; he always found him an able, honest, and upright man, and believed him worthy of the office he filled.

EUROP. MAG.

With respect to the delay that had been given to an arrangement being formed, he could only say that it had not proceeded from any fault of his, or the noble Duke with whom he had coalesced; it was not owing to any disagreement between them, any quarrel for power, or for what was vulgarly called a distribution of the loaves and fishes. With respect to the latter, he had heard more about it, and seen more anxiety for them, since he came into the House, than he had discovered during the whole of the negotiation alluded to.

Mr. Chancellor Pitt did not think that the present motion was any breach of the constitutional prerogative of the Crown. His Majesty was desirous to appoint an Administration, which by his royal authority he was already vested with power to do. He wished the noble Lord in the blue ribbon, and his hon. and new ally, to declare upon their honour, as men, whether in their consciences, they believed the address moved for, if carried, would accelerate the business, or reconcile the militating opinions of party. There might be a seeming coalition of sentiment with the coalition of interest; but men who had come to the years of discretion, and who well knew how such political marriages were made, would pay very little respect to the oath, by which they were bound, whenever they found it their interest to depart from it. There was a point that he wished the House to consider; it was to wait another day before they sent up their address, as it was probable an arrangement would then be formed. He thought this might be asked and granted now with as much degree of propriety, as it was on a former day; and he said that he had some reason to imagine an Administration would be formed, if not in one, at least, in two or three days. If Gentlemen, however, differed with him in that opinion, he had no more objection to the motion, than he had to see an honourable, honest, and permanent Ministry formed. It was what he wished, for the welfare of the people, and for the peace and prosperity of the kingdom.

Sir Joseph Mawbey spoke against the coalition.

Lord Surry said, when he seconded the motion, he did not do it as a friend or enemy to the late coalition; he neither praised it or disapproved of it, but he did it as his duty, confident, that if some Administration was not fixed, the people would not merely assemble to have more equal representation, but would assemble in all parts of the kingdom, and insist on knowing where the blame lay, that no Administration could be fixed on, whose wisdom could relieve their distresses.

The motion was agreed to without a division, upon which

Mr. Coke moved, "That the said address be presented to his Majesty by such members of this House as are of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy-council."

That motion was agreed to likewise.

THE N. N. N. MARCH

MARCH 31.

The House was remarkably full, and about three o'clock the Speaker took the chair, soon after which came on the business relative to the Custom-house.

A petition was presented from the established Weighers in Fee for the port of London, setting forth, "That the petitioners observe by the votes that a bill is depending in Parliament, whereby it is provided, that the fees and perquisites of the several departments are to be abolished, and no provision is therein made for the petitioners, whose salaries have been the same from their first institution in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and whose salaries and perquisites together do not exceed the sum of 361. 14s. a year to each of the petitioners; and therefore praying that their salaries may be advanced, and such relief granted as should seem meet."

Lord Surry called the attention of the House to a promise that he had made on a former day, intimating, that if an Administration was not formed before this day, he should make a motion on the subject. He therefore requested the Right Hon. Gentleman on the Treasury-bench, (Mr. Pitt) who was the only ostensible Minister he saw in his place, to inform him if agreeable to his Majesty's gracious answer to the address of the House, any Administration was yet formed.

Mr. Pitt replied, "before he gave any direct answer to that question, he thought it his duty to inform the House, that he had waited on his Sovereign, and resigned the office which he lately held, which resignation his Majesty was most graciously pleased to accept. The question proposed to him by the noble Lord he could only answer as a person out of the cabinet, by saying, that to his knowledge, as far as it went, there was not any Administration formed."

Lord Surry then adverted to the necessity which called for the interposition of Parliament in a business of such high importance to the kingdom, in which the welfare of the state, the happiness of the people, and, in fact, the existence of the empire was involved. He allowed that there might arise several objections as to the right of the legislative body interfering with the executive power; but when Gentlemen considered what a length of time this country has been without any Administration, they would see that extraordinary means were requisite to be adopted. His Lordship then read the motion, which was verbatim as follows:

"A considerable time having elapsed without any Administration responsible for the conduct of public affairs, the interposition of this House, in the present alarming crisis, is become necessary."

Mr. Jervoise Clerke Jervoise seconded the motion, which after some conversation was withdrawn.

His Lordship then moved,

"That, in humble address, he presented to his Majesty, to express the dutiful and grateful sentiments which this House entertains of the gra-

acious intentions expressed in his Majesty's message of the 26th instant.—To assure his Majesty, that it is with a perfect reliance in his paternal goodness, and with an entire deference to his royal wisdom, that this House again submits to his Majesty's consideration, the urgency, as well as importance of affairs, which require the immediate appointment of such an Administration, as his Majesty, in compliance with the wishes of his faithful Commons, has given them reason to expect.—To assure his Majesty, that all delays in a matter of such moment, have an inevitable tendency to weaken the authority of his government, to which this House is not more bound by duty, than led by inclination to give an effectual and constitutional support.—To represent to his Majesty, that the confidence of foreign powers may be weakened by a failure of the ordinary means of a constant communication with them—that the final execution of treaties, the important and decisive arrangements of a commercial and political nature, in consequence of a late revolution—that a provision for the heavy expences, and the important services voted—that the orderly reduction of the forces and expences of a new establishment—the settlement of the national credit, seriously affected by the critical state of the East-India Company; with other important concerns, so severally, and much more collectively require an efficient and responsible Administration, formed upon principles of strength and stability, suited to the state of his Majesty's affairs both at home and abroad; and this House most humbly repeats its supplications to his Majesty, that he will take such measures towards attaining this object as may be agreeable to his own gracious disposition, and such as will quiet the anxieties and apprehensions of his subjects."

Mr. Jervoise Clerke Jervoise seconded the address.

The address was warmly debated for some hours, but as the principal speakers in it did not produce any new argument, but merely repeated what had been before urged on the subject, we avoid troubling our readers with a repetition, as the address was at length withdrawn.

APRIL 1.

General Smith brought up a report from the Select Committee, and moved that it be printed; he would not say any thing on the subject of this report for the present, except that it was of a very extraordinary nature, and worthy of the most serious consideration of the House.

Sir William James objected to the printing of the report, as such a measure, disseminating a charge through the world, unaccompanied by a defence, would create a bias in the minds of men, greatly to the prejudice of the persons who were the objects of this report; he was sorry that he and another gentleman (Mr. Lawrence Sullivan) would have appeared to the Committee in so disadvantageous a view, as to be made by them subjects of a criminating report to the House of Commons; he begged, however,

however, that Gentlemen would suspend their judgment, and not condemn them unheard.

Governor Johnstone did not object to the printing of the report, which he called frivolous, ridiculous, and absurd, and fit to be presented only on such a day as this (the 1st of April); the report was involved in a profound mystery; at least it appeared that the Committee wished it to be so; for they had kept their proceedings as secret as possible: He himself, desirous to see the minutes of the Select Committee, went to the room where they sat, and began to read them; but an Honourable General coming in, interrupted him, and would not suffer him to proceed with his reading.

Mr. Burke pronounced a long peroration on the Committee, but more particularly on Gen. Smith, the chairman.

Sir John Wrottesley thought this a very extraordinary time for producing the report, just on the eve of an election at the India-House for Directors, and when the two Gentlemen who were charged in the report, were known to be candidates.

Mr. S. Smith was of the same opinion with Sir John, and he further stated, that it was a very extraordinary circumstance, that a member, not only of the House, but of the Select Committee itself, had been refused the liberty of reading the evidence on which the report had been founded.

General Smith said, that having ceased to be Proprietor of Stock, he had no further concern with the Company, and therefore was without prejudice as to the event of any election for officers of the Company. It was thought by some Gentlemen, that the report was ill-timed, because it might interfere with such an election; he knew no principle on which it could be argued, that public justice ought to give way to private concerns, and therefore the election at the India-House was no cause for putting off the report.

Lord Mulgrave said, he was totally unacquainted with India affairs, or the concerns of the Company's servants, and therefore he might be supposed to speak on this occasion without prejudice or partiality; he had strong objections to the printing of the report, for until the House should have agreed to a report, particularly of a criminating nature, he could not look upon it in any other light than as an *ex parte* evidence, and therefore he could not consent that such evidence should go abroad into the world, unaccompanied by the evidence of the persons charged.

The Speaker then put the question on the motion for printing the report, which was carried without a division.

APRIL 14.

The Lord Advocate for Scotland moved for leave to bring in a bill for the better regulation of the Government of India. On this motion he prefaced with a speech, in which he opened the plan that he intended to pursue in his bill: He touched on four principal heads: The first was

relative to the Government General of Bengal: Here he intended to have a Governor and Council, who should have a controuling power over the inferior Governments of *Ladda*; and to the Governor General he meant to give much greater power, than had hitherto been given to persons in that situation; for he would have him vested with power to act even against the will and opinion of the Council, whenever he should think that in so doing, he was acting for the public good: But in such a case, as he should have the sole power, so he should have the whole responsibility on himself. The second head he touched on was relative to the inferior Governments: In these he did not mean to give the Governors a power to act contrary to the advice of the Councils; but he would allow them a negative on every proposition, till the determination of the Governor General and Council of Bengal should be known.—The third head related to the *Zemendaries*, and other tenures of lands. In the year 1573, when Hindostan was conquered by the Moguls, a tribute was imposed on the *Zemendaries*; and while they continued to pay this tribute, they considered themselves as absolute masters of the soil. They let out their *Zemendaries* in parcels to the *Ryots* at certain rents, and while they performed the conditions of their tenures, they looked upon them as secure, as permanent, and as stable as any freehold in England is to its owner. This wise principle obtained till the year 1728, when a very opposite, and very destructive one, began to prevail, namely, that the Emperor of Hindostan was the absolute lord of the soil. This principle he would totally overturn, and introduce another, which should give permanency to the *Landholders* in their respective tenures.—The fourth head was relative to the *Rajah* of Tanjore and the *Nabob* of Arcot. He was sorry to say that there had been pains taken to keep up in the mind of the latter, hopes and expectations of recovering certain territories from the former, to which he pretended to have a claim; and at the same time to fill the mind of the *Rajah* with fears that he should lose those territories, to which he had an undoubted right under solemn treaties with the Company. He then mentioned the debts of these two princes; and said that they ought to be minutely enquired into, because, though he doubted not but some of them might be just debts, still he was of opinion, that the greater part were the debts of corruption.—He stated the necessity of recalling Mr. Hastings, and making such regulations for the future, as should prevent the Court of Proprietors from acting in direct opposition to the sense of the Parliament. He said he would leave a blank for the name of the new Governor General that should be sent out to replace him. He ought to be a person of high rank and birth, who should leave behind him as a pledge for his good conduct, not only his own personal honour, but also the honour of his ancestors. (Here he drew the character of Lord Clive.)

wallis, without naming him). He would not, however, move to have the blanks filled up, but would leave the matter entirely to Government.

Governor Johnstone entered into a defence of Mr. Hastings, and instead of being of opinion that he ought to be recalled, he pronounced the highest panegyric on him. He then said, that he wondered no account had been received of the particulars of the peace concluded by that Gentleman with the Marattas; he himself, however, had received a copy of the treaty, which he then held in his hand, and which was sufficient, of itself, to immortalize that great man. He then stated the immense resources that Mr. Hastings had found out, to feed the war, and the incredible supplies that he had raised, which could not have failed of success, if France had not made the most astonishing efforts to become masters in India; for they had spent 7,000,000*l.* sterling in that service; they had sent out 17 sail of the line, 11 frigates, and 16,000 men; and, above all, a commander of the most singular and determined character; for Monsieur de Suffrein, in a correspondence that he had with Sir Edward Hughes, told him to the exchange

of prisoners, said that he would send all his prisoners not to Bengal, but to Negapatim: The measure might appear harsh; but Sir Edward might treat him as harshly, if the fact of war should make him his prisoner; assuring him, at the same time, that he was determined that one of the two squadrons on that coast should be entirely destroyed: Such was the determined officer, who could alone render abative the immense exertions of Mr. Hastings.

Mr. Burke made various remarks on the Lord Advocate's speech, and stated, that none could be so proper to go out and govern India, as some of those who had been there before.

The Lord Advocate objected strongly to any such measure; for it would be the most absurd way in the world to procure peace, by sending out those who had been engaged in parties and divisions.

Mr. Fox argued, on the other hand, that if persons had been engaged in divisions, because they had obeyed the laws of their country, such persons were the fittest to be sent to India.

George Smith, Mr. Samuel Smith, and Mr. Mansfield, spoke on the subject.—At last the question was put, and carried without a division.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

MAY 31.

THE Little Theatre in the Haymarket was opened with the comedy of "The Suicide." This theatre has, in imitation of its great competitors, undergone a thorough alteration, and like the various productions of the spring, puts forth a most beautiful and blooming face. It is not so gaudily ornamented as its neighbour, the Opera House, nor framed with so much attention to gain, by the screwing up of company, as Covent-Garden; but it connects the most refreshing coolness with the happiest *coup d'œil*, and is in every respect of airiness and fancy adapted to the season of its display.

The House was respectably attended on its opening, and the boxes were brilliant.

The following Occasional PROLOGUE, written by Mr. COLMAN, was delivered by Mrs. PALMER, in his very best style, and received with uncommon applause.

OF real novelty, we're told, there's none;
We know there's nothing new beneath the sun;
Yet still, untir'd, a phantom we pursue;
Still expectation gapes for something new!
To whet your appetite, and pique your taste,
Each bard serves some old dish in new-puff paste;
Crams with hard crusts the literary glutton,
And, like Lord Peter, swears they're beef and mutton.

Old magazines each Manager too plunders,
Like quacks and mountebanks cries, wonders!
wonders!

Detection scorns; risks contradictions flit;
Beats a black swan! and gives us—a black cat!
Two Magpies, thus, all Winter charm the ear:
The self-same note, our Cuckoo dwells on here!
For we, like them, our penny trumpets sound,
And Novelty's the word, the whole year round.
What tho' our House be three-score years of age,
Let us new-vamp the box, new-lay the stage,
Long paragraphs shall paint, with proud parade,
The gilded front, and dilly ballustrade;
While on each post, the flaming bill displays
Our old New Theatre, and new-old plays.
The hag of fashion thus, all paint and flounces,
Fills up her wrinkles, and her age renounces.

Stage answers Stage: From OTHER boxes,
AS HERE, [ear,
Have sense, and nonsense, claim'd by turns your
Here late his jests Sir Jeffrey Dunstan broke;
Yet here too Lillo's muse sublimely spoke:
Here Fielding, foremost of the humorous train,
A comic mask indulg'd his laughing vein!
Here frolic Foots your favour well could beg,
Propt by his genuine wit, and only leg;
Their humble followers, too, your merit less,
Yet feels, and proudly boasts, as much success.
Small though his talents, smaller than his size,
Beneath your smiles his little Lares rises:
And, oh! as Jove once grac'd Philemon's
thatch,
Oft of our cottage may you lift the latch!
Oft may we greet you, full of hope and fear,
With hearty welcome, tho' but homely cheer!
May our old room its old success maintain,
Nor know THE NOVELTY of your disdain!

There was nothing new in the drama, except

cept that Mr. Gardner was substituted for Mr. Webb, and a Mr. Gaudry for Mr. Wilton. The performers were warmly received by their summer friends; and we dare say, from the prospect, that the manager will find his account, that in his pursuit of novelty, he has stuck to his old company.*

JUNE 2.

Haymarket.] The favourite opera of "Love in a Village" was represented to introduce Miss George in the character of Rosetta; being her first appearance on any stage. Her talents, being musical, this opera was well chosen for a first effort, and it is but bare justice to the lady to say, she fully answered the expectations of the public. Her person is feminine and agreeable—and her voice, though not powerful, full-toned, variable, and melodious. She has likewise the power of keeping it in command, which is always a good preservative against singing out of tune. In short, she presents being an acquisition to the musical corps, and is besides in a good road of being made an agreeable actress under the direction of so experienced a guide as the manager.

JUNE 5.

Drury-Lane.] The season closed at this theatre with the comedy of Matella, in which Mrs. Siddons appeared, for the twenty-third time, to a crowded House as has been brought together during the whole winter.

After the curtain had fallen, and three successive shouts of approbation had followed the dying tones of Matella—Mr. King came forward and took leave of the audience in the following manner.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

I am commissioned by the Managers and performers to make a tender of their obligations to you for the many favours received during the course of the season, and to assure you that it shall be their most earnest endeavour to procure that novelty of entertainment against next season, as will best shew their gratitude, and encourage them to hope for a continuance of your protection."

The audience did not meet their old favourite with a new face, but returned the compliment with that general applause which marked their approbation of the past, and expectation of their ensuing entertainment.

JUNE 6.

Covent-Garden.] This theatre closed for the season with the comedy of "The Man of the World," and exhibited perhaps a greater phenomenon in theatrical annals than preceding times have ever seen, viz. a man of eighty-five playing a principal part in a comedy (written by himself but the year before, and most favourably received by the public) in the full force of his judgment, his spirits and activity.

After the play Mr. Lewis came forward, and addressed the audience nearly in the following words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

As this is the last night of the Company's performance for this season, in the Managers and their names I return you our heart-felt obligations for the very particular favours with which you have honoured us, and beg leave to assure you, that the sense of these obligations is such, that every endeavour on our part shall be exerted in future to deserve a continuance of so kind and beneficent a patronage."

Haymarket.] A Mr. Williamson from the Theatre-Royal in Edinburgh, made his first appearance on a London stage. Mr. Williamson has all the great requisites for a player; a manly figure, expressive countenance; a full-toned voice; and quick, sensible, and just perceptions; but he has been educated in a vicious school, and, like almost all country actors, he abounds in rant. This is a fault unlucky in respect to the character which he chose, for when Hamlet himself "cleaves the general ear with horrid shout," he cannot with grace instruct the poor players not to treat passion to fitters. Mr. Williamson, however, having a most approved judge and tutor in Mr. Colman, we recommend him to take the benefit of that advice, which his own sense and feelings must applaud as critical.

P O E T R Y.

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

Written by W. WHITEHEAD, Esq;

A length troubled waters rest,
And, th'ing ocean's calmer
breast,

Exulting Commerce spreads her roven wings;
Free as the winds that waft them o'er,
Her issuing vessels glide from shore to shore,
And in the bending shrouds the careless sea-boy
sings.

Is Peace a blessing? Ask the mind
That glows with love of human kind,
That knows no guile, no partial weakness knows,
Contracted to no narrow sphere,
The world, the world at large, is umpire
here,
They feel, and they enjoy, the blessings Peace
bestows.

Then,

Then, Oh! what bliss his bosom shares,
Who, conscious of ingenuous worth,
Can nobly scorn inferior cares,
And send the gen'rous Edict forth:
To distant sighs of modest woe
Can lend a pitying list'ning ear,
Nor see the meanest sorrows flow
Without a sympathizing tear.

Tho' Rapine with her suly train
Rove wide and wild o'er earth and main;
In act to strike, tho' Slaughter cleave the air,
At his command they drop the sword,
And in their midway course his potent word
Arrests the shafts of Death, of Terror, of De-
spair.

When those who have the power to bless
Are ready to relieve distress,
When private virtues dignify a Crown,
The genuine Sons of Freedom feel
A duty which transcends a subject's zeal,
And dread the Man's reproach more than the
Monarch's frown.

Then to this Day be honours paid;
The world's proud Conquerors never knew
Their laurels shrink, their glories fade,
Expos'd to Reason's sober view:
But Reason, Justice, Truth rejoice,
When Discord's baneful triumphs cease,
And hail, with one united voice,
The Friend of Man, the Friend of Peace.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE COURT OF LOVE.

NO stately roof, or costly pillars hewn
From Parian marble—nor embellishments
fair,
Or well-wrought tapestry Love's halls adorn:
But simple nature rears his ebony throne,
Where Hopes and Fears as his attendants wait.
'Twas custom old in courts, or great men's seats,
One fool to keep, strange mirth to procreate;
But as mankind refin'd, they dropp'd this rule,
Each chose to play the jester for himself.
Yet not extinct the motley train entire,
For one remains in Love's most large domain,
Who ever and anon doth mischiefs cause,
And fatal wounds which never never close.
This Wight bedeck'd in fancied robes is seen,
Deep yellow mixt with green, or sanguine red.
Conceal'd beneath his vest, are poisons,
Daggers, and all deadly means, which
Dark Despair, and hasty passions urge,
On those, devoted, by their hellish power.

ELIZ A.

A NEW SONG.

Inscribed to Miss J—y F—n.

ONE day—'twas in July,
You may believe truly,
The boy with his flames and his dart,
Aim'd a terrible twang,
And at me slap bang,
The urchin struck quite thro' my heart.
Fal de lal taral de lal, &c.

When I found it was love,
Ye blest powers above!
Bear witness, what panics I felt;
Left I fail should to find,
Addicks to her mind,
Or language my charmer to melt.
Fal, &c.

If she frown'd—I was wretched,
Her smile quite bewitched,
Her words are more sweet than the rose:
Her eyes far outshine,
All the gems of the mine,
For 'tis Virtue and Truth they disclose.
Fal, &c.

Of her mind I would speak,
But I fear she may check,
And tell me I'm rash and too bold:
But one thing I know,
Would she on me bestow,
Her favour I'd prize it as gold.
Fal, &c.

Could she pity a youth,
Whose honour and truth,
To her merits devoted should be:
In Damon she'd find,
Each affliction most kind,
Should with her fond wishes agree.
Fal de lal taral de lal, &c.
ELIZ A.

THE MATCH AT PICQUET.

AFTER breakfast, says Nancy, well what
shall we do?
Will you try me again, and our party renew?
The girl was inviting, the morning was wet;
So I staid at her challenge, the match was
Picquet.

All matters adjusted, the contest we try:
I went out strong in hand, and my courage was
high;
Come on, my dear girl, it is well we are met,
I'll give you enough of your game at Picquet.

I defy you, says she, 'tis not boasting will win;
So give me, my dear, what I'm to take in;
Then she laid down her point, mine against it
I set;
She allow'd it was good at this game of Picquet.

But *quint* and *quatorze* too, she reckon'd away,
I could hold no such things, so desir'd her to
play:
And the hussies so play'd, I was soon in her
debt,
Both laugh'd at, and lurch'd, at this game of
Picquet.

Well, my lass, never mind, when your courage
You shall have your revenge, she jeeringly cries:
And as long as I found I had something to bet,
I attack'd her again at this game of Picquet.

But

But each effort I made, still the case was the same,

Till no stakes I could raise, then I left off the game:

For the player, believe me, no credit will get,
Who offers untim'd to play at Picquet.

Yet so sweet is this game my fond fancy pursues,

I'll never decline it though certain to lose;
But morn, noon, or night, take the challenge

And sport with my Nancy at charming Picquet.
SEDLEY.

BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

GOD of my life, to Thee I pay,
My vows upon my natal day.
Accept the breathings they impart,
The tribute of a contrite heart,
Unworthy from its guilt, to share
The blessings of thy guardian care;
Yet, that with wonder looking round
On all the mercies it has found,
Its humble gratitude would show,
And bless the hand from whence they flow.
Still when the annual course of earth,
Revolves the period of my birth,
May I employ the day from hence,
Not in the vain delights of sense,
But in those sacred joys, that rise
From intercourse above the skies.
Abstracted from each worldly thought,
May all my soul to thee be brought,
The great enquiry to pursue,
If I have kept thy precepts true;
If as from year to year my time,
From strength to strength my virtues climb;
To mark where I have gone astray,
And for thy holy Spirit pray.
Search me, O God, and know my heart;
Bid every evil thought depart,
And perfect every feeble trace
Of goodness, by thy saving grace.
Created by thy hand divine,
Let all my faculties combine,
Life's noblest purpose to fulfil;
To learn thy ways, and do thy will.
May I to Thee, my refuge, fly,
E'er yet the evil days draw nigh;
And while I tread the paths of youth,
Serve thee in spirit and in truth.
When strong temptations most abound,
And snares encompass me around;
My fainting virtue, O revive,
And give me strength with sin to strive.
Thy blessed guidance I implore,
Where I have fell, to fall no more:
Thy mercy, to forgive the past,
And take me to thy rest at last.
How for thy providence I may mean
To deem this transitory scene;
With gladness but be here below,
To drink the cup of woe;
And though I live, to go round me thine;
That I may find thy favour mine.

Oft as to thy tribunal brought,
If my own heart reproach me not,
My soul a radiance will assume,
To dissipate life's darkest gloom.
Then as with every rolling year,
Eternity approaches near,
(Confiding in thy promisd grace,
To those who humbly seek thy face,)
With transport I their course shall see,
That leads me on to heaven, and Thee.
SEDLEY.

S O N N E T.

Translated from the ITALIAN.

IF 'tis not Love, what passion rules my heart?
And if it is, O heaven! then what is love?
If good, why flows such poison from the dart?
If bad, the torment why do I approve?

If with my choice I love, then why complain?
If not with choice, how fruitless to lament?
O living death! O most delightful pain!
Thy power subdues, tho' I deny consent.

Thus, like some fragile bark, by adverse winds
Expos'd to sea, when no skill'd pilot steers,
Contending passions sway my labouring soul;
It seeks for knowledge, fatal Error finds,
No knows itself, or what it hopes or fears,
Freezes in Libya, scorches near the pole.
June 12, 1783. ACASTO.

O D E T O A F R I E N D.

On the Return of SPRING.

A LONG yon meadow shall we stray,
Or press yon water-side,
Where many a floweret blossoms gay,
And songsters sweet abide?
Now while the rosy-bosom'd Spring
Her young attendants wake to sing;
And while the rising sun displays
Embosom'd in a dewy shower,
Many a vernal wreath and flower
Unfolding to his rays.

Ah me! how soon the orient beams
Of morning fled away!
Ah me! how soon these transient gleams
Foretell the darksome day!
Even now the sky begins to lower,
Anon descends the sleet shower;
Yet shelter'd in this woody dale
The daisy pied, and early rose,
Unseen their blooming hues disclose
To the soft balmy gale.

So while we rove the vale of woe,
Bewilder'd in each way,
O may our bosoms ever glow
With bland Affection's ray!
Then tho' the blasts of care arise,
Or Envy cloud our cheerful skies,
'Neath Friendship's shade we'll joyous roam;
Or hand in hand the storm defy,
Undaunted, till in yonder sky,
We gain our heavenly home.

C A R T O N. A Descriptive P O E M.

Inscribed to his Grace the Duke of LEINSTER.

By NEWBURGH BURROUGHS, A. M.

(Concluded from p. 392.)

HOW shall the Muse, who here transported stray'd,
Where Taste resided and the Graces play'd,
Where Art and Nature in just union reign,
And LEINSTER's presence dignifies the scene;
Drag on, alas! her tedious, heavy time,
In barren regions and a joyless clime;
To sad, unfocial plains, reluctant born,
From each fond tie and dear connexion torn,
Doom'd to a bleak and solitary shore,
Where the winds whistle and the torments roar?
Here must the mourner soon forget to sing,
Child'd her weak voice and sunk her drooping wing,

All the gay joys of sportive Fancy fled,
And ev'ry pleasing, sweet sensation dead,
Thus the sad exile, from his native home,
By fate compell'd in distant wilds to roam,
His fav'rite ichemes in one sad moment lost,
And ev'ry fond, endearing pleasure lost,
On his lov'd soil looks back with anxious mind,
And all the ravish'd joys he left behind.

Him faint views and brighter hours awast,
Whom Fortune places near thy blest retreat,
And kindly grace, beneath thy gracious smile,
The noblest Patron, and the happiest soil.
Allow'd to range o'er the fair, sylvan scene,
Where native worth and sacred Friendship reign;
Where rosy Health extends her healing wings,
Young Joy rehdies and jocund Plenty sings,
And calm Content, with rural Ease commund,
Shed their unclouded sunshine on the mind.
Here, in this blissful and sequester'd seat,
Freed from the splendid pomp of busy state;
While each choice gift propitious Fortune pour,
And Nature courts thee with her richest stores;
While round the social Graces gayly shine,
And ev'ry fond, domestic bliss is thine;
Remov'd, my Lord, from crowds and public strife,

You hold the peaceful tenor of your life;
Devote your precious hours, with ardent zeal,
Sacred to Virtue and your Country's weal;
Extend your guardian care and saving hand,
To shield from ruin a devoted land,
Plan each fair scheme to aid her sinking laws,
And stand the bulwark of HIBERNIA's cause.

Here too thy lov'd EMILIA's softer pow'r,
Improves the scene and chears the gliding hour;
Adorn'd with each mild grace and gentle art
To win the fancy and subdue the heart;
With ev'ry great and gen'rous virtue fraught,
Which Pity prompts or ancient Sages taught,
While each attractive charm secures her reign,
Beauty's bright sway, and Reason's lasting chain.

No anxious cares, no sad, repining woes,
Damp these gay haunts, or wound their soft repose,

Nor pale Distress, or supplicating Pain,
Unspiced droop, or pour their plaint in vain.

Thy genial aid does ev'ry want supply,
Explains the timid look, the aching eye,
And Heav'n to thee, in trust for human kind,
Has giv'n the amplest means and noblest mind.

Then deign propitious on these lays to smile,
Thou great support and glory of our isle,
And kindly save from dark oblivion's pow'r,
What else must die, the phantoms of an hour.
The modest Muse no venal off'ring pays,
But the joint tribute of a nation's praise,
That joyful hails thee with approving voice,
Her guardian genius and peculiar choice,
Bids thy bright acts adorn each future age,
And Mem'ry write them on her fairest page.

These are the palms a grateful land allows,
Th' un fading laurels that entwine thy brows;
The native glories and unclouded rays,
That round thee shine in one collected blaze,
Crown thee with solid and immortal fame,
And make thee first in Virtues, as in Name.

C H A N S O N.

UN jour j'étois à caresser
Une rose modeste,
Soudain je lui vole un baiser,
Mais l'épine me rette.
Hélas! que ce baiser surpris,
Me rend l'ame chagrine;
Vous étiez la rose Phillis,
L'amour étoit l'épine.

Le souvenir de mon bonheur,
A gement ma bleisure;
Je n'irai plus voir cette fleur,
Je crains trop sa piqûre.
Phillis, reprenez le baiser
De la rose inhumaine;
Ou de mon cœur, pour l'appaiser,
Venez briser la chaîne.

Pour moi la rose est sans pitié,
Son atteinte est mortelle;
Elle blesse Venus au pied,
L'amour gueroit la belle.
Mais par la cœur elle m'a pris,
La place est plus sensible;
Si pourtant vous voulez Phillis,
La remède est possible.

T R A N S L A T E D :

AS a rose, one fatal hour,
Forsly I caress;
Quick, its thorn the charming flower,
Lodg'd within my breast:
From that kiss, what heart-felt woe:
Now my bosom aye:
You, my Phillis, are the rose,
And the thorn is Love.

Each remembrance of my bliss,
But augments the wound;
I'll no more repeat the kiss,
Since so poignant found;
Phillis, to this cruel note,
Take the kiss again;
Or to give my heart repose,
Come and break its chain.

Deadly

Deadly is the piercing thro' ;
 Once this thou hast seen ;
 We in old Vienna in the east,
 Have shared the fatal fate ;
 In that fatal place, my heart,
 I the words of doom,
 And thy companion
 In youth—thou—thine cure.

SEDLLEY.

A M Y N H.

Tria—Thou the German

SEDLEY Delia's, and I wish I had not,
 Wood, rocks, and mountains, seen for
 the first time,
 This way the Red—did I wish I had not,
 Tell me, ye beauties, where ye've left my hand.

Ye dreams, in murmurs tell her as ye tell,
 What all these causes in a lover's soul,
 Rife in the soul, and tell her as she tells,
 That Nature's sickles and that Stephen's.

Thrice happy, the object of her choice,
 Thrice happy, that echoes to her voice ;
 Thrice happy, in whose transparent waves
 Her image dance, and her bosom heaves.

Found not others, once more renew me bliss,
 One more one touch, one look, one bliss—
 From Delia's, then for the bliss I leave,
 Cut short my fate, and strike me to the grave.

In mournful strains thus plaintive Stephen
 sang,

Thou echo'st the accents of his tongue ;
 Wood, rocks, and mountains, tell me back his
 name.

Sigh back his sigh, and echo Delia's name.

LINE S written in RICHARDSON'S
 CLARISSA.

By Mr. JACKSON, of DUBLIN.

IMMORTAL Richardson! in whom we find,
 That perfect knowledge of the human mind ;
 That skill in writing, which explores the source
 Of Reason's principle—or Passion's force ;
 In thy just mirror we our likeness view,
 Whilst Truth and Nature own the transcript true.

Much inferior! Fair! with flints and martyrs
 claim

An equal virtue, and of equal fame ;
 In life, in death, thy excellence display'd,
 Their toil diminish, and their glories fade.—

Thou art, at o'er temptation, peril, pain,
 A victim to the high departing pang, fastidious,
 Mock'd in heaven's field on heaven's high ether,
 To be the such a vicious case, successful tries.—
 Whilst Hope with bright anticipation cheers—
 And Faith, divine Religion's strength, appears ;
 Crown thy labours with serene grace,
 Th' auspicious sanctuary of eternal peace.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

With LANGHOINE'S OWEN OF CARRON.

By the same.

CLARA, to thee hath liberal Nature giv'n
 Thine own bright ray, with Beauty's charms
 command,
 And ever a tribute which fighting Heaven
 Giveth to crown thee or adorn the mind.

If yet, for suffering excellence, thy heart
 Hath heav'd the enaiguish'd sigh, or prompt
 the tear,—
 To OWEN'S face the tribute due impart,
 And to the known soul fair ELLEN'S woes
 endure.

When to Love's universal pow'r you bow,
 May your best, and dearest wish, the youth ap-
 prove ;
 Propitius! let them confirm the mutual vow,
 And let the beauty crown NICHOLAS'S love.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

With ROUSSEAU'S CONFESSIONS.

O Rousseau! let the spirit of thy page,
 Which every impulse of the heart reveals,
 For me in one momentous cause engage,
 And print with truth what pure Affection
 feels.

Be thy serene Philosophy address'd
 To those cold beings whom no passions move!
 How unavailing to a fever'd breast,
 Which thy *Confessions* teach to utter—*Love*!

Wilt thou, for *objects*, meet a suit so bold,
 With aspect still unchanging, with tenacious hold ;
 —Remember, dearest, Romish tenets hold,
 That by *Confession* sinners are forgiven.

Thou soul of every good! with favour hear—
 No other of thy sex can bribe my sight :
 Attach'd to thee, then beauties disappear,
 As glow-worms fade in day's superior light.
 W. P.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Extract of a letter from New-York, April 14.

"**P**EACE being now restored to this country, our old inhabitants are beginning to come in and mix with us again; and I think matters will terminate here much better than many people were led to believe. Those that have come to town seem well pleased, and wish for a speedy reconciliation with their old friends."

Extract of a letter from Madia, dated Oct. 17.

"This coast has been visited by as severe a gale of wind as ever was known by the oldest inhabitant of Madia. About noon, on the 15th, it began to blow, and before night it was a perfect hurricane. The surf was so high, that it was impossible any boat could either go off, or come on shore. Very fortunately Sir Edward Hughes had anchored in 15 fathom water, and finding the gale increase, he put to sea in the afternoon. He had an entertainment on board the *Superbe*, and was obliged to take his company to sea with him. In the night the *Hartford*, the *Free Trader*, the *Shannon*, the *Nancy*, the *Effix*, the *Adventure*, and *Lark Snow*, were all drove on shore. The *Free Mason* foundered at her anchors; and near one hundred snows and donies were entirely lost. It is impossible to describe a scene of such horror and distress! The howling of the wind, the roaring of the surf, with the cries of the drowning people, and the beach for some miles, strewed with wrecks and dead bodies! The *Neckar* lost her main-mast, and the *True Briton* was entirely dismasted."

"The *Active* frigate arrived last night from the fleet, and brings intelligence that the *Superb* had lost her main and mizen masts, and had been in very great danger. Very fortunately, none of the other ships received any material injury. Sir Edward Hughes has shifted his flag on board the *Sultan*."

The following vessels put to sea:

Charlotte,	returned the 16	
His Majesty's squadron,		
Rodney packet,		
Resolution,	do.	do.
Blandford Indiaman,		
Success galley,		
Success,	do.	do.
Neckar,	do.	do.
Rumbold,	do.	do.
Gool Dutt,	do.	do.

Some vessels in sight to the southward returning to the roads.

Rode out the gale:

The *Myrtle* transport; Nottingham; Gen. Coote (a signal of distress out); *True Briton* (dismasted); General Abottie (dismasted); *Dudley*; a snow (with a signal of distress out) name unknown; eight or ten coasting vessels."

By a letter received from Greenland there is advice of six of the ships having caught three fish each, and that every thing seemed to promise a plentiful season.

The following is a correct list of the ships building by the Spaniards at Cadiz, Ferrol, the Gironne, Carthagena, and in the West-Indies:

Ships.	Guns.	Ship	Guns.
El Aponton,	100	El San Paulo,	60
El Nepumeno,	100	El San Isidor,	60
El Tomal,	90	El Peru,	60
El Magnifico,	90	El Guardian,	60
El Abaddon,	70	El Monedore,	50
El Cafado,	70	El Carlos,	38
El Principe,	70	El Carolina,	38
El Escudete,	70	San Maria,	32
El Arcente,	70	Santa Isabella,	32
El San Eugenio,	70	El Venus,	28
El San Sylvestre,	70	El Trececore,	24
El Monarca,	70	El Pandie,	20
El Phoenix,	70	El Guovade,	20

The Spaniards, till the year 1756, never attempted larger ships than of 80 guns; they then built the *San Trinidad*, of 110 guns, which has done but little service, but by the advice of the French they have again laid down two three deckers of 100 guns each.

Extract of a letter from an Officer in the East-India Company's service, dated Bencoolen, April 13, 1782.

"On Monday, the 18th of March, at half past two in the morning, it having been exceedingly stormy the evening before, our magazine and laboratory were fired by lightning, the former containing about 400, and the latter 100 barrels of powder, and every implement of artillery was totally destroyed."

"I was in bed at my own house, which was not quite 150 yards from the place where the magazine stood, and plainly saw the flash, which burst open my shutters, and extinguished a lamp I had burning in my chamber; immediately after the roof of my house fell in, and buried me in the ruins, but as it consisted chiefly of bamboo I was not hurt. I contrived, I know not how, to get into my hall, the floor of which I found covered with broken glass, from the fall of the lamps and lantern that had been in it: Here I remained for some time, not knowing what to do, whether to remain in the house, or run out, it then raining excessively. All this time I imagined that my house only had suffered, supposing it had been struck with lightning. At length I saw a light in the fort, which increased very fast, and a serjeant came running to acquaint me, that the Sepoy barracks had taken fire, and immediately after the drums beat to arms. I went to the fort—but what a scene was there! It is next to impossible to describe it. The barracks torn to pieces—the men under arms half naked—and the fire burning furiously.—Notwithstanding the heavy rain which then fell, it continued till near six in the morning, when it was burnt out, not a part of the Sepoy barracks being left. On my return to my own house, I found not a room in it had escaped, not a lock or bolt

but what was forced open, every shutter and door split to-pieces, and the furniture all broke or spoiled by the explosion or rain; the roof and sides full of holes, from the vast quantity of shot and brick-bats which had gone through them, and the papering ripped off in a thousand places: In short, the house, which, tho' about four months before cost me 750 Spanish dollars, was not, in its present state, worth 200. What is most extraordinary is, that though innumerable shot and brick-bats were flying about, not a single European received any hurt from them. Almost every house in the settlement was nearly ruined, all the plaster being stripped off, and the glass, shades, and china, entirely destroyed. The Company's loss, exclusive of individuals, is estimated at 90,000 dollars. The only lives lost are four Sepoys and two women. Picture to yourself our situation—surrounded by the most treacherous set of rascals under the sun, with only 43 half barrels of powder remaining, and not a single cartridge made up, except a very few, which the men had in their pouches. However, the natives did not think proper to attack us."

31. The Court-martial sat at the Horse-Guards, and passed the following sentence on Lieut. Col. Cockburne:

"The Court-martial having duly considered and weighed the evidence given in support of the first charge against the prisoner, Lieut. Col. James Cockburne, with that produced in his defence, is of opinion, that he is guilty of the whole of the said charge; namely, of culpable neglect while commanding in chief his Majesty's forces in the island of St. Eustatius, in not taking the necessary precautions for the defence of the said island, notwithstanding he had received the fullest intelligence of an attack intended by the enemy upon the same; and of having, on the 26th day of November, suffered himself to be surprised by an inferior body of French troops, which landed on the said island without any opposition; and did most shamefully abandon and give up the garrison, ports, and troops, which were under his command: And this Court do adjudge that he, the said Lieut. Col. James Cockburne, be therefore cashiered, and declared unworthy of serving his Majesty in any military capacity whatever, and that the same be notified to him publicly at the head of the 13th and 15th regiments of foot, who were under his command at the time of the said surprize, if that may conveniently be: And the Court doth, for the sake of example, further adjudge, that the charge of which the prisoner has been so fully convicted, together with the sentence pronounced against him, be declared in public orders, and circulated to every corps in his Majesty's service."

June 4. This being the King's birth-day, the Court was brilliant.

The ladies were chiefly in fancy dresses, but in general in white silk, trimmed with gold and silver trimmings; their heads were elegantly adorned with artificial flowers and various col-

oured ribbons, and in some a great quantity of diamond: Several of them wore diamond sleeve-knots.

The ball-room was also exceedingly brilliant. Their Majesties entered about half past nine o'clock, and paid their compliments to the ladies in the circle; after which the minuet commenced, the gentlemen dancing two each with different ladies, according to the etiquette; and the whole concluded with four country dances, their Majesties retiring, as usual, in the middle of the dance, without ceremony.

Her Majesty was dressed in a spangled silk, trimmed with white ribbons; her head elegantly, but neatly adorned.

The Kingston Gazette contains the following article: Sunday the 2d of March, his Majesty's ship *Resistance*, James King, Esq; Commander, coming through Turk's Island passage, with the *Du Quay Trouin* in company, discovered two ships at anchor, which cut their cables, got under way, and stood to the southward. The *Resistance* immediately gave chase to the sternmost ship, of 20 guns, which lost her main-top-mast, by carrying a press of sail, and then hauled her wind. The *Resistance* presently came up with her, gave her a dose from her upper-deckers, and stood after the other ship of 28 guns, which soon after began to fire her stern chaces, and continued so doing for about fifteen minutes, when the *Resistance* ranging along side to the leeward she struck the white flag, after discharging her broadside, and possession was taken of the French King's frigate *La Coquette*, pierced for 28 guns, five of which had been left on shore at Turk's Island, and carrying 200 men, commanded by the Marquis De Grasse, a nephew to the celebrated Comte De Grasse. The *Resistance* discharged only a few guns, and had two of her officers wounded by the Frenchman's fire. *La Coquette* and her consort, with two transports, sailed from the Cape about three weeks before, with troops on board, bound on an expedition against Turk's Island, which they reduced and fortified, leaving a garrison of 530 men in the place. A day or two after the capture of *La Coquette*, the *Resistance* fell in with his Majesty's frigate *Albemarle*, and *Tartar*, and the *Drake* and *Barrington* armed vessels, when it was resolved an attempt should be made to retake the Island; for which purpose 250 men were landed, under the command of Captain Dixon, of the *Drake*; and the two brigs were stationed opposite the town, to cover the disembarkation, and to dislodge the enemy from the houses; but a battery of four 24 pounders, and five 6 pounders, being unexpectedly opened against them, they were compelled to retire, the *Drake* having seven men wounded, and the *Barrington* two. Captain Dixon, at the same time finding it impossible to dislodge the enemy, who were advantageously posted behind a strong work, and greatly superior in numbers, drew off his men, and re-embarked them without loss. The following night the *Tartar* was driven off the bank, and went to sea with the

loss of an anchor. It was next determined upon to attack the battery with the large ships; but the wind coming aboit to the westward, and blowing hard, so that it was with great difficulty the ships could be cleared of the shoal, the prospect was abandoned.

June 4. The trial began at the Old-Bailey, when 24 prisoners were tried, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz. **Lewis Parrott**, for personating John Biesore, Surgeon's mate on board his Majesty's ship the *Pomona*, in order to receive his prize-money; **Charlotte Watton**, for stealing three guineas, the property of William Geer, privately from his person.

5. Sixteen prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, five of whom were capitally convicted, viz. **Thomas Davis**, for burglariously breaking and entering the chambers of Abraham Hancock, in Staple's Inn, and stealing divers shirts and neckcloths, several pairs of silk-stockings, and other things; **John Eiton**, for feloniously assaulting William Usherwood, on the highway, near Kilburn, putting him in fear, and robbing him of a handkerchief, &c. **Charles Allen**, for feloniously assaulting John Ellis on the highway, near the end of Eaton-square, knocking him down, and robbing him of a bundle, containing some linen and apparel; **George Adams**, alias Peet, for feloniously stealing in the dwelling house of Robert Harrison, in Lincoln's Inn-fields, a case containing a dozen knives and forks, several silver table-spoons, a plated ink-stand, and a bundle of linen; **William Cabbane**, for stealing three calves of a sheep, the property of James McIsenger.

6. A court of Common-council was held at Guildhall, at which were present the Lord-Mayor, 19 Aldermen, the Recorder, and upwards of 200 Commoners.

The court proceeded to the election of an Under-Marshal, when the candidates were called in, and the several orders and regulations made by a Committee appointed for that purpose were read to them: They then withdrew, and the Lord-Mayor appointed Messrs. **Thorne, Powell, and Merry**, to be the scrutineers on the ballot, which took place; and, on calling up the name, there appeared 67 for **Mr. Preston**, 43 for **Mr. Smith**, 46 for **Mr. Walker**, 43 for **Mr. Clark**, 18 for **Mr. Allidge**, and for the rest of the candidates not any.

Came on to be tried, before Judge Heathy in the Court of Common-Pleas, the long continued cause between several French seamen, who were taken prisoners in the Squadron under the command of the *Comte de Gaspé*, and the owners of the ship *Koppel*, **Capt. Gooch**, to receive wages for the time they were compelled to work on board that ship; when the cases were finally determined in favour of the French seamen, who were ordered to be paid twenty shillings each for their services during the voyage.

Twenty-nine prisoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, seven of whom were capitally convicted,

ed, viz. **John Simfield**, for stealing a mare, the property of Stephen Walker; **Thomas Inge**, for stealing a mare, the property of Thomas Parley; **John Moella**, for privately stealing, in the shop of Philip Lathby, two pairs of silver shoe-buckles; **John Fenton** and **Benjamin Johnson**, for assaulting **Francis Friday** on the highway, in Kingland-road, and robbing him of half a guinea, 9s. and a pair of plated shoe-buckles; **John Little** and **Thomas Rogers**, for assaulting **Thomas Barb** on the highway at Kingley, and robbing him of a silk handkerchief, 3s. 6d. and some half-pence.

7. Two prisoners were capitally convicted at the Old-Bailey, viz. **Richard Pratt**, for personating and assuming the name and character of **Richard Pratt**, a seaman on board his Majesty's ship *Rainbow*, with intent to receive his prize-money; and **John Rogers**, for robbing **John Fitzpatrick** on the highway in Chelsea, of a silver watch, two half crown pieces, &c.

Came on at the Old-Bailey the trial of **Michael Hamlin**, for shooting at the **Rev. Dr. Durand**, while he was preaching at the French church, in Spital fields, when, after the examination of witnesses for near four hours, the jury brought in their verdict insanity, and case was ordered to be taken of him.

Excerpt of a letter from Dublin, June 3.

"Yesterday morning, at five o'clock, the following melancholy and much to be regretted accident happened in our bay; the ingenious inventor of the diving-bell, **Mr. Charles Spalding**, of Edinburgh, (the Gentleman who weighed up seventeen guns from the *Royal George*) assisted by his friend, **Mr. Ebenezer Watton**, dived a fourth time in seven fathom water, to survey the position of the wreck of the *Imperial Indian*, lately lost near the Killybegs: They had been down three times the preceding day, and in the last fatal attempt, had remained an hour and a quarter; during the hour the signal had been properly attended to, and three supplies of fresh air conveyed down, but unhappily, as is supposed, the last barrel had not reached them, which must immediately have brought on a speedy suffocation, so as to have prevented them from adopting the mode of preservation invented by **Mr. Spalding**, of cutting the weight that hung from the center of the bell, by which means it must have immediately reached the surface of the water.

"Upon an examination of **Mr. Spalding's** captain by the Inquest Jury, who sat upon the bodies, it also appears, that for the last half hour the signal ropes must have been entangled. No medical gentleman being near, all means of recovery, upon the vessel's arrival in Dublin, proved abortive. Upon drawing up the bell, **Mr. Spalding** was reclining on his breast, and **Mr. Watton** sitting erect."

9. At the Old Bailey four prisoners were capitally convicted, viz. **Thomas Arnold**, and **John Deacon**, for assaulting **Edward Lay** on the highway, at **Kensington-travel-pits**, and robbing

robbing him of 5s. 6d. and a silk handkerchief; James Grant, and William Smith, for breaking open the house of Mrs. Jacob, in Lawrence Pouncey lane, the day time, no person being there, and taking a quantity of silver plate.

From the London Gazette.

Dublin—June 5, 1783. The Earl of Northampton, who arrived at Holyhead last night at ten o'clock, a rival life in this port about three o'clock this afternoon, and landed at Dunlary. Upon his landing, arrived in this city, he was received by the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Commonalty of the City of Dublin. The infantry in this parish lined the streets through which his lordship, attended by a squadron of dragoon, proceeded to the castle; and, a council having been summoned to meet at eleven o'clock, his lordship was introduced in form to Earl Temple, who received him sitting under the canopy of state in the Presence Chamber, from whence a proclamation was made to the Council-Chamber, where his Lordship's Commission was read, and the oaths administered to him; after which his Lordship having received the sword from Lord Temple, and been invested with the Collar of the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, the great guns in his Majesty's park the Phoenix were fired, and answered by the regiments on duty, which were drawn up in College-green: His Excellency then repaired to the Presence-chamber, where he received the compliments of the Nobility, and other persons of distinction, upon his safe arrival to take upon him the government of this kingdom.

Dublin-Castle, June 5, 1783. This day, about two o'clock, Earl Temple, late Lord Lieutenant of this kingdom, embarked on board his Majesty's ship the Unicorn, upon his return to England.

The East-India fleet which sailed in September last, and is arrived safe at St. Salvador, consists, besides the Biscot, of 50 guns, and Bountiful and Tortoise store-ships, of the undermentioned vessels belonging to the Company, viz. Duke of Athol, Rattray; Montagu, Bictrel, Rodney, Wakeman; Fairford, Haldane; General Coote, Hoare; Bushidge, Todd; Frances, Gieber; General Goddard, Foxall; Europa, Applegate; and Winter-ton, Snow.

10. Twenty-two prisoners were tried at the Old-Bailey, one of whom was capitally convicted, viz. Abraham Gooney, for breaking and entering the house of Edward Allen, at Hoxton, in the night-time, and stealing a coat, a pair of breeches, two yards of mullin, and other things.

The same day the session ended, when 22 convicts received judgment of death, 11 were sentenced to be transported, 19 to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction, several of whom are also to be whipped, and 4 committed to Newgate; 18 ordered to be whipped and discharged, and 25 were discharged by Proclamation; 13 were de-

tained for trial at the ensuing assizes for the several counties of Suffolk, Essex, Kent, Surry, and Devon.

The Session of the Peace is adjourned until Thursday, the 12th instant, at Guildhall; and the Session of Court Delivery of Newgate until Wednesday, the 23d of July, at the Old Bailey.

A new light-house is now erected upon an experimental plan, on a hill next to Norwood; it is formed upon a shelving plan, similar to the roof of a house, which is covered with glass, and the inside lighted with lamps; the back part of this machinery is lined with polished copper, to add to the reflection of the lamps. This invention is valued every night from Blackfriars-bridge, to find its utility in the different changes of weather, and if found to answer the intended use, to be placed instead of the light-houses on the different parts of the sea coasts, which are now lighted by candles.

11. Was laid the first stone of the Theatre, to be built by subscription, at the London hospital. A procession was made from the hospital to the place of the intended building at the east end, consisting of a numerous company of the friends of the undertaking. A plate of metal was deposited with the stone, on which was engraven the following inscription, viz. "The foundation of this Medical Theatre was begun, and the first stone deposited by Bussick Harwood, M.D. F. A. S. principal patron and promoter of the undertaking, attended by a numerous assembly of the benefactors and friends to medical science, on Wednesday the 11th of June, 1783, Thomas Healde, M.D. F. R. S. James Maddecks, M.D. Richard Grindell, F. R. S. William Elizard, F. A. S. Insitutors of Lectures on Physic and Surgery, at the London hospital. Architect John Robinson." After the ceremony the company adjourned to dine at the London Tavern. The very spirited subscription that was there made, leaves no doubt that this laudable work will meet with due encouragement. Dr. Healde, Dr. Maddecks, and Mr. Elizard, were requested each to deliver an oration on the opening of the Theatre.

Came on to be tried before Lord Mansfield and a special jury, at Westminster-hall, two actions, the one brought by a Mr. Crowder, and the other by a Mr. Braithwaite, against several young Gentlemen at Harrow school, for a violent assault,

It appeared in evidence, that the two plaintiffs had been at Harrow upon business, and that a number of the scholars seeing that they were strangers, had gathered about them, calling them ridiculous names, such as bucks, bloods, and quizzes; which latter was explained by Mr. Bearcroft as the cant word of the school for the year, being an abbreviation of the words quizzing plizzes, and that the defendants had pulled the hair of the plaintiffs, spit upon them, and otherwise ill treated them; that the plaintiffs then went to Dr. Heath, the Master of the school, to complain of them, and that in consequence thereof the scholars, many of whom were well grown lads, assembled in great numbers, and

assaulted the plaintiffs in so violent a manner, that the plaintiff (Crowder) was for some months in a very deplorable condition from a concussion of the brain, which brought on a number of alarming symptoms, from the consequences of which, as appeared by the evidence of Sir John Elliott and Sir William Fendyce, he has still much to apprehend, unless he lives with the greatest temperance for many months to come: and with respect to the other plaintiff (Brathwaite,) it appeared that he had been knocked down, and then severely beat and kicked, but without such injurious effects as his friend had experienced, his head having been saved by a woman who stood over him, whilst he was begging that they would not kill him.

The injury was admitted by Mr. Bearcroft; but in extenuation of damages, he urged, that one or both of the plaintiffs had struck one of the young gentlemen with a whip, or bamboo cane.

Mr. Solicitor-General argued strongly and ably for the necessity of making public examples in such instances of violence and barbarity.

But Lord Mansfield observed to the jury, that the cause did not appear to him to be a proper one for aggravating speeches in increase of damages, as the scholars had, no doubt, already suffered the discipline of the school for their offence, and that they who were guilty having no property of their own to make satisfaction with, the damages must be paid by their parents, who were certainly innocent.

The jury went out for about half an hour, and brought in a verdict for 200*l.* to Crowder, and 20*l.* to Brathwaite, with costs.

13. Came on in the Court of King's-Bench, before Lord Mansfield and a special jury, the cause between Mr. Robson, and the Vestry of the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, respecting the taxing of Trinity chapel to the poor's rate. An action of trespass was brought by Mr. Robson against the justices and the parish-officers for making a distrain on his dwelling-house, as occupier of the before-said premises. The circumstances attending this chapel are singular and extraordinary, and it was proved, beyond a possibility of doubt, that it had been before the year 1695, to the present time, a chapel of ease to St. Martin's in the Fields, in every sense of the word, notwithstanding its being leased to the present proprietor: That by the instrument for the creation of St. George's parish, from the two out-wards of St. Martin's, in the year 1724, special reservations were made to the parish of St. Martins, and the then Rector, of all the usual tythes, parochial dues, and all ancient customs and immunities; that three charity sermons should be preached annually, and all other produce, rents, and offertory money was to be appropriated for the parochial poor of the said parish of St. Martin. Upon a full statement of the case, his Lordship directed a verdict for the plaintiff, with a case stated for the opinion of the Judges.

6. Being Trinity-Monday, the Elder Brethren officers of the corporation of the

Holy Trinity met at their house, in Water-lane, Tower-street, and went from thence in procession to Tower-wharf, where they went on board their barge, and, attended by the barges of the boards of admiralty, navy, and ordnance, proceeded down the River to Deptford, where they landed, and after attending divine service at the parish-church of St. Nicholas, visited their alms-houses in that town, they then returned to their house in Water-lane, and afterwards adjourned to the London-tavern, where an elegant entertainment was provided, at which were present many of the nobility and great officers of State. All the ships in the River hoisted their colours upon the occasion, and saluted the company with discharges of cannon, both going and returning, according to annual custom.

17. Was tried before the Earl of Mansfield, at Guildhall, an action brought by a seaman against his captain, for an assault and false imprisonment, by kicking him, putting him in irons six hours, and afterwards ordering him a flogging, which was inflicted. The captain justified his conduct on the score of rude behaviour from the plaintiff, who called five witnesses, that swore positively to the ill treatment; that the plaintiff was civil and sober, and the captain in liquor, to which he was addicted. On the part of the captain witnesses proved, that the plaintiff was abusive, and called his captain a detestable name; that he was therefore ordered in irons, and that before he was flogged, the captain offered to release and forgive him, provided he made a concession, but he positively refused. Lord Mansfield, looking towards the jury, said, "Gentlemen, what a condition you and I are in upon this contradictory evidence!" His Lordship expatiated on the terrible consequence of this sort of different proofs. He said, it was necessary to take care not to blow up the discipline of the navy, at the same time not to suffer power and authority to be converted into cruelty and oppression over those subservient to the commands of their superiors. As to the contrariety of the evidence exhibited, the whole lay with the jury for them to determine between truth and falsehood, but, on one side or other, there was flat perjury. The jury gave 30*l.* damages.

24. Was held a Common-hall for the election of Sheriffs and other annual officers, when Mr. Alderman Turner and Thomas Skinner, Esq; were declared to be duly elected Sheriffs for the city of London and county of Middlesex for the year ensuing.

The present Chamberlain, Bridgemasters, and Aleconners, were unanimously re-elected.

Four members of the Common-Council were then nominated for Auditors of the City and Bridgehouse accounts; to which a fifth was added on behalf of the Livery, at the requisition of Messrs. Stone and Wilson, viz. Mr. Thomas Tomlin, Clerk of the Painter-Stainers Company, and Chairman of the Livery at large.

On the names being put up, a very great majority of hands appeared for Mr. Tomlin, who

was returned by the Sheriffs on behalf of the Livery, with Messrs. Holder, Deputy Harrison, and another member of the Common-Council.

BANKRUPTS.

Robert Chaffers, of Tooley-street, merchant—William Barrett, of Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, button-maker—William Lacom, of Limehouse, cooper—Josiah Twarmley the elder, of Warwick, ironmonger—Samuel Macon and Robert Woods, of Great Yarmouth, banker—Samuel Macon, of Great Yarmouth, corn-merchant—Leon. Ansell, of Warrford-court, Throgmorton-street, merchant—Thos. Smith and John Farquhar, of Cornhill, oilmen—James Willits, of Bundy-lg-walk, Southwark, fañt—William Franckcombe, of Bures Saint Mary, Suffolk, miller—William Annett, of Sunde land, taylor—Francis Oliver, of Hincley, Leicestershire, shop-keeper—John Green, of Bristol, tobaccoist and snuff-maker—William Buckler, of Milk-street, warehousemen—John Greffer, of Upminster, in Essex, bore-cole manufacturer—Edward Archer, of Hemietta-street, weaver—Richard Hedger, of Virginia-street, cooper—Richard Watlington, of Pall-mall, wine-merchant—Daniel Cooney, of Stanford-River, Essex, miller—William Lay, of Milford-lane, coal-merchant—George Butcher, of Milbank-street, Westminster, coal-merchant—Wm. Falconer, of Sheerness, taylor—Thos. Allcock, of Manchester, inn-keeper—Andrew Gill, of Williton, Somersetshire, clothier—William Grenville Hoar, of Pall-mall, dealer—Charles Jemmett the elder, of Kingston upon Thames, money-scrivener—Thomas Leming, of Ely-place, Holborn, money-scrivener—Joseph Coley, of Drew's forge, in Shropshire, iron-worker—John Luffingham, of Gunton, Suffolk, merchant—William Bloomley, of Birmingham, button-maker—Christopher Lane, of Deptford, baker—John Robins, of Riseley, Bedfordshire, grocer—Rich. Bynnam Ross, of Liphok, Hants, innholder—Thomas Poiteon Harris, of East-Smithfield, oilman—John Martin, of Salisbury, Wilts, grocer—Henry Ecken Greenstreet, of Southampton, brandy-merchant—John Latty, of Bath, ironmonger—John Godfrey, of Castle-street, Bethnal-green, baker—George Sant and James Sant, of the Adelphi, coal-merchants—William Daughli, of St. John's-street, distiller—Thomas Miller, of Mordake, fruiterer—Alexander Robertson, of the Strand, carpenter—Job Tristram, of Marybone, grocer—Thos. Fielder, of Bermondsey, callico-printer—Geo. Morris, of Birmingham, toy-maker—George Carpenter, of Kiddrminster, carpet-manufacturer—Thomas Hiffe, sen. of Birmingham, toy-maker—William Earle, of All Saints, Derbyshire, mercer—William Funnichliffe, of Shrewsbury, carrier—Wm. Wood, of Wilsell, Yorkshire, maltster—William Thorley, of Kingston upon Hull, wine-cooper—Wm. West, of Great Newport-street, grocer—Charles Wakeman and Thomas Gillam, of Bristol, linen-draper—Hen. Parry, of Clenney, Carnarvonshire, dealer—Richard Purnell, of Abergavenny, cord-

wainer—John Wellen, of Bermondsey, mariner—James Rossiter, of Oxford-street, livery-stable-keeper—Thos. Carter, of Queen Anne-street, East, coal-merchant—John Abbot, of Mellor, Lancashire, shop-keeper—Rich. Hall, of Gloucester, inn-keeper—Thos. Elliott, sen. of Fremington, Yorkshire, dealer—Samuel Thomas, of Fetter-lane, victualler—Willoughby Marsden, of Cheapside, hosier—Richard Wright, of East-Fardon, Northamptonshire, dealer—Richard Parson, of Knockin, in Salop, dealer in horses—John Rowley and Jonas Rowley, of Cordicut, in Hertfordshire, millers.

PROMOTIONS.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

Dr. Wilton, to be Bishop of Bristol—Dr. Jackson, to be Dean of Christ-Church, Oxon.

MARRIAGES.

John Lewis, Esq; Commander of the Valentine East-Indiaman, to Miss Sophia Wells, of Clapham—William Hey, Esq; one of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs, to Miss Papey—The Right Hon. John Richard, Earl Delawair, to Miss Lyell—Mr. Deane, of Reading, to Miss Johnson, of Kensington-square—Sir Clement Cottrell Dormer, Knt. Master of the Ceremonies, to Miss Heylyn, of Oxfordshire—Sir H. Dalrymple, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 68th regiment, to Miss Leighton, daughter of the late General Leighton.

DEATHS.

Mr. Thomas Paxton, aged 108, at Preston, Lancashire—Frederick Panovarius, Esq; one of his Majesty's Pages—The Rev. Richard Barnard, L.B. Official of the Archdeaconry of Nottingham, Rector of Corthingstock and Keyworth, and a Prebend of Southwell—Mr. Thomas Caflon, Master of the Stationers Company—Sir John Catheart, Bart.—Mrs. Mary Tate, aged 116, at Newcastle upon Tyne—Sir John Frederick, Bart.—Lord Bruce, son of the Earl of Aylesbury—James Brockholes, Esq; nephew to the Dukes of Norfolk—The hon. George Sempill, brother to Lord Sempill—Miss Lucy Vernon, third daughter of Lady Hamet Vernon—The Right Rev. Dr. Philip Yonge, Lord Bishop of Norwich—Frederick Cornwall, Esq; Member of Parliament for Ludlow—John Baker, Esq; in Princes-street, Spitalfields, aged 89—Abraham Pelt, Esq; aged 88, formerly Commissary of the Bank at Copenhagen, possessed of upwards of 8 tons of gold—The Right Hon. Henry Loftus, Earl of Ely, Viscount Loftus of the kingdom of Ireland, and Knight of the most illustrious order of St. Patrick—Ferdinand Askew, Esq; at Lidiard, in Wiltshire, aged 86—Her Serene Highness the Margravine of Baden Dowlack—His Royal Highness Charles Augustus, youngest son of the King of Sweden—Lord Charles Cavendish, great-uncle to the Duke of Devonshire, aged 60—Lady Lucy Fortescue, Viscountess Valentinia of the kingdom of Ireland—Charles Webber, Esq; Rear-Admiral of the White—His Serene Highness Charles William Eugene, Margrave of Baden, a Hochberg, aged 70—Cardinal Pozzobonelli, Archbishop of Milan, aged 87.

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27	131	65	66 1/2	66 1/2	85 1/2	20 1/2	1 1/2	130		3		9 1/2	5 dif.	5 1/2	44 1/2
28			66 1/2	66 1/2								10			16
29	131 1/2		67 1/2	67 1/2					62 1/2	2		9 1/2			17
30			67 1/2	67 1/2											
31	Sunday		67 1/2	67 1/2											
1			67 1/2	67 1/2											
2			67 1/2	67 1/2											
3	131 1/2		67 1/2	67 1/2											
4	131 1/2		67 1/2	67 1/2											
5	131 1/2		67 1/2	67 1/2											
6			67 1/2	67 1/2											
7			67 1/2	67 1/2											
8	Sunday		67 1/2	67 1/2											
9	Holiday		67 1/2	67 1/2											
10	Dire		67 1/2	67 1/2											
11	Dire		67 1/2	67 1/2											
12	130 1/2	60 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2											
13	130 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2											
14	130 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2											
15	Sunday		67 1/2	67 1/2											
16			67 1/2	67 1/2											
17	131		67 1/2	67 1/2											
18	131 1/2		67 1/2	67 1/2											
19	131 1/2		67 1/2	67 1/2											
20		65 1/2	67 1/2	67 1/2											
21	Sunday		67 1/2	67 1/2											
22			67 1/2	67 1/2											
23			67 1/2	67 1/2											
24			67 1/2	67 1/2											
25			67 1/2	67 1/2											

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